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CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

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JOHN GOWER



JOHN WYCLIFFE.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER



MILES COVERDALE.

J.P. del.



WILLIAM TYNDALE.

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CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS
WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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P R E F A C E.

THE present work, the first of its kind in Great Britain, was originally published in 1843. It was designed and commenced by the late Dr ROBERT CHAMBERS—always zealous and indefatigable, as he was successful, in the promotion of literature and public improvement. The work was undertaken for the purpose of supplying what was considered a deficiency in the literature addressed at that time to the great body of the people—namely, a chronological series of extracts from our national authors—a concentration of the best productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to recent times, set, as it were, in a popular biographical history of our literature. Great efforts had previously been made for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and for popularising scientific information; but there was no work, at once cheap and comprehensive, which sought to bring the treasures of imaginative and historical literature within the reach of the busy mercantile and industrial classes of society. This CYCLOPÆDIA, which aimed at supplying the want, was received with great favour, both in this country and in America. Gratifying proofs of its usefulness have been received from various quarters and from numerous readers, who have acknowledged that their earliest love of literature, and their veneration for our great authors from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, were first called forth by the successive monthly parts of this work.

After the lapse of fifteen years, during which literature and literary information had greatly increased, a Second Edition of the CYCLOPÆDIA was issued, bringing it down to the year 1858. This edition also was highly successful.

A further interval of eighteen years having taken place, a Third Edition is now offered to the public, carefully revised, continuing the extracts and biographical notices to the present time. One distinguishing feature of this period has been the advance in American literature. The New World has nobly vindicated its claim to be associated with the Old in the arts which dignify and adorn social life; and there only wants an international law of copyright to completely assimilate and do equal justice to British and American authors.

It would have been impossible to have rendered the present work as complete as it now appears, without the sanction of living authors and publishers, proprietors of copyrights; and the great liberality and courtesy with which permission to make extracts has been granted, demands the grateful acknowledgments of the Editor and Publishers. It remains to be added that, for the revision of the second and third editions of the work, we have been indebted to ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D., of Inverness, whose excellent literary knowledge and taste are conspicuously observable in the present improved edition.

W. & R. C.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1876.

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THE English language is essentially a branch of the Teutonic or Indo-Germanic language spoken by the inhabitants of Central Europe before the dawn of history. The earliest inhabitants of the British Islands were a Celtic race, one of the most important of the Aryan family of nations, and the Celtic language is still spoken, divided into two sections. One of these is the Gaelic of Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the Isle of Man. The other is the Cymric of Wales and of the French province of Brittany, the ancient Armorica. A Celtic dialect lingered in Cornwall until past the middle of the last century. It has been calculated that, if the English language were divided into a hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon. Mr Sharon Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and Archbishop Trench concur in this estimate, and it is said to be verified by the vocabulary of our English Bible and by the dramas of Shakspeare. But on the other hand, a high linguistic authority, F. Max-Müller, states that the Norman elements in English have a decided preponderance; and he cites M. Thommerel, who had counted every word in our dictionaries, and established the fact that the number of Teutonic or Saxon words in English amounts to 13,230, whereas there are 29,853 traceable to a Latin source. This disparity arises from the philologist looking at the words apart from the stem or grammar of the language. The great influx of Neo-Latin and other vocables in the course of the nation's progress is undoubted, but, as F. Max-Müller admits, 'languages, though mixed in their dictionary, can never be mixed in their grammar,' and in a scientific classification the English must be ranked as Saxon. The great bulk of our laws and social institutions, the grammatical structure of our language, our most familiar and habitual expressions in common life, are derived from our rude northern invaders; and now,

after fourteen centuries, their language, enriched from various and distant sources, has become the speech of fifty millions of people, to be found in all quarters of the globe. May we not assume that the national character, like the national language, has been moulded and enriched by this combination of races? The Celtic imagination and impulsive ardour, the Saxon solidity, the old Norse maritime spirit and love of adventure, the later Norman chivalry and keen sense of enjoyment; these have been the elements, slowly combined under northern skies, and interfused by a pure ennobling religion, that have gone forth in literature and in life, the moral pioneers and teachers of the world.

The Celts were not without a native literature. The Welsh had their Triads and their romantic fables of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The real Arthur of history appears to have been the ruler of the ancient Britons in the beginning of the sixth century, and was slain by Modred in 542. He makes no great figure in history, where he has only a twilight sort of existence. His true realm is romance, and there he sits enthroned in poetic splendour surrounded by his circle of invincible knights. He could not subdue the Anglo-Saxons, but the Welsh bards invested him with all kinds of supernatural perfections. He forms, with his court, the subject of a whole library of heroic lays and legends. Centuries after his death, Arthur reappeared in the tales of the Norman and French minstrels as the ideal of a perfect knight and the mirror of chivalry. The great chiefs of English song—Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Gray—'prolonged the legendary tales,' as related by Sir Walter Scott, himself an enthusiastic devotee; and in our own day they have been revived by a poet not unworthy of being named along with that illustrious band. It

was in the twelfth century, and up to the time of Elizabeth, that Welsh literature was in its 'most high and palmy state;' and the massacre of the bards attributed to Edward I., and commemorated in undying verse by Gray, seems to be wholly without foundation.

The Gael as well as the Cymry had regular bards, who chanted the praises of their monarchs and chiefs, and recounted the deeds of their ancestors. Ireland was early distinguished as a seat of learning, and from its colleges or monasteries learning and Christianity were diffused over the kingdom, even to the remote Hebrides. The Irish annals are among our most ancient records. Pelagius, Celestius, and St Patrick are said to have been natives of the British Islands. The tradition is doubtful, but, if Scotland in the fifth century gave St Patrick to Ireland she received in the sixth a more memorable return in Columba, the saint of Iona.

We know from Barbour and Gawin Douglas that in Scotland, at a very early period, the names of Fingal and Gaul, the son of Morni, were popular among the people. A body of traditional poetry was long prevalent in the Highlands, some of which Macpherson collected and expanded into regular poems—nay, epics; and many Celtic fragments have since been published in Ireland, describing the Fenian wars and the lamentations of blind Ossian. They are curious as antiquarian relics and national memorials, but as to poetical merit, they cannot for a moment be put in comparison with the Macpherson manufacture. It is the coat of frieze beside the royal tartan.

The earliest Anglo-Saxon historians, Gildas, Nennius, and Columbanus, wrote in Latin in the sixth century. The most celebrated of these literary ecclesiastics, and the greatest scholar of his age, was BEDE, known in history as the 'Venerable Bede.' He was born about the year 672, entered the monastery of St Peter at Wearmouth, county of Durham, at the age of seven, removed in his nineteenth year to the neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, where he took orders, and was ordained priest, and where he passed the remainder of his studious life till his death, May 26, 735. The works of Bede are numerous, including homilies, lives of saints, hymns, treatises on grammar and chronology, commentaries on the Bible and Apocrypha, a collection of epigrams, &c. In the spirit of Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenforde,' the good monk said: 'It was always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write.' His greatest work is the *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, an ecclesiastical history of England, which is also our chief authority for the civil history of the country down to nearly the middle of the eighth century.—Among the other Latin writers may be named EGBERT, archbishop of York (678-766), ST BONIFACE (Wilfred, who lived about 680-755), and ALCUIN (about 735-804). For three or four centuries afterwards, Latin treatises, historical and theological, issued occasionally from the monkish retreats.

ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

From its first establishment in Britain, the Anglo-Saxon language experienced scarcely any change till after the irruption of the Danes. The accomplished Romans left few words behind them

that were adopted by their successors. Some of the tales and legends of the Scandinavian *Scalds* were popular and served as models; and the Anglo-Saxon *gleemen* who sung, danced, and recited, were the precursors of the more lettered and refined minstrels of a later age. The oldest poem of an epic form in Europe is believed to be an Anglo-Saxon production, the *Lay of Beowulf*, which describes an expedition made by Beowulf to deliver a Danish king from a demon or monster called Grendel. Beowulf vanquished the 'she-wolf of the abyss; she sank upon the floor, the sword was bloody, the man rejoiced in his deed; the beam shone, light stood within, even as from heaven mildly shines the lamp of the firmament.' A few words will give an idea of the language:

Thâ com of môre,	Then came from the moor,
Under mist-hleodhun,	Under mist-hills,
Grendel gongan;	Grendel to go;
Goddes yrrre bâr.	God's ire he bare.

There are above six thousand of these short lines! Besides *Beowulf* there are two other Anglo-Saxon remains, the *Traveller's Song* and the *Battle of Finnesburg*; also a fragment named *Judith*, founded on the Apocrypha:

Judith slays Holofernes.

The maid of the Creator with the twisted locks took then a sharp sword, hard with scouring, and from the sheath drew it with her right limb. She took the heathen man fast by his hair; she drew him by his limbs towards her disgracefully, and the mischief-ful odious man at her pleasure laid, so as the wretch she might the easiest well command. She with the twisted locks struck the hateful enemy, meditating hate with the red sword, till she had half cut off his neck, so that he lay in a swoon, drunk and mortally wounded. He was not then dead, not entirely lifeless; she struck then earnest, the woman illustrious in strength, another time the heathen hound, till that his head rolled forth upon the floor! The foul one lay without a coffer; backward his spirit turned under the abyss, and there was plunged below, with sulphur fastened, for ever afterwards wounded by worms. Bound in torments, hard-imprisoned, in hell he burns. After his course he need not hope, with darkness overwhelmed, that he may escape from that mansion of worms; but there he shall remain ever and ever without end, henceforth in that cavern-home, void of the joys of hope.

CÆDMON, THE MONK OF WHITBY.

The next poet is CÆDMON, a monk of Whitby, who died about 680. Cædmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns, a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. It appears that he at one time acted in the capacity of a cow-herd. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede with a strong cast of the marvellous, under which it is possible, however, to trace a basis of natural truth. 'We are told that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learned any poetry; so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp was moved towards him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these occasions, it happened to be Cædmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the table and

retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of his sleep, a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said: "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered: "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply; and thereupon Cædmon began to sing verses "which he had never heard before," and which are said to have been as follows:

Nu we sceolan herian
heofon-rices weard,
metodes mihte,
and his mod-ge-thonc,
wera wuldor fæder!
swa he wundra ge-hwæs,
ece dryhten,
oord onstealde.
He ærest ge-sceop
ylda bearnum
heofon to hrófe,
halig scyppend!
Tha middan-geard
mon-cynnes weard,
ece dryhten,
æfter teode,
frum foldan,
frea ælmihtig!

Now we shall praise
the guardian of heaven,
the might of the creator,
and his counsel,
the glory-father of men!
how he of all wonders,
the eternal lord,
formed the beginning.
He first created
for the children of men
heaven as a roof,
the holy creator!
then the world
the guardian of mankind,
the eternal lord,
produced afterwards,
the earth for men,
the almighty master!

Cædmon then awoke, and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from Heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother-tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home, with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear. Cædmon composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, some of which have been preserved. His account of the Fall of Man resembles that in *Paradise Lost*, and one passage might almost be supposed to have suggested a corresponding one in Milton's sublime epic (Book II.), where Satan is described as reviving from the consternation of his overthrow. From Turner's *Anglo-Saxons* and Thorpe's edition of Cædmon we make two short extracts:

Satan's Hostility.

The universal Ruler had of the angelic race, through his hand-power—the holy Lord!—a fortress established. To them he well trusted that they his service would follow, would do his will. For this he gave them understanding, and with his hands made them. The holy Lord had stationed them so happily. One he had so strongly made, so mighty in his mind's thought, he let him rule so much—the highest in Heaven's kingdom; he had made him so splendid, so beautiful was his fruit in Heaven, which to him came from the Lord of Hosts, that he was like the brilliant stars. Praise ought he to have made to his Lord; he should have valued dear

his joys in Heaven; he should have thanked his Lord for the bounty which in that brightness he shared, when he was permitted so long to govern. But he departed from it to a worse thing. He began to upheave strife against the Governor of the highest heavens that sits on the holy seat. Dear was he to our Lord; from whom it could not be hid that his angel began to be over-proud. He raised himself against his master; he sought inflaming speeches, he began vainglorious words; he would not serve God, he said he was his equal in light and shining, as white and as bright in hue. Nor could he find it in his mind to render obedience to his God, to his King. He thought in himself that he could have subjects of more might and skill than the Holy God. Spake many words this angel of pride. He thought through his own craft that he could make a more strong-like seat higher in the heavens.

Satan's Speech.

'What shall I for his favour serve, bend to him in such vassalage? I may be a God as he. Stand by me strong associates, who will not fail me in the strife. Heroes stern of mood, they have chosen me for chief, renowned warriors!' . . . Boiled within him his thought about his heart; hot was without him his dire punishment. Then spake he words: 'This narrow place is most unlike that other that we formerly knew, high in Heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess. We must cede our realm, yet hath he not done rightly, that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss of the hot hell, bereft us of Heaven's kingdom, hath decreed to people it with mankind. That is to me of sorrows the greatest, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, shall possess my strong seat; that it shall be to him in delight, and we endure this torment—misery in this hell. Oh! had I the power of my hands, and might one season be without, be one winter's space, then with this host I— But around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain; I am powerless, me have so hard the clasps of hell so firmly grasped. Here is a vast fire above and underneath; never did I see a loathlier landscape; the flame abateth not, hot over hell. Me hath the clasping of these rings, this hard polished band, impeded in my course, debarred me from my way. . . . About me lie huge gratings of hard iron, forged with heat with which me God has fastened by the neck. Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind.'

The Anglo-Saxon poetry is not in rhyming verse, but is alliterative. There are three alliterative words in the couplet, two in the first line, and one in the second:

Like was he [Satan] to the light stars;
The laud [praise] of the Ruler ought he to have
wrought,
Dear should he hold his delights in heaven.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

That wise and energetic sovereign King ALFRED was the earliest of our royal authors. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849, succeeded to the crown at the age of 23, was driven from his throne by the Danes, who overran the kingdom of the West Saxons; but after experiencing various reverses, completely routed the invaders in 879, and, having firmly established his sway, set himself to reform and instruct his people. He established many beneficial institutions and just laws, he translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, and selections from the Soliloquies of St Augustine; and he wrote in the Anglo-Saxon language an account of the Laws of the

West Saxons, and various chronicles, meditations, &c. Another invasion of the Northmen in 893 threatened to destroy all the patriotic and enlightened labours of Alfred, but he succeeded in defeating the barbarians, and restoring his country to peace and prosperity. He died October 28, 901. The character of this monarch, comprising so much gentleness, along with dignity and manly vigour, and displaying pure tastes calculated to be beneficial to others as well as himself, would have graced the most civilised age nearly as much as it graced one of the rudest. A short specimen of the language of Alfred may be given from his translation of the Pastorals of St Gregory. Referring to the decay of learning among the people, especially the religious orders, the king says :

Swa clæne heo wæs othfeallen on Anglecynne, thæt feawa wæron behæonan Humbre the hira thenunge euthon understandan on Englise, oththe furthron an arend-ge-writ of Ledene on Englise areccan; and ic wene thæt naht monige be-geondan Humbre næron. Swa feawa heora wæron, thæt ic furthron anne ænlepne ne mæg ge-thencan besuthan Thamise tha tha ic to rice feng. Gode ælmyhtigum ay thane, thæt we nu ænigne an steal habbath larcown.

So clean it was ruined amongst the English people, that there were very few on this side the Humber who could understand their service in English, or declare forth an epistle out of Latin into English; and I think that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few such there were, that I cannot think of a single one to the south of the Thames when I began to reign. To God Almighty be thanks, that we now have any teacher in stall.

In Alfred's poetical translation of the poetry in Boethius, there is, as Turner remarks, an effort at description in passages like the following :

Then Wisdom again unlocked her word-treasure. She sang true, and thus herself said : 'When the sun clearest shines, serenest in heaven, speedily will be darkened all over the earth the other stars. For this, their brightness cannot be set aught against the sun's light. When mild blows the south and west wind under heaven, then quickly increase the blossoms of the fields, that they may rejoice. But the dark storm, when he cometh strong from north and east, he taketh away speedily the blossoms of the rose; and also the wide sea, the northern tempest drives with vehemence, that it be strong excited, and lashes the shores. All that is on earth, even the fast-built works in the world will not remain for ever.'

Two short comparisons by Alfred :

So oft the mild sea with south wind, as gray glass clear, becomes grimly troubled, then the great waves mingle, the sea-whales rear themselves; rough is then that which before was glad to look at.

So oft a spring bursts from the hoary cliffs, cold and clear, and diffusely flows on, it runneth along the earth; a great mountain-stone falleth, and in the midst of it lies trundled from the mountain; it then into two streams is divided; the pure lake becomes troubled and turbid, and the brook is changed from its right course.*

ARCHBISHOP ALFRIC—CANUTE—THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

After Alfred, the next important name is that of ALFRIC, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in

1006. This learned prelate was a voluminous writer, and, like Alfred, entertained a strong wish to enlighten the people; he wrote much in his native tongue, particularly a collection of homilies, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible, and some religious treatises. He was also the author of a grammar of the Latin tongue, which has given him the sub-name of 'the Grammarian.'

The Danish sovereign, Cnut or CANUTE (1017-1036), is said to have composed a song on hearing the music of Ely Cathedral, as he was in a boat on the river Nen. One verse of this song has been preserved by the monk of Ely (*Historia Eliensis*) who wrote about the year 1166, and it continued, after the lapse of a century and a half, to be very popular with the people. The language is still so intelligible, that we may suspect the monk to have slightly modernised it in accordance with the English of the middle of the twelfth century :

Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching rew there by :
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches saeng.

Merry [sweetly] sung the monks within Ely
That [when] Cnut King rowed thereby :
Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

THE SAXON CHRONICLE relates events from the earliest time to the year 891, compiled, as is believed, by Plegmund, archbishop of Canterbury, for the use of King Alfred. A continuation to the first year of Henry II., or the year 1154, was afterwards added. The united work forms but a dry record of facts or marvellous occurrences, but it is one of the authorities for the conquest of Britain, agreeing as it does with the previous narratives of Gildas and Bede. Much of our early history, previous to the introduction of Christianity in the year 597, is now considered mythical. Hengist and Horsa, the reputed popular leaders of the invasion in 450, are ranked by Macaulay with Romulus and Remus, and whole files of English and Scottish kings have been swept from history into the region of fable.

ODE ON THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

In 918 was fought the important battle of Brunanburh, which gave Athelstan the fame of being the founder of the English monarchy. A native bard celebrated the great victory in an ode of about 150 lines, beginning thus :

Æthelstan cyning,	Æthelstan king,
Eorla drihten,	Lord of earls,
Beorna beahgypa!	Bracelet-giver of barons!
And his brother eac,	And his brother eke,
Eadmund Ætheling.	Edmund Ætheling (or Prince).

A lasting glory won by slaughter in battle with the edges of swords at Brunanburh! The wall of shields they cleaved, they hewed the noble banners. . . . Pursuing, they destroyed the Scottish people and the ship-fleet. They fell dead! The field resounded, the warriors sweat! After that the sun rose in the morning hour—the greatest star! glad above the earth God's candle bright, the eternal Lord's! till the noble creature hastened to her setting! . . . Five lay in that battle-place, young kings, by swords quieted. So also seven, the Earls of Anlaf, and innumerable of the army of the

* Alfred's Boethius, by Rawlinson.

fleet, and the Scots. So the brothers both together, the king and the ætheling their country sought, the West-Saxon land. The screamers of war they left behind, the raven to enjoy, the dismal kite and the black raven with horned beak, and the hoarse toad; the eagle afterwards to feast on the white flesh, the greedy battle-hawk, and the gray beast, the wolf in the wood.*

ANGLO-NORMAN OR SEMI-SAXON WRITERS.

The original Anglo-Saxon terminated with the middle of the eleventh century, or the conquest of England by the Normans in 1066. A great change was effected in the national speech. Norman-French became the language of education, of the law-courts, the clergy, and the upper classes generally, while Saxon shared in the degradation that the mass of the people experienced under their conquerors. But though depressed, the old speech could not be extinguished. It maintained its ground as the substance of the popular language, and being gradually blended with the Norman, formed the basis of our English tongue. The Saxon was changed from an inflectional into a non-inflectional and analytical language,† and the state of transition is considered to have occupied about two centuries, from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century.

The first literary efforts after the Conquest were in the form of translations or imitations of the Norman poets. Rhyme and metre were introduced. The language named from its origin Roman (the *lingua Romana*, whence we derive our term *Romançe*) was separated into two great divisions—that of the south, which is popularly represented by the Provençal, and that of the north, which formed the French and Anglo-Norman. The Provençal used to be distinguished by the name of the *Langue d'Oc*, and the northern French by that of the *Langue d'Oil*, both being derived from the words for *yes*, which were *oc* in the one and *oil* (afterwards *oui*) in the other. The poets of the south were denominated *troubadours* or *troubadours*, and those in the north *trouvères*. The troubadours included princes and nobles, who sung as well as composed their amatory lyrics and light satires. Richard I. (Cœur de Lion), it will be recollected, was one of the number; and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were several hundreds of these troubadour versifiers in the Provençal language. The trouvères wrote graver strains, romances, legends, chronicles, and national ballads. A trouvère, Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, rode in front of the invading army, chanting the songs which told of Charlemagne and Roland, and was the first of the Normans to rush on the enemy. As to the origin of the popular fables and chivalrous romances, Campbell has finely said: 'The elements of romantic fiction have

been traced up to various sources; but neither the Scaldic, nor Saracenic, nor Armorican theory of its origin can sufficiently account for all its materials. Many of them are classical, and others derived from the Scriptures. The migrations of science are difficult enough to be traced; but fiction travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild-flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided.‡*

WACE, LAYAMON, AND THE ORMULUM.

The earliest Anglo-Norman translator is said to be Maister WACE, a native of Jersey, who, about 1160, rendered into verse the history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the affairs of Britain were traced through a series of imaginary kings, beginning with Brutus of Troy, and ending with Cadwalader, who was said to have lived in the year 689 of the Christian era. Wace also composed a history of the Normans, under the title of the *Roman de Rou*, that is, the Romance of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy; and from admiration of his works, Henry II. bestowed upon Wace a canonry in the cathedral of Bayeux. Among the other Anglo-Norman French works were: *The Roman de la Rose*, imitated by Chaucer; the *Romançe of Troy*, and *Chronicle of the Duke of Normandy*, by BENOIT DE ST MAUR (1180); a *Chronicle of the Anglo-Saxon Kings*, by GEOFFREY GAIMAR (1148), &c. Wace's poem, *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, consists of no less than 15,300 lines! The original work, Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, is remarkable on account of its effect on subsequent literature. The Britons settled in Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne, were distinguished for the store of fanciful and fabulous legends they possessed. For centuries previous, Europe had been supplied with tale and fable from the teeming fountain of Bretagne. Walter Calenius, archdean of Oxford, collected some of these tales, professedly historical, relating to England, and communicated them to Geoffrey, by whom they were put into the form of a regular historical work, and introduced for the first time to the learned world. As little else than a bundle of incredible stories, partly founded on fact, this production is of small value; but it supplied a ground for Wace's poem, and proved an unfailling resource for the writers of romantic narrative during the next two centuries. Even in a later age its influence was not exhausted; Spenser and Shakspeare adopted the story of Lear, and Sackville that of Ferrex and Porrex, while Drayton reproduced much of it in his *Polyolbion*, and allusions to it are seen in the poetry of Milton and Gray. Pope, too, contemplated an epic on the story of Brutus.

As contributions to real history, though often doubtful or exaggerated, may be mentioned the works in Latin of INGULPH, abbot of Croyland (*circa* 1030–1109), who wrote a history of his abbey, and a Life of St Guthlac; WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY (*circa* 1095–1143), author of a valuable work, *De Regibus Anglorum*, a general history of England from the period of the Saxon invasion to the 26th Henry I. in 1126, and a continuation to 1143, with a history of the church, and other

* Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. 289.

† Hallam thus describes the process: 'The Anglo-Saxon was converted into English: 1. By contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. By omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. By the introduction of French derivatives; and, 4. By using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these, the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved of much of our difficulty, whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or for the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility.'—*Literature of Europe*, Part I. 47.

works (this monk of Malmesbury is the most able and original of the early historians); HENRY OF HUNTINGDON (died after 1154) wrote a history of England to the period of Stephen; GIRALDUS CAMERENSIS, or GERALD DE BARRI (*circa* 1146-1222), preached the crusade to the Welsh in 1188, and wrote *Itinerarium Cambriæ* and *Topographia Hiberniæ*; ROGER DE HOVEDEN (died after 1202) wrote *Annales Rerum Anglicarum*, 732 to 1202; MATTHEW OF PARIS (died about 1259) wrote *Historia Angliæ ad ultimum annum Henrici III.*; and MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER, a Benedictine monk who flourished in the fourteenth century, author of *Flores Historiarum ab exordio Mundi usque ad 1307*.

Wace's legendary poem was expanded into 32,250 lines by a monk, LAYAMON, who describes himself as a priest of Ernley, near Redstone, on the Severn. His additions to the work of Wace were made partly from Bede, but chiefly from Welsh and other traditional sources, with passages by Layamon himself. The date of the poem, when completed, is about the year 1205. Sir Frederick Madden, who published an edition of it (1847), says, that in many passages of the poem the spirit and style of the Anglo-Saxon writers have been preserved. It embodied the current language of the time, and has very few Norman words. The versification combines the alliteration characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry with the rhyming couplets of the French. The structure of the verse, however, is by no means regular. Two manuscripts of the poem exist, one twenty or thirty year later than the other, and there is a considerable difference in the text. We subjoin a specimen, with Sir Frederick Madden's translation of the earlier text :

Early Text.	Later Text.
An preost was on leoden, Layamon wes ihoten : he wes Leouenadhes sone ; lidhe him beo drihten : he wonede at Ernleye, at ædhelan are chirechen, uppen Seuarne stathe sel thar him thuhte : on fest Kadestone, ther he bock radde. Hit com him on mode, and on his mern thonke, thet he wolde of Engle tha ædhelan tellen, wat heo ihoten weoren, and wonene heo comen, tha Englene londe ærest ahten æfter than flode the from drihtene com, the al her a-quelde quic that he funde.	A prest was in londe, Laweman was [i] hote : he wes Leucais sone ; lef him beo drihte : he wonede at Ernleie, wid than gode cnithe, uppen Seuarne : merie ther him thohte : fastebi Radestone ther he bokes radde. Hit com him on mode, and on his thonke, that he wolde of Englond the rihtnesse tell, wat the men hi-hot weren, and wanene hi comen, the Englene lond ærest afden after than flode that fram god com, that al ere acwelde cwic that hit funde.

There was a priest on earth (or in the land), who was named Layamon ; he was son of Leovenath, may the Lord be gracious to him !—he dwelt at Ernley, at a noble church upon Severn's bank—good it there seemed to him—near Kadestone, where he books read. It came to him in mind, and in his chief thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of the English, what they were named, and whence they came, who first possessed the English land, after the flood that came from the Lord, that destroyed here all that it found alive.

About the same time was produced a metrical

work, the ORMULUM, so called after the name of its author, Orm or Ormin. This poem—or rather series of poems, for it consists of homilies and lessons from the New Testament—is also of great length, extending to nearly 10,000 lines, or couplets of fifteen syllables. It has one mark of progress in the language—the alliterative system is abandoned, though this did not become general, and Ormin's English has a more modern air than that of Layamon. He dedicates his work to his brother :

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min
Afterr the flashes kinde ;
Annd brotherr min i Crisstenddom
Thurrh fulluht and thurh trowwthe ;
Annd brotherr min i Godess hus.

Now, brother Walter, brother mine
After the flesh's kind [or nature] ;
And brother mine in Christendom
Through baptism and through truth ;
And brother mine in God's house.

A treatise termed *The Ancren Riwele*, or Female Anchorite's Rule, is referred to the same period—not later than 1205. It is in eight parts, written by an ecclesiastic, on the duties of a monastic life. The work was edited by the Rev. James Morton in 1853, and is attributed by him to a Bishop POOR, who died in 1237. One peculiarity of the work is the great number of Norman-French words it contains. The writer tells the anchorite : 'Ye ne schulen eten vleschs ne seim, buten ine muchele scenesse ; other hwoso is ever feble eteth potage blitheliche ; and wunieth ou to lutel drunch.' (Ye shall not eat flesh nor lard, except in much sickness ; but the feeble may eat pottage blithely, and accustom themselves to a little drink.)

An English version of *Genesis and Exodus*, extending to above 4000 lines, is about the same date ; and an original poem, *The Owl and the Nightingale* (1250-1260) is ascribed to NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD. It opens thus :

Ich was in one sumere dale, In one suthe dithele hale ; I herd ich holde grete tale An hule and one nihtingale That plait was stiff, and starc, and strong, Sum wile soft and lude among.	I was in one summer dale, In a very secret hollow ; I heard each hold great tale An owl and one nightingale That plain was stiff, and stark, and strong, Somewhile soft and loud among.
--	--

Of about the same antiquity is the following descriptive little song :

Sumer is i-cumen in, Lhude sing cuccu ; Groweth sed and bloweth mede, And springth the wde nu. Sing cuccu, cuccu. Awe bleteth after lomb, Lhouth after calve cu ; Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth, Murie sing, cuccu. Wel sings thu cuccu, Ne swik thou nauer nu. Sing cuccu, cuccu.	Summer is coming in, Loud sing, cuckoo ! Groweth seed and bloweth mead, And springeth the wood now. Sing cuckoo, cuckoo. Ewe bleteth after lamb, Loweth after calf cow, Bullock starteth, buck vert- eth,* Merry sing, cuckoo ! Well sing thou, cuckoo, Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.
--	---

* *Verteth*, goes to harbour among the fern.—WARTON.

Among the old 'romances of pris' (price or praise) referred to by Chaucer, is supposed to be the *Squire of Low Degree*. The daughter of the King of Hungary had fallen into a state of melancholy from the supposed loss of the squire, her lover, and the king comforts his daughter by promising her many presents and luxuries :

To-morrow ye shall in hunting fare ;¹
 And yede,² my daughter, in a chair ;
 It shall be covered with velvet red,
 And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
 With damask white and azure blue,
 Well diapered³ with lilies new.
 Your pommels shall be ended with gold,
 Your chains enamelled many a fold,
 Your mantle of rich degree,
 Purple pall and ermine free.
 Jennets of Spain, that ben so wight,
 Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.
 Ye shall have harp, sautry, and song,
 And other mirths you among.
 Ye shall have Rumney and Malespine,
 Both Hippocras and Vernage wine ;
 Montrese and wine of Greek,
 Both Algrade and despice⁴ eke,
 Antioch and Bastard,
 Pymment⁵ also and garnard ;
 Wine of Greek and Muscadel,
 Both claré, pymment, and Rochelle,
 The reed your stomach to defy,
 And pots of Osy set you by.
 You shall have venison y-bake,
 The best wild fowl that may be take ;
 A leish of harehound with you to streak,⁶
 And hart, and hind, and other like.
 Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
 That hart and hind shall come to you first,
 Your disease to drive you fro,
 To hear the bugles there y-blow.
 Homeward thus shall ye ride,
 On-hawking by the river's side,
 With gosshawk and with gentle falcón,
 With bugle-horn and merlión.
 When you come home your menzie⁷ among,
 Ye shall have revel, dances, and song ;
 Little children, great and small,
 Shall sing as does the nightingale.
 Then shall ye go to your even song,
 With tenors and trebles among.
 Threescore of copes of damask bright,
 Full of pearls they shall be pight.⁸ . . .
 Your censers shall be of gold,
 Indent with azure many a fold.
 Your quire nor organ song shall want,
 With contre-note and descant.
 The other half on organs playing,
 With young children full fain singing.
 Then shall ye go to your suppér,
 And sit in tents in green arber,
 With cloth of arras pight to the ground,
 With sapphires set of diamond. . . .
 A hundred knights, truly told,
 Shall play with bowls in alleys cold,
 Your disease to drive away ;
 To see the fishes in pools play,
 To a drawbridge then shall ye,
 Th' one half of stone, th' other of tree ;
 A barge shall meet you full bright,
 With twenty-four oars full bright,
 With trumpets and with clarion,
 The fresh water to row up and down. . . .

Forty torches burning bright,
 At your bridges to bring you light.
 Into your chamber they shall you bring,
 With much mirth and more liking.
 Your blankets shall be of fustian,
 Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rennes.

EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS.

The century and a half from 1250 to 1400 has been designated the Early or Old English period of our language. A division into dialects also became more marked. There were the Northern (including the Lowlands of Scotland), the Midland, and the Southern ; or as they have been historically termed, the Northumbrian, Mercian, and West Saxon dialects.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN.

The military spirit then abroad, and the chivalrous enthusiasm of the Normans, were displayed in the literature of the day no less than in tournaments or in war and crusades. The mixed English language became a vehicle for romantic metrical tales, derived from the French. The name of one minstrel, THOMAS THE RHYMER, or THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN, is great in traditional story. He was a person of some consideration, owner of an estate, which he transmitted to his son, and he died shortly before 1299. Thomas, besides being a seer or prophet, is supposed to have been the author of our first metrical romance. An English rhyming chronicler, Robert de Brunne, refers to *Sir Tristrem*, a 'sedgeing tale,' or story for recitation, by Thomas of Erchildoun, which was esteemed above all other tales, if recited as written by the author. Few of the minstrels, however, gave it as it was made, in quaint or difficult English, but corrupted and lowered it in the course of recitation. It was a matter of regret that this genuine version of *Sir Tristrem* had been lost, and great satisfaction was expressed when Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott, in 1804, published what he conceived to be a faithful copy of it, though modified in language in passing orally through different generations. This copy is contained in an old collection in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, called, from the name of its donor, the Auchinleck Manuscript, being presented by Lord Auchinleck, father of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. The story of Sir Tristrem was familiar to poetical antiquaries. It was one of the ancient British legends taken up by the Norman minstrels. The style of the poem is elliptical and concise. It is divided into three 'fyttes' or cantos, and the following stanza will shew the style and orthography of the Auchinleck Manuscript :

Glad a man was he
 The turnament dede crie,
 That maidens might him se
 And over the walles to lye ;
 Thai asked who was fre
 To win the maistrice ;
 Thai seyde that best was he
 The child of Ermonie
 In Tour :
 Forthi chosen was he
 To maiden Blaunche Flour.

Sir Walter's theory as to the originality and

¹ Go a-hunting.

² Go.

³ Figured.

⁴ Spiced wine.

⁵ A drink of wine, honey, and spices.

⁶ Course.

⁷ Household.

⁸ Set.

Scottish origin of the poem has not been generally accepted. It is believed to be the production of some minstrel who had heard Thomas of Erceildoun recite his romance. Mr Garnet, a high authority on early English dialects, concludes that the present *Sir Tristram* is a modernised copy of an old Northumbrian romance which was probably written between 1260 and 1300, and derived from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source, but the author may have availed himself of the previous labours of Erceildoun on the same theme.

An elaborate work of about 20,000 lines, *The Romance of King Alexander*, appears to have been written previous to 1300. It has been ascribed, but erroneously, to ADAM DAVIE, marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, near London. Davie, however, was a voluminous versifier, and wrote *Visions, The Battle of Jerusalem*, &c. Two romances, *Havelok the Dane*, and *William and the Werwolf*, have been edited (1828 and 1832) by an able antiquary, Sir Frederick Madden. The story of Havelok relates the adventures of an orphan child, son of a Danish king; the author is unknown.

Extract from Havelok.

Hiwan he was hosled¹ and shriuen,
His quiste maked and for him gyuen,
His knictes dede he alle site,
For throw them he wolde wite
How miete yem hise children yunge
Till that he couthen speken wit tunge;
Speken, and gangen, on horse riden,
Knictes and sweynes bi here siden.
He spoken there offe, and chosen sone
A riche man was, that, under mone,
Was the trewest that he wende—
Godard, the kinges oune frende;
And seyden, he moucthe hem best loke
Yif that he hem undertoke,
Till hise sone mouthe bere
Helm on heued, and leden ut here
(In his hand a spere stark),
And king ben maked of Denmark.

When he was housled and shriven,
His bequests made and for him given,
His knights he made all sit,
For from them he would wit
Who should keep his children young
Till they knew how to speak with tongue;
To speak, and walk, and on horse ride,
Knights and servants by their side.
They spoke thereof, and chosen soon
Was a rich man, that, under moon,
Was the truest that they kened—
Godard, the king's own friend;
And saying he might best o'erlook
If their charge he underfook,
Till his son might [himself] bear
Helm on head, and lead out there
(In his hand a spear stark),
And king be made of Denmark.

The *Geste of King Horn*, the romantic history of *Guy of Warwick* (supposed to have been written about 1292 by a Cornish friar, WALTER OF EXETER), *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *The King of Tars*, *La Morte Arthur*, *Sir Eglamour*, and a host of other metrical romances, belong to this period, and most of them were subsequently modernised when the

art of printing was introduced. Chaucer, in his *Rhime of Sire Thopas*, has parodied the style of these compositions, and made 'mine host' in the *Canterbury Tales* abuse all such 'drafty rhyming' as destitute of mirth or doctrine.

The principal metrical chroniclers were two ecclesiastics—ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER and ROBERT DE BRUNNE. The former was a monk of Gloucester, who lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. His chief work is a rhymed chronicle of England from the legendary age of Brutus to the close of Henry III.'s reign, partly taken from the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and written in the long line (or couplet) of fourteen syllables. This monk also wrote poems on the *Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket*, and the *Life of St Brandan*, and other saints. His language is strongly Anglo-Saxon—ninety-six per cent., according to Mr Marsh—but he speaks of the prevalence of the French tongue.

England and the Normans about 1300.

Thuse come, lo ! Engelond into Normannes honde ;
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe
speche,
And speke French as dude atom, and here chyl dren
dude al so teche ;
So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome ;
Vor bote a man couthe French me tolth of hym wel lute ;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and to her kunde
speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
That ne holdeth to her kunde speche bot Engelond one.
Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys ;
Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.

Thus came, lo ! England into Normans' hand ;
And the Normans could speak then but their own
speech,
And spake French as [they] did at home, and their
children did all so teach ;
So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they of them took ;
For but [except] a man know French men tell of him
well little ;
But low men hold to English and to their natural speech
yet.
I wene there not be man in world countries none
That not holdeth to their natural speech but England
alone.
But well I wot for to know both well it is ;
For the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, praises Robert of Gloucester's description of the first crusade, but the narrative is generally flat and prosaic. The following is a portion partly modernised :

The Muster for the First Crusade.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht¹ Urban,
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers thorough all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts² and to France come ;
And preached so fast, and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me nome.³
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme⁴ the cross, ne to the holy lond go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo.⁵

¹ When he had the sacrament administered to him, and been shriven or confessed.

¹ Was called.

² Passed the mountains—namely, the Alps.

³ Was quickly taken up.

⁴ Take.

⁵ Since never more.

For self women ne beleved,¹ that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage
y-last.

So that Robert Curthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the
last.

He wends here to Englonde for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed² Normandy,
And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was some-deal
stark. . . .

The Earl Robert of Flanders mid³ him wend also,
And Eustace Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight
thereto.

There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin
there,

And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power
had on hond,

And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive ;
As the Earl of St Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl
Beaumont,

And Tancred his nephew, and the bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great earl thereto ;
And folk also without tale,⁴ of all this west end
Of Englonde and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotland and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain.

The good knight Robert Curthose was the
bastard son of the Conqueror, and the monk thus
describes him :

Thick man he was enow, but he nas well long,
Quarry⁵ he was and well i-made for to be strong.
Therefore his father in a time i-see his sturdy deed,⁶
The while he was young, and byhuld,⁷ and these words
said :

'By the uprising of God, Robelin, me shall i-see,
Curthose my young son stalward knight shall be.'
For he was some deal short, he cleped him Curthose,
And he ne might never eft afterward thilk name lose.
Other lack had he nought, but he was not well long ;
He was quaint of counsel and of speech, and of body
strong.

Never yet man ne might, in Christendom, ne in Paynim,
In battle him bring adown of his horse none time.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE, or more properly ROBERT
MANNING, a native of Brunne or Bourn, in
Lincolnshire, in the year 1303, translated, under
the name of *Handlyng Synne*, a French work by
William de Waddington entitled *Le Manuel des
Pechiez*. He afterwards (between 1327 and 1338)
translated a French chronicle of England, which
had been written by Piers or Peter de Langtoft, a
contemporary of his own, and an Augustine canon
of Bridlington, in Yorkshire. This chronicle
comes down to the death of Edward I. in 1307.
The earlier part is translated from Wace's *Brut*.
Manning has been characterised as an industrious,
and, for the time, an elegant writer, possessing, in
particular, a great command of rhymes. The
verse adopted in his chronicle is shorter than that
of the Gloucester monk, making an approach to
the octosyllabic stanza of modern times. The
language is also nearer modern English :

¹ Even women did not remain. ² To wed, in pledge, in pawn.
³ With. ⁴ Beyond reckoning.
⁵ Square. ⁶ Seeing his sturdy deeds. ⁷ Beheld.

Lordynges, that be now here,
If ye wille listene & lere
All the story of Inglande,
Als Robert Mannyng wryten it fand,
& on Inglysch has it schewed,
Not for the lerid bot for the lewed,¹
For tho that in this land wonn,
That the Latyn no Frankys conn,²
For to haf solace & gamen
In felawship when thai sitt samen.³

Manning, or De Brunne, speaks of *disours* (Fr.
disours, reciters) and *seggers*, or sayers, in his day,
who recited metrical compositions, and took un-
warrantable liberties with the text of the poets.
He did not write for them ; he

Made nought for no disours,
Ne for no seggers, no harpours,
But for the love of simple men
That strange English cannot ken.

The following is slightly modernised :

*Interview of Vortigern with Rowen, the beautiful
Daughter of Hengist.*

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten,⁴ knight and king,
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farand.⁵
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret.⁶
'Laverd⁷ king, wassail !' said she.
The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth.⁸
A knight her language lerid in youth,
Bregh hight that knight, born Breton,
That lerid the language of Saxon.
This Bregh was the latimer,⁹
What she said told Vortiger.
'Sir,' Bregh said, 'Rowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets.¹⁰
This is their custom and their gest,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ilk man that loves where him think,
Shall say, *Wassail!* and to him drink.
He that bids shall say, *Wassail!*
The tother shall say again, *Drinkhail!*
That says *Wassail* drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.
Drinkhail he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bourd and skof.¹¹
The king said, as the knight gan ken,
'*Drinkhail,*' smiling on Rowenen.
Rowen drank as her list,
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame gaed.
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,
And *drinkhail* to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.
Fell sithes¹² that maiden ying
Wassailed and kissed the king.
Of body she was right avenant,¹²
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.

¹ Not for the learned, but for the laymen and unlearned.
² Know. ³ When they sit the same—sit together.
⁴ Well advanced in convivialities.
⁵ Of good appearance. This phrase is still used in Scotland.
⁶ Greeted. ⁷ Lord. ⁸ Had no knowledge.
⁹ Interpreter. ¹⁰ Esteems. ¹¹ Many times.
¹² Graceful, beautiful.

Her attire full well it seemed,
 Mervelik the king he queemed.¹
 Of our measure was he glad,
 For of that maiden he wax all mad.
 Drunkenness the fiend wrought,
 Of that Paen² was all his thought.
 A mischance that time him led,
 He asked that Paen for to lide.
 Hengist would not draw o lite,
 Bot granted him all so tite.³
 And Hors his brother consented soon.
 Her friends said, it were to done.
 They asked the king to give her Kent,
 In dowery to take of rent.
 Upon that maiden his heart was cast ;
 That they asked the king made fast.
 I wen the king took her that day,
 And wedded her on Paen's lay.⁴

Praise of Good Women.—From the 'Handling of Sins.'

Nothing is to man so dear
 As woman's love in good mannér.
 A good woman is man's bliss,
 Where her love right and steadfast is.
 There is no solace under heaven,
 Of all that a man may neven,⁵
 That should a man so much glew,⁶
 As a good woman that loveth true ;
 Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,⁷
 Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

The death of Edward I.—'the greatest of the Plantagenets'—July 7, 1307, called forth an elegy, preserved among the Harleian MSS. The following are two of the stanzas (spelling simplified) :

All that beeth of heart true
 A stound⁸ hearkeneth to my song,
 Of duel that Death has dight us new,
 That maketh me sick and sorrow among,
 Of a knight that was so strong,
 Of whom God hath done his will,
 Methinketh that Death has done us wrong
 That he [the king] so soon shall liggé⁹ still.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore¹⁰
 The flower of all chivalry,
 Now King Edward liveth na more
 Alas ! that he yet should die !
 He would ha' reared up full high
 Our banners that baeth¹¹ brought to ground ;
 Well long we may clepe¹² and cry,
 Ere we such a king han y-found !

LAWRENCE MINOT—RICHARD ROLLE—WILLIAM
 LANGLAND.

LAWRENCE MINOT, about 1350, composed a series of ten poems on the victories of Edward III.—beginning with the battle of Halidon Hill (1333), and ending with the siege of Guines Castle (1352). His works were in a great measure unknown until the beginning of the present century, when they were published by Ritson, who praised them for the ease, variety, and harmony of the versification. Professor Craik considered Minot to be the earliest writer of English subsequent

¹ Pleased.

² Pagan.

³ Would not draw off a little, but granted all quickly. 'Tite, soon, is connected with tide, time.'—*Morris*.

⁴ According to pagan law.

⁵ Name.

⁶ Delight (Ang.-Sax. *gleb, gliu, glee*, music).

⁷ *Hurd, herde, erde*, earth.

⁸ A little while, a moment.

⁹ Lie.

¹⁰ Lost.

¹¹ Are.

¹² Call.

to the Conquest, who deserved the name of a poet. His dialect is Northumbrian :

God that schope¹ both se and sand
 Save Edward, King of Ingland,
 Both body, saul, and life,
 And grante him joy withowten strife !
 For mani men to him er wroth,
 In Fraunce and in Flandres both ;
 For he defendes fast his right,
 And tharto Jhesu grante him might !

A few more stanzas from the same poem (spelling simplified) will shew the animated style of Minot's narrative :

How Edward the King came in Brabant.

Edward, oure comely king,
 In Braband has his woning²
 With many comely knight ;
 And in that land, truely to tell,
 Ordains he still for to dwell
 To time³ he think to figh.

Now God, that is of mightés mast,⁴
 Grant him grace of the Holy Ghast
 His heritage to win ;
 And Mary Moder, of mercy free,
 Save our king and his menzè⁶
 Fro sorrow, shame, and sin.

Thus in Braband has he been,
 Where he before was seldom seen
 For to prove their japes ;⁶
 Now no langer will he spare,
 Bot unto France fast will he fare
 To comfort him with grapes.

Furth he fared into France ;
 God save him fro mischance,
 And all his company !
 The noble Duke of Braband
 With him went into that land,
 Ready to live or die.

Then the rich flower de lice⁷
 Wan there full little prize ;
 Fast he fled for feared :
 The right heir of that countree
 Is comen⁸ with all his knighes free,
 To shake him by the beard.

Sir Philip the Valays⁹
 With his men in tho days
 To battle had he thought :¹⁰
 He bade his men them purvey
 Withouten langer delay ;
 But he ne held it nought.

He brought folk full great won,¹¹
 Aye seven agains one,
 That full well weaponed were,
 Bot soon when he heard ascry¹²
 That King Edward was near thereby,
 Then durst he nought come near.

In that morning fell a mist,
 And when our Englishmen it wist,
 It changed all their cheer ;
 Our king unto God made his boon,¹³
 And God sent him good comfort soon ;
 The weather wex full clear.

¹ Disposed, ordered (Ang.-Sax. *scapan*, to shape, to form).

² Abode, dwelling. ³ Till the time. ⁴ Most of might.

⁵ Company, host. ⁶ Jeers, devices. ⁷ Fleur de lis.

⁸ To come. ⁹ Philip VI. de Valois, king of France.

¹⁰ Resolved. ¹¹ Number. ¹² Alarm, outcry (Swedish *anskrif*).

¹³ Petition, request (Ang.-Sax. *ben*, prayer).

RICHARD ROLLE, a hermit of the order of St Augustine, and doctor of divinity, lived a solitary life near the priory of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He died in 1349. Rolle wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*, an elaborate work in seven books and nearly ten thousand lines. It was published for the Philological Society, edited by Mr Morris, in 1863. This poem is also in the Northumbrian dialect, many words of which are still in use in Scotland—as *thole*, to bear; *greeting*, weeping; *tine*, lose; *auld*, old; *fae*, foe; *frae*, from; &c.

What is in Heaven.—From the 'Pricke of Conscience.'

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
 And ther is youthe without ony elde;
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;
 And ther is rest without ony travaille;
 And ther is pees without ony strife,
 And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:
 And ther is bright somer ever to se,
 And ther is never wynter in that countrie:
 And ther is more worshippe and honour,
 Then evere hade kyng other emperour.
 And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
 And ther is preysing hem amonge.
 And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
 And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
 And ther is wisdom without folye,
 And ther is honeste without vileneye.
 Al these a man may joyes of hevenc call:
 Ac yutte the most soveryn joye of alle
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
 In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, author of *The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*, was the most vigorous, truly English, and popular of all the poets preceding Chaucer. He was born about 1332, supposed to be a native of Clebury Mortimer, in Shropshire, and the son of a franklin or freeman. He wore the clerical tonsure, probably as having taken minor orders, and earned a precarious living by singing the *placebo*, *dirige*, and seven psalms for the good of men's souls. He says he was married, and this may perhaps explain why he never rose in the church. He has many allusions to his extreme poverty. Lastly, he describes himself as being in Bristol in the year 1399, when he wrote his last poem. This is the last trace of him, and he was then about sixty-seven years of age, so that he may not have long survived the accession of Henry IV. (September 1399). In personal appearance he was so tall that he obtained the nickname of Long Will, as he tells us in the line:

I have lyved in londe, quod I, my name is Long Wille.*

Langland's poem is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterised the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact,

both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendancy over those of the Normans. Piers is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern Hills, and seeing in his sleep a series of visions; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, and particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness. The first part of the work was written about 1362; it was enlarged in 1370, and still further enlarged after 1378. Its great popularity induced some unknown writer to give a supplement in the same alliterative verse, entitled *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, being a satire on the friars. Langland in his poem versifies the curious fable of the rats conspiring to bell the cat, which figures in Scottish history of the time of James III. The alliterative style of the work will be seen from the opening lines:

In a somer seson when soft was the sonne,
 I shope me in shroudes as I a shepe were,¹
 In habite as an heremite, unholy of workes,
 Went wyde in this world, wondres to here.
 Ac² on a May mornynge, on Maluerne hulles,
 Me byfel a ferly³ of fairy, me thouthte;
 I was wery forwandered, and went me to reste
 Vnder a brode bank by a bornes⁴ side;
 And as I lay, and lened, and loked in the wates,
 I stombred in a slepyng, it sweyued so merye.⁵

Warton and Ellis quote the following as a remarkable prediction of the Reformation (spelling simplified):

Ac now is Religion a rider, a roamer about,
 A leader of lovedays, and a lond-buyer,
 A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor.
 An heap of hounds [behind him] as he a lord were;
 And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
 He loured on him, and asketh him who taught him
 courtesy?
 Little had lords to done to give lond from her heirs
 To religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her
 altars.
 In many places there they be parsons by hemself at
 ease;
 Of the poor have they no pity: and that is her charity!
 And they letten hem as lords, her lands lie so broad.
 Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
 And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of
 your rule,
 And amend monials [nuns], monks, and canons,
 And put hem to her penance— . . .
 And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon, and all his
 issue for ever
 Have a knock of a King, and incurable the wound.

Of the allegorical personification of Langland, we subjoin some short specimens:

Envy and Avarice.

Envy, with heavy heart, asketh after shrift,
 And greatly his gustus⁶ beginneth to shew,
 As pale as a pellet in a palsy he seemed;
 I-clothed in a caramauri,⁷ I could him not describe,
 As a leek that had i-lain long in the sun,
 So looked he with lean cheeks; loured he foul.

¹ *Shepe*, shepherd; it oftener means sheep. ² But.

³ A wonder.

⁴ A brook or burn.

⁵ Sounded so merry or pleasant. We may add that the late editors of *Piers the Ploughman* divide the lines in the middle, where a pause is naturally made.

⁶ *Gustus*, gestic, deeds.

⁷ A worm-eaten garment.

* Introduction to *Piers the Plowman*, edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat (Oxford, 1869).

His body was balled,¹ for wrath he bit his lips,
Wroth-like he wrung his fist; he thought him to
wreak

With works or with words when he seeth his time. . .
And then came Covetise; can I him nought describe,
So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervy² him looked;
He was beetle-browed and babber-lipt also,
With two bleared een as a blind hag,
And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
Well syder³ than his chin, they shrivelled for eld.
And as a bondman of his bacon his beard was be-
dravelled.⁴

With an hood on his head, a lousy hat above,
And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
Al to-torn and bawdy, and full of lice creeping;
But if that a louse could have loupén the better,
She should nought have walked on the welt, it was
so threadbare.

Mercy and Truth.

Out of the west, as it were, a wench, as methought,
Came walking in the way, to helle-ward she looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a mild thing withal,
A full benign burd,⁵ and buxom of speech.
Her sister, as it seemed, came softly walking
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens metten, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed of other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness.

These are vivid pictures, and there are many
such in Langland—strong repulsive delineations
of vice, misery, and corruption. He was an earnest
moral teacher, not an imaginative poet. He
had none of the chivalrous sentiment or gay fancy
of his great contemporary Chaucer.

Langland thus closes his vision of Piers the
Plowman, Passus vii. (language modernised):

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the
people,

Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?

This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
(*Quodcumque ligaueris super terram, erit ligatum et in
celis, &c.*⁶),

And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)

That pardon and penance and prayers don save

Souls that have sinned seven sins deadly.

But to trust to these triennales,⁷ truly me thinketh

Is nought so sicker⁸ for the soul, certes, as Do-well.

Forthwith I rede you, renkes,⁹ that rich ben on this
earth,

Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,

Be ye never the balder to break the ten behests,

And namely the masters, mayors, and judges

That have the wealth of this world, and for wise men
ben holden,

To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls.

At the dreadful doom when dead shallen rise,

And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,

How thou leddest thy life here and his laws kept'st,

And how thou didest day by day, the doom will
rehearse;

A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales letters,

Though they be found in the fraternity of all the four
orders,¹⁰

¹ Swollen.

² Mr Skeat points out that Skelton has the same name for a
coveytous man: 'And Harry Haller, that well could pick a meal.'

³ Hanging lower.

⁴ As the mouth of a bondman or rural labourer is with the bacon
he eats, so was his beard debauched or smeared. ⁵ Maiden.

⁶ Matthew xvi. 19.

⁷ Masses said for three years.

⁸ Sure.

⁹ Men; Anglo-Saxon *riuc*, a warrior (SKEAT).

¹⁰ The four orders of Friars.

And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-well
seyt you help

I set your patents and your pardons on one pie's heel!¹

Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God mercy,
And Mary his mother be our mene² between,
That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here,
That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he hight.³

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Although our mixed language had now risen
into importance, and a period of literary activity
had commenced, it required a genius like that of
Chaucer—who was familiar with continental as
well as classic literature, and with various modes
of life at home and abroad, besides enjoying the
special favour of the court—to give consistency
and permanence to the language and poetry of
England. Henceforward, his native style, which
Spenser terms 'the pure well of English undefiled,'
formed a standard of composition.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER could not boast of any
high lineage—his father and grandfather were
London vintners.³ The date of his birth is un-
certain. He died in 1400, and there is an old
tradition that he was then seventy-two years of
age; consequently, born in 1328. The poet's own
testimony, however, seems at variance with this
statement. In the famous controversy in 1386
between Richard, Lord Scrope, and Sir Robert
Grosvenor, concerning their coat of arms, Chaucer
was examined as a witness, and in the deposition
he is stated to be 'of the age of forty years and
upward, and to have borne arms twenty-seven
years.' This would place his birth about 1345,
instead of 1328. The earliest notice of the poet
occurs in some fragments of the Household Book
of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel,
son of Edward III., of the date of 1357. From
these it appears that payments were made for
articles of dress and 'necessaries' to Chaucer—
a suit of clothes and shoes, 7s., with a donation
of 3s. 6d. He was then probably a page to the
Lady Elizabeth. In 1359 he accompanied the
royal army to France, doubtless in the retinue of
Prince Lionel. If we take the 'forty years and
upwards' to signify forty-three or forty-four, he
was then sixteen or seventeen—an age not two
early for a youth in the royal household to enter
military service. There is no evidence as to the
education of the poet, though he is said to have
studied both at Cambridge and Oxford. Having
joined Edward III.'s army which invaded France
in 1359, he was taken prisoner, but was soon set
free, the king giving, in March 1360, £16 towards
his ransom. A blank of six years occurs, but when
the name of Chaucer reappears in the public
records, he is found attached to the court and

¹ *Pie's heel*, magpie's heel, a curious expression. But the Cam-
bridge manuscript has *peze hule*, that is, a pea's hull, a pea-shell,
husk of a pea.—SKEAT. The Cambridge manuscript is surely
the correct reading.

² *Mene*, medium, Mediator.

³ *Hight*, commanded.

* This point has been settled by the researches of Mr F. J.
Furnival, editor-in-chief of the *Chaucer Society*. Richard Chaucer,
vintner of London, in April 1349, bequeathed his tenement and
tavern to the Church of St Mary, Aldermary. His son, John
Chaucer, 'citizen and vintner,' Thames Street, in July 1349 exe-
cuted a deed relating to some lands. The poet, by deed, in 1380
released all right in his father's house in Thames Street to Henry
Herbury, vintner. This pedigree confirms Fuller's joke, that
some wits had made Chaucer's arms (*argent and gules*) the
dashing of white and red wine, as 'nicking his father's profession'.
(FULLER'S *Church History*, Book iv.)

engaged in diplomatic service. About 1366, he married Philippa, one of the ladies of the chamber to the queen, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and sister of Katherine Swynford, the mistress, and ultimately the wife of John of Gaunt. In 1367 the king granted Chaucer an annuity of 20 marks by the title of *valettus noster*, our yeoman, so that he then stood in the intermediate rank between squire and groom. In 1369 he was on a second invasion of France. In 1372 he was appointed envoy, with two others, to Genoa, and he was then styled *scutifer*, or squire. It is supposed that on this occasion he made a tour of the northern states of Italy, and visited Petrarch, who was at Arqua, near Padua, in 1373. The poet's mission to Italy was to confer with the Duke and merchants of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment; and he had discharged his duty satisfactorily, for next year, on the celebration of St George's day, 23d April, at Windsor, Chaucer received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily (commuted in 1378 for a yearly payment of 20 marks), and in June was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wool, skins, &c. in the port of London. The duties of his office he had to perform personally, writing the rolls with his own hand; and in his *House of Fame* he refers to this period, stating that when his labour was all done, and his 'reckonings' all made, he used to go home to his house, and sit at his books till he appeared *dazed* or lost in study. The same year (1374) Chaucer received a pension of £10 from the Duke of Lancaster, and the city authorities of London granted him for life a lease of the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate. Next year he was appointed guardian of a certain Edmond Staplegate of Kent, and received for wardship and marriage fee a sum of £104. In 1377 we find him joint-envoy on a secret mission to Flanders, and afterwards sent to France to treat of peace with Charles V., and to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the king of France. Richard succeeded to the throne by the death of Edward III., June 21, 1377, and Chaucer was re-appointed one of the king's esquires. In May 1378 he was sent with Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy on a mission 'touching the king's expedition of war.' The prosperous poet was now allowed to discharge his duties as comptroller of customs by deputy, and he thus had greater leisure to devote himself to the composition of his *Canterbury Tales*. Shortly after his return from Italy, Chaucer appears in a questionable light. By a deed, dated 1st of May 1379, enrolled on the Close Roll of 3 Richard II., Cecilia Chaumpaigne, daughter of the then late William Chaumpaigne and Agnes his wife, released to Geoffrey Chaucer all her rights of action against him for his abduction of her, 'de raptu meo.' The poet may have carried off the young lady, as Mr Furnival suggests, to marry her to one of his friends, or the charge may have been dismissed as unfounded. In 1386 Chaucer sat in parliament as one of the knights of the shire for Kent. But the Duke of Gloucester succeeding to the government in place of the Duke of Lancaster, then abroad, and with whom he was at enmity, the poet, as friend and protégé of the latter, may have shared in the ill-will of the duke. It is certain that, on the 4th of

December 1386, Chaucer was superseded in his office of comptroller of customs, and is found raising money on his two pensions of twenty marks each. His wife died in 1387 (after June of this year there is no mention of the pension of ten marks given yearly to Philippa Chaucer), but King Richard having dismissed his council, and restored the Lancastrian party to power, the old poet regained, for a brief space, a share of the royal favour. In July 1389 he was appointed clerk of the king's works at Westminster, the Tower of London, and Windsor.* His salary was two shillings a day, with power to appoint a deputy. He held these appointments for little more than a year, and is believed to have been afterwards in straitened circumstances. He still, however, enjoyed his pension of £10, with his allowance of forty shillings yearly for robes as one of the king's esquires. In 1394 he obtained from the king a grant of £20 a year for life, on which, being apparently in want, he received advances from the exchequer. In his *Complaint to his Purse*, Chaucer refers to this period:

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear,
I am so sorry now that ye be light;
For certes, but if ye make me heavy cheer,
Me were as lief be laid upon my bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or else might I die!

In May 1398 Chaucer got letters of protection to secure him from arrest 'on any plea except it were connected with land,' for a term of two years. In October King Richard granted him a tun of wine yearly for life. The son of his friend John of Gaunt, the triumphant Henry Bolingbroke, now supplanted Richard on the throne; and, October 3, 1399, we find Henry IV. granting Chaucer 40 marks yearly in addition to his former £20 from Richard II. On 24th December the poet covenanted for the lease of a tenement in the garden of St Mary's Chapel, Westminster (the site of Henry VII.'s chapel), for the long term of 53 years, but he lived only till the following autumn, dying October 25, 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, the first of the illustrious file of poets whose ashes rest in that great national sanctuary.

Chaucer is said to have left two sons—Lewis, who died early, and Thomas, who rose to great wealth and position, was Speaker of the House of Commons, and father of an only daughter, Alice Chaucer, who married John De la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne. There are doubts, however, in spite of the attestations of heralds, whether this rich and great Sir Thomas Chaucer was really the son of the author of the *Canterbury Tales*.

The personal appearance of the poet is partly described by himself in the *Prologue to Sir Thopas*. He was stout, but 'small and fair of face:'

Thou lookest as thou wouldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare. . . .
He seemeth elvish by his countenance,
For unto no wight doth he dalliance.

* As clerk of the royal works, riding about with money to pay wages, &c., Chaucer was exposed to danger. On September 3, 1390, he was robbed at the 'Foul Oak' of £20, his horse, and movables. The king forgave him the £20, and the robber, who had appealed by wager of battle against his accomplice, was hanged.

His character may be seen in his works. He was the counterpart of Shakspeare in cheerfulness and benignity of disposition—no enemy to mirth and joviality, yet delighting in his books, and studious in the midst of an active life. He was opposed to all superstition and priestly abuse, but playful in his satire, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the richest vein of comic narrative and delineation of character. He retained through life a strong love of the country, and of its inspiring and invigorating influences. No poet has dwelt more fondly on the charms of a spring or summer morning :

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight!
And with his streams dryeth in the graves
The silver drops, hanging on the leaves.
And Arcite that is in the Court Royal,
With Theseus his squire principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day,
And for to don his observance to May.

The Knight's Tale.

May-day, the great English rural festival and Robin Hood anniversary, seems always to have been a carnival in the poet's heart. It enticed him from his studies—'farewell, my book!'—and he is profuse in descriptions of the 'new green' of spring, the 'soft sweet grass,' and 'flowers white and red.' In his youth he paid homage to the luxuriant beauty of the rose, but at a later period joined the French poets in adopting the mythology of the daisy.

The daisy, or else *the eye of day*,
The Empress and flower of flowers all.

Perhaps alluding metaphorically, as Nicolas suggests, to some fair lady named Marguerite, as the word means either a daisy, a pearl, or a woman.

Chaucer's minor poems are numerous. A recent critic—Professor Bernard Ten Brink—divides them into three periods, though no such classification can be considered certain. (1) The *A.B.C.*, the *Romance of the Rose*, and *Book of the Duchess*, all written before the poet set out on his Italian missions in 1372. (2) The *House of Fame*, the *Life of St Cecil* (Second Nun's Tale), the *Parliament of Birds*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Knight's Tale*—this period ending in 1384. (3) The *Legend of Good Women*, the *Canterbury Tales*, and other lesser poems. Some of the most admired minor poems are rejected by Ten Brink, Mr Bradshaw, and Mr Furnival. The *Court of Love*, the *Flower and the Leaf*, *Chaucer's Dream*, and the *Romance of the Rose*, are considered spurious, as contravening the laws of rhyme observed by the poet in his genuine works. For instance, if in Chaucer's undoubted works you find that mal-a-dy-e, or cur-tei-si-e, is four syllables, and rhymes only with other nouns in *y-e* or *i-e*, proved by derivation to be a two-syllable termination, and with infinitives in *y-e*, then if you find in the *Romaunt*,

Sich joie anon thereof hadde I
That I forgat my maladie,

you get a rhyme that is not Chaucer's.* We cannot think this test infallible. The poet may not

* Chaucer's Works, Aldine Edition, edited by Morris, vol. i. 267.

have been always consistent in his rhymes, or copyists may have made alterations; and we know of no other poet of that day who was capable (none has claimed or been mentioned) of writing the rejected poems. Poetical readers will not readily surrender Chaucer's right to the *Romaunt of the Rose*, the *Court of Love*, or the *Flower and the Leaf*—all fresh with the dew of youth and brilliant fancy.

The versification of Chaucer is various. He probably began with the octo-syllabic measure common with the French poets, as he translated the *Roman de la Rose*, or rather adapted it, from the work of William de Loris and John de Meun: of the 22,000 verses Chaucer translated 7700. The *House of Fame*, an allegorical version, is in the same measure, and contains some bold imagery and the romantic machinery of Gothic fable. A more important work, *Troilus and Cressida*, is in seven-line stanzas. This poem, taken from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio, has, from its pathos and beauty, always been popular. Sir Philip Sidney admired it. Warton and every subsequent critic have quoted, with just admiration, the passage in which Cressida makes an avowal of her love:

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdis tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And, after, siker [sure] doth her voice outring:
Right so Cresside, when her dread sent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

The *Canterbury Tales* are chiefly in the heroic couplet, containing five accents, and generally ten syllables, but in this respect Chaucer adopted the poetic license of lengthening or shortening the lines. The opening of the poem, with the accents marked, is as follows:

Whan that Aprillé, with his schowrés swoote,¹
The drought of Marche hath percéé to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,²
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek, with his sweté breeth
Enspired hath in every holte³ and heeth
The tender croppés,⁴ and the yongé sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfé cours i-ronne,⁵
And smalé fowlés maken melodie,
That slegen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem⁶ nature in here corages;
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes
To ferné halwés⁷ kouthé⁸ in sondry londes;
And specially, from every schirés ende
Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir⁹ for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

The *Canterbury Tales* form the best and most durable monument of Chaucer's genius. Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, supposes ten persons to have retired from Florence during the plague of 1348,

¹ Sweet, sometimes written *sote* and *suete*.

² Such liquor or moisture. ³ *Holt*, a wooded hill.

⁴ *Croppés*, twigs, boughs, the tops of branches.

⁵ *I-ronne*, sometimes *yronne*, for the *i* and *y* were used indiscriminately to denote the past participle. Thus Spenser has *yclad*, *ydrad*, &c.

⁶ *Hem* and *her* were in Chaucer's time, and previously, the same as *them* and *their*.

⁷ *Ferné halwés*, distant saints or shrines (*ferné*, from *fer* or *far*; *halwés*, as in All-Hallows, &c.).

⁸ *Kouthé*, or *couthé*, known, renowned: we still have *uncouth*.

⁹ The famous martyr, Thomas à Becket, slain in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170.

and there, in a sequestered villa, amused themselves by relating tales after dinner. Ten days formed the period of their sojourn; and we have thus a hundred stories, lively, humorous, or tender, and full of characteristic painting in choice Italian. Chaucer seems to have copied this design, as well as part of the Florentine's freedom and licentiousness of detail; but he greatly improved upon the plan. There is something repulsive and unnatural in a party of ladies and gentlemen meeting to tell tales, many of them of a loose kind, while the plague is desolating the country around them. The tales of Chaucer have a more pleasing origin. A company of pilgrims, consisting of twenty-nine 'sundry folk,' meet together in fellowship at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, all being bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. These pilgrimages were scenes of much enjoyment, and even mirth; for, satisfied with thwarting the Evil One by the object of their mission, the devotees did not consider it necessary to preserve any religious strictness or restraint by the way. The poet himself is one of the party at the Tabard. They all sup together in the large room of the hostelry; and after great cheer, the landlord proposes that they shall travel together to Canterbury; and, to shorten their way, that each shall tell two tales, both in going and returning, and whoever told the best, should have a supper at the expense of the rest. The company assent, and mine host, 'Harry Bailly'—who was both 'bold of his speech, and wise and well taught'—is appointed to be judge and reporter of the stories. The characters composing this social party are inimitably drawn and discriminated. First we have the chivalrous Knight:

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto hadde he riden, noman ferre,¹
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse.
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre² he was when it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne
Aboven alle nacions in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,³
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,⁴
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greete see
At many a noble arive hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fytene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene⁵
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthi knight hadde ben also
Sometime with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethene in Turkye;
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.⁶

¹ No man further.

² Alexandria. 'Why Chaucer should have chosen to bring his knight from Alexandria and Lettowe rather than from Cressy and Poitiers, is a problem difficult to resolve, except by supposing that the slightest services against infidels were in those days more honourable than the most splendid victories over Christians.'

—TYRWHITT.

³ Pruce, Lettowe, Ruce—Prussia, Lithuania, Russia.

⁴ Gernade, Granada; Algesir, Algeiras in Spain; Belmarie, one of the Moorish kingdoms in Africa; Lieys, in Armenia; Satalie, or Atalia, in Asia Minor. Both the latter were taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan—Lieys about 1367, Atalia about 1352.

⁵ A Moorish kingdom in Africa.

⁶ High praise.

And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere yit no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.
But for to telle you of his array,
His hors was good, but here ne was nought gay.
Of fustyan he werede a gepoun¹
Al bysmotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

The Knight was accompanied by his son, a gay young Squire with curled locks:

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle as they were layde in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthe.
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,²
In Flaundes, in Artoys, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as in so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes wel make and endite,
Juste³ and eek daunce, and wel purtraye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nighttale⁴
He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
And carf byforn his fadur at the table.

A yeoman was also in attendance, with his bow and sheaf of arrows: 'a nut-head had he, with a brown visage.' And then we have a Nun or Prioress, beautifully drawn in her arch simplicity and coy reserve:

— Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;⁵
And sche was cleped madame Englyntyne.
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,⁶
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fil upon hire breste.
In curtesie was set ful moche hire leste.⁷
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing⁸ sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,⁹
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesant, and amyable of port,

¹ Gepoun, a short cassock; bysmotered, soiled or smutted (from the Anglo-Saxon *besmittan*, to defile).

² Military expeditions, riding.

³ Joust, tilt.

⁴ Night-time; tale, reckoning.

⁵ Seynt Loy, a corruption of St Eligius, or perhaps another form of St Louis.

⁶ Stratford-le-Bow, in Middlesex. Chaucer is supposed, in this allusion to the French of the Prioress, to have sneered at the old Anglo-Norman French taught in England.

⁷ Hire leste, her pleasure or delight.

⁸ Ferthing, fourth part, and hence a small portion.

⁹ Raughte, pret. of *reche*, reached—stretched out her hand at table.

And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estalich of manere,
And to ben holden digne¹ of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted fleissch, or mylk and wastel breed.²
But sore wept sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

A Monk and a Friar are next described :

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ;³
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Full many a deynté hors hadde he in stable ;
And when he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen, in a whistlyng wynd, as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as this lord was kepere of the selle,
The rule of seynt Maure or of seint Bencyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,⁴
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,⁵
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men ;
Ne that a monk, when he is receheles
Is likned to a fisch that is waterles ;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What schulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,⁶
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre,
Or swynke with his handes, and labour,
As Austyn byt ?⁷ How schal the world be served ?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therefore he was a pricasour⁸ aright ;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight ;
Of prykyng and of huntynge for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saugh his sleeves purfild atte honde
With grys,⁹ and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pyne :
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, and schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt ;
His eyen steepe, and rolling in his heede,
That stemed as a forneys of a leede ;¹⁰
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certainly he was a fair prelate.

The Friar was also a genial churchman :

A Frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour,¹¹ a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure¹² is noon that can
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wymmen, at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his cuntre,

¹ Digne, worthy.

² Bread made of the finest flour.

³ Hunting.

⁴ Somewhat strict.

⁵ Pulled hen ; he cared not a moulting or worthless hen for the text.

⁶ Wood or woud, mad or foolish.

⁷ Swynke, work as St Austin bid.

⁸ Pricasour, a hard rider.

⁹ Purfild with grys, worked at the edge with fur.

¹⁰ Shone as a furnace under a caldron.

¹¹ A friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.—MORRIS.

¹² The four orders were the Franciscans or Gray Friars, the Augustin Friars, the Dominicans or Black Friars, and the Carmelites or White Friars.

And eek with worthi women of the toun :

For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun ;
He was an esy man to geve penance
Ther as he wiste han a good pittance ;
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive.¹
For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot give silver to the poure freres.
His tytet was ay farsed ful of knyfes
And pyynes, for to give faire wyfes.
And certaynli he hadde a mery noote ;
Wel couthe he syng and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddynge² he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everych hostiller and tappestere,
Bet than a lazer, or a beggestere,³
For unto such a worthi man as he
Accordede not, as by his faculte,
To han with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with no such poraille,⁴
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe hadde noight oo schoo,⁵
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,⁶
Yet wolde he have a fething or he wente.
His purchas was wel better than his rente.
And rage he couthe and pleyen as a whelpe,
In love-dayes⁷ couthe he mochel helpe.
For ther he was not like a cloysterer,
With a thredbare cope as is a poure scoler,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for his wantounesse,
To make his Englischch swete upon his tunge ;
And in his harpyng, when that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkeld in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.

Then follows a merchant 'with a forked beard,' sitting high on his horse, and with a Flanders beaver hat on his head—a worthy man. In contrast to these favourites of fortune is a poor Clerk :

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtpey,⁸
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.

¹ Well shriven or confessed.

² Yeddynge, songs, the gleeman's songs.

³ Better than a leper or a beggar.

⁴ Nought but one shoe.

⁵ Poraille, poor people.

⁶ *In principio erat Verbum*, the beginning of St John's Gospel, which the priest was enjoined to read.

⁷ Love-days were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or violence.—MORRIS.

⁸ Coarse upper coat.

For him was lever have at his beddes heede
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Then robes riche, or fithel,¹ or gay sawtrie.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;
 But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
 On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,
 And busily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scoleye,²
 Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
 Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
 And that was seid in forme and reverence,
 And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
 Sownyng in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Franklin, or freeholder was in the company,
 'Epicurus' own son,' a great householder :

His breed, his ale, was always after oon ;³
 A better envyned⁴ man was nowher noon.
 Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
 Of fleissch and fisch, and that so plentyvous,
 It snowede in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
 After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
 So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a brem and many a luce⁵ in stewe.
 Woo was his cook,⁶ but-if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.

This character is a fine picture of the wealthy rural Englishman, and it shews how much of enjoyment and hospitality was even then associated with this station of life. The Wife of Bath is another lively national portrait ; she is shrewd and witty, has abundant means, and is always first with her offering at church.

A good Wif was ther of byside Bathes,
 But sche was somdel deaf, and that was skathe.
 Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,
 Sche passede hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.⁷
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,⁸
 And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
 That sche was out of alle charité.
 Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde ;
 I durste swere they weygheden ten pounde
 That on a Sunday were upon hire heed.
 Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlett reed,
 Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and newe.
 Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
 Husbondes at chirch dore sche hadde fyfe,
 Withouten other compagne in youthe ;
 But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.⁹
 And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem ;
 Sche hadde passed many a straunge stream ;
 At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloyne,
 In Galice at seynt Jame,¹⁰ and at Coloyne.
 Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
 Gattothed¹¹ was sche, sothly for to seye.

1 Fiddle.

2 To attend school.

3 Oon, one.

4 Stored with wine.

5 The luce is the pike.

6 Woe was his cook, sorrowful.

7 The west of England was famous for cloth-making, and the good wife surpassed even the manufactures of Ypres and Ghent, the great continental marts.

8 The offering in church on relic Sunday, when the congregation went up to the altar to kiss the relics.—MORRIS.

9 To speak now, at present.

10 In Galicia, where the body of St James was interred.

11 Goat-toothed, having teeth with gaps between, or goat-toothed, denoting lasciviousness.

Uppon an amblere esily sche sat,
 Ywymplid wel, and on hire heed an hat
 As brood as is a bocler or a targe ;
 A foot-mantel aboute hire hipis large,
 And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
 In felawschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
 Of remedies of love¹ sche knew perchaunce,
 For of that art sche couthe the olde daunce.

A Sergeant of Law, 'discreet and of great reverence,' is portrayed :

No where so besy a man as he ther nas,²
 And yit he seemed besier than he was.

Chaucer has many satires on the clergy, but he gives one redeeming sketch—that of a poor Parson :

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a poure Parson of a toun ;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;
 His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversité ful pacient ;
 And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.³
 Ful loth were him to curse for his thythes,
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
 Unto his poure parischens aboute,
 Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisch, and houses for asonder,
 But he ne lafte not⁴ for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
 The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
 That first he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schal yren do ?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed⁵ man to ruste ; . . .
 He sette not his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,⁶
 Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde ;
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it not myscharye.
 He was a schepherde and no mercenarie ;
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,⁷
 But in his teching discret and benigne.
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, this was his busynesse :
 But it were eny persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.⁸
 A better prest I trowe ther nowher non is.
 He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folvede it himselfe.

We have a pardoner from Rome, with some sacred relics—as part of the Virgin Mary's veil, and part of the sail of St Peter's ship—and who is

1 An allusion to Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*.

2 *Nas*, ne was, was not.

3 Ofttimes.

4 Left or ceased not.

5 *Lewed* was unlearned or ignorant.

6 St Paul's had thirty-five chantries or endowments for priests to sing masses.

7 Not high or haughty.

8 Snub sharply for the occasion.

also 'brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot.' Among the humbler characters are, a 'stout carl' of a miller, a reve or bailiff, and a sompnoir or church apparitor, who summoned offenders before the archdeacon's court, but whose fire-red face and licentious habits contrast curiously with the nature of his duties. A shipman, cook, haberdasher, &c. make up the goodly company—the whole forming such a genuine Hogarthian picture, that we may exclaim, in the eloquent language of Campbell: 'What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in these tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquary can discover by the cold light of his researches!' Chaucer's contemporaries and their successors were justly proud of this national work. Many copies existed in manuscript (a six-text edition is now in progress);* and when the art of printing came to England, one of the primary duties of Caxton's press was to issue an impression of those inimitable creations.

All the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* do not relate stories. Chaucer had not, like Boccaccio, finished his design; for he intended, as we have said, to have given a second series on the return of the company from Canterbury, as well as an account of the transactions in the city when they reached the sacred shrine. The concluding supper at the Tabard, when the successful competitor was to be declared, would have afforded a rich display for the poet's peculiar humour. The parties who do not relate tales—as the poem has reached us—are the yeoman, the ploughman, and the five city mechanics. Like Shakespeare, Chaucer was content to borrow most of the outlines of his plots or stories. The Knight's Tale—the most chivalrous and romantic of the series—is founded on the *Theseida* of Boccaccio. The Clerk's Tale, so touching in its simplicity and pathos, has also an Italian origin. The Clerk says:

Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk, . . .
Francis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whose rethorique swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie.

The tale thus learned is the pathetic story of Patient Griselde, which was written by Boccaccio, and only translated into Latin by Petrarch. It appears that Petrarch did not translate this tale from Boccaccio's *Decameron* until the end of September 1373, and Chaucer was in England on the 22d of November following, as is proved by his having that day received his pension in person. But whether or not the two poets ever met, the Italian journey of Chaucer, and the fame and works of Petrarch, must have fired the ambition of the accomplished Englishman, and greatly refined and elevated his literary taste. As a model or example of wifely obedience and implicit faith, this story of Griselde long kept up its celebrity, both in prose and verse. The husband of Griselde certainly carried his trial of his wife's submission to the last extremity—worse even than the trial of the Nut-Brown Maid—when he ordered

her to quit his house to make room for a new wife! But even this Griselde could endure:

'And of your new wife God of his grace
So grant you weal and prosperité;
For I will gladly yelden her my place,
In which that I was blissful wont to be,
For sith it liketh you, my lord; quod she,
'That whilom were all mine herte's rest,
That I shall gon, I will go whan you list.

'But thereas ye profe me such dowayre
As I first brought, it is well in my mind
It were my wretched clothes, no thing fair,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O good God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that makèd was our marriage!'

Griselde, the 'flower of wifely patience,' goes to her father's house. But at length the marquis, her husband, sends for her, declares that he has been merely playing an assumed part, that he will have no other wife, nor ever had, and she is introduced to her two children whom she believed dead:

When she this heard, aswoone down she falleth
For piteous joy; and after her swooning
She both her young children to her calleth,
And in her arms piteously weeping,
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing
Full like a mother, with her salte tears
She bathed both her visage and her hairs.

O such a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning and her humble voice to hear!
'Grand mercy, lord! God thank it you,' quoth she,
'That ye have saved me my children dear:
Now reck I never to be dead right here
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of death, nor when my spirit pace.

'O tender, dear, young children mine!
Your woful mother weened steadfastly,
That cruel houndes or some foul vermin
Had eaten you; but God of his mercy,
And your benign father tenderly
Hath done you keep;' and in that same stound
All suddenly she swappèd down to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she gan them embrace,
That with great sleight and great difficulty
The children from her arm they gan arrace.¹
O many a tear or many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stooden her beside;
Unnethe² abouten her might they abide.

The happy ending of the story, and the husband's declaration:

I have done this deed
For no malice, ne for no cruelty,
But for t' assay thee in thy womanhood—

will not reconcile the reader to his marital experiment; but such tales appear to have been more suited to the ideas of 'the spinsters and knitters in the sun' in the 'old age.' The Squire's Tale, 'the story of Cambuscan bold,' by which Milton characterises Chaucer, has not been traced to any other source. For two of his stories—the Man of Law's Tale, and the Wife of Bath's Tale, Chaucer was indebted to the *Confessio Amantis* of his contemporary Gower. Boccaccio was laid under contribution for other outlines, but the influence of

* Much has been done to elucidate the works of the Father of English Poetry by Mr R. Morris, the Rev. Mr Skeat, Mr Ellis, Mr Furnival, and the *Chaucer Society*. They may be said to have given quite a revival to the old poet.

¹ Tear away by force.

² Scarcely.

French literature was perhaps more predominant with the poet than that of Italy. The Prioress's Tale, the scene of which is laid in Asia, is supposed to be taken from some legend of the miracles of the Virgin, 'one of the oldest of the many stories, which have been propagated at different times, to excite or justify several merciless persecutions of the Jews upon the charge of murdering Christian children.' The Nun's Priest's Tale (containing the fable of the cock and the fox) and the Merchant's Tale (modernised by Pope) have some minute painting of natural objects and scenery in Chaucer's clear and simple style. The tales of the Miller and Reve are coarse, but richly humorous.

The following extracts are slightly modernised :

The Poor Country Widow.—From the Nun's Priest's Tale.

A poor widow, somedale stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent ;
By husbandry of such as God her sent,
She found herself and eke her daughters two.
Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that hight Mall ;
Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,
In which she ate full many a slender meal ;
Of poignant sauce her needed never a deal ;
No dainty morsel passed through her throat ;
Her diet was accordant to her coat :
Repletion ne made her never sick ;
Attemper diet was all her physick,
And exercise, and heartes suffisance :
The goute let¹ her nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexy shente² not her head ;
No wine ne drank she neither white nor red ;
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,
Seinde³ bacon, and sometime an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner dey.⁴
A yard she had, enclosed all about
With sticks, and a dry ditch without,
In which she had a cock hight Chanticleer,
In all the land, of crowing n'as his peer.
His voice was merrier than the merry organ,
On massé-days that in the churché gon ;
Well sickerer⁵ was his crowing in his lodge,
Than is a clock, or an abbey horologe.
By nature knew he each ascension
Of equinoctial in that town :
For when degrees fifteen were ascended,
Then crew he that it might not be amended.
His comb was redder than the fine coral,
And 'battled as it were a castle wall ;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;
Like azure were his legs and his ton ;⁶
His nails whiter than the lily flower,
And like the burnished gold was his colour.

The King of Inde.—From the Knight's Tale.

The great Emetrius, the king of Inde,
Upon a steed bay, trapped in steel
Covered with cloth of gold, diapered well,

Came riding like the god of arms, Mars.
His coat-armour was of cloth of Tars,
Couched with pearls white, and round, and great ;
His saddle was of brent gold new i-beat ;
A mantelet upon his shoulders hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.
His crisp hair like rings was i-run
And that was yellow and glittered in the sun.
His nose was high, his eyen bright citron,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguine.
A few freckles in his face i-sprent.
Betwixt yellow and somedel black i-ment.
And as a lion he his looking cast.
Of five and twenty year his age I cast.
His beard was well begynnen for to spring ;
His voice was as a trump thundering.
Upon his heed he weared of laurel green
A garland fresh and lusty for to sene,
Upon his hand he bare for his delight,
An eagle tame, as any lily white.
An hundred lords had he with him there,
All armed safe, their heads in their gear,
Full richly in all manner things
For trusteth well that dukes, earls, kings
Were gathered in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran on every part
Full many a tame lion and leopard.

Emily.—From the Knight's Tale.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once on a morrow of May,
That Emily, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily upon her stalk green,
And fresher than the May with floures new—
For with the rose colour strove her hue,
I n'ot which was the fairer of them two—
Ere it was day, as it was her wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight—
For May will have no sluggardie a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleepé start,
And saith : ' Arise, and do thine observance !'
This maketh Emily have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise,
Yclothed was she fresh for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yardé long, I guess ;
And in her garden, as the sun uprist,
She walked up and down, and as her list,
She gathereth floures, party white and red,
To make a sotil¹ garland for her head ;
And as an angel heavenly she sung !

The Death of Arcite.—From the same.

Swellethe the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Encreaseth at his hearte more and more. . . .
All is to-bursten thilke region ;
Nature hath now no domination ;
And certainly where nature will not werche,²
Farewell physick ; go bear the man to church.
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die ;
For which he sendeth after Emily,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear ;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear :
' Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you, my lady, that I love most.
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.
' Alas the woe ! alas the paines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long !

¹ Subtle, artfully contrived.

² Work.

¹ Hindered. ² Hurt. ³ Singed or broiled.
⁴ Mr. Tyrwhitt supposed the word 'dey' to refer to the management of a dairy. Mr. Morris states that, in the statute 37 Edward III. (1363), the *deye* is mentioned among others of a certain rank, not having goods or chattels of forty shillings value.

⁵ Surer.

⁶ Toes.

Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
 Alas departing of our company!
 Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
 Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
 What is this world?—what asken men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave—
 Alone—withouten any company.

Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!
 And softe take me in your armes tway
 For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

'I have here with my cousin Palamon
 Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
 For love of you, and for my jealousy;
 And Jupiter so wis¹ my soule gie,²
 To speaken of a servant properly,
 With alle circumstances truly;
 That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
 Wisdom, humblesse, estate, and high kindred,
 Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,
 As in this world right now ne know I none
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That serveth you, and will do all his life;
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'

And with that word his speeche fail began;
 For from his feet up to his breast was come
 The cold of death that had him overnome;³
 And yet, moreover, in his armes two,
 The vital strength is lost and all ago;⁴
 Only the intellect, withouten more,
 That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,
 'Gan failen when the hearte felte death;
 Dusked his eyen two, and failed his breath:
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
 His laste word was: 'Mercy, Emily!'

Departure of Custance.—From the Man of Law's Tale.

Custance is banished from her husband, Alla, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the treachery of the king's mother. Her behaviour in embarking at sea, in a rudderless ship, is thus described:

Weepen both young and old in all that place
 When that the king this cursed letter sent:
 And Custance with a deadly pale face
 The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
 But natheless⁵ she tak'th in good intent
 The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond,
 She saide: 'Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.⁶

'He that me kepte from the false blame,
 While I was in the land amonges you,
 He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
 In the salt sea, although I see not how:
 As strong as ever he was, he is yet now:
 In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
 That is to me my sail and eke my steer.'⁷

'Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
 And kneeling piteously, to him she said:
 'Peace, little son; I will do thee no harm.'⁸
 With that her kerchief off hef head she braid,⁹
 And over his little eyen she it laid,
 And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
 And into th' heaven her eyen up she cast.
 'Mother,' quod she, 'and maiden bright, Mary!
 Soth is, that through womannes eggement,⁹
 Mankind was lorn,¹⁰ and damned aye to die,
 For which thy child was on a cross yrent:¹¹
 Thy blisful eyen saw all his torment;
 Then is there no comparison between
 Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

'Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
 And yet now liveth my little child, parfay:¹
 Now, lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
 Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
 Thou haven of refute,² bright star of day!
 Rue³ on my child, that of thy gentleness
 Ruest on every rueful in distress.

'O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
 That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
 Why will thine harde father have thee spilt?⁴
 O mercy, deare Constable!' quod she,
 'As let my little child dwell here with thee;
 And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
 So kiss him ones in his father's name.'

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
 And saide: 'Farewell, husband ruthelless!'
 And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
 Toward the ship; her followeth all the press:
 And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
 And tak'th her leave, and with a holy intent
 She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Victailed was the ship, it is no drede,⁵
 Abundantly for her a full long space;
 And other necessities that should need
 She had enow, heried⁶ be Goddess grace:
 For wind and weather, Almighty God purchase,⁷
 And bring her home, I can no better say,
 But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

Love.—From the Franklin's Tale.

For one thing, sirs, safely dare I say,
 That friends ever each other must obey
 If they will longe holden company:
 Love will not be constrained by mastery.
 When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
 Beateth his wings and, farewell! he is gone.*
 Love is a thing as any spirit free.

Women of kind desiren liberty,
 And not to be constrained as a thrall;
 And so do men if soothly I say shall.
 Look who that is most patient in love
 He is at his advantage all above;
 Patience is a high virtue certain,
 For it vanquisheth, as these clerks say'n,
 Things that rigour never should attain;
 For every word men should not chide or plain.
 Learneth to suffren or else, so might I gon
 Ye shall it learn whether ye will or non.

The Fairies driven out by the Friars.

From the Wife of Bath's Tale.

In oldé dayés of the King Arthur
 Of which that Britons speaken great honour,
 All was this land fulfilled of Faery;
 The elf-queen with her jolly company
 Danced full oft in many a green mead:
 This was the old opinion as I read;
 I speak of many hundred years ago,
 But now can no man see none elves mo;
 For now the great charity and prayers
 Of limiters and other holy friars,
 That searchen every land and every stream,
 As thick as motés in the sun-beam,
 Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens and bowers,
 Cities and boroughs, castles high, and towers,
 Thorps, barns, sheepens, and dairies,
 That maketh that there be no faeries:
 For there as wont was to walken an elf,
 There walketh now the limiter himself,

¹ Surely.

² Guide.

³ Overtaken.

⁴ Agone.

⁵ Nevertheless.

⁶ Message.

⁷ Guide, helm.

⁸ Took.

⁹ Incitement.

¹⁰ Undone.

¹¹ Torn.

¹ By my faith.

² Refuge.

³ Have pity.

⁴ Destroyed.

⁵ Doubt.

⁶ Praised.

⁷ Procure, provide.

* Pope imitated this in his *Eloisa to Abelard*:

Love free as air, at sight of human ties
 Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

In undermeales and in morrowings,¹
 And saith his matins and his holy things
 As he goeth in his limitation.
 Women may now go safely up and down ;
 In every bush or under every tree,
 There is none other incubus but he.

*Good Counsel of Chaucer.**

Flee from the press and dwell with soothfastness,
 Suffice thee thy good though it be small,
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness ;
 Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.
 Savour no more than thee behoven shall ;
 Do well thyself that other folk canst read,
 And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great rest standeth in little business,
 Beware also to spurn an alle.
 Strive not as doth a crock with a wall,
 Daunt thyself that dauntest others deed,
 And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall ;
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
 Forth, pilgrim, forth ! best out of thy stall.
 Look up on high, and thank God of all ;
 Waive thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
 And truth shall thee deliver, 'tis no dread.

Two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose—the 'Tale of Melibeus' and the 'Persone's (Parson's) Tale.' A long allegorical and meditative work, the *Testament of Love*, an imitation of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophie*, has been ascribed to Chaucer, but its genuineness is doubted, if not disproved. The poet, however, wrote in prose a translation of Boethius, and a work *On the Astro-labe*, addressed to his son Lewis.

On Gathering and Using Riches.—From the 'Tale of Melibeus.'

When Prudence had heard her husband avaunt himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise : Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can use 'em ; for, right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends ; and therefore saith Pamphilus : If a neatherd's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband ; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also : If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends ; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if² it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils ; and therefore

¹ After the meal of dinner and in the mornings. The allusion to the zeal of the friars is evidently ironical.

* In one of the Cottonian MSS. (among those destroyed by fire), this poem was described as made by Chaucer 'upon his death-bed in his great anguish.' Tyrwhitt says, the verses are found without that statement in two other manuscripts. The copies differ considerably.

² Except.

clepeth Cassiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down ; and therefore saith Piers Alphonse : One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books ; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame ; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax ; and therefore saith Solomon : That better it is to die than for to have such poverty ; and, as the same Solomon saith : Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to liven in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em, and to him that well use tho' riches ; and therefore wol I shew you how ye shuln behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shuln use 'em. First, ye shuln geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils ; and therefore saith Solomon : He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent ; he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shuln get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person ; for the law saith : There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight ; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith : That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men getten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness ; for Solomon saith : That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils ; and the same Solomon saith : That he that travaileth and busieth himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find convenable time for to do his profit ; for there is a versifier saith, that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many vices ; and therefore saith St Jerome : Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking such as he findeth occupied in good werks.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness ; and afterward ye shuln use the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travail, in such manner, than men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender ; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely ; and therefore saith Caton : Use (saith he) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse ; he saith also : The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayn, spend measureably, for they that folily wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, that they shapen 'em to take the goods of another man. I say, then, that ye shuln flee avarice, using your riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your wielding ;

for a wise man reproveth the avaricious man, and saith thus in two verse : Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that all his wits mowen not disseveren him or departen him fro his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, that when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? and therefore saith St Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swalloweth the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be called an avaricious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that men call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius : The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shoulden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shuln always have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shuln have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shuln do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creator and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to ben a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches, so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there n'is thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith : The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be always kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place : Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so precious; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name.

JOHN GOWER.

JOHN GOWER is supposed to have been born about the year 1325. He was consequently a few years older than Chaucer, whom he survived eight years. Gower was a member of a knightly family, an esquire of Kent, and possessed of estates in several counties. In 1368 the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Gower of Multon, in Suffolk, conveyed to the poet the manor of Kentwell. In 1399 Gower had, as he himself states, become old and blind. He made his will in August 1408, and must have died shortly afterwards, as his widow administered to his effects in October of that year. From his will it appears that the poet possessed the manors of Southwell in Nottinghamshire, and Multon in Suffolk. He also left his widow a sum of £100, and made various bequests to churches and hospitals. He was interred in the church of St Mary Overies—

now St Saviour's—in Southwark, where he had founded a chantry. His monument, containing a full-length figure of the poet, is still preserved, and was repaired in 1832 by the Duke of Sutherland, head of the ancient family of Gower, settled in Yorkshire so early as the twelfth century.* The principal works of Gower were the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*, 1393. The first of these was in French, but is now lost; the second is in Latin, and the third in English. This English poem was printed by Caxton in 1483, and was again printed in 1532 and 1554. It was chiefly taken from a metrical version in the *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*, as admitted by Gower. In this work is the story of Appolinus, the Prince of Tyre, from which Shakspeare took part of the story of his *Pericles*, if we assume that Shakspeare was the original or sole author of that drama. The *Confessio Amantis* is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor—a grave discussion of the morals and metaphysics of love. Dr Pauli, the able editor of the poem (1857), describes it as 'a mixture of classical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid, and of the purely medieval idea, that, as a good Catholic, the unfortunate lover must state his distress to a father confessor.' In the poem, Venus is enjoined to 'greet well' Chaucer,

As my disciple and my poete;

and the greater poet inscribed his *Troilus and Cressida* to his friend as 'moral Gower,' a designation which has ever since been applied to him. The general style of the *Confessio Amantis* is grave and sententious, and its enormous length (above thirty thousand lines) renders it tedious; but it is occasionally relieved by stories and episodes drawn from medieval history and romance, and from the collection of novels known as the *Gesta Romanorum*. He says:

Full oft time it falleth so
My ear with a good pittance
Is fed, with reading of romance
Of Isodyne and Amadas,
That whilom were in my case;
And eke of other many a score,
That loved long ere I was bore:
For when I of their loves read,
Mine ear with the tale I feed;
And with the lust of their histoire
Sometime I draw into memoire,
How sorrow may not ever last,
And so hope cometh in at last.

Story of the Caskets.—From 'Confessio Amantis,' Book V.

In a cronique this I rede:
Aboute a King, as moste nede
Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
Great route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him had hadden served,
And thoughten that they have deserved
Avancément, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,

* It was supposed that there was some relationship between the poet and this noble family, and stress was laid upon the possession of a MS. of the *Confessio Amantis*, which was believed to have been presented to an ancestor of the Yorkshire Gowers by the poet. The genealogists, however, find no branch to which this alleged alliance can be traced, and the MS. turns out to be the very copy of the work which the author presented to Henry IV. while Duke of Lancaster—a rare and precious volume.

That comen but awhile agon
 And they avanced were anon.
 These old men, upon this thing,
 So as they durst, agein the king,
 Among himself¹ compleignen ofte:
 But there is nothing said so softe,
 That it ne comith out at laste:
 The king it wiste, and als so faste,
 As he which was of high prudēce:
 He shope therfore an evidēce
 Of hem² that pleignen in the cas,
 To knowe in whose defalte it was;
 And all within his owne entent,
 That non ma wisté what it ment.
 Anon he let two cofres make
 Of one semblance, and of one make,
 So lich,³ that no lif thilke throwe,
 That one may fro that other knowe:
 They were into his chamber brought,
 But no man wot why they be wrought,
 And natheles the king hath bede
 That they be set in privy stede,
 As he that was of wisdom slih;
 Whan he therto his time sih,⁴
 All prively, that none it wiste,
 His ownē hondes that one chiste
 Of fin gold, and of fin perie,⁵
 The which out of his tresorie
 Was take, anon he fild full;
 That other cofre of straw and mull⁶
 With stones meynd⁷ he fild also:
 Thus be they full bothé two.

So that erliche⁸ upon a day
 He had within, where he lay,
 Ther should be tofore his bed
 A bord up set and fairé spred:
 And than he let the cofres sette⁹
 Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
 He knewe the names well of tho,¹⁰
 The whiche agein him grutched so,
 Both of his chambre and of his halle,
 Anon and sent for hem alle;
 And seidé to hem in this wise:

There shall no man his hap despise:
 I wot well ye have longe served,
 And God wot what ye have deserved;
 But if it is along on me
 Of that ye unavanced be,
 Or elles if it belong on yow,
 The sothé shall be proved now:
 To stoppé with your evil word,
 Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
 Chese¹¹ which you list of bothé two;
 And wíth well that one of tho
 Is with tresor so full begon,
 That if ye happé therupon
 Ye shall be riché men for ever:
 Now chese, and take which you is lever,
 But be well ware ere that ye take,
 For of that one I undertake
 Ther is no maner good therein,
 Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
 Now goth¹² together of one assent,
 And taketh your avisement;
 For, but I you this day avance,
 It stant upon your owné chance,
 Al only in defalte of grace;
 So shall be shewed in this place
 Upon you all well afyn,¹³
 That no defalté shal be myn.

They knelen all, and with one vois
 The king they thonken of this chois:

And after that they up arise,
 And gon aside, and hem avise,
 And at lasté they acorde
 (Wherof her¹ talé to recorde
 To what issue they be falle)
 A knyght shall speké for hem alle:
 He kneleth down unto the king,
 And seith that they upon this thing,
 Or for to winne, or for to lese,²
 Ben all avised for to chese.

Tho³ toke this knyght a yerd⁴ on honde,
 And goth there as the cofres stonde,
 And with assent of everychone⁵
 He leith his yerde upon one,
 And seith⁶ the king how thilke same
 They chese in reguerdon⁷ by name,
 And preith him that they might it have.

The king, which wolde his honor save,
 Whan he had heard the common vois,
 Hath granted hem her owne chois,
 And toke hem therupon the keie;
 But for he woldé it were seic⁸
 What good they have as they suppose,
 He bad anon the cofre unclose,
 Which was fulfid with straw and stones:
 Thus be they served all on ones.

This king than, in the samé stede,
 Anon that other cofre undede,
 Wher as they sihen gret richesse,
 Wel moré than they couthen gesse.

Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
 That ther is no defalte in me;
 Forth⁹ my self I wol aquite,
 And bereth ye your owné wite¹⁰
 Of that¹¹ fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise king excused:
 And they lefte off her evil speche,
 And mercy of her king besече.

SCOTTISH POETS.

The language of the Lowland districts of Scotland was based, like that of England, on the Teutonic, and it had, like the contemporary English, a Norman admixture. The names of places, however, and the permanent features of the country—the mountains, lakes, and rivers—are mostly Celtic. Some were modified; Strathclyde became Clydesdale, and Strathnith and Strathannan became Nithsdale and Annandale. In some instances, the Celtic *kil*, a cell or chapel, was supplanted by the Saxon *kirk*, as Kirkpatrick for Kilpatrick; but *kil* is still the most common prefix—as Kilmarnock, signifying the chapel of Marnoch, a famous Scottish saint. The oldest Scotch writing extant is a charter by Duncan II. in 1095. A few years before this, a new era began with Malcolm Canmore. What is called the Scoto-Saxon period of Scottish history commences. New races appear; Northumbrian nobles and their vassals, Norman knights and Flemish artisans, enter Scotland; not rapidly at first, but by a continued steady migration. The Saxon policy of Malcolm Canmore was carried out by his sons; and after half a century or more of continued colonisation, we find the Norman nobles—the Bruces, Baliols, Stewarts, Cummings, Douglases, Murrays, and Dunbars—seated in Scotland, and the Saxon language, laws, and ecclesiastical government naturalised, as it were, in the North. As

1 Themselves.

2 Them.

3 Like.

4 Saw.

5 Jewels, or precious stones.

6 Rubbish.

7 Mingled.

8 Early.

9 Fetched.

10 Those.

11 Choose.

12 Go.

13 At last.

1 Ther.

2 Lose.

3 Then.

4 A rod.

5 Every one.

6 Sayeth to the king.

7 As their reward.

8 Seen.

9 Therefore.

10 Blame.

11 That is, that which.

the English or Teutonic portion of the language did not fall out of court favour in Scotland as in England, it long continued in the north with little change. The oldest fragment of Scottish poetry has been preserved by Wyntoun, and is of a plaintive cast :

Quhen Alysander oure kyng was dede
That Scotland led in luwe and le,¹
Away wes sons² of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of ganyn and gle ;
Oure golde wes changyd into lede,
Cryst borne into virgynyte,
Succor Scotland and remede,
That stad³ is in perplexyte.

After the battle of Bannockburn (June 24, 1314), the Scots, 'inflamed with pride and derision of the English,' as Fabian the chronicler states, made this rhyme, which was 'after many days sung in the dances and carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland.'

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
For your lemans ye have loste at Bannockysborne,
With heave alow !
What, weneth the kyng of Englande
So soone to have Scotlande ?
With rumblyow !

JOHN BARBOUR.

Contemporary with Chaucer and Gower was the northern minstrel, JOHN BARBOUR. The date of his birth is unknown, but he is found exercising the duties of archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357. That he was a man of talent and learning may be assumed from his having been chosen by the bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated; and also from the circumstance that he twice visited England with scholars, for the purpose of studying at Oxford (1357 and 1364); that in 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St Denis and other sacred places;' and that in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England with two servants. At home, Barbour enjoyed royal favour. In 1373, he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II. and one of the auditors of exchequer. In 1375, his epic poem, *The Bruce*, was in progress. In 1377, a sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of the poem. This gift was followed, at the interval of a few months, by a grant to Barbour from the king of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings. Barbour wrote another poem, now lost, called *The Brut*, relating the descent and history of the Stuarts from the fabulous King Brut, or Brutus. His reward for this second work seems to have been a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The pension was payable in two moieties—one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394—so that he must have died between that date and Whitsunday 1395. The precise day of his death was probably the 13th of March, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in

the cathedral church of St Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the father of Scottish poetry by the first of the Stuart kings, in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus.' Barbour's poem of *The Bruce* is valuable as a monument of our early language, and as a storehouse of historical incidents. But though he set himself to write a 'soothfast story,' the poet begins by departing widely from history. He confounds Bruce the grandfather with Bruce the grandson, and makes him reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward I. ! Of course, he also conceals the fact, that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward, and done homage to Baliol. He desired to present in Bruce a true hero and patriot trampling down oppression and vindicating the sacred rights of his country, and all that could militate against this design was excluded. Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce—whatever gives individuality, life, and colour to his history—will be found in the pages of Barbour. The old poet's narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch; the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal intrepid bearing, which he paints in lively colours, have tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. The characters and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas, are also finely drawn; and the poem contains many vividly descriptive passages, and abounds in dignified and pathetic sentiment. Humour it has none. The language is fully as intelligible as that of Chaucer. It does not appear that the Scottish poet had seen the works of his southern contemporary. One would have wished that the bards had met, each the representative of his country's literature, and each enjoying the favour and bounty of his sovereign. Barbour's poem, we may add, is in the octo-syllabic verse, and consists of about 14,000 lines. It has been well edited by Dr Jamieson (1820), and by Professor Cosmo Innes (1856).

Apostrophe to Freedom.

A ! fredome is a nobill thing !
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking !
Fredome all solace to man giffis :
He levys at ese that frely levys !
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plesce,
Gyff fredome failythe : for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weil the propyrte,¹
The angry, na the wrechyt done,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrlidome.²
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer³ he suld it wyt ;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in world that is.

Barbour makes no mention of Wallace. So ardent a worshipper of freedom might have been expected to strike a note in honour of one who sacrificed life itself in pure devotion to that cause. But to recall Wallace would have jarred with his

¹ Love and law.

² Plenty.

³ Standing. King Alexander died March 16, 1286.

¹ Quality or nature.

² Exactly (Fr. *par cœur*, by heart).

² Thralldom.

unqualified eulogy of Bruce, and was not necessary towards the unity of his design. His poem begins with the story of the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose.

In the subsequent extracts from Barbour and Wyntoun, the cumbrous spelling is reduced, without interference with the rhythm or obsolete words.

Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

On Sunday then, in the morning,
Weil soon after the son rising,
They heard their mass commonly;
And mony them shrave¹ full devoutly,
That thocht to die in that melée,
Or then to make their country free!
To God for their right prayed they:
Their dined nane of them that day;
But, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
They fasted, water and bread ilk ane.
The king, when that the mass was done,
Went forth to see the potis² soon,
And at his liking saw them made,
On either side right weil braid.
It was pitied, as I have tauld,
If that their faes on horse would hald
Forth in that way, I trow they sal
Nocht weil escape for-ouen a fall.
Throughout the host then gart³ he cry
That all should arm them hastily,
And busk them on their best manner;
And when they assembled were,
He gart array them for the fight:
And syne gart cry oure all on height,
That wha soever he were that fand
His heart nocht sicker⁴ for to stand
To win all or die with honour,
For to maintain that stalwart stour,
That he betime should hald his way;
And nane should dwell with them but they
That would stand with him to the end,
And tak the ure⁵ that God would send.
Then all answered with a cry,
And with a voice said generally
That nane for doubt of deid⁶ should fail
Quhill⁷ discomfit were the great battail.

Death of Sir Henry de Bohun.

And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boune, the worthy,
That was a wicht knight, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;
Came on a steed a bowshot near,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him sae range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his bassinet.
And toward him he went in hy.⁸
And the king sae apertly⁹
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In hy till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, foroutin abasing,
Till him he rode in great hy.
He thought that he should weel lightly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him horsit saw sae ill.

Sprent they samen intill a lyng;¹
Sir Henry missed the noble king;
And he that in his stirrups stude,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae great main, raucht him a dint,
That nouter hat nor helm micht stint
The heavy dush, that he him gave,
That near the head till the harns clave.
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird gan gae
All flatlings, for him failit micht.
This was the first straik of the ficht. . . .
When that the king repairit was,
That gart his men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatly,
That he him put in aventure,
To meet sae stith a knight, and stour,²
In sic point as he then was seen.
For they said weel, it micht have been
Cause of their tynsal³ everilk ane.
The king answer has made them nane,
But mairit⁴ his hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the straik broken in tway.

The Battle.

The Scottismen commonly
Kneelit all doun, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to help them in that ficht.
And when the English king had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said, in hy:
'Yon folk kneel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingram⁵ said: 'Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:
I tell you a thing sickerly,
That yon men will all win or die;
For doubt of deid⁶ they sall not flee.'
'Now be it sae then!' said the king.
And then, but langer delaying,
They gart trump till the assembly.
On either side men micht then see
Mony a wicht man and worthy,
Ready to do chivalry.

Thus were they bound on either side;
And Englishmen, with mickle pride,
That were intill their award,⁷
To the battle that Sir Edward⁸
Govrent and led, held straight their way.
The horse with spurs hastened they,
And prickit upon them sturdily;
And they met them richt hardily.
Sae that, at their assembly there,
Sic a frushing of spears were,
That far away men micht it hear,
That at that meeting forouen were.
Were steeds stickit mony ane;
And mony gude man borne doun and slain; . . .
They dang on other with wappins sair,
Some of the horse, that stickit were,
Rushit and reelit richt rudely. . . .

The gude earl⁹ thither took the way,
With his battle, in gude array,
And assemblit sae hardily,
That men micht hear had they been by,
A great frush of the spears that brast.
There micht men see a hard battle,
And some defend and some assail; . . .
Sae that it seemit weel that they

¹ Made confession.

² The holes which had been dug in the field.

³ Caused, ordered.

⁴ Secure.

⁵ Chance (Fr. *eur*, hazard).

⁶ None for fear of death.

⁷ Till.

⁸ Haste.

⁹ Openly.

¹ Sprang forward in a line.

² Loss.

³ Sir Ingram d'Umphraville.

⁴ The van of the English army.

⁵ The Earl of 'Murreff' or Murray.

⁶ Steady a knight, and battle.

⁷ Moaned, lamented.

⁸ Fear of death.

⁹ Edward Bruce.

Were tint, amang sae great menye,¹
 As they were plungit in the sea.
 And when the Englishmen has seen
 The earl and all his men, bedeene,
 Faucht sae stoutly, but effraying,
 Richt as they had nae abasing ;
 Them pressit they with all their might,
 And they, with spears and swerds bricht,
 And axes, that richt sharply share
 I'mids the visage, met them there.
 There men might see a stalwart stour,
 And mony men of great valour,
 With spears, maces, and knives,
 And other wappins, wisslit² their lives :
 Sae that mony fell donn all deid.
 The grass waxed with the blade all red. . . .
 There might men hear mony a dint,
 And wappins upon armours stint.
 And see tumble knichts and steeds,
 And mony rich and royal weeds
 Defoullit foully under feet.
 Some held on loft ; some tint the seat.
 A lang time thus fechtung they were ;
 That men nae noise might hear there ;
 Men heard noucht but granes and dints,
 That flew fire, as men flays on flints.
 They foucht ilk ane sae eagerly,
 That they made nae noise nor cry,
 But dang on other at their might,
 With wappins that were burnist bricht. . . .
 All four their battles with that were
 Fechtung in a front halily.
 Almighty God ! how doughtily
 Sir Edward the Bruce and his men
 Amang their faes conteinit them than !
 Fechtung in sae gude covine,³
 Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
 That their vaward frushit was. . . .
 Almighty God ! wha then might see
 That Stewart Walter, and his rout,
 And the gude Douglas, that was sae stout,
 Fechtung into that stalwart stour ;
 He sould say that till all honour
 They were worthy that in that fight
 Sae fast pressed their foes' might.
 There might men see mony a steed
 Flying astray, that lord had nane. . . .
 There might men hear ensenzies cry :
 And Scottismen ery hardily :
 ' On them ! On them ! On them ! They fail !'
 With that sae hard they gan assail,
 And slew all that they might o'erta'.
 And the Scots archers alsua⁴
 Shot amang them sae deliverly,
 Engriewing them sae greatumly,
 That what for them, that with them faucht,
 That sae great routis to them raucht,
 And pressit them full eagerly ;
 And what for arrowis, that fellly
 Mony great wounds gan them ma',
 And slew fast off their horse alsua. . . .

The appearance of a mock host, composed of the servants of the Scottish camp, completes the panic of the English army ; the king flees, and Sir Giles d'Argentine, rather than 'live shamefully and flee,' bids the king farewell, and rushing again into the fight, is slain. The narrative adds :

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast,
 And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
 That of them a full great party
 Fled to the water of Forth, and there
 The maist part of them drownit were.
 And Bannockburn, betwixt the braes,
 Of men, of horse, sae steekit⁵ was,
 That, upon drownit horse and men,
 Men might pass dry out-ower it then.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

About the year 1420, ANDREW WYNTOUN, or, as he describes himself, Androwe of Wyntoune, a canon of St Andrews, and prior of St Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, completed, in eight-syllabled metre, an *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, including much universal history, and extending down to his own time : it may be considered as a Scottish member of the class of rhymed chronicles, and belongs in style to the authors in this section, though produced in part at a later period than Barbour's history. The prior undertook his chronicle at the suggestion of Sir John Wemyss. He divides it into nine books, 'in honoure of the ordrys nyne.' It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the evening-fire of a monastery of those days, and which convey a curious idea of the credulity of the age. The chronicle has little poetical merit, and is greatly inferior to Barbour's *Bruce*, but is interesting for the view it affords of the language, attainments, and manners of the author's time and country. A fine edition of the work, edited by David Macpherson, was published in 1795. The time of Wyntoun's death has not been stated, but he is supposed to have died shortly after completing his chronicle.

Macbeth and the Weird Sisters.

A nycht he thowcht in hys dremyng,
 That syttand he wes besyd the kyng
 At a sete in hwntyng ; swa
 Intil his leisch had grewhundys twa :
 He thowcht, quhile he wes swa syttand,
 He sawe thre wemen by gangand ;
 And thai wemen than thowcht he
 Thre werd systrys mast lyk to be.
 The first he hard say, gangand by,
 ' Lo, yhondyr the Thane of Crumbawchty !'¹
 The tothir woman sayd agane,
 ' Of Morave yhondyre I se the thane !'
 The thryd than sayd, ' I se the king !'
 All this he herd in his dremyng. . . .
 Sone eftyre that, in his yhowthad,²
 Of thyr thanydoms he thane wes made ;
 Syne neyst he thowcht to be king,
 Fra Dunkanyis dayis had tane endyng.
 The fantasy thus of his dreme
 Movyd hym mast to sla his eme ;³
 As he dyd all furth in-dede,
 As before yhe herd one rede,
 And Dame Grwok,⁴ his emys wyf,
 Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyf,
 And held hyr bathe hys wyf and queyne,
 As befor than scho had beyne
 Till hys eme qwene, lyvand
 Quhen he was kyng with crowne rygnend
 For lytil in honoure than had he
 The greys⁵ of affynyte.
 All thus quhen his eme was dede,
 He succedyt in his stede ;
 And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
 As kyng he wes than in-til Scotland.
 All hys tyme wes gret plenté
 Abowndand, bath on land and se.
 He was in justice rycht lawchful,
 And till hys legis all awful.
 Quhen Leo the tend was Pape of Rome,⁶
 As pylgryne to the court he come ;

¹ Cromarty.

² Youthhood.

³ Uncle (Ang.-Sax. *eam*).

⁴ Gruoch.

⁵ Degrees (Fr. *gré*).

⁶ A chronological error of nearly five hundred years, for Macbeth visited Rome during the pontificate of Leo the Ninth.—*Irving*.

¹ Lost among so great a company.

² Exchanged.

³ Company.

⁴ Also.

⁵ Shut up.

And in his almshouse he sew¹ sylver
Till all pure folk that had myster :²
And all tyme oysyd³ he to wyrk
Profitably for haly kyrke.

*St Serf and Satan.**

While St Serf, until a stead,
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said : ' St Serf, by thy werk
I ken thou art a cunning clerk.'
St Serf said : ' Gif I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee ?'
The devil said : ' This question
I ask in our collation—
Say where was God, wit ye oucht,
Before that heaven and erd was wrought ?'
St Serf said : ' In himself steadfast
His Godhead hampered never was.'
The devil then askit : ' What cause he had
To make the creatures that he made ?'
To that St Serf answered there :
' Of creatures made he was makér.
A maker might he never be,
But gif creatures made had he.'
The devil askit him : ' Why God of noucht
His werkis all full gude had wrought ?'
St Serf answered : ' That Goddis will
Was never to make his werkis ill,
And as envius he had been seen,
Gif nought but he full gude had been.'
St Serf the devil askit than :
' Where God made Adam, the first man ?'
' In Ebron Adam formit was,'
St Serf said. And till him Sathanas :
' Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
He was put out of Paradise ?'
St Serf said : ' Where he was made,'
The devil askit : ' How lang he bade
In Paradise, after his sin ?'
' Seven hours,' Serf said, ' bade he therein.'
' When was Eve made ?' said Sathanas.
' In Paradise,' Serf said, ' she was.' . . .
The devil askit : ' Why that ye
Men are quite delivered free,
Through Christ's passion precious bought,
And we devils sae are noucht ?'
St Serf said : ' For that ye
Fell through your awn iniquity ;
And through ourselves we never fell,
But through your fellow false counsell.' . . .
Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
With all the wiles that he wrought,
Overcome St Serf. He said than
He kenne him for a wise man.
Forthy there he gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profit.

While Wyntoun was inditing his legendary chronicle in the priory at Lochleven, a secular priest, JOHN FORDUN, canon of Aberdeen cathedral, was gathering and recording the annals of Scotland in Latin. Fordun brought his history, *Scotichronicon*, down to the death of David I. in 1153, but had collected materials extending to the year 1385, about which time he is supposed to have died. His history was then taken up and continued to the death of James I. (1437) by WALTER BOWER or BOWMAKER, abbot of the monastery of St Colm, in the Firth of Forth.

¹ Scattered, distributed. ² From the Danish *mister*, to want.

³ Used.

* St Serf lived in the sixth century, and was the founder of the monastery of which the author was prior. The spelling of the above extract is modernised.

PROSE LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

The translations of King Alfred, the Saxon Chronicle, Saxon laws, charters, and ecclesiastical histories, more or less tintured with the Norman-French, are our earliest prose compositions. The first English book was SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S *Travels*, written in 1356. Mandeville was born at St Albans in the year 1300, and received the liberal education requisite for the profession of medicine. During the thirty-four years previous to 1356, he travelled in Eastern countries (where he appears to have been received with great kindness); and on his return to England, wrote an account of all he had seen, mixed with innumerable fables, derived from preceding historians and romancers, as well as from hearsay. His book was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, 'that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.' The following extract, in the original spelling, is from the edition of 1839, edited by J. O. Halliwell:

The Beginning of Mohammed.

And yee schull understonde, that Machamote was born in Arabye, that was first a pore knave, that kepte cameles, that wenten with marchantes for marchandise; and so befelle that he wente with the marchantes in to Egipt: and thei weren thanne cristene, in the parties. And at the deserts of Arabye he wente into a chapelle, where a eremyte duelte. And whan he entered into the chapelle, that was but a lytill and a low thing, and had but a lytyl dore and a low, than the entree began to wexe so gret, and so large, and so high, as though it hadde ben of a gret mynstre or the gate of a paleys. And this was the first myracle, the Sarazins seyn, that Machomete didde in his youthe. Afre began he for to wexe wyse and ryche, and he was a gret astronomer.

In the following the spelling is simplified :

A Mohammedan's Lecture on Christian Vices.

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day, in his chamber. He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords and other; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed 'em in our country. And I said [to] him: 'Right well, thanked be God.' And he said [to] me: 'Truly nay; for ye Christian men ne reckon right not how untruly to serve God. Ye should given ensample to the lewed people for to do well, and ye given 'em ensample to don evil. For the commons, upon festival days, when they shoulde go to church to serve God, then gon they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony all the day and all night, and eaten and drinken, as beasts that have no reason, and wit not when they have enow. And therewithal they ben so proud, that they knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulde ben simple, meek, and true, and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and ever inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous, that for a little silver they sellen 'eir daughters, 'eir sisters, and 'eir own wives, to putten 'em to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of 'em holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen 'eir law, that Jesu Christ betook 'em keep for 'eir salvation. And thus for 'eir sins, han [have] they lost all this lond that we holden. For 'eir sins here, hath God taken 'em in our honds, not only by strength

of ourself, but for 'eir sins. For we known well in very sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when he is with you, no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this lond again out of our hands, when they serven God more devoutly. But as long as they ben of foul and unclean living (as they ben now), we have no dread of 'em in no kind; for here God will not helpen 'em in no wise.'

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me, that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers; that he sent to all londs, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of cloths of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongs Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he shewed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spak French right well, and the Soudan also, whereof I had great marvel. Alas, that it is great slander to our faith and to our laws, when folk that ben withouten law shall reproven us, and undernemen us of our sins. And they that shoulde ben converted to Christ and to the law of Jesu, by our good example and by our acceptable life to God, ben through our wickedness and evil living, far fro us; and strangers from the holy and very belief shall thus appellen us and holden us for wicked levirs and cursed. And truly they say sooth. For the Saracens ben good and faithful. For they keepen entirely the commandment of the holy book Alcoran, that God sent 'em by his messenger, Mohammed; to the which as they sayen, St Gabriel, the angel, oftentime told the will of God.

JOHN DE TREVISA.

In the year 1387, JOHN TREVISA, a native of Cornwall, but vicar of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, translated Higden's *Polychronicon*. He translated various other Latin works; and, it is said, finished a translation of the Bible (now lost), at the command of his patron, Lord Berkeley. The translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*, 'conteyning the berynges and dedes of many tymes,' was printed by Caxton in 1482. In this work, Trevisa (or Higden) says the Scots 'draw somewhat' after the speech of the Picts. Men of the east of England, he says, accorded more in speech with those of the west than the men of the north did with the north. 'Al the longage of the Northumbres, specialych at Yorke, ys so scharp, slytynge, frotynge, unschape, that we Southeron men may that longage unnethe understand.'

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE, the distinguished ecclesiastical reformer and translator of the Bible, was a native of the parish of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was born in 1324; studied at Oxford; and in 1361 obtained the living of Fyltingham, in the diocese of Lincoln, and the mastership and wardenship of Baliol College. In 1365, he was transferred to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall—his predecessor, named Wodehall, being deposed; but the next archbishop, Langham, restored Wodehall, and Wycliffe appealing to the pope, the cause was decided against him. This personal matter may have sharpened his zeal against the papal supremacy and doctrines, which he had previously dissented from and begun to attack. His first writings were directed against

the mendicant friars and the papal tribute; but having opened a course of theological lectures in Oxford—there being then no formal professor of divinity—he gave more steady and effectual expression to what were termed his heresies. The substance of his lectures he embodied in a Latin treatise, the *Triologus*, which is directly opposed to the leading tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. Wycliffe, however, did not lose favour by this bold course. He was selected, in 1374, as one of a commission that met at Avignon with the papal envoys, to remonstrate against the power claimed by the pope over English benefices. Some concessions were made by the pope, and Wycliffe was rewarded by the crown with a prebend in Worcestershire, and the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire—the latter being afterwards his chief residence. The heads of the church, however, soon got alarmed at the teaching and opinions of Wycliffe. He was several times cited for heresy, and though strenuously defended by the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to shut his theological class in the year 1381. Shortly previous to this, he had put forth decided views against the doctrine of transubstantiation. Thus cut off from public employment, Wycliffe retired to his rectory at Lutterworth, and there, besides writing a number of short treatises, he commenced the translation of the whole of the Scriptures. He was assisted by some disciples and learned friends in translating the Bible from the Latin Vulgate, and the completion of this great work is referred to the year 1383. Wycliffe died in 1384. The religious movement which he originated proceeded with accelerated force. Twenty years afterwards, the statute for burning heretics was passed; and in 1484, the bones of Wycliffe were dug up from the chancel of the church at Lutterworth, burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift. 'This brook,' says Fuller, the church historian, in a passage which brings quaintness to the borders of sublimity, 'hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.'

The writings of Wycliffe were voluminous and widely circulated, though unaided by the printing-press. His style is vigorous and searching, more homely than scholastic. He was what we would now call a thorough church-reformer. The best specimens of his English are to be found in his translation of the Bible, which materially aided in the development of the resources of the English language. A splendid edition of Wycliffe's Bible was printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1850, edited by the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden.

*Gospel of St Mark, Chapter I.**

1 The bigynnyng of the gospel of Jhesu Crist, the sone of God.

2 As it is writun in Ysaie, the prophete, Lo! I send myn angel bifore thi face, that schal make thi weye redy before thee.

3 The voyce of oon cryinge in desert, Make ye redy the weye of the Lord, make ye his pathis rihtful.

4 Jhon was in desert baptisyng, and preching the baptnyng of penaunce, into remiscioun of synnes.

* The orthography is very irregular, the same word being often spelled two or three different ways in the same page.

5 And alle men of Jerusalem wenten out to him, and al the cuntree of Judee; and weren baptisid of him in the flood of Jordan, knowleching her synnes.

6 And John was clothid with heeris of camelis, and a girdil of skyn abowte his leendis; and he eet locusts, and hony of the wode, and prechide, seyinge:

7 A strengere than I schal come aftir me, of whom I knelinge am not worthi for to vndo, *or vnynde*, the thwong of his schoon.

8 I have baptisid you in water; forsothe he shal baptise you in the Holy Goost.

9 And it is don in thoo dayes, Jhesus came fro Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptisid of Joon in Jordan.

10 And anoon he stynging vp of the water, sayth heuenes openyd, and the Holy Goost cummyng doun as a culuere, and dwellyng in hym.

11 And a voys is maad fro heuenes, thou art my sone loued, in thee I haue plesid.

12 And anon the Spirit puttide hym in to desert.

13 And he was in desert fourty dayes and fourty nightis, and was temptid of Sathanas, and was with beestis and angelis mynstriden to hym.

14 Forsothe aftir that Joon was taken, Jhesus came in to Galilee, preching the gospel of the kyngdam of God,

15 And seiynge, For tyme is fulfillid, and the kyngdam of God shal come niy; forthinke yee, *or do yee penauce*, and bileue yee to the gospel.

16 And he passynge bisidis the see of Galilee, say Symont, and Andrew, his brother, sendyng nettis into the see; sothely thei weren fishers.

17 And Jhesus seide to hem, Come yee after me; I shal make you to be maad fishers of men.

18 And anoon the nettis forsaken, thei sueden hym.

19 And he gon forth thennes a lital, say James of Zebede, and Joon, his brother, and hem in the boot makynge nettis.

20 And anoon he clepide him; and Zebede, her fadir, left in the boot with hirid seruantis, their sueden hym.

21 And thei wenten forth in to Cafarnaum, and anoon in the sabotis he gon yn into the synagoge, taughte them.

22 And thei wondreden on his techynge; sothely he was techynge hem, as hauynge power, and not as scribes.

23 And in the synagoge of hem was a man in an vnclene spirit, and he cried,

24 Seynge, What to vs and to thee, thou Jhesu of Nazareth? haste thou cummen bifore the tyme for to destroie vs? Y woot thot thou art the holy of God.

25 And Jhesus thretenyde to hym, seyinge, Wexe downb, and go out of the man.

26 And the vnclene goost debrekynge hym, and cryng with grete vois, wente away fro hym.

27 And alle men wondriden, so that thei soughten togidre among hem, seyinge, What is this thinge? what is this newe techynge? for in power he comaundith to vnclene spirits, and thei obeyen to hym.

28 And the tale, *or tything*, of hym wente forth anoon in to al the cuntree of Galilee.

The Magnificat.

And Marye seyde: My soul magnifieth the Lord.

And my spiryt hath gladid in God myn helthe.

For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his hand-

mayden: for lo for this alle generatiouns schulen seye that I am blessid.

For he that is mighti hath don to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him.

He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughte of his herte.

He sette doun myghty men fro seete, and enhaunsid meke men. He hath fulfillid hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voide.

He heuyng mynde of his mercy took up Israel his child.

As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into worlds.

Of Wycliffe's earlier controversial works, the following on the mendicant friars is characteristic, the orthography being modernised:

The Mendicant Friars.

Friars been most perilous enemies to Holy Church and all our land, for they letten curates of their office, and spenden commonly and needless sixty thousand mark by year that they robben falsely of the poor people. For, if curates didden their office in good life and true preaching as they been holden upon pain of damning in hell, there were clerks enough of bishops, parsons and other priests; and, in ease, over money to the people. And yet two hundred year agone, there was no friar; and then was our land more plenteous of cattle and men, and they were then stronger of complexion to labour than now; and then were clerks enough. And now been many thousand of friars in England, and the old curates standen still unameded, and among all sin is mere increased, and the people charged by sixty thousand mark by year, and therefore it must needs fail; and so friars suffer curates to live in sin, so that they may rob the people and live in their lusts. For, if curates done well their office, friars weren superflue, and our land should be discharged of many thousand mark; and then the people should better pay their rents to lords, and dimes and offerings to curates, and much flattering and nourishing of sin should be destroyed, and good life and peace and charity shoulde reign among Christian men. And so when all the ground is sought, friars saien thus, indeed: 'Let old curates wax rotten in sin, and let them not do their office by God's law, and we will live in lusts so long, and waste vainly and needless sixty thousand mark by year of the poor commons of the land, and so at the last make dissension between them and their childer for dimes and offerings that we will get privily to us by hypocrisy, and make dissension between lords and their commons. For we will maintain lords to live in their lusts, extortions, and other sins, and the commons in covetise, lechery, and other deceits, with false swearing, and many guiles; and also the curates in their damnation for leaving of their ghostly office, and to be the procurators of the Fiend for to draw all men to hell.' Thus they done, indeed, however they feignen in hypocrisy of pleasing words.



Second Period

1400-1558.

Henry the fourth,

QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE age of Chaucer was succeeded by a period destitute of original genius, and it was not until a century and a half afterwards that the Earl of Surrey revived the national interest in poetry. One cause of this literary stagnation was undoubtedly the disturbed state of the country, in consequence of the sanguinary Wars of the Roses, and the absorbing influence of religious controversy inspired by the doctrines of Wycliffe and the dawn of the Reformation. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, the introduction of the art of printing offered unprecedented and invaluable facilities for the progress of literature; yet in original or powerful composition, we have only three distinguished names—those of James I. of Scotland, Dunbar, and Sir Thomas More.

OCCLEVE AND LYDGATE.

THOMAS OCCLEVE (*circa* 1370-1454) was a disciple of Chaucer, whom he styles his master and poetic father, and whose death he lamented in verse :

O master dear and father reverent,
My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
Mirror of fructuous intendement,
O universal father in science !
Alas, that thou thine excellent prudence
In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeathé !
What ailed Death, alas ! why would he slay thee ?

Occliffe's principal work is a version, with additions, of a Latin treatise, *De Regimine Principum*, written by Ægidius, a native of Rome, about 1280. On Occliffe's manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, is a drawing by him, a portrait of Chaucer, the only likeness of the old poet, from which all the subsequent engraved portraits have been taken. Occliffe's poem is entitled *The Governail of Princes*, and it was printed entire in 1860, edited by Mr T. Wright for the Roxburghe Club. The poet, it appears, held the appointment of Clerk of the Privy Seal ; and, as in the case of Chaucer and other poetical officials, his salary or pension seems to have been irregularly paid. He addresses the king (Henry V.) on the subject :

My yearly gerdon, mine annuity,
That was me granted for my long labour,
Is all behind ; I may not payed be ;
Which causeth me to live in languor.

O liberal prince, ensample of honour,
Unto your grace like it to promote
My poor estate, and to my woe beth boot.¹

Contemporary with Occliffe was JOHN LYDGATE (*circa* 1373-1460), a monk of Bury, born at Lydgate, near Newmarket. His poetical compositions range over a great variety of styles. 'His muse,' says Warton, 'was of universal access ; and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a carol for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' The principal works of this versatile writer are entitled, *The Story of Thebes*, *The Falls of Princes*, and *The Destruction of Troy*. He had travelled in France and Italy, and studied the poetry of those countries.

In the words of Warton, 'there is great softness and facility' in the following passage (spelling modernised) of Lydgate's *Destruction of Troy* :

Description of a Silvan Retreat.

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade ;
Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the yonge green :
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on the bow aloft his reine cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well ;
And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

We add a few lines in the original orthography of the poet—a passage in the *Story of Thebes*, shewing that truth hath ever in the end victory over falsehood :

Ageyn trowth falshed hath no myght ;
Fy on querilis nat grounded upon right !
With-oute which may be no victorie,
Therefor ech man ha this in memoyre,
That gret pouer, shortly to conlude,
Plenty of good, nor moch multitude,

¹ Give remedy.



HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.



BISHOP LATIMER.



JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.



SIR THOMAS MORE

J.P. sc.



WILLIAM GAXTON.

C. Robert's sc.

Scleight or engyne, fors or felonye,
 Arm to feble to holden chanpartye¹
 Ageyns trowth, who that list take hede ;
 For at the end falshede may not spede
 Tendure long ; ye shul fynde it thus.

A fugitive poem of Lydgate, called *The London Lyckpenny*, is curious for the particulars it gives respecting the city of London in the early part of the fifteenth century. The poet has come to town in search of legal redress for some wrong, and visits, in succession, the King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Chancery, and Westminster Hall.

The London Lyckpenny.

Within this hall, neither rich nor yet poor
 Would do for me ought, although I should die :
 Which seeing, I gat me out of the door,
 Where Flemings began on me for to cry :
 'Master, what will you copen² or buy ?
 Fine felt hats ? or spectacles to read ?
 Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
 When the sun was at high prime :
 Cooks to me they took good intent,³
 And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
 Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine ;
 A fair cloth they gan for to spread,
 But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
 Of all the land it beareth the prize ;
 'Hot peascods !' one began to cry ;
 'Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise !'⁴
 One bade me come near and buy some spice ;
 Pepper and saffron they gan me beed ;⁵
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I gan me drawn,
 Where much people I saw for to stand ;
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;
 Another he taketh me by the hand,
 'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land !'
 I never was used to such things, indeed ;
 And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,⁶
 Throughout all Canwick Street :
 Drapers much cloth me offered anon ;
 Then comes me one cried 'Hot sheep's feet ;'
 One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan
 greet ;⁷
 One bade me buy a hood to cover my head ;
 But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Cheap,
 One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie ;
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;
 There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy ;
 Yea by cock ! nay by cock ! some began cry ;
 Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their creed ;
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
 Where was much stolen gear among ;
 I saw where hung mine owne hood,

That I had lost among the throng ;
 To buy my own hood I thought it wrong :
 I knew it well, as I did my creed ;
 But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
 'Sir,' sith he, 'will you our wine assay ?'
 I answered : 'That can not much me grieve,
 A penny can do no more than it may ;'
 I drank a pint, and for it did pay ;
 Yet, sore a-hungred from thence I yede,
 And, wanting money, I could not speed ; &c.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY AND STEPHEN HAWES.

The *Ship of Fools* and the *Pastime of Pleasure* are the only poetical works of any importance in the reign of Henry VII. ALEXANDER BARCLAY (who was in orders, and survived till 1552) wrote several allegorical pieces and some eclogues—the latter supposed to be the first compositions of the kind attempted in the English language. But his greatest work is his *Ship of Fools*, printed in 1509. It is a translation from the German of Brandt, with additions from various quarters, including satirical portraits and sketches by Barclay of his own countrymen. His ship is freighted with fools of all kinds, but their folly is somewhat dull and tedious. Barclay, however, was an improver of the English language.

The Book-collector, or Bibliomaniac.

From Barclay's *Ship of Fools*.

That in this ship the chief place I govern,
 By this wide sea with fools wandering,
 The cause is plain and easy to discern—
 Still am I busy book assembling ;
 For to have plenty it is a pleasant thing
 In my conceit, and to have them aye in hand,
 But what they mean, do I not understand.

But yet I have them in great reverence
 And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
 By often brushing and much diligence ;
 Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
 Of damask, satin, or else of velvet pure ;
 I keep them sure, fearing lest they should be lost,
 For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

STEPHEN HAWES was an allegorical poet of much more power. His *Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Grande Amour and La Bel Pucel*, was written in 1506, dedicated to King Henry—in whose court the poet held the office of groom of the privy-chamber—and printed in 1517 by Wynkyn de Worde. Two more editions were called for during the same century, in 1554 and 1555, and from this time it was known only to black-letter readers until, in 1846, it was reprinted by Mr Wright for the Percy Society ; but even the convenience of easy access and modern type has not made Hawes much better known. His poem is long, and little interest is felt in his personified virtues. The *Pastime of Pleasure*, however, is a work of no ordinary poetical talent. It is full of thought, of ingenious analogy, and occasionally of striking allegory. A few stanzas, stripped of the disused spelling, will shew the state of the language after Lydgate, of whom Hawes was a great admirer.

¹ Too feeble to hold equal power in the field. Chanpartye, Fr. *champ parti*.

² *Kopen* (Flem.) is to buy.

³ Took notice ; paid attention.

⁴ On the twig.

⁵ Offer.

⁶ A fragment of London Stone is still preserved in Cannon Street, formerly called Canwick or Candlewick Street. It is built into the street-wall of the church of St Swithin.

⁷ Cry.

The Temple of Mars.

Beside this tower of old foundation,
There was a temple strongly edified,
To the high honour and reputation
Of the mighty Mars it was so fortified ;
And for to know what it signified
I entered in, and saw of gold so pure
Of worthy Mars, the marvellous picture.

There was depainted all about the wall
The great destruction of the siege of Troy,
And the noble acts to reign inemorial
Of the worthy Hector that was all their joy,
His dolorous death was hard to occoye ;
And so when Hector was cast all down,
The hardy Troilus was most high of renown.

And as I cast my sight so aside,
Beholding Mars how wonderfully he stood
On a wheel top, with a lady of pride,
Haunced about, I thought nothing but good
But that she had two faces in one hood ;
Yet I knelt down, and made my orison
To doughty Mars with great devotion.

Saying : ' O Mars ! O god of the war !
The gentle load-star of an hardy heart,
Distil adown thy grace from so far,
To cause all fear from me to start,
That in the field I may right well subvert
The hideous monsters, and win the victory
Of the sturdy giants with famous chivalry.

' O prince of honour and of worthy fame !
O noble knights of old antiquity !
O redoubted courage, the causer of their name,
Whose worthy acts Fame caused to be
In books written, as ye well may see—
So give me grace right well to recure
The power of fame that shall so long endure.'

JOHN SKELTON.

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, alludes to JOHN SKELTON, who was decked as poet-laureate at Oxford :

If they have smelled the arts trivial,
They count them poets high and heroical.

Skelton is certainly more of a trivial than a heroical poet. He was a satirist of great volubility, fearlessness, and scurrility. In attacking Cardinal Wolsey, for example, he alludes to his 'greasy genealogy.' The clergy were the special objects of his abuse, as with most of the old satirists. So early as 1483, Skelton appeared as a satirist ; he was laureated in Oxford in 1489 ; and to escape from the vengeance of Wolsey, he took shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he resided till his death in 1529. Skelton is a sort of rhyming Rabelais—as indelicate and gross, which with both was to some extent necessary as a cover to their satire. The copiousness of Skelton's language, and his command of rhyme in short rattling verses, prove the advance of the language. The works of Skelton were edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, and printed in 1843. The most poetical of his productions is entitled *Philip Sparrow*, an elegy on the death of a pet bird. A few lines from his *Colin Clout* will shew the torrent-like flow of his doggerel rhymes :

A Satire on the Clergy.

Thus I, Colin Clout,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk :
Men say for silver and gold
Mitres are bought and sold.
There shall no clergy oppose
A mitre nor a croze,
But a full purse—
A straw for God's curse !
What arc they the worse ?
For a simoniac
Is but a hermoniac,
And no more ye may make
Of simony, men say,
But a child's play ;
Over this the foresaid lay
Report how the pope may
A holy anchorite call
Out of the stony wall,
And him a bishop make,
If he on him dare take
To keep so hard a rule
To ride upon a mule,
With gold all be-trapped,
In purple and pall be-lapped,
Some hatted and some capped,
Richly be-wrapped
(God wot to their great pains)
In rochets of fine reins,
White as morrow's milk
Their taberts of fine silk,
Their stirrups of mixed gold begared,
There may no cost be spared.
Their moils gold doth eat,
Their neighbours die for meat—
What care they though Gill sweat,
Or Jack of the Noke ?
The poor people they yoke
With summons and citations
And excommunications,
About churches and market :
The bishop on his carpet
Full soft doth sit—
This is a fearful fit
To hear the people jangle
How warily they wrangle !

Cardinal Wolsey.

Our barons are so bold,
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away and creep,
Like as many sheep,
Dare not look out a door,
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog. . .
For all their noble blood,
He plucks them by the hood,
And shakes them by the ear,
And brings them in such fear,
He baiteth them like a bear. . .
And beneath him they're so stout
That no man of them dare rout,
Duke, earl, baron, nor lord,
But to his sentence must accord ;
Whether he be knight or squire,
All must follow his desire.

Skelton's serious poetry is greatly inferior to his ludicrous and satirical ; but the following effusion of gallantry is not unworthy the pen of a laureate :

To Mrs Margaret Hussey.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower ;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness ;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower ;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander ;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

EARL OF SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, was the grandson of the Duke of Norfolk who, for his services in the battle of Flodden, regained the title of Duke, lost by his father at Bosworth, where 'Dickon, his master, was bought and sold.' Great obscurity hangs over the personal history of the accomplished Surrey, and the few known facts have been blended with a mass of fable. He was born about the year 1517 ; in 1526 was made cup-bearer to the king ; in 1532 accompanied Henry on his famous visit to Boulogne ; and the same year was contracted in marriage to Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. On account of the youth of Surrey, the marriage, however, did not take place till 1535. In March 1536 his son Thomas was born. In 1542 he accompanied his father, commander of the English forces, to Scotland, and assisted in the campaign which devastated the Scottish Borders. Surrey was present at the burning of Kelso. In the subsequent war with France, Surrey was again distinguished ; but the army he commanded was overpowered by numbers near St Etienne in January 1545-6, and shortly afterwards he was virtually recalled. The enmity of Lord Hertford is supposed to have aggravated the royal displeasure towards Surrey. In December 1546 he was committed to the Tower ; he was tried on 13th January 1545-6, and executed on the 21st. Henry VIII. died a week afterwards, on the 28th. The charge against Surrey was that he had assumed the royal arms—the arms of Edward the Confessor. When he did so Henry was on his deathbed, and the assumption was part of a scheme to claim the regency

for the Howards instead of the Seymours. The poems of this chivalrous and unfortunate nobleman were not printed until ten years after his death. They were published in a volume entitled *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557, the first collection of English poetry by different writers, and which ran through six editions in seven years. The love-strains of Surrey, addressed to some unknown Geraldine, were adopted by Nash, the well-known dramatic poet and miscellaneous writer, as the basis of a series of romantic fictions, in which the noble poet was represented as travelling in Italy, proclaiming the beauty of his Geraldine, and defending her matchless charms in tilt and tournament. At the court of the emperor, Surrey was said to have met with the famous magician, Cornelius Agrippa, who shewed him, in a necromantic mirror, his Geraldine languishing on a couch reading one of his sonnets ! The whole of this knightly legend was a fabrication by Nash, but it long held possession of the popular mind. All that is known of the poet's Geraldine is contained in this sonnet :

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race ;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat ;
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat :
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast ;
Her sire, an earl ; her dame of princes' blood :
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to my eye :
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight :
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtue from above—
Happy is he that can obtain her love !

The description is here so minute and specific, that, if actually real, the lady must have been known to many of the readers of Surrey's manuscript verses. Horace Walpole endeavoured to prove that the Geraldine of the poet was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald ; but Lady Elizabeth was only twelve or thirteen years old when Surrey is supposed to have fallen in love with her. Mr Hallam has said that Surrey did much for his own country and his native language, but that his taste is more striking than his genius. His poetry is certainly remarkable for correctness of style and purity of expression. He was among the first, if not the very first, to introduce blank verse into our poetry, and to reject the pedantry which overflows in the pages of his predecessors.

Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas !
As proud Windsor ? where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy :

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour !
The large green courts where we were wont to hove,¹
With eyes cast up into the Maiden Tower,
And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue ;
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

¹ Hover, loiter.

The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
Of foaming horse,¹ with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts ;

With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length :

The secret groves which oft we made resound,
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays :

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins availed² and swift ybreathed horse ;
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The wide vales, eke, that harboured us each night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast,
The sweet accord such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest :

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just ;
Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew :

O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes,
Give me accounts, where is my noble fere ;³
Whom in thy walls, thou dost each night inclose ;
To other leef,⁴ but unto me most dear :

Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,

And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

*How no Age is content with his Own Estate, and how the
Age of Children is the happiest, if they had skill to
understand it.*

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head
A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did shew
So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
As cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains oppress,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest :

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more !

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree :

And musing thus, I think,
The case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth shew my dented thews,
The flesh was worn so thin ;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say :

'The white and hoarish hairs,
The messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage ;

'Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

'Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time ;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life define.'

Whereat I sighed, and said :
'Farewell, my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy ;

'And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.'

The Means to Attain a Happy Life.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care ;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

We add a few lines of Surrey's blank verse,
from his translation of the Second Book of the
Æneid :

¹ A lover tied the sleeve of his mistress on the head of his horse.
² Reins dropped. ³ Companion. ⁴ Agreeable.

It was the time when, granted from the gods,
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk,
Lo, in my dream before mine eyes, methought
With rueful cheer I saw where Hector stood
(Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears),
Drawn at a car as he of late had been,
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowl'n¹
With the strait cords wherewith they haled him.
Ay me, what one? That Hector how unlike
Which erst returned clad with Achilles' spoils,
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships
The Trojan flame!—So was his beard defiled,
His crisped locks all clustered with his blood,
With all such wounds as many he received
About the walls of that his native town.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

In *Tottel's Miscellany* were also first printed the poems of SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503–1542), a distinguished courtier and man of wit, who was fortunate enough to escape the capricious tyranny of Henry VIII. and who may be said to have died in the king's service. While travelling on a mission to France, and riding fast in the heat of summer, he was attacked with a fever that proved mortal. Wyatt entertained a secret passion for Anne Boleyn, whom he has commemorated in his verse. His satires are more spirited than Surrey's, and one of his lighter pieces, his *Ode to a Lute*, is a fine amatory effusion. He was, however, inferior to his noble friend in general poetical power.

The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness.

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;

But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out, for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

The Re-cured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voweth to remain Free until Death.

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend.
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,
To judge folk's thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

¹ The participle of the Saxon verb to *bolge*, which gives the derivation of *bulge*.—*Tyrwhitt's Chaucer*.

The Courtier's Life.

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it joined oft-times such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

Of the Mean and Sure Estate.

Stand whoso lists upon the slippery wheel
Of high estate, and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court that hath the wanton joys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed without annoy,
Let me die old after the common trace,
For grips of death do he too hardly pass
That known is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dieth unknown, dazed with dreadful face.

LORD VAUX—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD—RICHARD EDWARDS—WILLIAM HUNNIS—SIR F. BRYAN—VISCOUNT ROCHFORT.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX, was born about 1510, and died in the reign of Queen Mary. He was captain of the isle of Jersey under Henry VIII. Poems by Vaux are in *Tottel's Miscellany*, and no less than thirteen short pieces of his composition are in a second miscellany (prompted, no doubt, by the unexampled success of Tottel's collection), entitled *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD (circa 1520–1563), a rhetorical lecturer in Oxford University, has two translations from the Latin of Philip Gaultier and Beza in *Tottel's Miscellany*, both of which are in blank verse. He wrote also several small poems.* —RICHARD EDWARDS (circa 1523–1566) was the most valuable contributor to the *Dainty Devices*. He was master of the singing-boys of the royal chapel, and is known as a writer of court interludes and masks. His verses, entitled *Amantium Iræ*, are among the best of the miscellaneous poems of that age.—WILLIAM HUNNIS, who died in 1568, was also attached to Edward VI.'s chapel, and afterwards master of the boys of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. He translated the Psalms, and wrote some religious treatises and scriptural interludes. Mr Hallam considers that Hunnis should be placed as high as Vaux or Edwards, were his productions all equal to one little piece (a song which we subjoin); 'but too often,' adds the critic, 'he falls into trivial morality and a ridiculous excess of alliteration.' These defects characterise most of the minor poets of this period.—Drayton, in one of his poetical epistles, mentions SIR FRANCIS BRYAN, nephew to Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, as a contributor to *Tottel's Miscellany*; and GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORT (brother of Anne Boleyn), has been named as another contributor. The contemporary

* In a sonnet, by Sir Egerton Brydges on the death of Sir Walter Scott, is a fine line often quoted:

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

The same sentiment had been thus expressed by Grimoald:

In working well if travel you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain,
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

impression of their talents was great, and both were almost adored at court, though Boleyn was sacrificed by Henry VIII. on a revolting and groundless charge. We may mention, as illustrating the popularity of the first English *Miscellany* (that of Tottel), that it appears to have caught the attention of Shakspeare, who has transplanted some lines from it into his *Hamlet*, and that it soothed the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots, who is said to have written two lines from one of the poems with a diamond on a window in Fotheringay Castle. The lines are:

And from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

On a Contented Mind.—By Lord Vaux.

From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind:
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour:
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
When as the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech;
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

Amantium Iræ Amoris Redintegratio Est.—By Richard Edwards.

From the same.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
Then did she say: 'Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
 In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
 As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
 Much matter uttered she of weight in place whereas she sat;
 And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
 Could well be known to live in love without discórd and strife:
 Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
 'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

'I marvel much, pardie,' quoth she, 'for to behold the rout,
 To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
 Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
 And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
 Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
 Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out.'
 Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove:
 'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Song.—By William Hunnis.

From the same.

When first mine eyes did view and mark
 Thy beauty fair for to behold,
 And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
 The pleasant words that thou me told,
 I would as then I had been free
 From ears to hear and eyes to see.

And when in mind I did consent
 To follow thus my fancy's will,
 And when my heart did first relent
 To taste such bait myself to spill,
 I would my heart had been as thine,
 Or else thy heart as soft as mine.

O flatterer false! thou traitor born—
 What mischief more might thou devise
 Than thy dear friend to have in scorn,
 And him to wound in sundry wise,
 Which still a friend pretends to be,
 But art not so by proof, I see—
 Fie, fie upon such treachery!

A Praise of his Lady.—Said to be by George Boleyn, beheaded in 1536. Also claimed for John Heywood.

From *Tottel's Miscellany*.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone;
 Boast not yourselves at all,
 For here at hand approacheth one
 Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone;
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
 Smileth a naked boy;
 It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
 Where she her shape did take;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
 Unto the Phoenix kind,
 Whose like was never seen or heard,
 That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste;
 In truth Penelope;
 In word and eke in deed steadfast;
 What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
 Who could find such a wight?
 Her beauty twinkleth like a star
 Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
 With such a comely grace,
 More ruddier too than doth the rose,
 Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
 Ne at no wanton play,
 Nor gazing in an open street,
 Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
 Is mixed with shamefastness;
 All vice she wholly doth refuse,
 And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
 How virtue can repair,
 And deck her in such modesty,
 Whom nature made so fair!

Truly she doth as far excel
 Our women now-a-days,
 As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
 And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
 Of this unspotted tree?
 For all the rest are plain but chaff
 Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give:
 When Death doth what he can,
 Her honest fame shall ever live
 Within the mouth of man.

THOMAS TUSSER.

THOMAS TUSSER, author of the first didactic poem in the language, was born about 1515, of an ancient family, had a good education, and commenced life at court, under the patronage of Lord Paget. Afterwards he practised farming successively at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairsted in Essex, Norwich, and other places; but not succeeding in that walk, he betook himself to other occupations, amongst which were those of a chorister and, it is said, a fiddler. As might be expected of one so inconstant, he did not prosper in the world, but died poor in London, in 1580.

Tusser's poem, entitled a *Hondreth Good Points of Husbandrie*, which was first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in simple and inelegant, but not always dull verse. It was afterwards expanded by other writers, and published under the title of *Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrie*: the last of a considerable number of editions appeared in 1710.

Directions for Cultivating a Hop-garden.

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way.
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden-plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

Housewifely Physic.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *Aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With syrups, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost,
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and then:
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

Moral Reflections on the Wind.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,¹
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

SCOTTISH POETS.

The difference between the English and Scottish languages had now become decided. In Barbour and Wyntoun, the variation is very slight; but before another century had elapsed, the northern dialect was a separate and independent speech. This distinction had probably existed long before in the spoken language of the people; but it was only developed in poetry in the writings of Henryson, Dunbar, and Lyndsay. The Anglo-Saxon element predominated in the north, and it was proved to be not unfitted for the higher purposes of poetry. Dunbar is a vigorous imaginative poet, greater than any that had appeared since the days of Chaucer, and only wanting a little more chivalrous feeling and a finer tone of humanity to rival the father of English verse.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

This chivalrous Scottish prince was born in 1394. In order to save him from the unscrupulous hands of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, James was privately despatched to the court of Charles VI. of France, but the vessel in which he embarked was seized off the coast of Norfolk, and the young prince, then in his eleventh year, was forcibly detained by Henry IV. of England. This act of gross injustice completed the calamities of the infirm and imbecile King Robert III. of Scotland, who sank under the blow, and it led to the captivity of James for more than eighteen years. Henry, however, furnished the captive prince with liberal means of instruction. In all the learning and polite accomplishments of the English court he became a proficient, excelling not only in knightly and athletic exercises, but in the science of music and in acquaintance with the classic and romantic poets. Chaucer and Gower he studied closely. Original composition followed; and there are few finer strains than those with which James soothed his hours of solitary restraint within Windsor Tower. His description of the small garden which lay before his chamber window—once the moat of the Tower—and the first glimpse he there obtained of his future queen, the Lady Joan Beaufort, form a beautiful and touching episode in our literary annals. James obtained his release, married the Lady Joan in February 1424, and in May of the same year was crowned king of Scotland—the most accomplished prince of his age, to rule over a turbulent and distracted country. He set himself vigorously to reduce the power of the profligate nobles, and to insure the faithful administration of justice, resolving, as he said, that the key should keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow. The sentiment was worthy a prince; but James pursued his measures, in some instances, too far, and clouded the aspect of justice with ineffaceable stains of cruelty and vengeance. A conspiracy was formed against him (the chief actor in which was his uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole), and he was assassinated at Perth, on the 20th of February 1437.

The principal poem of James I. is entitled *The King's Quhair*, meaning the King's Quire, or Book. Only one MS. of the poem (which extends to nearly 1400 lines) is extant, preserved in the Bodleian

Library, Oxford, and was printed in 1783, edited by William Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. The subject is the royal poet's love for Lady Joan Beaufort, described in the allegorical style of the age, in the manner of Chaucer, and with much fine description, sentiment, and poetical fancy. It places James high in the rank of romantic poets. Two humorous Scottish poems are also ascribed to him—*Christis Kirk on the Grene*, and *Pebblis to the Play*, both descriptive of rustic sports and pastimes, and the former ridiculing the Scottish want of skill in archery. They are excellent though coarse, humorous poems. The claim of James to the authorship of either has, however, been disputed, though it seems supported—at least in the case of *Christis Kirk on the Grene*—by good testimony. The style has certainly a more modern cast than would be looked for, but no claimant more probable than James I. has yet been named; and Sir Walter Scott—as well as Tytler and others—unhesitatingly ascribes *Christis Kirk on the Grene* to the royal poet. In the following quotation, and subsequent extracts, the spelling is modernised:

James I. a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Joan Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy¹
To see the world and folk that went forbye,²
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy,

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis³ sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

. . . Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest young flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,⁴
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,⁵
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

¹ Haste. ² Past. ³ Twigs.
⁴ Went and came. ⁵ Confounded for a little while.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftsoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn:¹
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

'Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister² unto your excellence?

'If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart;³
If ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike,⁴
Why list⁵ God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely⁶ prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but woe?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit⁷ with pearlis white
And great balas⁸ leaming⁹ as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amoretis,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,¹⁰
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to dote.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,¹¹
A goodly chain of small orfevory,¹²
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,¹³ so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,¹⁴ God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,¹⁵
As I suppose; and girl she was alite,¹⁶
Thus halfings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihed,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning¹⁷ sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child avance! . . .

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

¹ Say. ² Minister. ³ Fly. ⁴ Makes me sigh.
⁵ Pleased. ⁶ Wretched. ⁷ Inlaid like fret-work.
⁸ A kind of precious stone. ⁹ Glittering.
¹⁰ A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet.—*Thomson's Edition of King's Quhair* (Ayr, 1824).
¹¹ Enamel. ¹² Gold-work. ¹³ Flame. ¹⁴ Match.
¹⁵ Before. ¹⁶ Slightly. ¹⁷ Knowledge.

Of the lighter poems of King James, we subjoin a specimen. The following are the opening stanzas of *Christ's Kirk of the Green* :

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing nor deray,¹
Nouther at Falkland on the Green,
Nor Peebliss at the Play,²
As was of wooers, as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on one day :
There came our Kittys, washen clean,
In their new kirtles of gray,
Full gay,
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

To dance thir damsellis them dight,
Thir lasses light of laits,³
Their gloves were of the raffel right,⁴
Their shoon were of the Straits,⁵
Their kirtles were of Lincoln light,
Weel prest with many plaits.
They were so nice when men them nicht,⁶
They squealit like ony gait,⁷
Sa loud
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

Of all thir maidens mild as mead,
Was nane so jimp as *Gillie*,
As ony rose her rood⁸ was red,
Her lyre⁹ was like the lily.
Fu' yellow, yellow was her head,
But she of love was silly ;
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
She would have but sweet *Willie*
Alane
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

BLIND HARRY.

The *Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, written about 1460, by a wandering poet usually called BLIND HARRY, enjoyed great popularity up to our own time. Of the author, nothing is known but that he was blind from his infancy; that he wrote this poem, and made a living by reciting it, or parts of it, before company. It is said by himself to be founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever existed, is now lost. The chief materials, however, have evidently been the traditionary stories told respecting Wallace in the minstrel's own time, which was a century and a half subsequent to that of the hero. In this respect, *The Wallace* resembles *The Bruce*; but the longer time which had elapsed, the unlettered character of the author, and the comparative humility of the class from whom he would chiefly derive his facts, made it inevitable that the work should be much less of a historical document than that of the learned archdeacon of Aberdeen. It is, in reality, such an account of Wallace as might be expected of Montrose or Dundee from some unlettered but ingenious poet of the present day, who should consult only Highland tradition for his authority. Harry's Wallace is a merciless champion, for ever hewing down the English with

his strong arm and terrible sword, and delighting in the sufferings of his enemies. In the following passage, we have this relentless spirit blazing forth :

Storming of Dunnottar Castle.

Wallace on fire gart set all hastily,
Brunt up the kirk, and all that was therein.
Attour the rock the lave¹ ran with great din.
Some hang on crags right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some flattered on the sea.
Na Southeron in life was leaved in that hauld,
And them within they brunt in powder cauld.
When this was done feill² fell on kneeis down,
At the bishop asked absolution.
Then Wallace leuch, said : ' I forgive you all ;
Are ye war men repentis for sae small ?
They rued nocht us into the town of Ayr ;
Our true barons when that they hangit there.'

Some of the incidents in Harry's narrative are so palpably absurd (such as the siege of York, the visit of the queen of England to Wallace's camp with her offer of £3000 in gold, and the combats of Wallace with the French champions and the lion), that they could never have been intended to be received as matters of real history. That Wallace was in France, however, has been confirmed by the discovery of authentic evidence. All the editors conclude that as Harry could not himself, from his blindness, have written out the work, it may have suffered greatly from amanuenses or transcribers; but they have not attended to dates. The only manuscript of the work which exists is dated 1488, and was written by that careful but obscure scribe, John Ramsay, who also transcribed Barbour's *Bruce*. The blind minstrel was in existence four years after the date of Ramsay's manuscript, as we know from the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV.; and Ramsay had most likely the benefit of the author's revision—perhaps took it down from his recitation. Few copies would be made of a poem extending to 11,858 lines, and this fact shews how enthusiastic and gifted must have been the blind bard who could compose and retain in his memory a poem of such length, and so various in its incidents and descriptions. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later age, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A vulgar paraphrase of it into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry: it was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the patriotic ardour and genius of Burns.

As a specimen of the original orthography, we subjoin a few of the opening lines of the poem :

Our antecessouris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deide,
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes ;
And castis ws euir till vthir besynes.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent ;
Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys blud,
That neuyr yeit to Scotland wald do gud,
Bot euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.

¹ Merriment, disorder (from the French *derayer*).
² At Falkland and Peebles, archery and other games took place. ³ Light of manners.
⁴ Supposed to be from *ra* or *rae*, a roe-deer, and *fell*, a skin.
⁵ Shoes of morocco leather from the Straits.
⁶ Came nigh them. ⁷ Goats.
⁸ Those parts of the face which in youth and health have a ruddy colour.—*Jamieson*. ⁹ Flesh, skin (Ang.-Sax. *lira*).

¹ The rest, the remainder.

² Many (Ang.-Sax. *feala*).

Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water.

Wallace, near the commencement of his career, is living in hiding with his uncle, Sir Ranald Wallace of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock. To amuse himself, he goes to fish in the river Irvine, when the following adventure takes place:

So on a time he desired to play.
In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went ;
Sic fantasy fell into his intent.
To lead his net a child furth with him yede ;¹
But he, or ² noon, was in a felon dread.
His swerd he left, so did he never again ;
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as than he was not slie :
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Percy, was captain then of Ay ;
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.³
Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
And said soon : ' Scot, Martin's fish we wald have !'
Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
' It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Waith ⁴ should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.'
He bade his child, ' Give them of our waithing.'
The Southron said : ' As now of thy dealing
We will not tak ; thou wald give us o'er small.'
He lighted down and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then : ' Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day :
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'
' Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak the mae,
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.
We serve a lord ; this fish shall till him gang.'
Wallace answered, said : ' Thou art in the wrang.'⁵
' Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw.'
Till him he ran, and out a swerd can draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there
But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand ;
And with the swerd awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his creig ⁶ in sunder drave.
By that the lave ⁶ lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, only but God's grace.
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane ;
The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and swerd baith in the field can lie.
The tother twa fled to their horse again ;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
After their lord ; but he was out of sight,
Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.
Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,⁷
And cryt : ' Lord, abide ; your men are martyred down
Right cruelly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,⁸
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'
The lord speirit :⁹ ' How mony might they be?'
' We saw but ane that has discomfit us all.'
Then leugh ¹⁰ he loud, and said : ' Foul mot you fall !
Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown !

1 Went. 2 Ere.
3 He was on his way from Ay to Glasgow.
4 Spoil taken in sport. 5 Neger.
6 Ere they would stop. 8 Tarried. 9 Inquired.
10 Laughed.

This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.
Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
And he for woe well near worthit to weid,¹
And said : ' Son, thir tidings sits me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore.'
' Uncle,' he said, ' I will no langer bide,
Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride.'
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This gude knight said : ' Dear cousin, pray I thee,
When thou wants gude, come fetch enuch frae me.'
Silver and gold he gart on him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

The Ghost of Fawdoun.

One of Wallace's followers, Fawdoun, was of broken reputation, and held in suspicion; and while the Scots were pursued by a formidable party of English, led by a blood-hound, Wallace slew Fawdoun, and retreated to Gask Hall with a small party of thirteen men.

In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en ;
Fire gat they soon, but meat then had they nane.
Twa sheep they took beside them aff a fauld,
Ordned to sup into that seemly hauld,
Graithed ² in haste some food for them to dicht,
So heard they blaw rude hornis upon heicht.
Twa sent he forth to look what it might be ;
They bade richt lang, and no tidings heard he,
But bousteous noise so brimly blew and fast
So other twa into the wood furth passed.
Nane came again, but bouteously gan blaw ;
Into great ire he sent them furth on raw.³
When he alane Wallace was leaved there,
The awful blast abounded meikle mair.
Then trowed he weel they had his lodging seen ;
His sword he drew, of noble metal keen ;
Synne furth he went whereth he heard the horn ;
Without the door Fawdoun was him beforne,
As till his sight, his awn head in his hand ;
A cross he made, when he saw him so stand.
At Wallace in the head he swaket there ;⁴
And he in haste soon hint ⁵ [it] by the hair,
Synne out again at him he could it cast ;
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
Right weel he trowed that was no sprite of man !
It was some devil, at sic malice began.
He wist no weel there langer for to bide,
Up through the hall thus wight Wallace gan glide
Till a close stair ; the boardis rave in twyne,⁶
Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in ;⁷
Up the water suddenly he could fare,
Again he blent ⁸ what 'pearance he saw there ;
Him thoct he saw Fawdoun that ugly squire ;⁹
That hail Hall he had sent in a fire ;
A great rafter he had intill his hand.
Wallace as then no longer would he stand,
Of his gude men full great marvel had he,
How they were through his feil ¹⁰ fantasy !
Traists richt weel all this was sooth indeed,
Suppose that it no point be of the creed,
Power they had with Lucifer that fell
The time when he parted frae heaven to hell.
By sic mischief gif his men might be lost,
Drownit or slain among the English host ;

1 Nearly went mad.
2 Equipped, made ready. 3 In row or rank.
4 Cast forcibly there. 5 Hunt, hunt, or hent, laid hold of.
6 In twain, asunder.
7 In, or thyns, a dwelling (Ang.-Sax.). Barbour has *in* signify-
ing the tents of an army on the field.
8 Glanced.
9 In the original, 'hugly sir.'
10 Very; denoting degree.

Or what it was in likeness of Fawdoun,
 Whilk brocht his men to sudden confusion ;
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,
 Some wicked spreit again for him present,
 I can not speak of sic divinity ;
 To clerks I will let all sic matters be.

HOLLAND—HENRYSON.

Among the minor yet popular poets about the middle of the fifteenth century, was HOLLAND, author of *The Buke of the Howlat* (owl), an allegorical poem, containing an exhibition of the feathered tribes under a great variety of civil and ecclesiastical characters, to which is added a digression on the arms and exploits of the Douglasses. Nothing is known of the author—not even his Christian name ; but Mr David Laing, editor of the *Howlat*, supposes the poet to have been Sir Richard Holland, a priest, one of the followers of the exiled family of Douglas. The poem appears to have been written about 1453 at Ternoway (now Darnaway), on the banks of the Findhorn, the seat of the Earls of Moray ; and it was composed to please the Countess of Moray, *dowit*, or wedded, to a Douglas. The story is taken from the fable of the jackdaw with borrowed feathers. It is but a very mediocre alliterative production.

There are other alliterative Scottish poems of the beginning and middle of the fifteenth century—as the *Tale of Rauf Coilzear*, alluded to by Dunbar and Gavin Douglas ; the *Awntyrs of Arthure, Orfeo and Heurodis*, &c. A selection of these early pieces, twenty-five in number, all from sources anterior to the close of the sixteenth century, was published by Mr Laing in 1822, with the title of *Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*.

But far surpassing these early and obscure worshippers of the native Muse, was Master ROBERT HENRYSON, a moral poet, in character not unlike the English poet Daniel—gentle, meditative, and observant. Of Henryson there are no personal memorials, except that he was chief schoolmaster at Dunfermline—perhaps, as Lord Hailes suggests, preceptor in the Benedictine convent there—and that he was admitted a member of the university of Glasgow in 1462, being described as the ‘Venerable Master Robert Henryson, licentiate in arts, and bachelor in decrees.’ Mr Laing, who has edited the works of Henryson (Edinburgh, 1865), places the time of his decease towards the close of the century, when he was probably about seventy years of age. The principal works of Henryson are : *Moral Fables of Æsop*, thirteen in number, with two prologues ; *Robene and Makyne*, a pastoral ; *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and *The Testament of Cresseide*, being a sequel to Chaucer’s *Troilus and Cressida*. The last of these poems is the most important, but the pastoral of *Robene and Makyne* is believed to be the earliest production of the kind in our national poetry. It is a simple love dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess. The old stock properties of the pastoral—the pipe and crook, the hanging grapes, spreading beech, and celestial purity of the golden age—find no place in the northern pastoral. Henryson’s Robin sits on a good green hill keeping his flock, and is most ungalantly insensible to the advances of Makyne :

Robin sat on gude green hill,
 Keepand a flock of fe :¹
 Merry Makyne said him till :
 ‘Robin, thou rue on me ;
 I have thee lovit loud and still
 Thir years two or three ;
 My dule in dern but gif thou dill,²
 Doubtless but dreid I de.’

Robin answered : ‘By the Rood,
 Na thing of love I know,
 But keepis my sheep under yon wude,
 Lo ! where they rake on raw :³
 What has marred thee in thy mood,
 Makyne to me thou shaw ?
 Or what is love, or to be lo’ed,
 Fain wad I lear that law.’

Makyne explained and pleaded, but her advocacy was out of tune :

Robin on his ways went,
 As licht as leaf of tree ;
 Makyne mourned in her intent,
 And trowed him never to see.
 Robin brayed attour the bent,
 Then Makyne cryed on hie :
 ‘Now thou may sing, for I am shent,
 What aileth love with me ?’

The tables, however, are soon turned. Robin grew sick as Makyne grew well, and then she had the malicious satisfaction of rejecting him. This is the old story with the old moral, which, though pastoral poetry has long been dead, will never become obsolete. We subjoin part of the fable of the *Town and Country Mouse*, called by the poet *The Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous* :

Extract from the *Town and Country Mouse*.

With treaty fair at last sho gart her rise ;
 To board they went, and down together sat,
 But scantly had they drunken anes or twice,
 When in cam Gib Hunter, our jolly cat,
 And bade God speed. The burges up then gat,
 And till her hole she fled like fire frae flint ;
 Bawdrons the other by the back has hent.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
 While up, while down, as cant as ony kid ;
 While wald he let her run beneath the strae,
 While wald he wink and play with her buik-hid ;
 Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did :
 While at the last, through fair fortune and hap,
 Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap.

Syne up in haste behind the panneling,
 Sae hie sho clam, that Gibby might not get her,
 And by the cluiks craftily can hing,
 Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better :
 Syne down sho lap, when there was nane to let⁴ her ;
 Then on the burges mous loud couth sho cry :
 ‘Fareweel, sister, here I thy feast defy.

‘Thy mangery is minget⁵ all with care ;
 Thy guise is gude, thy gane-full sour as gall ;
 The fashion of thy feris⁶ is but fair,
 So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
 I thank yon curtain, and yon parpane wall,
 Of my defence now frae yon cruel beast ;
 Almighty God, keep me fra sic a feast !

¹ Sheep.

² My grief in secret unless thou share. Chaucer has *derne love* (Ang.-Sax. *dyrn*, secret).

³ Range in a row.

⁴ To hinder her ; hence the phrase ‘without let or hinderance.’

⁵ Mingled.

⁶ Companionship, or friendship.

'Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor wae I should ne'er come again.'
With that sho took her leave, and forth can gae,
Whiles through the corn, whiles through the plain.
When she was furth and free she was right fain,
And merrily sho linkit o'er the muir ;
I cannot tell how afterward sho fure.

But I have heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as woo, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith but and ben,
With peas, and nuts, and beans, and rye, and wheat ;
Whene'er she liked she had enough of meat,
In quiet and ease, withouten [ony] dread,
But till her sister's feast nae mair she gaed.

MORAL.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dread ;
Blessed be sober feast in quieté ;
Wha has enough of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantity,
Grit abundance and blind prosperity,
Off timis makes ane evil conclusion ;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this country
Is of sickness with small possession.

A Summer Morning.

In the midst of June, that jolly sweet season,
When that fair Phœbus with his beamis bright
Had dried up the dew from dale and down,
And all the land made with his lemis¹ light.
In a morning, between mid-day and night,
I rose, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
Until a wood I went alone, but² guide.

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdis right delicious ;
The boughis broad bloomid above my head,
The ground growing with grasses gracious :
Of all pleasaunce that place was plenteous.
With sweet odours and birdis harmony
That morning mild, my mirth was more for they.

The roses red arrayed in rome and ryss,³
The primrose and the purple viola ;
To hear it was a point of Paradise,
Such mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma,⁴
The blossoms blithe broke up on bank and brae,
The smell of herbis, and of fowls the cry,
Contending who should have the victory.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 'a poet,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced,' flourished at the court of James IV. at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. Having received his education at the university of St Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order (Gray Friars), in which capacity he travelled for some years, not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king

(James IV.) in some subordinate but not unimportant capacity, in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500, he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret (daughter of Henry VII.), which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. He represents himself as a court poet, and occasionally dancing in the queen's chamber, having a *penchant* for one of the court ladies :

Then cam in Dunbar, the maker,
On all the floor there was nane frecker,
And there he danced a dirry-duntoun,
He hopped like a piller wantoun ;
For love of Musgrave men fules me :
He trippit while he tore his pantoun,¹
A merrier dance nicht na man see.

Then cam in Mistress Musgrave ;
She might have learned all the lave ;
When I saw her sae trimly dance,
Her gude conwoy and countenance,
Then for her sake I wished to be
The greatest earl or duke in France—
A merrier dance nicht na man see.

It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, so far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Among his poems are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty ; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century ; but his fame had been gradually rising, and it was at length, in 1834, considered sufficient to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes—the allegorical, the moral, and the comic ; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal effusions. His allegorical poem, *The Thistle and the Rose* (a triumphant nuptial-song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret), was finished, as he himself states, on the 9th of May 1503. Langhorne, the English poet, finely says :

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.

But another of Dunbar's allegorical poems, *The Golden Terge*, was more popular in his own day, and is cited by Sir David Lyndsay as proving

¹ Radiance. ² Without. ³ Bush and twig. ⁴ Could make.

¹ His slipper.

that its author had 'language at large.' It is more richly descriptive and rhetorical, but has not more true poetry. The satirical and humorous poems of Dunbar are extremely gross. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is *The Dance*. It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions; and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of 'a lusty life in Love's service,' and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration: 'All love is lost but upon God alone.' There is, however, something more touching in the less laboured verses in which he moralises on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering world's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade,¹ the slightful train,²
For to consider is ane pain.

The sugared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem :

Evermair unto this world's joy,
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy;
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir, succeedés Pain.

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with 'For to be blyth methink it best.' In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. 'Thine awn gude spend,' says he, 'while thou has space.' There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced; and from this we shall select a few stanzas.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For world's wrak but welfare³ nought avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou brukes but with baills;⁴
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy saills;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

¹ Delay.

³ World's trash without health.

² Snare.

⁴ Injuries.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hold thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For worldly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Twa Married Women and the Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. There is one piece of peculiar humour, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. One of the marvels brought by the king's ships was a black lady, and a great tournament was got up in honour of the sable beauty. Dunbar humorously says:

When she is clad in rich apparel,
She blinks as bright as ane tar-barrel;
When she was born the sun tholed eclipse;
The Night wad sure fight in her quarrel—
The lady wi' the meikle lips.

Another novelty at court was a French quack-doctor, Master John Damian, who appears to have got considerable sums of money from the king for experiments made in the vain hope of extracting gold out of other metals. Damian must have been a simpleton as well as knave, for he made a public attempt to fly with wings which he had constructed. The wings being fastened upon him, he flew off the castle wall of Stirling, but shortly fell to the ground and broke his thigh-bone. He accounted for his failure by the circumstance of there having been some feathers in the wings, 'which yearned and coveted the midden and not the skies!' The king, with culpable recklessness, presented this quack to the vacant abbacy of Tunlgan in Galloway. Dunbar happily satirised the quack, representing him as flying in the air, though he never got upon wing, and as assailed by all the indignant birds:

And ever the cushats at him tuggit,
The rooks him rent, the ravens him druggit,
The hooded-craws his hair forth rugged,
The heaven he might not bruike.

Pinkerton ascribes to Dunbar a comic tale apparently of about the same date as the poet's acknowledged works, entitled *The Freirs of Berwick*. The 'argument' of this piece is the 'merry adventure' of two White Friars of Berwick detecting Friar John, superior of the Gray Friars of the same place, in an intrigue with a farmer's wife. The tale is told with great humour and spirit, and the *dénouement*, the detection and punishment of Friar John, is brought about by a series of highly amusing incidents. There is no authority for assigning this piece to Dunbar, but it is worthy of him or of Chaucer.

The Merle and Nightingale.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shonc;
This was her song, and of a sentence true—
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle Nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale:
Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young sanctis grows auld feindis, but fable;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
Whom nature of conditions made diverse:
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild,¹ and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his ain figour,
And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit² there true love or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said: Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or luve,
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudeness that been to come or gone,
The thank redounds to Him in every place:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;

And gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy maun contrar' be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the spleen;¹
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: Bird, why does thou rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white:
Her golden tressit hairis redomite,²
Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said: Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largeness,
Love makis sweir³ folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said: True is the contrary;
Sic frustir love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not 'ware,
While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well say I dare
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle: Mine error I confess:
This frustir love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,⁴
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear;
The Merle sang: Man, love God that has thee wrought.
The Nightingale sang: Man, love the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said: Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang: And with his dead thee bought:
All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small;
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,⁵
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail:
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.

I.

Of Februar the fiftene night,
Full lang before the dayis licht,
I lay intill a trance;
And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell:
Me thoct, amang the fiendis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane Dance

¹ Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*.

² Bound, encircled.

³ Slothful or reluctant.

⁴ Ta'en; taken.

⁵ Whose diligent pleading made my thoughts *grane* or long for love.

Of hrews that were never shriven,¹
 Agains the feast of Fastern's even,²
 To mak their observance.
 He bad gallants gae graith a gyis,
 And cast up gamoutis³ in the skies,
 As varlets do in France.

II.

Helie harlots on hawtane wise,⁴
 Come in with mony sundry guise,
 But yet leuch never Mahoun,
 While priests come in with bare shaven necks ;
 Then all the fiends leuch, and made gecks,
 Black-Belly and Bawsy-Brown.⁵

III.

Let see, quoth he, now wha begins :
 With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
 Begoud to leap at anis.
 And first of all in Dance was Pride,
 With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
 Like to make vaistic wanis ;⁶
 And round about him, as a wheel,
 Hang all in rumples to the heel
 His kethat for the nanis :⁷
 Mony proud trumpour⁸ with him trippit ;
 Through scalding fire, aye as they skipit
 They girmed with hideous granis.⁹

IV.

Then Ire came in with sturt and strife ;
 His hand was aye upon his knife,
 He brandished like a beir :¹⁰
 Boasters, braggars, and bargainers,¹¹
 After him passit in to pairs,
 All bodin in feir of weir ;¹²
 In jacks, and scryppis, and bonnets of steel,
 Their legs were chainit to the heel,¹³
 Frawart was their affair :¹⁴
 Some upon other with brands beft,¹⁵
 Some jaggit others to the heft,
 With knives that sharp could shear.

V.

Next in the Dance followit Envy,
 Filled full of feud and felony,
 Hid malice and despote :
 For privy hatred that traitor tremelit ;
 Him followit mony freik dissemlit,¹⁶
 With fenyeit wordis quhyte :¹⁷
 And flatterers in to men's faces ;
 And backbiters in secret places,
 To lie that had delight ;
 And rownaris of false lesings,¹⁸
 Alace ! that courts of noble kings
 Of them can never be quit.

¹ Mahoun, or the devil, proclaimed a dance of sinners that had not received absolution.

² The evening before Lent, which was usually a festival at the Scottish court.

³ Gambols.

⁴ Holy harlots (hypocrites), in a haughty manner. The term harlot was applied indiscriminately to both sexes.

⁵ Names of spirits, like Robin Goodfellow in England, and Brownie in Scotland.

⁶ Pride, with hair artfully put back, and bonnet on side : 'vaistic wanis' is now unintelligible ; some interpret the phrase as meaning 'wasteful wanis,' but this seems improbable, considering the locality or scene of the poem.

⁷ His cassoock for the nonce or occasion.

⁸ A cheat or impostor (Fr. *trompeur*).

⁹ Groans.

¹⁰ Bear.

¹¹ Boasters, braggarts, and bullies.

¹² Arrayed in the accoutrements of war.

¹³ In coats of armour, and covered with iron network to the heel.

¹⁴ Wild was their aspect.

¹⁵ Brands beaten.

¹⁶ Many strong dissemblers.

¹⁷ With feigned words fair or white.

¹⁸ Spreaders of false reports.

VI.

Next him in Dance came Covettyce,
 Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
 That never could be content :
 Catives, wretches, and ockeraris,¹
 Hudpikes,² hoarders, gatheraris,
 All with that warlock went :
 Out of their throats they shot on other
 Het, molten gold, me thocht, a futher³
 As fire-flaucht maist fervent ;
 Aye as they toomit them of shot,
 Fiends filled them new up to the throat
 With gold of all kind prent.⁴

VII.

Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
 Came like a sow out of a midding,
 Full sleepy was his grunyeie :⁵
 Mony swear bumbarb belly huddroun,⁶
 Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
 Him servit aye with sonnynie ;⁷
 He drew them furth intill a chain,
 And Belial with a bridle rein
 Ever lashed them on the lunyie :⁸
 In Daunce they were so slaw of feet,
 They gave them in the fire a heat,
 And made them quicker of cunyie.⁹

VIII.

Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,
 Came berand like ane baggit horse,¹⁰
 And Idleness did him lead ;
 There was with him ane ugly sort,
 And mony stinking foul tramot,¹¹
 That had in sin been dead :
 When they were enterit in the Dance,
 They were full strange of countenance,
 Like torches burning red.

IX.

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
 Of wame insatiable and greedy,
 To Dance he did him dress :
 Him followit mony foul drunkart,
 With can and collop, cup and quart,
 In surfit and excess ;
 Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
 With wames unwieldable, did furth wag,
 In creesh that did in excess :
 Drink ! aye they cried, with mony a gaip,
 The fiends gave them het lead to laip,
 Their leveray was na less.¹²

X.

Nae minstrels played to them but doubt,¹³
 For gleemen there were halden out,
 Be day, and eke by nicht ;
 Except a minstrel that slew a man,
 So to his heritage he wan,
 And enterit by brieve of richt.¹⁴

Then cried Mahoun for a Hieland Padyane :¹⁵
 Syne ran a fiend to fetch Makfadyane,
 Far northwast in a neuck ;
 Be he the coronach¹⁶ had done shout,
 Ersche men so gatherit him about,
 In hell great room they took :

¹ Usurers.

² Misers.

³ A great quantity.

⁴ Gold of every coinage.

⁵ His grunt.

⁶ Many a lazy glutton.

⁷ Served with care (Fr. *soigner*, to care, to be diligent).

⁸ Loins.

⁹ Quicker of apprehension.

¹⁰ Neighing like an entire horse.

¹¹ Corpse (*mort*, dead).

¹² Their reward, or their desire not diminished.

¹³ No minstrels without doubt—a compliment to the poetical profession: there were no gleemen or minstrels in the infernal regions.

¹⁴ Letter of right.

¹⁵ Pageant.

¹⁶ By the time he had done shouting the coronach or cry of help, the Highlanders speaking Erse or Gaelic gathered about him,

Thae tarmigants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begoud to clatter,
And roup like raven and rook.¹
The Devil sae deaved² was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell
He smorit³ them with smoke!

Tidings fra the Session.

A conversation between two rustics, designed to satirise the proceedings in the supreme civil law-court of Scotland.

Ane muirland man, of upland mak,
At hame thus to his neighbour spak :
What tidings, gossip, peace or weir ?
The tother rounit⁴ in his ear :
I tell you under this confession,
But lately lichtit off my meare,
I come of Edinburgh fra the Session.

What tidings heard you there, I pray you ?
The tother answerit : I sall say you :
Keep well this secret, gentle brother ;
Is na man there that trusts another :
Ane common doer of transgression,
Of innocent folk preveens a futher :⁵
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some with his fallow rouns him to please,
That wald for envy bite aff his nose ;⁶
His fa' some by the oxters⁷ leads ;
Some patters with his mouth on beads,
That has his mind all on oppression ;
Some becks full law and shaws bare heads,
Wad look full heigh were not the Session.

Some, bydand the law, lays land in wed ;⁸
Some, super-expended, goes to bed ;
Some speeds, for he in court has means ;
Some of partiality compleems ;
How feid⁹ and favour flems¹⁰ discretion ;
Some speaks full fair, and falsely feigns :
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some castis summons, and some excepts ;
Some stand beside and skailed law keppts ;
Some is continued ; some wins ; some tynes ;
Some maks him merry at the wines ;
Some is put out of his possession ;
Some herried, and on credence dines :
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some swearis and forsakis God ;
Some in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;¹¹
Some in his tongue his kindness turses ;¹²
Some cuts throats, and some pykes purses ;
Some goes to gallows with procession ;
Some sains the seat, and some them curses :
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, was one of the most distinguished and accomplished men of that era. He was born about the year 1474, younger son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and was educated for the church. He lived, however, in stormy times, and was mixed up with the turbulent scenes of the Douglas faction. When that faction was driven from power, he fled to England, to the court of Henry VIII. He was proscribed as a traitor, and the revenues of his bishopric of Dunkeld sequestrated, but he did not live long to

feel his loss : he was stricken with the plague, and died in London in 1522. Douglas wrote two original poetical works, one entitled *The Palace of Honour*, an apologue for the conduct of a king, addressed to James IV. The poet represents himself as seeing in a vision a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour. He joins them, and relates the particulars of the pilgrimage. His second work, *King Hart*, presents a metaphorical view of human life. The human heart is personified as a king in his castle, with the five senses around him ; he is attacked by Dame Pleasance, who has conquered many a king, from Solomon downwards, but at length Age and Experience come to the rescue, and King Hart is set free. Douglas gave an entire translation of the *Æneid* in the Scottish language, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. Douglas's translation is in what is called the heroic couplet, ten syllables to the line, the measure which Byron considered to be the best adapted to our language, though his own greatest triumphs were not achieved in it. Thus, in the famous passage of the descent of *Æneas* to the infernal regions, we read in Douglas :

It is right facile and eith [easy] gait, I thec tell,
For to descend and pass on down to hell,
The black yetts of Pluto and that dirk way
Stand ever open and patent night and day ;
But therefra to return again on height,
And here above recover this air's light,
That is difficle wark—there labour lies.

Though later in point of time than Henryson and Dunbar, Douglas is much less easily read. He was, like Spenser, fond of archaisms, and he resolved, he said, to write wholly in the Scottish language :

And yet, forsooth, I set my busy pain,
As that I couth to mak it braid and plain ;
Keeping na Suthron, but our awn language,
And speak as I learned when I was ane page.

His language, however, is far from being pure Scotch, being, according to Mr Skeat, 'much affected by Anglicisms.' The original poems styled *Prologues*, which the translator affixes to each book, are esteemed among his happiest efforts. The following is in the original spelling :

Apostrophe to Honour.

O hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest !
Gem verteous, maist precious, godliest,
For his honour thou art guerdon condng,¹
Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
And houerall to meikall auail some bring
I the require sen thouw but peir² art best,
That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

From a Description of Morning in May, from the Prologue to the Twelfth Book of the Æneid.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
Ished³ her saffron bed and iver house,
In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
Unshet⁴ the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,

¹ Croaked like ravens and rooks. ² Deafened. ³ Smothered.
⁴ Whispered. ⁵ Is advanced before a great number.
⁶ Nose. ⁷ Armpit. ⁸ Pledge.
⁹ Hostility. ¹⁰ Banishes. ¹¹ Fox.
¹² Carries.

¹ Worthy reward. ² Without peer or equal.
³ Issued from. ⁴ Opened.

And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
 Upwarps braid, the world till illumine ;
 The twinkling streamers of the orient
 Shed purpour sprains, with gold and azure ment. . . .
 Under the bowis bene in lovely vales,
 Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
 The bosteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
 Herdis of hertis through the thiek wood-shaw.
 The young fawns followand the dun daes,
 Kids, skipband through, runnis after raes.
 In lyssurs and on leyis, little lambs
 Full tait and trig socht betand to their dams.
 On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
 By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
 Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
 In gersy groves¹ wanderand by spring wells ;
 Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
 P'lettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-sanges, dances, leids,² and rounds,
 With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
 Whereso they walk into their caroling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
 Ane sang : ' The ship sails oure the salt faem,
 Will bring the merchants and my leman hame.'³
 Some other sings : ' I will be blythe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht.'³
 And thoughtful lovers rounis⁴ to and fro,
 To leis⁵ their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
 After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,
 With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
 Some ballads list indite of his lady ;
 Some livis in hope ; and some all utterly
 Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .
 Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
 Their blissful bay intoning every art,
 And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
 Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
 Welcome quickener of flouriest flours sheen,
 Welcome support of every root and vein,
 Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
 Welcome the birdis bield⁶ upon the brier,
 Welcome master and ruler of the year,
 Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
 Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
 Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
 Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
 Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
 Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all !

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

The celebrated Lyon King of Arms, SIR DAVID LYNDSAY of the Mount, was born, about the year 1490, at the paternal seat in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire. He was educated at the university of St Andrews, was early employed at the court of James IV.; and in 1511-12 had a salary of forty pounds. He was in attendance on the king at the church of St Michael, Linlithgow, when a supposed apparition warned the monarch against passing to England on his fatal project of invasion—an incident graphically delineated in Scott's *Marmion*. Lyndsay became the usher and companion of the young prince, afterwards James V.

As ane chapman bears his pack,
 I bore thy Grace upon my back ;
 And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
 Dancing with mony bend and beck.
 The first syllables that thou did mute
 Was PA, DA, LYN.

¹ Grassy groves.² Lays.³ Songs then popular.⁴ Whisper.⁵ Relieve.⁶ Shelter.

About the year 1529, the king knighted Lyndsay, and appointed him Chief Herald, or Lyon King of Arms. Some years previously, the poet had married a lady, Janet Douglas, who held the office of sempstress to the king, with an annual fee or pension of ten pounds. He seems to have possessed talents for public business, as he was employed on commercial missions to Flanders and Denmark, and on various royal messages and embassies, besides representing the burgh of Cupar in parliament in 1544-46. In his latter days, he retired to his seat, the Mount, where he died some time previous to the 18th of April 1555, when his brother succeeded to the entailed estate. The antiquated dialect, prolix narrative, and frequent indelicacy of Lyndsay's writings, have thrown them into the shade ; but they abound in racy pictures of the times, in humorous and burlesque description, and in keen and cutting satire. There are also passages evincing poetical fancy and elevation of feeling. He lashed the vices of the clergy even with greater boldness than Skelton, and from his public position and the openness of his satire and invective, he must materially have advanced the Reformed doctrines. He appears to have been sincerely and strongly attached to this cause, and was one of the influential Reformers who urged Knox to become a preacher. That he escaped the vengeance of the church in the early part of his career, must be attributed to the partiality entertained for him by the king, and to the broad humour and indelicacy mixed up with his satire, which could not fail to be relished by that voluptuous monarch. James also shewed some magnanimity in overlooking the satirical shafts of Lyndsay directed against his own 'pleasant vices' and defects. With the bulk of his countrymen, Sir David was singularly popular. His sarcastic lines and shrewd sayings passed into proverbs, and are not yet wholly banished from the firesides of the peasantry.

The works of Sir David Lyndsay were edited by Mr George Chalmers, and published in three volumes (London, 1806). A new edition, revised by Mr David Laing, and somewhat curtailed, appeared in two volumes (Edinburgh, 1871). The poet's first production, *The Dreame*, was written about the year 1528. This was followed by *The Complaynt to the King*, evidently written in 1529; and *The Testament and Complaynt of our Sovereane Lordis Papyngo, Kyng James the Fyft*, 1530. (*The papyngo* or popinjay is the old English name of the parrot.) These three works consist chiefly of observations on the state and government of the kingdom during two of its dismal minorities. The other principal works of Lyndsay are : *An Answer to the King's Flyting*, 1536 ; *The Deploeration of the Death of Queen Magdalene*, 1537 ; *Ane Supplication directit to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of Syde Tailis*, 1538 ; *Kitties Confessioun* (a satire on auricular confession), 1541 ; *The Tragedie of the Cardinall* (Beaton), 1546 ; *The Historie and Testament of Squyer William Meldrum*, about 1550 ; *Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courtcour, of the miserabyll estait of the World*, 1553 ; and *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. This last work is a rude dramatic composition, a satire upon the whole of the three political orders—monarch, barons, and clergy—full of humour and grossness, and curiously illustrative of the taste of the times. Notwithstanding its

ingency, and, what is apt to be now more surprising, notwithstanding the introduction of indecencies not fit to be described, the satire of the *Three Estates* was acted in presence of the court at Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the stage being in the open air. The performance at Linlithgow took place at the feast of Epiphany, January 6, 1539-40, in the presence of the king, queen, the ladies of the court, the bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. It is probable that some of the coarser passages were written, as Chalmers supposes, for the amusement of the lower classes during the intervals, when the chief auditory had retired for refreshments. The *Historie of Squyer Meldrum* is perhaps the most pleasing of all Lyndsay's works. It is founded on the adventures of a well-known person in Fifeshire, William Meldrum, the laird of Cleish and Binns, who served in France during the war in 1513, and on his return to Scotland was noted for his spirit and gallantry. It is considered the last poem that in any degree partakes of the character of the old metrical romance. The Dialogue betwixt Experience and a Courtier is otherwise described as *The Monarchie*, and is an elaborate compendium of events in sacred and profane history, in the course of which the poet inveighs against the corruptions of the church of Rome.

Of the dexterity with which Lyndsay could point a satirical remark on an error of state-policy, we may judge from the following very brief passage of his early work, the *Complaynt*, which refers to the revolution in the Scottish government during the year 1524, when the king was twelve years of age, and the Douglasses gained the ascendancy. We give the lines in the original orthography, from the text of Chalmers :

Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fuillis,
Thay tuke that young prince frome the scullis,
Quhare he, under obedience,
Was lernand vertew and science,
And haistelie platt in his hand
The governance of all Scotland ;
As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
Quhen marinaris bene all agast
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wad tak ane chylde of tender aige,
Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
And to his biddying all obey,
Gevyng hym haill¹ the governall
Of schip, marchand and marinall,²
For dreid of rockis and foreland,
To put the ruther in his hand :
Without Goddis grace, is no refuge :
Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge.
I gyf thame to the devyill of hell,
Quhilk first devysit that counsell,
I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun,
Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun.
I pray God, lat me never se ryng,³
In to this realme, so young ane kyng.

*Satire on the Syde Tails, or Long Dresses, of the Ladies.
Directed to the King's Grace, 1538.*

Sir, though your Grace has put great order
Baith in the Hieland and the Border,
Yet mak I supplication
Till have some reformation
Of one small fault, whilk is nocht treason,
Though it be contrary to reason,

¹ Whole, entire.

² Merchandise or freight, and mariners.

³ Reign.

Because the matter been so vile,
It may nocht have ane ornate style ;
Wherefore I pray your Excellence
To hear me with great patience :
Of stinking weeds maculate
No man nay mak ane rose-chaplet.
Sovereign, I mean of thir syde tails,
Whilk through the dust and dubs trails
Three quarters lang behind their heels,
Express again' all commonweals.
Though bishops, in their pontificals,
Have men for to bear up their tails,
For dignity of their office ;
Richt so ane queen or ane empress ;
Howbeit they use sic gravity,
Conformand to their majesty,
Though their robe-royals be upborne,
I think it is ane very scorn,
That every lady of the land
Should have her tail so syde trailand ;
Howbeit they been of high estate,
The queen they should nocht counterfeit.

Wherever they go it may be seen
How kirk and causay they soop¹ clean.
The images into the kirk
May think of their syde taillis irk ;²
For when the weather been maist fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces does begarie.
Gif they could speak, they wald them warie.³ . .
But I have maist into despite
Poor claggocks⁴ clad in raploch white,
Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
Kittock that cleckit⁵ was yestreen,
The morn, will counterfeit the queen :
And Moorland Meg, that milked the yowes,
Claggit with clay aboon the hows,⁶
In barn nor byre she will not bide,
Without her kirtle tail be syde.
In burghs, wanton burges wives
Wha may have sydest tails strives,
Weel bordered with velvet fin,
But followand them it is ane pyne :
In summer, when the streets dries,
They raise the dust aboon the skies ;
Nane may gae near them at their ease,
Without they cover mouth and neese. . .
I think maist pane after ane rain,
To see them tuckit up again ;
Then when they step furth through the street,
Their fauldings flaps about their feet ;
They waste mair clait, within few years,
Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. . .
Of tails I will no more indite,
For dread some duddron⁷ me despite :
Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
That of syde tails can come nae gude,
Sider nor may their ankles hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride,
And pride proceeds of the devil,
Thus alway they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen—
They hide their face all but the een ;
When gentlemen bid them gude-day,
Without reverence they slide away. . .
Without their faults be soon amended,
My flyting,⁸ sir, shall never be ended ;
But wald your Grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye should mak,
Baith through the land and burrowstouns,⁹
To shaw their face and cut their gowns.

¹ Sweep.

² Be annoyed.

³ Curse or cry out.

⁴ Draggel-tails.

⁵ Hatched.

⁶ Houghs.

⁷ Slut.

⁸ Scolding, brawling.

⁹ Burgh towns.

Women will say, this is nae bourds,¹
 To write sic vile and filthy words ;
 But wald they clenge² their filthy tails,
 Whilk over the mires and middens trails,
 Then should my writing clengt be,
 None other mends they get of me.

Quoth Lyndsay, in contempt of the syde tails,
 That duddrons and duntibours³ through the dubs
 trails.

We subjoin a few passages from the *Satire of the Three Estates*, partly modernising the spelling.

Abuses of the Clergy.

Fauper. Gude man, will ye give me of your charity,
 And I shall declare you the black verity.
 My father was ane auld man and ane hoar,
 And was of age fourscore of years and more.
 And Mald, my mother, was fourscore and fifteen,
 And with my labour I did them baith sustein.
 We had ane mare that carried salt and coal,
 And every ilk⁴ year, she brocht us hame ane foal.
 We had three kye, that was baith fat and fair,
 Nane tidier into the toun of Air.
 My father was so weak of blude and bane,
 That he died, wherefore my mother made great mane :
 Then she died, within ane day or two ;
 And there began my poverty and woe.
 Our gude gray mare was battened on the field,
 And our land's laird took her for his hyreild.⁵
 The vicar took the best cow by the head,
 Incontinent, when my father was dead.
 And when the vicar heard tell how that my mother
 Was dead, frae hand, he took to him ane other :
 Then Meg, my wife, did mourn baith even and morrow,
 Till at the last she died for very sorrow ;
 And when the vicar heard tell my wife was dead,
 The third cow he cleekit⁶ by the head.
 Their umest⁷ elaites, that was of raploch gray,⁸
 The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
 When all was gane, I might mak na debate,
 But with my bairns passed for till beg my meat.
 Now, have I tauld you the black verity,
 How I am brocht into this misery.

Diligence. How did the parson? was he not thy friend?

Fauper. The devil stick him! he cursed me for my teind,⁹

And holds me yet under that same process
 That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche.¹⁰
 In gude faith, sir, though he would cut my throat,
 I have na gear, except ane English groat,
 Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.

Diligence. Thou art the daftest¹¹ fuil that ever I saw ;
 Trow'st thou, man, by the law, to get remead
 Of men of kirk? Na, nocht till thou be dead.

Fauper. Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or why
 That ane vicar should take frae me three kye?

Diligence. They have na law except consuetude,
 Whilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.

Fauper. Ane consuetude against the common weal,
 Should be na law, I think, by sweet Sanct Geil.¹²

Speech of the Pardoner.

My patent pardons ye may see,
 Come frae the Khan of Tartarie,
 Weel sealed with oyster-shells ;
 Though ye have no contrition,
 Ye shall have full remission,
 With help of buiks and bells.

Here is ane relic, lang and braid,
 Of Fin-mac-Coul the right chaft blade,¹
 With teeth and all togidder ;
 Of Colin's cow here is ane horn,
 For eating of Makconnal's corn,
 Was slain into Balquhidder.

Here is ane cord, baith great and lang,
 Whilk hangit John the Armistrang :
 Of gude hemp soft and sound ;
 Gude haly people, I stand for'd
 Whaever beis hangit with this cord,
 Needs never to be drowned !

The culum² of Sanct Bride's cow,
 The gruntle³ of Sanct Antone's sow,
 Whilk bore his haly bell :
 Whaever he be hears this bell clink
 Give me ane ducat for till drink,
 He shall never gang to hell—

Without he be of Belial born :
 Masters, trow ye that this be scorn?
 Come, win this pardon, come !
 Wha loves their wives nocht with their heart,
 I have power them for till part ;
 Methink you deaf and dumb.

Has nane of you curst wicked wives
 That halds you intill sturt and strifes?
 Come take my dispensation ;
 Of that summer I shall make you quit,
 Howbeit yourselves be in the wyte,
 And make ane false narration.

Come win the pardon ! Now let see,
 For meal, for malt, or for money—
 For cock, hen, goose, or grise,⁴
 Of relics here I have ane hunder,
 Why come ye nocht? This is ane wonder ;
 I trow ye be nocht wise.

The Law's Delay.

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
 And he her drounit into the quarry holes ;
 And I ran to the Consistory, for to pleinzic,⁵
 And there I happanit amang ane greedie meinzie.⁶
 They gave me first ane thing they call *citendum* ;
 Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum* ;
 Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum* ;
 In half ane year I gat *inter-rogendum*,
 And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum* ;
 But I could never ane word yet understand him :
 And then they gart me cast out many placks,⁷
 And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
 But or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
 The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
 Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bad me come again :
 And then thir rooks they roupit⁸ wonder fast
 For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
 Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
 But I gat never my gude gray mare again.

There were several other Scottish poets of this period, one of whom, WALTER KENNEDY, has obtained some notoriety from having carried on a *flyting* or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme. The productions on both sides are coarse and scurrilous, though there was probably as much mirth as malice at the bottom of the affair. Most of these pieces, with several anonymous poems of no small merit, were preserved in the Maitland and

¹ Scoffs, jests.

² Cleanse.

³ Harlots.

⁴ Each.

⁵ A fine extorted by a superior on the death of his tenant.

⁶ Caught hold of.

⁷ Uppermost.

⁸ Coarse woollen gray cloth.

⁹ Tithe.

¹⁰ Easter.

¹¹ Maddest.

¹² St Giles.

¹ Jaw-bone.

² The tail, the fundament.

³ The snout.

⁴ The pig.

⁵ Complain.

⁶ Company, crew.

⁷ Plack, a Scotch coin equal to the third of an English penny.

⁸ Cried, shouted.

Bannatyne manuscripts of the sixteenth century. The first was begun in 1555 by Sir Richard Maitland, and consists of a collection of miscellaneous poetry, in two volumes, ending with the year 1585. These precious volumes were preserved in the Pepysian Library, in Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Bannatyne manuscript contains a similar collection made by George Bannatyne, a merchant of Edinburgh, in the year 1568, when the prevalence of the plague compelled men in business to forsake their usual employments and retire to the country. In a valedictory address at the end of this compilation (containing upwards of 800 pages), Bannatyne says :

Heir endis this Buik writtin in tyme of pest,
Quhen we fra labour was compell'd to rest.

A judicious selection from Bannatyne's manuscript was published by Lord Hailes in 1770, accompanied with valuable notes and a glossary.

BALLAD POETRY.

The early ballads of England and Scotland have justly been admired for their rude picturesque energy and simple pathos. Some of them—as those relating to King Arthur, St George of England, Sir Gawaine, &c.—are of great antiquity, and refer to a period before the formal institution of chivalry. Others of later date, whether embodying historical events, traditional romance, or domestic tragedies, illustrate the times in which they were composed, though often altered and vulgarised in their progress downwards by recitation. Sir Philip Sidney said the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* stirred him up like the sound of a trumpet; and the classic Addison devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to a critique on a more modern version of the same artless but heroic metrical story. The ballads on the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, fill a volume. Another, *The Nut-brown Maid*, was imitated by Prior, who failed to excel the simple original. *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, the *Heir of Linne*, *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, *Tak your Auld Cloak about ye*, and numerous others, have enjoyed great popularity. Sir Walter Scott drew his first and strongest poetical inspiration from the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he carefully collected and edited. Most of these must be assigned to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but many are older, including what Coleridge termed 'the grand old ballad' of *Sir Patrick Spens*. James V. of Scotland is the reputed author of two excellent ballads, describing his own roving adventures. In Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher are many fragments of ballads popular in their day, most of which have been collected and published in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. To this valuable repository and to Scott's *Minstrelsy* we must refer the reader.

The Deaths of Douglas and Percy.

The ballad of *Chevy Chase* is supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VI. or between 1422 and 1461. The oldest MS. is in the Bodleian Library, with the name attached of 'Richard Sheale,' a ballad-singer or reciter of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. In the following extract, we have simplified the spelling, which in the original is careless and uncouth.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both swat,
With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy freckys¹ for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent²
As ever did hail or rain.

'Yield thee, Percy!' said the Douglas,
'And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field-fighting.'

'Nay,' said the Lord Percy,
'I told it thee befor,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.'

With that there cam an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty wane,³
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
The sharp arrow is gane,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake mo words but ane;
That was: 'Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life-days be gane.'

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man be the hand,
And said: 'Wo is me for thee!

'To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in all the north countrie.'

Of all that saw, a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spende a spear, a trusty tree.

He rode upon a courser, through
A hundred archery,
He never stinted nor never blane⁴
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore,
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he Percy bore,

At the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in Christiantie
Than that day slain were there.

As a specimen of the modernised ballad, supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth or James, we quote a few stanzas, describing the death of Douglas: the line we have printed in *italics* is a touch of genius not in the old ballad:

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall!

¹ Men (Ang.-Sax. *freca*, a man).

² Out of their helmets spirted.

³ Ane, one man.

⁴ Ceased (Ang.-Sax. *blinnan*, *linnan*, to cease).

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said: 'Earl Douglas, for thy life,
Would I had lost my land!

'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.'

*Sir Patrick Spens.**

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O where shall I get a skeely skipper,
'To sail this ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist¹ word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?'

'Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They ha'e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

'For I ha'e brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I ha'e brought a half-fou² of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

* Supposed to refer to the incident thus related by Fordun: 'In the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. was married to the king of Norway; who leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons were drowned.'

¹ Next.

² Bushel.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
'To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken clait,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken clait,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

The Nut-brown Maid.

The long and interesting ballad of the *Nut-brown Maid* was first printed in *Arnold's Chronicle* about 1502, then reprinted in *The Muse's Mercury*, 1707, and afterwards formed the groundwork of Prior's *Henry and Emma*. The object of the old author was to prove that the faith of woman is stronger than worldly men believe.

I say not nay, but that that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who sayeth,
All utterly decayed;

But, nevertheless, right good witness
 In this case might be laid,
 That they love true and continue,
 Record the Nut-brown Maid:
 Which from her love, when her to prove
 He came to make his moan,
 Would not depart; for in her heart
 She loved but him alone.

In order to try her affection, the lover said he was sentenced to die a shameful death, and had to withdraw as an outlaw to the greenwood.

SHE.—O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
 That changeth as the moon!
 My summer's day in lusty May
 Is darked before the noon.
 I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
 We depart not so soon.
 Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrow and care
 Should change if ye were gone;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—I can believe, it shall you grieve,
 And somewhat you distract:
 But afterward, your pines had
 Within a day or twain
 Shall soon asleep; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you again.
 Why should ye ought, for to make thought?
 Your labour were in vain.
 And thus I do, and pray to you,
 As heartily as I can;
 For I must to the greenwood go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Now sith that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again,
 Like as ye shall me find.
 Sith it is so that ye will go,
 I will not live behind;
 Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
 Was to her love unkind:
 Make you ready, for so am I,
 Although it were anon;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone. . . .

HE.—Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain;
 The cold, the heat; for dry or wet,
 We must lodge on the plain;
 And, as above, none other roof
 But a brake-bush or twain;
 Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
 And ye would gladly then
 That I had to the greenwood gone
 Alone, a banished man.

The Maid still maintains her constancy, on which the lover says he has 'purveyed' him of a maid whom he loves better than her, but even this does not shake her faith, and then the noble youth discloses himself to his faithful mistress.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
 That ye be kind and true;
 Of maid and wife, in all my life,
 The best that ever I knew.
 Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
 The case is changed now;
 For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
 Ye should have cause to rue.
 Be not dismayed; whatever I said
 To you, when I began;
 I will not to the greenwood go,
 I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me
 Than to be made a queen,
 If I were sure they would endure:
 But it is often seen,
 When men will break promise, they speak
 The wordes on the spleen.
 Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
 And steal from me, I ween:
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more woe-begone;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread:
 I will not disparage
 You (God defend!), sith ye descend
 Of so great a lineage.
 Now understand; to Westmoreland,
 Which is mine heritage,
 I will you bring; and with a ring,
 By way of marriage
 I will you take, and lady make,
 As shortly as I can:
 Thus have ye won an earl's son,
 And not a banished man.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

By tradition, assigned to James V. (1512-42), and supposed to describe one of his own roving adventures. The *gaberlunzie* was a travelling beggar, pedler, or tinker. The English reader acquainted with the works of Burns will have no difficulty with the Scottish words in this humorous descriptive ballad.

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lea,
 Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
 Saying: 'Gudewife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man?'
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My dochter's shouters he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

'O wow!' quo' he, 'were I as free
 As first whan I saw this countrie,
 How blithe and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.'
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa togidder were sayen,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

'And O!' quo' he, 'and ye were as black
 As ever the crown o' your daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'
 'And O!' quo' she, 'and I were as white
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,
 And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilyly they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claise,
 Syn to the servants' bed she gaes,
 To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
 The strae was cauld—he was away;
 She clapt her hands, cried: 'Dulefu' day!
 For some o' our gear will be gane.'
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that could be mist;
 She danced her lane, cried: 'Praise be blest!
 I have lodged a leal poor man.'

'Since naithing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirm's to kirm, and milk to yearn;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.'
The servant gaed where the dochter lay;
The sheets were cauld—she was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say:
'She's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man!'

'O fie gar ride, and fie gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again!
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain;
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.'
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit;
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye did curse and did ban.

Meantime, far hind out owre the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
Thir twa, wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The prieving was good, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e her for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo' she: 'To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.'

'O ken'd my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a puir man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.'
'My dear,' quod he, 'ye're yet owre young,
An' hae na learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.'

'Wi' kauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and whorls for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
An' draw a black clout owre my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we will sing and be merrie.'

PROSE LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE.

The first prose writer of eminence after Mandeville and Wycliffe was SIR JOHN FORTESCUE, Chief-justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI. and a constant adherent of the fortunes of that monarch. He flourished between the years 1430 and 1480. Besides several Latin tracts, Chief-justice Fortescue wrote one in the English language, entitled *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy as it more particularly regards the English Constitution*, in which he draws a striking, though perhaps exaggerated contrast between the condition of the French under an arbitrary monarch, and that of his own countrymen, who even then possessed considerable privileges as subjects. The French he describes as borne down by public burdens. 'They drink water, they eat appies, with bread, right brown, made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if it be seldom a little lard, or of the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, but if it be a poor coat under their uttermost garment, made of great canvas, and passen not their knee; wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their

wives and children gone barefoot.' And this, he exclaims, is the fruit of the French king's *jus regale*! Sir John is said to have died in 1485, aged 90.

English Courage.

Original spelling.—It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage that kepeth the Frenchmen from rrysyng, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man. It hath ben often seen in England that iij or iv thefes, for povertie, hath seit upon vij or viij true men, and robbid them al. But it hath not ben seen in France that vij or viij thefes have ben hardy to robbe iij or iv true men.

It is cowardice and lack of hearts and courage that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising, and not poverty; which courage no Frenchman hath like to the Englishman. It hath been often seen in England that three or four thieves, for poverty, hath set upon seven or eight true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France that seven or eight thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right seld that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for that they have no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore mo men hanged in England, in a year, for robbery and manslaughter, than there be hanged in France for such cause of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery, and yet they be oftentimes hanged for larceny, and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof; but their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present and will defend it; which manner of taking is called robbery. But the Englishman be of another courage; for if he be poor, and see another man having riches which may be taken from him by might, he wol not spare to do so, but if [unless] that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart, and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising.

What Harm would come to England if the Commons thereof were Poor.

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done oftentimes, which the commons of France do not, nor may do; for they have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it withal. To these manner of men may be said, with the philosopher, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant*; that is to say, they that seen few things woll soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, whereof the might most stondesth upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made poorer than they be, they should not have wherewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondesth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, if poor men may not lightly rise, as is the opinion of those men, which for that cause would have the commons poor; how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor, that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons to be every year mustered, sithen it was good they had no harness, nor were able to fight? Oh, how unwise is the opinion of these men; for it may not be maintained by

any reason! Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherein it seemeth that poverty hath been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they would not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?

BISHOP PECOCK.

REYNOLD PECOCK, successively bishop of St Asaph and Chichester, wrote a number of treatises chiefly controversial, and though opposing the Lollards, his free and liberal style of comment led to his being accused of heresy. In consequence of this, Pecock had to recant what he had written, and to burn fourteen of his own books! The main ground of offence was his arguing that in matters of faith the church was not infallible. The most remarkable of Pecock's English works is entitled *The Repressor*, 1449. He was about the last of the writers of that age who used the pronouns *hem* and *her* for *them* and *their*.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

A compilation of some of the most popular of the romances relating to King Arthur was printed by Caxton in 1485. In a preface to the work, Caxton states that SIR THOMAS MALORY took it out of certain books in French, and reduced it into English. Malory himself states that he finished his task in the ninth year of King Edward IV. (1469). The title of the work, as given by Caxton, is *The Byrth, Lyfe, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table*, &c. A reprint of the work, with introduction and notes by Southey, was published in 1817, and a popular edition, revised for modern use by Sir Edward Strachey, in 1868. The style of Malory's translation is free and spirited, shewing a greater command of English than any of his predecessors.

The Death of Sir Lancelot.

Then Sir Lancelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed [taking no rest], but needfully as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep; and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb; and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

Oh! ye mighty and pompous lords, winning in the glorious transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted,¹ yea also the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in

obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay! Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Lancelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth grovelling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible: how, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honour so dangerous? Therefore, me thinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in all¹ ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war, of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they got praising continually; also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and, the more that God hath given you the triumphal honour, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world. . . .

And so, within fifteen days, they came to Joyous Guard, and there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sung and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and even his visage was laid open and naked, that all folk might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had sought seven years all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother Sir Lancelot. . . .

And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Lancelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon; and, when he awoke, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah, Sir Lancelot,' said he, 'thou wert head of all Christian knights.'—'And now, I daresay,' said Sir Bors, 'that Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.'

WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the venerated father of English printing, was born in Kent about 1412. While acting as an agent for English merchants in Holland, he made himself master of the art of printing, then recently introduced on the continent; and, having translated a French book, styled *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, he printed it at Ghent, in 1471, being the first book in the English language ever put to the press. In a note to this publication, Caxton says:

Forasmuch as age creepeth on me daily, and feebleth all the bodie, and also because I have promised divers gentlemen, and to my friends, to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book, therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispenche, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink, as other books ben, to the end that all men may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named *The Recule of the Historeys of Troyes*, thus emprinted, as ye here see, were begun in one day, and also finished in one day.

Afterwards he established a printing-office at Westminster, and in 1474 produced *The Game of*

¹ Dreaded (held as *redoutable*).

Chess, which was the first book printed in Britain. Caxton translated or wrote about sixty different books, all of which went through his own press before his death in 1491. About forty-four of these are in the British Museum.

Caxton gave a prose translation of the *Æneid*, having met with a French version of the original. In his Proeme he speaks of the *Æneid*, as Pope observes, as of a book hardly known.

Caxton's Account of Virgil.

Happened that to my hande came a lytyn booke in Frenche, which late was translated out of Latyn by some noble clerk of Francc, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in Latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrgyle), whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein: How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader Anchises upon his sholders, his lytyn son Yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all the stoyre of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of Ytaly, as all longe shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in Frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsant ne so well ordred; whiche booke, as me semed shold be moch requisite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especially in Ytaly and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre.

The following passage is extracted (the spelling modernised) from the conclusion of Caxton's translation of *The Golden Legend*:

Legend of St Francis.

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assyse, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man; so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy. . . .

On a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said: 'None in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him, our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance, shall never find mercy.' And anon, this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him fro to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grievous temptation of the flesh. And when this holy servant of God felt that, he despoiled his clothes, and beat himself right hard with an hard cord, saying: 'Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten.' And when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow, all naked, and made seven great balls of snow, and purposed to have taken them into² his body, and said: 'This greatest is thy wife; and these four, two ben thy daughters, and two thy sons; and the other twain, that one thy chambriere, and that other thy varlet or yeman: haste and clothe them; for they all die for cold. And if thy business that thou hast about them, grieve ye sore, then serve our Lord perfectly.' And anon, the devil departed from him all confused; and St Francis returned again unto his cell glorifying God. . . .

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles; and the very death, which is to all men horrible and hateful,

he admonished them to praise it. And also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said: 'Death, my sister, welcome be you.' And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord; of whom a friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity, and the sun in clearness.

ENGLISH CHRONICLERS—FABIAN AND HALL.

ROBERT FABIAN and EDWARD HALL may be regarded as the first writers in English history or chronicles. They aimed at no literary excellence, nor at any arrangement calculated to make their writings attractive. Their sole object was to narrate minutely, and as far as their opportunities allowed, faithfully, the events of the history of their country; and it must be admitted that to their diligence we are indebted for the preservation of many curious facts and illustrations of manners, which would have otherwise been lost.

Fabian, who was an alderman and sheriff of London, and died in 1512, wrote a general chronicle of English history, which he called *The Concordance of Stories*, and which has been several times printed—the last time in 1811, under the care of Sir Henry Ellis. It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy alderman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London; and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V. the author does not omit to note that a new weather-cock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabian repeats all the fabulous stories of early English history which had first been circulated by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Hall was a lawyer and a judge in the sheriff's court of London, and died at an advanced age in 1547. He compiled a copious chronicle of English history during the reigns of the Houses of Lancaster and York, and those of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which was first printed by Grafton in 1548, under the title of *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and Yorke, with all the Actes done in both the Tymes of the Princes, both of the one Linage and the other, &c.* Hall is very minute in his notices of the fashions of the time; altogether, his work is of a superior character to that of Fabian, as might perhaps be expected from his better education and condition in life. Considered as the only compilations of English history at the command of the wits of Elizabeth's reign, and as furnishing the foundations of many scenes, and even whole plays, by the most illustrious of the dramatists, the Chronicles have a value in our eyes beyond that which would otherwise belong to them.

Fabian thus relates an event famous in history and poetry:

Jack Cade's Insurrection.

Original spelling.—And in the moneth of Juny this yere, the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to them a capytayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the Duke of Yorke; but of moste he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrously togader, &c.

And in the month of June this year [1450], the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that

¹ Took off.

² Unto.

he brought a great number of people of them unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and shewed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under colour to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled.

Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have shewed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long; but in the end, the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. All which season, the king's host lay still upon Black Heath, being among them sundry opinions; so that some and many favoured the Captain. But, finally, when word came of the overthrow of the Staffords, they said plainly and boldly that, except the Lord Saye and other before rehearsed were committed to ward, they would take the Captain's party. For the appeasing of which rumour the Lord Saye was put into the Tower; but that other as then were not at hand. Then the king, having knowledge of the scorfiture of his men, and also of the rumour of his hosting people, removed from Greenwich to London, and there with his host rested him a while.

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his brynganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight¹ again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 29th day of June, being St Peter's day, till the first day of July. In which season came unto him the archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers: howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while, the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving² at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his, named Paris, for so much as he had offended again' such ordinance as he had established in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city, so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter that city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man,

upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city.' And when he had thus shewed himself in divers places of the city, and shewed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July, and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fetter¹ from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or² he were half shaven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them.

In this time and season had the Captain caused a gentleman to be taken, named William Crowmer, which before had been sheriff of Kent, and used, as they said, some extortions. For which cause, or for he had favoured the Lord Saye, by reason that he had married his daughter, he was hurried to Miles End, and there, in the Captain's presence, beheaded. And the same time was there also beheaded another man, called Baillie, the cause of whose death was this, as I have heard some men report. This Baillie was of the familiar and old acquaintance of Jack Cade, wherefore, so soon as he espied him coming to him-ward, he cast in his mind that he would discover his living and old manners, and shew off his vile kin and lineage. Wherefore, knowing that the said Baillie used to bear scrows,³ and prophesy about him, shewing to his company that he was an enchanter and of ill disposition, and that they should well know by such books as he bare upon him, and bade them search, and if they found not as he said, that then they should put him to death, which all was done according to his commandment.

When they had thus beheaded these two men, they took the head of Crowmer, and pight it upon a pole, and so entered again the city with the heads of the Lord Saye and of Crowmer; and as they passed the streets, joined the poles together, and caused either dead mouth to kiss other diverse and many times.

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought, if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold.

And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and

1 Pitched.

2 Hovering.

1 Fetched.

2 Ere.

3 Scrolls of paper.

defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness, and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain; among the which of men of name was John Sutton, alderman, Matthew Gowth, gentleman, and Roger Heysand, citizen. And thus continued this skirmish all night, till nine of the clock upon the morn. Thus continuing this cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides; lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worse, a trew¹ was agreed for certain hours; during the which trew, the archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the Captain for himself, and another for his people; by reason whereof he and his company departed the same night out of Southwark, and so returned every man to his own.

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowthery, that who might take the foresaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where, in the taking of him, the said Jack was slain; and so being dead, was brought into Southwark the —² day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

And this done, the king sent his commissions into Kent, and rode after himself, and caused inquiry to be made of this riot in Canterbury; wherefore the same eight men were judged and put to death; and in other good towns of Kent and Sussex, divers other were put in execution for the same riot.

In the following extract from Hall's Chronicle, relative to the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), it will be seen how closely it was copied by Shakspeare :

Scene in the Council-room of the Protector Gloucester.

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the bishop of Ely: 'My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he; 'I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that:' and with that, in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock in to the chamber, all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his

place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?' At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her;' meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this self-same day; in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. 'Then,' said the Protector, 'in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel—as Shore's wife, with her affinity—have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, thus wasted my body!' and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he shewed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel; for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered, and said: 'Certainly, my Lord; if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' quoth the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with *if* and with *and*; I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings: 'I arrest thee, traitor!' 'What! me, my Lord?' quoth he. 'Yea, the traitor,' quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace. 'For, by Saint Poule,' quoth he, 'I will not dine till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward the Fourth; whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

¹ Truce.
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² Said to have been on July 11, 1450.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Passing over Fortescue, the first prose writer who mingled just and striking thought with his language, and was entitled to the appellation of a man of genius, was unquestionably the celebrated chancellor of Henry VIII. SIR THOMAS MORE (1480-1535). Born the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and educated at Oxford, More entered life with all external advantages, and soon reached a distinguished situation in the law and in state employments. He was appointed lord chancellor in 1529, being the first layman who ever held the office. At all periods of his life, he was a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, insomuch that he was at one time with difficulty restrained from becoming a monk. When Henry wished to divorce Katharine, he was opposed by the conscientious More, who accordingly incurred his displeasure, and perished on the scaffold. The specific charge against More was, that he had traitorously attempted to deprive the king of his title of Supreme Head of the Church; but, even according to the indictment, the only evidence of this was that More, being examined on the 7th of May 1535, whether he accepted the king as head of the church, answered that he would not meddle with the matter; and that he had written a letter to Bishop Fisher, informing him how he had answered, and remarking that the law was like a sword with two edges, for if a man answered one way it would confound his soul, and if another it would confound his body. To support this charge, the solicitor-general, Rich, related a conversation he had with More in the Tower, in which a miserable quibbling attempt was made to entrap Sir Thomas, imputing to him expressions which he utterly denied, and which, if true, could not be held to amount to a violation of the statute. The trial was a mockery of the forms of legal justice. The cheerful, or rather mirthful disposition of the learned chancellor forsook him not at the last, and he jested even when about to lay his head upon the block. The character of More was most benignant, as the letter to his wife, who was ill-tempered, written after the burning of some of his property, expressively shews, at the same time that it is a good specimen of his English prose. The domestic circle at his house in Chelsea, where the profoundly learned statesman at once paid reverence to his parents and sported with his children, has been made the subject of an interesting picture by the great artist of that age, Holbein.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin, and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the purpose of reaching the commonalty.*

* The following is a specimen of Sir Thomas More's juvenile poetry:

He that hath lafte the hosier's crafte,
And fallth to makyng shone;
The smyth that shall to painting fall,
His thrift is well nigh done.
A black draper with whyte paper,
To goe to writing scole,
An old butler become a cutler
I wene shall prove a fole.
And an old trot, that can, God wot,
Nothing but kysse the cup,
With her physicke will kepe one sick,
Till she hath soused hym up.

Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote, in Latin, a curious philosophical work under the title of *Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary model country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on extreme theoretical views being since then termed *Utopian*. The most of the English writings of More are pamphlets on the religious controversies of his day, and the only one which is now of value is *A History of Edward V. and of his Brother, and of Richard III.* which Mr Hallam considers as the first English prose work free of vulgarisms and pedantry.

The *Utopia* was first printed at Louvain in 1516; it was then revised by More, and sent, through Erasmus, to John Frobenius at Basle to print, and this second edition is dated November 1518. It was first translated into English by Ralph Robynson in 1551, and a second edition, revised, was issued by Robynson in 1556. Bishop Gilbert Burnet published a translation in 1684.

The design of *Utopia* was no doubt suggested by the *Atalantis* of Plato. The intention of Sir Thomas More is to set forth his idea of those social arrangements whereby the happiness and improvement of the people may be secured to the utmost extent of which human nature is susceptible; though, probably, he has pictured more than he really conceived it possible to effect. Experience proves that many of his suggestions are indeed Utopian. In his imaginary island, for instance, all are contented with the necessaries of life; all are employed in useful labour; no man desires, in clothing, any other quality besides durability; and since wants are few, and every individual engages in labour, there is no need for working more than six hours a day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region; for why should the people be indolent when they have so little toil, or greedy when they know that there is abundance for each? All this, it is evident, is incompatible with qualities inherent in human nature: man requires the stimulus of self-interest to render him industrious and persevering; he loves not utility merely, but ornament; he possesses a spirit of emulation which makes

A man of law that never sawe
The wayes to buy and sell,
Wenyng to ryse by merchandyse,
I pray God spede him well!
A merchaunt eke, that will go seke
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in sute till he dispute
His money cleane away;
Pletyng the lawe for every stray
Shall prove a thrifty man,
With bate and strife, but by my life
I cannot tell you whan
Whan an hatter will smatter
In philosophy,
Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
In theology, &c.

Warton is inclined to think that More wrote the following epigram, published anonymously in *Totte's Miscellany*, 1557. The lines are worth quoting, as being the first pointed epigram in the language:

Of a New-married Student that played Fast or Loose.

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast
Since juggling first begun?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

him endeavour to outstrip his fellows, and a desire to accumulate property even for its own sake. With much that is Utopian, however, the work contains many sound suggestions. Thus, instead of severe punishment of theft, the author would improve the morals and condition of the people, so as to take away the temptation to crime; for, says he, 'if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves, and then punish them?' In Utopia, we are told, war is never entered on but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number, but to the fewness of the enemies whom he slays in gaining a victory. Criminals are generally punished with slavery, even for the greatest misdeeds, since servitude is no less terrible than death itself; and, by making slaves of malefactors, not only does the public get the benefit of their labour, but the continual sight of their misery is more effectual than their death to deter other men from crime. It is one of the oldest laws of the Utopians, that no man ought to be punished for his religion—'it being a fundamental opinion among them, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them; which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians.' Every man may endeavour to convert others to his views by the force of amicable and modest argument, without bitterness against those of other opinions; but whoever adds reproach and violence to persuasion, is to be condemned to banishment or slavery. Such tolerant views were extremely rare in the days of Sir Thomas More, and in later life were lamentably departed from by himself in practice; for, in persecuting the Protestants, he displayed a degree of intolerance and severity which were strangely at variance both with the opinions of his youth and the general mildness of his disposition.

Sheep-masters Decayers of Husbandry.

From translation of *Utopia* by Ralph Robinson, 1536.

Your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great deuowerers and so wyld, that they eate vp, and swallow downe, the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and deuoure whole felldes, howses, and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest wolle, there noblemen and gentlemen: yea, and certeyn abbotes, holy men no doubt, not contenting them selves with the yearlye reuenues and profytes, that were wont to grow to theyr forefathers and predecessours of their landes, nor beyng content that lue in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea much noyinge the weale publique: leave no ground for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures: thei throw doune houses: thei plucke doune townes, and leaue nothing standyng, but only the churche to be made a shepewouse. And as though you loste no small quantity of grounde by forestes, chases, laundes, and parkes, those good holy men turne all dwellinge places, and all glebeland, into desolation and wildernes. Therefore that one couetous and insatiable cormaraunte and very plage of his natyue contrey may compasse aboute and inclose many thousand akers of grounde

together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their oune, or els either by coneye and fraude, or by violent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so weryed, that they be compelled to sell all: by one meanes therfore or by other, either by hooke or crooke, they must needes departe awaye, poor selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wyues, fatherlesse children, widowes, wofull mothers, with their yonge babes, and their whole household smal in substance, and much in nombre, as husbandry requireth manye handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed houses, fyndyng no place to reste in. All their household stuffe, whiche is verye litle woorth, though it myght well abide the sale; yet beeyng sodainly thruste oute, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of nought. . . . They go aboute and worke not: whom no man wyl set a worke, though thei neuer so willyngly proffe themselves therto. For one shepheard or heardman is ynoughe to eate vp that grounde with cattel, to the occupying wherof aboute husbandrye many handes were requisite. And this is also the cause why victualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this, the price of wolle is so rysen, that poor folkes, which were wont to work it, and make cloth therof, be nowe hable to buye none at all.

The Utopian Idea of Pleasure.

From Bishop Burnet's translation of the *Utopia*.

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures. . . .

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions

that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

Character of Richard III.

Richarde, the thirde sonne of Richarde, Duke of York, in bodey and prowesse farre vnder them bothe; little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard faoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde. . . . None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposition was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sometime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parsonce, either of hardnesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboute hys power liberal, with large giftes hee get him vntedfaste frendshippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynance, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whome hee thoughte to kyl: dispitious and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambition, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew; he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixth, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knowlege of the king, whiche woulde vn-doubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

Letter to Lady More.

Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbours' had been burned down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbours, have been much admired. We have modernised the spelling.

Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's

pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good ensearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September [1528], by the hand of your loving husband,
THOMAS MORE, *Knicht*.

Act of Parliament in Favour of Husbandry.

The following Act, 25th of Henry VIII. (1533), illustrates what was said regarding husbandry by Sir Thomas More, and is a specimen of the English of the period.

Whereas divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practised, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture, and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns, and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the price which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvellous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger or cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this realm from the

occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects, it is hereby enacted, that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than two thousand sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII. and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be re-enacted and enforced.

JOHN FISHER.

FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (1459-1535), was chiefly distinguished by writings in Latin against the Lutheran doctrines. He was a steadfast adherent of the Church of Rome, and his name is tarnished with some severities, but we have the testimony of Erasmus that he possessed many of the best points of human character. He steadily refused translation to a more valuable bishopric, and he finally laid down his life, along with Sir Thomas More, in a conscientious adherence to the principle of the validity of the nuptials of Queen Katharine. While in the Tower the pope acknowledged his worth and consistency by the gift of a cardinal's hat, which drew from Henry the brutal remark: 'Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will; mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on!' The English writings of Bishop Fisher consist of sermons, and a few small religious tracts, printed in one volume at Würzburg in 1595. One of the sermons was a funeral one, preached in 1509, in honour of the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII.), whose chaplain he had been. In it he presents a remarkable portraiture of a pious lady of rank of that age, with a curious detail of the habits then thought essential to a religious gentlewoman. He praises her nobleness of person, manners, nature, and lineage, and adds some details of her daily life.

Habits of a Pious Lady of Rank in the Reign of Henry VII.

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers,¹ juicieries betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St Anthony, St Mary Magdalene, St Catharine, with other; and throweout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . . In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of our lady; then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that

¹ Second suppers. When supper took place at four or five o'clock, it was not uncommon, on festive occasions, to have a second served up at a later hour.

daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of our lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, though all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of our lady, which after the manner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same tho that were present at any time when she was houshilde,¹ which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!

SIR THOMAS ELYOT—BISHOP LATIMER.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT, an eminent physician of the reign of Henry VIII. by whom he was employed in several embassies, was the author of a popular professional work, entitled *The Castle of Health*, in which many sound precepts are delivered with respect to diet and regimen. Of his other productions, one, *The Governor*, is devoted chiefly to the subject of education. He recommends, as Montaigne and Locke subsequently did, that children be taught to speak Latin from their infancy; and he deprecates 'cruel and yrous, or irascible schoolmasters, by whom the wits of children be dulled, whereof we need no better author to witness than daily experience.' Mr Hallam observes, in reference to this passage, that 'all testimonies concur as to this savage ill-treatment of boys in the schools of that period. The fierceness of the Tudor government, the religious intolerance, the polemical brutality, the rigorous justice, when justice it was, of our laws, seem to have engendered a hardness of character, which displayed itself in severity of discipline, when it did not even reach the point of arbitrary or malignant cruelty.' Sir Thomas Elyot died in 1546.

HUGH LATIMER (*circa* 1485-1555) distinguished himself as a zealous reformer, not less than Sir Thomas More did on the opposite side. He was a native of Thurcaston, county of Leicester, was educated at Cambridge, entered the Church, but becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a celebrated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he boldly maintained in the pulpit the truth of the Protestant doctrines. His preaching at Cambridge gave great offence to the Catholic clergy, at whose instigation Cardinal Wolsey instituted a court of bishops and deacons to execute the laws against heretics. Before this court, Bilney and Latimer were summoned, when the recantation of the former, who was considered the principal man, caused both to be set at liberty. Bilney

¹ Received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and suffered martyrdom. This did not abate the boldness of Latimer, who continued to preach openly, and even wrote a letter to Henry VIII. remonstrating against the prohibition of the Bible in English. His letter, although it failed to produce the desired result, seems to have given no offence to Henry, who soon afterwards presented Latimer to a living in Wiltshire, and in 1535 appointed him bishop of Worcester. After the fall of Anne Boleyn, the passing in parliament of the six articles establishing the doctrines of popery, induced him to resign his bishopric (July 1539). During the latter part of Henry's reign, he suffered imprisonment; but being liberated after the accession of Edward VI. he became popular at court as a preacher, yet never could be prevailed on to resume his episcopal functions. In Mary's reign, when measures were taken for the restoration of popery, Latimer was summoned before the council, and, though allowed an opportunity of escape, readily obeyed the citation, exclaiming, as he passed through Smithfield: 'This place has long groaned for me.' After a close imprisonment of sixteen months at Oxford, Latimer was tried a second time. He was then old—above eighty—but he unhesitatingly refused to sign articles of subscription which were submitted to him, and suffered at the stake in 1555, exclaiming to his fellow-martyr, Bishop Ridley: 'Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' His sermons, a collection of which was published in 1570, are remarkable for a familiarity and drollery of style, which, though it would now be reckoned unsuitable for the pulpit, was highly popular in his own time, and produced a wonderful impression on his hearers. Cranmer and Latimer were instrumental in effecting a great improvement in the quality of clerical discourses, by substituting topics connected with moral duties for what was then the common subject-matter of sermons—namely, incredible and often ridiculous legendary tales of saints and martyrs, and accounts of miracles wrought for the confirmation of doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Latimer's Account of his Parentage.

From *Seven Sermons Preached before Edward VI.* 1549.

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onlye he had a farme of iiii. or iiiii. pound by yere at the vttermost, and here vpon he tilled so much as keppe halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did finde the king a harness, wyth hym selfe, and his horse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receyue the kynges wages. I can remembre, yat I buckled hys harness, when he went vnto Blacke heath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to haue preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my sisters, with v. pounce or xx. nobles a pece, so that he broughte them vp in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almshouse he gaue to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. When he that now hath it, paieth xvi. pound by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geue a cup of drincke to the pore. Thus all the enhansinge and rearing goth to your priuate commoditie and wealth. . . . In my tyme, my poore father was as diligent to

teach me to shote, as to learnye anye other thyng, and so I thinke other menne dyd theyr children. He taughte me how to drawe, how to laye my bodye in my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strenth of armes as other nacions do, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes boughte me accordyng to my age and strength as I increased in them, so my bowes were made bigger, and bigger, for men shal neuer shot well, excepte they be broughte vp in it. It is a goodly art, a holsome kynde of exercise, and much commended in phisike.

Germany made a Mingle-mangle of their Religion.

Germany was visited xx. yeares wyth Goddes word, but they dyd not earnestlye embrace it, and in lyfe folowe it, but made a myngle mangle and a hotchpotch of it.

I can not tell what, partely poperye, partely true religion mingeled together. They say in my contrye, when they cal theyr hogges to the swyne troughe, Come to thy myngle mangle, come pyr, come pyr, euen so they made mingle mangle of it.

They coulede clatter and prate of the Gospell, but when all commeth to al, they ioyned poperye so wyth it, that they marde all together, they scratched and scraped all the luynges of the church, and vnder a couloure of relygion turned it to theyr owne proper gayne and lucre. God, seynge that they woulde not come vnto hys worde, now he visiteth them in the seconde tyme of hys visitacion with his wrathe. For the takyng awaye of Goddes word is a manyfest token of hys wrauth. We haue now a fyrst visitacyon in England, let vs beware of the seconde. We haue the mynstracyon of hys worde, we are yet well, but the house is not cleane swepte yet.

In the following extracts we have modernised the spelling:

Bishop Latimer gives place to Robin Hood's Men.

I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word overnight into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was holyday's work. The church stood in my way, and I took my horse, and my company, and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, and when I came there the church-door was fast locked.

I tarried there half an hour and more; at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says: 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you, it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you let [hinder] them not.' I was fain then to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not, but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men! It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates.

Cause and Effect—Story of Goodwin Sands and Tenderden Steeple.

Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man

with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said: 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good master,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age.' 'Well, then,' quoth Master More, 'how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir,' quoth he, 'and I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven.' And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

The Devil the most Diligent Preacher.

From *Sermon on the Ploughers*, Jan. 1548-9.

I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censuring, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishings of stocks and stones: up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most Holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return,' which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-

Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin: God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

O that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! But here some man will say to me: What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true? Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter, which saith of him: 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' There never was such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day and every hour labourereth to sow cockle and darnel?

JOHN LELAND—GEORGE CAVENDISH.

The first English antiquarian writer was JOHN LELAND, who was born in London about 1506, and received his education at St Paul's school in his native city, at Cambridge and Oxford, completing it by a residence of considerable duration at Paris. Leland was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, and studied, what few then gave any attention to, the Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed sundry benefices upon him. Having a strong natural bent to antiquities, he obtained from the king a commission to inspect records, wherever placed, and, armed with this, he proceeded upon a tour of the whole kingdom. In six years he collected an immense mass of valuable papers, some of which he deposited in the king's library. Some are in Latin; but the most important work is in English, namely, his *Itinerary*—an account of his travels, and of the ancient remains which he visited, together with a catalogue of English writers. Leland died in London in 1552.

GEORGE CAVENDISH was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards employed in the same capacity by Henry VIII. To the former he was strongly attached, and after the prelate's fall, he continued to serve him faithfully till his death. Cavendish died about 1562, leaving in manuscript a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in which, while he admits the arrogant disposition of his old master, he highly extols his general character.* Mr S. W. Singer has printed, for the first time, *Metrical Visions* by Cavendish, concerning the fortunes and fall of some of the most eminent persons of his time. Respecting the *Life of Wolsey*, he observes: 'There is a sincere and impartial adherence to truth, a reality, in Cavendish's narrative, which bespeaks the confidence of his reader, and very much increases his pleasure. It is a work without pretension, but full of natural eloquence, devoid of the formality of a set rhetorical composition, unspoiled by the affectation of that *classical manner* in which all biography and history of old time was prescribed to be written, and which often divests such records of the attraction

* This work did not appear in print till 1641, when it was published under the title of *The Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey*; but as the chief object of sending it forth was to reconcile the nation to the death of Archbishop Laud, by drawing a parallel between the two prelates, the manuscript, before it went to the press, was greatly mutilated by abridgment and interpolation. A correct copy was, however, published in 1870 by Dr Wordsworth, in the first volume of his *Ecclesiastical Biography*; and it has since been reprinted separately in 1825, by Mr Samuel Weller Singer, along with a dissertation by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, proving the author to have been George Cavendish, and not his brother Sir William, as stated in the *Biographia Britannica*, and later publications.

to be found in the conversational style of Cavendish. . . . Our great poet has literally followed him in several passages of his *King Henry VIII.* merely putting his language into verse. Add to this the historical importance of the work, as the only sure and authentic source of information upon many of the most interesting events of that reign; and from which all historians have largely drawn (through the secondary medium of Holinshed and Stow, who adopted Cavendish's narrative), and its intrinsic value need not be more fully expressed.'

King Henry's Visits to Wolsey's House.

And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers,¹ and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. . . . Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and shewed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. . . . Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain: 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'shew them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding² him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal: 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he: 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that

much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates¹ there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons² desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

The Death of Wolsey (November 29, 1530).

Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston came to him, and bade him good-morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into his hands.' 'Not so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, you shall live and do very well, if you will be of good cheer.' 'Nay, in good sooth, Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in physic. . . . If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service; not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure. I pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him in my behalf, to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world and the progress of the same; and most especially in his weighty matter (meaning the matter between good Queen Katharine and him); and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him the space sometimes of three hours to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, I warn you, if it chance you hereafter to be of his privy council, as for your wisdom you are very meet, be well assured and advised what you put into his head, for you shall never put it out again.

'And say, furthermore, that I request his grace, on God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new sort of Lutherans, that it do not increase through his negligence, in such a sort, as he be at length compelled to put on harness upon his back to subdue them. . . . Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more say; but I wish, ere I die, all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words better.' And even with these words, he began to

¹ Short guns or cannon without carriages, chiefly used for festive occasions.

² Whispering.

¹ Persons of rank.

² Immediately.

draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail—his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion, and caused the yeoman of the guard to stand by secretly to see him die, and to be witness of his words at his departure, who heard all his said communication; and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then he gave up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he either knew or prophesied of his departure; yet before his departure, we sent for the abbot of the house to annoyle¹ him, who made all the speed he could, and came to his departure, and so said certain prayers before the breath was fully out of his body. Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of men exalted by fortune to dignities!

LORD BERNERS.

LORD BERNERS, another favourite of Henry VIII. under whom he was chancellor of the exchequer, and governor of Calais, is known chiefly as the author of a translation of the French chronicler, Froissart. His version of that fascinating narrative of contemporary events in England, France, Flanders, Scotland, and other countries,* was executed by the king's command, and appeared in 1523. It is an excellent sample of the English language of that period, being remarkable for the purity and nervousness of its style.† Lord Berners wrote also *The History of the Most Noble and Valiant Knight, Arthur of Little Britain*, and other works, translated from the French and Spanish; he was likewise the author of a book on *The Duties of the Inhabitants of Calais*. From his translation of Froissart (which was reprinted in 1812), we extract the following passages, modernising the spelling:

Battle of Cressy.

When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and [he] said to his marshals: 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis.' There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day, a six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a

fell cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said: 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

Edward IV. and the Countess of Salisbury.

As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracious words and countenance that she made. When she came to the king, she knelt down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle to make him cheer and honour, as she could right well do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady. He was stricken therewith to the heart with a spirit of fine love that endured long after. He thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand. The lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, she came to the king with a merry cheer (who was in a great study), and she said: 'Dear sir, why do you study so, for, your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to your grace to do so; rather, ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you; let other men study for the remnant.'

Then the king said: 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth, that sith I entered into the castle, there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall through; put it out of my heart I cannot.'

'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doughty and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the king of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you as ye have done divers times ere this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.'

'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lyeth at my heart that ye know not of, but surely your sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my heart that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.'

¹ To administer extreme unction.

* Froissart resided in England as secretary to the queen of Edward III. from 1361 to 1366, and again visited that country in 1395. On the former occasion, he paid a visit to Scotland, where he was entertained by the Earl of Douglas. His history, which extends from 1226 to 1400, is valued chiefly for the view which it gives of the manners of the times, and the state of the countries and their inhabitants.

† There is a translation of Froissart in modern English—the work of Thomas Johnes of Hafod (1748-1816); but that of Lord Berners is superior, not only in vigorous characteristic expression, but, what is more surprising, in correctness.

Then the lady said: 'Ah, right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord, my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and, as yet, lyeth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small prize and nothing the better thereby. I had never, as yet, had such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice, to be dismembered.'

Therewith the lady departed from the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said: 'Sir, if I please you to come into the hall; your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.'

Then the king went into the hall, and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little, he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be. Some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there and wist not what to do. Sometime he imagined that honour and truth defended him not to set his heart in such a case to dishonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him. On the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the morning he arose and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying: 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.'

'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'in God the father, glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts! Sir, I am, and ever shall be ready to do your grace service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the king departed all abashed.

BISHOP BALE.

JOHN BALE, bishop of Ossory, in Ireland (1495-1563), was the author of many tracts against popery, both in Latin and English; but his most celebrated production is a Latin *Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain*, extending, as the title expresses it, from Japhet, one of the sons of Noah, to the year 1557. Bale left also many curious metrical productions in the English language, including several dramatic pieces on sacred subjects. Among these are interludes on John the Baptist's preaching; on the childhood, temptation, passion, and resurrection of Christ; on the Lord's Supper, and washing the disciples' feet, &c. All these pieces were doubtless performed in a grave and devout spirit; for Bale himself mentions that the first of them—which may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany—and his tragedy of *God's Promises*, were acted by young men at the market-cross of Kilkenny upon a Sunday. In 1544, he published *A Breve Chronycele concernyng the Examinacyon and Death of the Blessed Martyr of Christ, Sir Johan Oldecastell the Lorde Cobham*, from which we extract the account of Cobham's death. He suffered in 1417, for supporting the doctrines of Wycliffe, and was the first martyr among the English nobility.

Death of Lord Cobham.

Upon the day appointed, he was brought out of the Tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very

cheerful countenance. Then was he laid upon a hurdle, as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into Saint Giles' Field, where as they had set up a new pair of gallows. As he was coming to the place of execution, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Then stood he up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the laws of God written in the Scriptures, and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ in their conversation and living, with many other special counsels. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God, so long as his life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hand of God, and so departed hence most Christenly, his body resolved into ashes.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

The Reformation led to the publication of three versions of the Bible, which were perhaps the most important scholastic efforts of the reign of Henry VIII. The first part of the Scriptures printed in an English form was the New Testament, of which a translation was published in 1526 by WILLIAM TYNDALE, born in Gloucestershire, about the year 1477, a clergyman of great piety, learning, and gentleness of disposition. In the course of his labours he endured such persecution, that, in 1523, he found it necessary to quit England, and retire into Germany. He there visited Luther, who encouraged him in his laborious and hazardous undertaking. Antwerp was the place where Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was first printed. It was speedily circulated, and eagerly perused in England, notwithstanding the severe persecution to which its possessors were exposed. Sir Thomas More distinguished himself as a most virulent opponent of Tyndale, against whom he published seven volumes of controversy, where such violent language as the following is employed: 'Our Saviour will say to Tyndale: Thou art accursed, Tyndale, the son of the devil; for neither flesh nor blood hath taught thee these heresies, but thine own father, the devil, that is in hell.' 'There should have been more burned by a great many than there have been within this seven year last past. The lack whereof, I fear me, will make more [be] burned within this seven year next coming, than else should have needed to have been burned in seven score. Ah, blasphemous beast, to whose roaring and lowing no good Christian man can without heaviness of heart give ear!' Tyndale translated also the first five books of the Old Testament, the publication of which was completed in 1530. Efforts were made by King Henry, Wolsey, and More to allure him back to England, where they hoped to destroy him; but he was too cautious to trust himself there. His friend, John Frith, who had assisted him in translating, was more credulous of their promises of safety, and returning to London, was apprehended and burned. Tyndale remained at Antwerp, till entrapped by an agent of Henry, who procured at Brussels a warrant to apprehend him for heresy. After some further proceedings, he was first strangled and then burned at Vilvoorden, near Antwerp, in September 1536, exclaiming at the stake: 'Lord, open the king of England's eyes!'

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is, on the whole, admirable both for style and accuracy; and indeed our present authorised version

has throughout very closely followed it. To use the words of Dr Geddes: 'It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it.' A beautiful edition of it was published in 1836, edited by Mr George Offor. The following are Tyndale's translations of the Magnificat and Lord's Prayer, in the spelling of the original edition:

The Magnificat and Lord's Prayer.

And Mary sayde: My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my savioureth.

For he hath loked on the povre degre off his honde mayden, Beholde nowe from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.

For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.

He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.

He hath filled the hongry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israhel.

Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen.

Part of St Matthew's Gospel, Chapter VIII.

When Jesus was come downe from the mountayne, moch people folowed him. And lo, there cam a lepre, and worshaped him saynge, Master, if thou wylt, thou canst make me clene. He putt forth his hond and touched him saynge: I will, be clene, and immediatly his leprosy was clensed. And Jesus said vnto him, Se thou tell no man, but go and shewe thysilf to the preste, and offer the gyfte that Moses commaunded to be offred, in witnes to them. When Jesus was entred in to Capernaum, there cam vnto him a certayne centurion, besechyng him, And saynge: Master, my servaunt lyeth sicke att home off the palsy, and is greuously payned. And Jesus said vnto him, I will come and cure him. The centurion answered and saide: Syr I am not worthy that thou shuldest com vnder the rofe of my housse, but speake the worde only and my servaunt shalbe healed. For y also my selfe am a man vndre power, and have sowdeeris vndre me, and y saye to one, go, and he goeth: and to another, come, and he cometh: and to my servaunt, do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus herde these saynges: he marveyled, and said to them that folowed him: Verely y say vnto you, I have not founde so great fayth: no, not in Israell. I say therfore vnto you, that many shall come from the east and weest, and shall rest with Abraham, Ysaac and Jacob, in the kyngdom of heven: And the children of the kingdom shalbe cast out in to the vtmoost dercknes, there shalbe wepinge and gnassing of tethe. Then Jesus said vnto the centurion, Go thy waye, and as thou hast believed so be it vnto the. And his servaunt was healed that same houre.

MILES COVERDALE.

In translating the Pentateuch, Tyndale was assisted by MILES COVERDALE (1485-1565), who, in 1535, published the first English translation of the whole Scriptures, with this title: *Biblia, the Bible; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and newly translated out of the Doutche and Latyn into English.* Coverdale was made bishop of Exeter in 1551, but retired to the continent during the reign of Mary. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he returned to England, and remained there till his death. His translation of the Bible has been reprinted in London. The extent of its variation from that of Tyndale will appear by contrasting the following verse (Gen. xxix. 32), as rendered by each translator:

Tyndale's Version.

When the Lorde sawe that Lea was despised, he made her frutefull, but Rahel was baren. And Lea conceived and bare a sonne and called his name Ruben, for she sayde: the Lorde hath looked upon my tribulation. And now my husbonde will love me.

Coverdale's Version.

But when the Lorde sawe that Lea was nothinge regarded, he made her frutefull and Rachel barren. And Lea conceived and bare a sonne whom she called Ruben, and sayde: the Lorde hath loked upon mine adversitie. Now wylly my husbunde love me.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

These translations were followed, in 1537, by the version known as *Mathew's Bible*, so called from the name of the printer, which was superintended by the martyr Rogers; and in 1539 by *Cranmer's Bible*, which was revised by collation with the original Hebrew and Greek. The dissemination of so many copies of the sacred volume, where neither the Bible nor any considerable number of other books had formerly been in use, produced very remarkable effects. The versions first used, having been formed in some measure from the Latin translation, called the *Vulgate*, contained many words from that language, which had hardly before been considered as English; such as perdition, consolation, reconciliation, sanctification, immortality, frustrate, inexcusable, transfigure, and many others requisite for the expression of compound and abstract ideas, which had never occurred to our Saxon ancestors, and therefore were not represented by any terms in that language. These words, in the course of time, became part of ordinary discourse, and thus the language was enriched. In the *Book of Common Prayer*, compiled in the subsequent reign of Edward VI. and which affords many beautiful specimens of the English of that time, the efforts of the learned to make such words familiar are perceptible in many places; where a Latin term is often given with a Saxon word of the same, or nearly the same meaning following it, as 'humble and lowly,' 'assemble and meet together.' Another effect proceeded from the freedom with which the people were allowed to judge of the doctrines, and canvass the text, of the sacred writings. The keen interest with which they now perused the Bible, hitherto a closed book to the most of them, is

allowed to have given the first impulse to the practice of reading in both parts of the island, and to have been one of the causes of the flourishing literary era which followed.

SIR JOHN CHEKE.

SIR JOHN CHEKE (1514-1557) was professor of Greek at Cambridge, and one of the preceptors of the prince, afterwards Edward VI. He is chiefly distinguished for his exertions in introducing the study of the Greek language and literature into England. Having dictated to his pupils a certain mode of pronouncing Greek words, he was violently assailed on that account by Bishop Gardiner, then chancellor of the university; but, notwithstanding the fulminations of this severe prelate, the system of Cheke prevailed, and still prevails. At his death, which was supposed to be occasioned by remorse for recanting Protestantism under the terror of the Marian persecution, he left several works in manuscript, amongst which was a translation of Matthew's Gospel, intended to exemplify a plan which he had conceived of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots. He also contemplated a reform in the spelling of English, an idea which has occurred to several learned men, but seems to be amongst the most hopeless ever entertained by the learned. The only original work of Cheke in English is a pamphlet, published in 1549, under the title of *The Hurt of Sedition, how Grievous it is to a Commonwealth*, being designed to admonish the people who had risen under Ket the tanner. Of this, a specimen is subjoined :

Remonstrance with Levellers.

Ye pretend to a commonwealth. How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous tanned¹ commonwealth. Why should ye hate them for their riches, or for their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand as ye do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords, whose tenants ye be. Is this your true duty—in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance—to leave your duties, go back from your promises, fall from your faith, and, contrary to law and truth, to make unlawful assemblies, ungodly companies, wicked and detestable camps, to disobey your betters, and to obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a king to a Ket, to submit yourselves to traitors, and break your faith to your true king and lords? . . .

If riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair² another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike rich? That is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth. If there should be such equality, then ye take all hope away from yours, to come to any better estate than you now leave them. And as many mean

men's children come honestly up, and are great succour to all their stock, so should none be hereafter holpen by you. But because you seek equality, whereby all cannot be rich, ye would that belike, whereby every man should be poor. And think beside, that riches and inheritance be God's providence, and given to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good.

SIR THOMAS WILSON.

THOMAS WILSON, originally a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and who rose to be Dean of Durham, and to various high state employments under Elizabeth, published, in 1553, a *System of Rhetoric and of Logic*, in which the principles of eloquence and composition are laid down with considerable ability. He strongly advocates, in this treatise, simplicity of language, condemning those who 'powdered their talk with over-seas language.' So great and dangerous an innovation were his doctrines considered, that, happening to visit Rome, he was imprisoned as a heretic. Amongst other false styles censured by Wilson is that of alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example: 'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.' Wilson died in 1581.

Simplicity of Style Recommended.

Among other lessons, this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English. Some far journeyed gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will ponder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is, as if an oration that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlers. The auditor, in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *sise sould, et cater denere*, for 6s. and 4d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wise men, and poetical clerks, will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.

ROGER ASCHAM.

A still more distinguished instructive writer of this age was ROGER ASCHAM, university orator at Cambridge, at one time preceptor, and ultimately

¹ Alluding to the profession of the ringleader.² Impair.

Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He must be considered as the first writer on education in our language, and it is remarkable that many of his views on this subject accord with the most enlightened of modern times. His writings themselves furnished an improved example of style, and they abound in sound sense and excellent instructions. We are the more called on to admire them, when we reflect on the tendency of learned men in that age to waste their talents and acquirements on profitless controversy—which was so strong a passion, that whenever Sir John Cheke was temporarily absent from Cambridge, his associates immediately forsook the elegant studies to which he had tempted them, and fell into disputes on points of theology and metaphysics. Ascham was born in 1515 at Kirby Wiske, a village near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroop. Through the patronage of Sir Antony Wingfield, he was entered of St John's College, Cambridge, and he was afterwards Professor of Greek in the university. In 1545, he had a grant of a pension of £10, which was continued to him by Edward VI. whom he taught to write. He was afterwards sent out as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V.; and on his way to London had an interview with Lady Jane Grey, which he thus describes :

Interview with Lady Jane Grey.

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: 'I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas I good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

Ascham died on the 30th December 1568, and Queen Elizabeth said she would rather have lost £10,000 than her tutor Ascham. The principal work of this learned teacher, *The Schoolmaster*, printed by his widow in 1570, contains, besides the good general views of education above alluded to, what Johnson has acknowledged to be 'perhaps the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages.' It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. Another work, entitled *Toxophilus*, published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art of Archery, designed to promote an elegant and useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English than what was generally practised. Ascham also wrote a Discourse on the affairs of Germany, where he had spent three years in attendance on the English ambassador during the reign of Edward VI. We subjoin an extract from *Toxophilus*, the first paragraph in the original spelling :

Study should be relieved by Amusement.

Philologus. How moche in this matter is to be giuen to ye auctoritie either of Aristotle or Tullie, I can not tel, seeing sad men may wel ynough speke merily for a merie matter, this I am sure, whiche thing this faire wheat (God save it!) maketh me remembre yat those husbandmen which rise erliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their diner and other drinckings broughte into the field to them, for feare of losing of time, haue fatter barnes in haruest than they which will either slepe at none time of the daye, or els make merie with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholer yat purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to repe and enioy much fruite of learning, must tyll and sowe thereafter. Our beste seede tyme, which be scholers, as it is verie tymelye, and whan we be yonge; so it endureth not overlonge, and therefore it maye not be let slippe one houre, oure grounde is verie harde, and full of wedes, our horse wherewith we be drawn very wyld, as Plato sayth. And infinite other mo lettes [hindrances] whiche will make a thritifc scholer take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.

Toxophilus. That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat upon, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faul. So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and ceasing from their book, or else they mar themselves, when base and dumphish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and

trim, both for pleasure and profit; the other is a lugge slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner; and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown; and as for my lugge, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet [Ovid] saith:

What thing wants quiet and merry rest, endures but a small while.

Occupations should be chosen suitable to the Natural Faculties.

If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorance in men, which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfitted for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man now-a-days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lipping, stuttering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, or wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put off times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness, to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of,

or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riffraff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, Know thyself: that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.

Two Scottish authors may be noted. Barbour and Wynton had shewn the use of the northern language in literature, and it had become common in correspondence. The Earl of Dunbar, writing to the king of England (Henry IV.), excuses himself for preferring it to either Latin or French—the language of business and the language of the English court.* It was, however, more than a century after this period ere we had any prose work in the Scottish vernacular.

JOHN BELLENDEN.

JOHN BELLENDEN, archdean of Moray, was a favourite of James V. of Scotland, and one of the lords of session in the reign of Queen Mary. Besides writing a topography of Scotland, epistles to James V. and some poems, he translated, by the king's command, Hector Boece's History of Scotland, and the first five books of Livy. The translation of Boece was published in 1536, and constitutes the earliest existing specimen of Scottish literary prose. The first original work in that language was one entitled *The Complaynt of Scotland*, which was published at St Andrews in 1548, by an unknown author, and consists of a meditation on the distracted state of the kingdom. The difference between the language of these works and that employed by the English writers of the preceding century is not great. Bellenden's translation of Boece is rather a free one, and additions

* 'And, noble prince, mervaille yhe nocht that I wryte my lretres in English, for that ys mare clere to myne understanding than Latyne or Fraunch. Excellent, mychty, and noble prince, the Haly Trinity hafe you evmar in kepnyng. Wrytten at my castell of Dunbarr, the 18th day of Feverer [1400].' See *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, by Professor Cosmo Innes.

are sometimes made by the translator. Another translation, published by Holinshed, an English chronicler, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the source from which Shakspeare derived the historical materials of his tragedy of *Macbeth*. An extract from Bellenden's version, in the original spelling, is here subjoined :

Part of the Story of Macbeth.

Nocht lang eftir, hapnit ane uncouth and wonderfull thing, be quhilk followit, sone, ane gret alteration in the realm. Be aventure, Makbeth and Banquo wer passand to Fores, quhair King Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre women, clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit, be the pepill, to be weird sisteris. The first of thaim said to Makbeth: 'Hale, Thane of Glamis!' the second said: 'Hale, Thane of Cawder!' and the third said: 'Hale, King of Scotland!' Than said Banquo: 'Quhat wemen be ye, sa unmercifull to me, and sa favorable to my companyeon? For ye gaif to him nocht onlie landis and gret rentis, bot gret lordschippis and kingdomes; and gevis me nocht.' To this answerit the first of thir weird sisteris: 'We schaw more felicitie apparing to thee than to him; for thought he hapnit to be ane king, his empire sall end unhappellie, and nane of his blude sall eftir him succed; be contrar, thow sall never be king, bot of the sal cum mony kingis, quhilkis, with lang progressioun, sall reiose the croun of Scotland.' Als sone as thir wourdis wer said, thay suddanlie evanist out of sicht. This prophete and divinatioun was haldin mony dayis in derision to Banquo and Makbeth. For sum time, Banquo wald call Makbeth, King of Scottis, for derisioun; and he, on the samin maner, wald call Banquo the fader of mony kingis. Yit, becaus al thingis succedit as thir wemen devinit, the pepill traistit and jugit thaim to be weird sisteris. Not lang eftir, it hapnit that the Thane of Cawder was disherist and forfaltit of his landis, for certane crimes of lese majeste; and his landis wer gevin be King Duncane to Makbeth. It hapnit in the next nicht, that Banquo and Makbeth wer sportand togidder at thair supper. Than said Banquo: 'Thow hes gottin all that the first two weird sisteris hecht. Restis nocht bot the croun, quhilk was hecht be the thrid sister.' Makbeth, revolving all thingis as thay wer said be thir weird sisteris, began to covat the croun; and yit he concludit to abide quhil he saw the time ganand thairto, fermelie beleving that the thrid weird suld cum, as the first two did afore.

In the mene time, King Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cumbir, to signify that he suld regne eftir him. Quhilk was gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird, promittit afore to him be thir weird sisteris. Nochtelies, he thocht, gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist richt to the croun, becaus he wes nerest of blud thairto, he tenour of the auld lawis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, 'Quhen young children wer unabil to govern the croun, the nerrest of thair blude sall regne.' Als, the respons of thir weird sisteris put him in beleaf, that the thrid weird suld cum als weill as the first two. Attour, his wife, impacient of lang tary, as al wemen ar, specially quhare thay ar desirus of ony purpos, gaif him gret artation to persew the thrid weird, that scho micht be ane quene; calland him, oft timis, febil cownt, and nocht desirus of honouris; sen he durst not assailie the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to him be benivolence of fortun; howbeit sindry othereis hes assailieit sic thingis afore, with maist terribil jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had.

Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his freindis to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane hapnit to be for the time. And becaus he fand sufficient oportunitie, be support of Banquo

and othereis his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the vii yeir of his regne. His body was buryit in Elgin, and eftir tane up and brocht to Colnekill, quhare it remainis yit, among the sepulturis of uthir kingis; fra our redemption, MXLVI yeris.

The *Complaynt of Scotland* is a rare work. It was published at St Andrews in 1548 or 1549, and seems to have been formed on the plan of the *Decameron*. A party of shepherds sing songs or tell tales, after which they join in a dance: 'evyrie ald scheiphird led his vyfe be the hand, and evyrie yong scheiphird led hyr quhome he lufit best.' The names of the songs and dances are given, but the greater part of the former is now lost or unknown. The author of the *Complaynt* is also unknown, and it has been variously ascribed to Sir James Inglis, abbot of Culross (a poet mentioned by Sir David Lyndsay, but whose works have almost entirely perished); to one of the Wedderburns of Dundee; and to Sir David Lyndsay himself. The last of these conjectures seems improbable. Dr Leyden edited the *Complaynt* (1801), and added an introduction and a glossary. The orthography of the work is very irregular and uncouth.

Extract from the Complaynt of Scotland.

There eftir I heard the rumour of rammasche¹ foulis and of beystis that made grite beir,² quhilk past beside burnis and boggis on green bankis to seek their sustenation. Their brutal sound did redond to the high skyis, quhil the deep hou cauernis of cleuchis³ and rotche craggis ansuert vitht ane high note of that samyn sound as thay beystis hed blauen. It aperit be presumyng and presuposing, that blaberand Echo had been hid in ane hou hole, cryand hyr half ansueir, quhen Narcissus rycht sorry socht for his saruandis, quhen he was in ane forrest, far fra ony folkis, and there efter for love of Echo he drounit in ane drau vel. Non to tyn treuth of the beystis that made sic beir, and of the dyn that the foulis did, ther syndry soundis hed nothir temperance nor tune. For fyrst furth on the fresche fieldis the molt maid noyis vitht moony loud lou. Baytht horse and meyris did fast nee, and the folis neckyr. The bullis began to bullir, quhen the schein began to blait, because the calfs began till mo, quhen the doggis berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne quhen thair herd the asse rair, quhilk gart the hennis kekyl quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to peu quhen the gled quhissillit. The fox followit the fed geise and gart them cry claik. The gayslingis cryit quhilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quaik. The ropeen of the raunyis gart the cras crope. The huddit crauis cryit varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, because the gray goul mau pronosticat ane storme. The turtill began for to greit, quhen the cuschet zoulit. The titlene followit the goilk,⁴ and gart hyr sing guk guk. The dou croutit hyr sad sang that soundit lyik sorrow. Robean and the litil oran var hamely in vyntir. The jargolyne of the sallou gart the jay angl,⁵ than the meveis maid myrtht, for to mok the merle. The laverok maid melody up hie in the skyis. The nychtungal al the nycht sang sueit notis. The tuechitis⁶ cryit theuis nek, quhen the piettis clatrit. The garruling of the stirlene gart the sparrow cheip. The lynthquit sang counterpoint quhen the oszil zelpit. The grene serene sang sueit, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank⁷ cryit my fut my fut, and the oxe⁸ cryit tueit. The herrons gaif ane vuyld skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis⁹ for flevitnes fle far fra hame.

¹ Singing (Fr. *ramage*).

² Hollow ravines or deep glens.

³ Jangle.

⁴ The cuckoo.

⁵ The fieldfare.

⁶ The *tu-wit*, lapwing.

⁷ The small hedge-sparrow.

⁸ Or *birr*, noise.

⁹ The fieldfare.

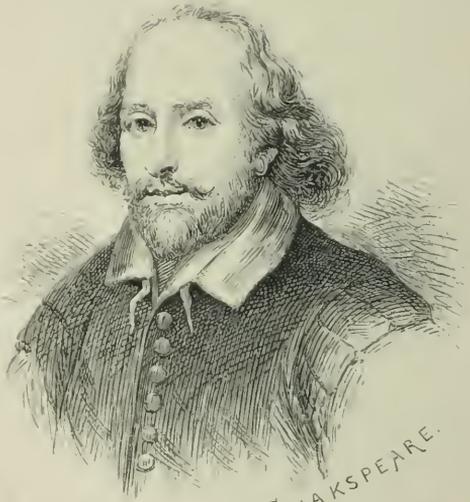
¹⁰ Curlew.



BEN JONSON.



GEORGE BUCHANAN.



WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



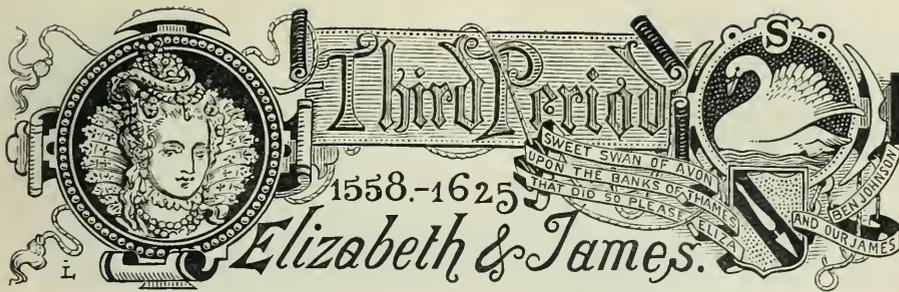
LORD BACON.



EDMUND SPENSER.

S.P. P. 41

C. J. Roberts sc



THE most brilliant period in the history of English literature is the latter portion of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of her successor, James. A variety of causes operated in awakening and expanding the national intellect. The invention of printing; the study of classical literature; the freedom with which, since the Reformation, questions of theology and belief were discussed; the general substitution of the philosophy of Plato for that of Aristotle; the number of translations from French and Italian literature; and the dissemination of the Scriptures in the English language, may be considered as aiding powerfully in the universal development. The policy of Elizabeth was an English policy. From the first, she abjured foreign ties and adopted the Protestant interest. Her first act was to order the liturgy to be read in English. A sentiment of chivalry pervaded the land—'high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' as defined by Sir Philip Sidney, himself a mirror of courtesy and chivalrous honour; and this feeling was elevated by the splendour of a female court, and the interest attaching to a maiden queen. There was also the spirit of mercantile enterprise and adventurous curiosity, which had been excited by the discovery, in the previous century, of America and the West Indies. Our seamen had ceased to feel alarm for what the poet calls 'the stormy spirit of the Cape;' the passage by the Cape of Good Hope had become a highway; the East India Company was chartered and enfranchised; Drake and Cavendish had circumnavigated the globe; Hawkins had sailed to Brazil and Guinea; the tall ships of London and Bristol were seen in all seas. Voyages of discovery were resorted to as one of the most fashionable and honourable occupations of the active young nobles and gentry of the day. A passion for travelling to foreign countries, and witnessing the marvellous sights believed to abound in those far-off islands of the sun, ran even to extravagance. The period, altogether, was one of action; of earnest, resolute, fearless men. If danger were to be encountered, there were willing hearts and hands; if a new land was to be explored, there were men ready to encounter the trials and fatigue; if gold was to be had, no enterprise was so hazardous as to deter men from the search; if even a tournament or masque were to be performed, it was got up on a scale of splendour and magnificence. The drama became a great intellectual arena, in which literary genius put forth its highest powers. In that age there might be avarice, cupidity, cruelty in war, and plotting in peace; but there was no

weakness in its public men. In action and in study, it was an age of giants.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some poetical names of importance precede that of Spenser. The first is THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1527-1608), ultimately Earl of Dorset and Lord High-treasurer of England, and who will again come before us in the character of a dramatic writer. Before he was so actively engaged in public life, Sackville is said to have planned, towards the end of the reign of Queen Mary, the design of the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, a work that was to consist of a series of legends derived from English history. All the most illustrious persons in our annals who had experienced reverses of fortune were to pass in review before the reader, each telling his own story, as a warning or mirror to statesmen and rulers. The first edition of the work was published in 1559, the authors being Richard Baldwin and George Ferrers. A second edition appeared in 1563, and to this Sackville contributed his *Induction* and *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*. The *Mirroure* was afterwards continued by Phayer, Higgins, Churchyard, and other writers; but wanting the genius of Sackville, it fell into oblivion, and the only part worthy of preservation was the *Induction* and *Complaint* of the original noble author of the design. The *Induction* is a remarkable poem for the age in which it was produced; it not only forms a link, as Mr Hallam remarks, 'which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the *Faery Queen*;' but its portraits of gloom and sorrow exhibit a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters scarcely inferior to Spenser.

Allegorical Characters from the Mirroure for Magistrates.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent¹
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

¹ Never stopped.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there ;
Benumbed of speech ; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair ;
'Stoined¹ and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire ;
Devising means how she may vengeance take ;
Never in rest, till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had shewed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met ;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas ! upon the woful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight :

His face was lean, and some-deal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one ;
With staff in hand, and serip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast :

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare ;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed ; his bed, the hard cold ground ;
To this poor life was misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,²
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briars ;
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin :

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun ;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath :

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part ;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be ;
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Cræsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old Age we found :
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life :

'There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste ;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseeke !

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As Eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit ;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it :
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought :

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched Age should like desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain :

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four ;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
His scalp all pill'd,¹ and he with eid forelore,
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door ;
Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath ;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed :
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone ;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone ;
Her breath corrupt ; her keepers every one
Abhorring her ; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see !
We turned our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see :
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died ;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas ! was gnawen every where,
All full of holes ; that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made :

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay :
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw ;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law ;
Gnawing, alas ! her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo ! suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might ;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthrilling it, to leave her of her breath :

¹ Astonished.² Companions.¹ Pilled or peeled, stripped bare.

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power :

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me ;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardie ;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued :
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued ;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all :

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed :
His face forehewed with wounds ; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

Henry, Duke of Buckingham, in the Infernal Regions.

The description of the Duke of Buckingham—the Buckingham, it must be recollected, of *Richard III.*—has been much admired, as an impersonation of extreme wretchedness.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn ;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat ;
His hair all torn, about the place it lay :
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away :
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay :
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice ;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise ;
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Some pleasing amatory verses—exhibiting a remarkable polish for the time in which they were written, if the date be correct—by JOHN HARRINGTON (1534–1582) have been published in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. This poet was imprisoned in the Tower by Queen Mary, for holding correspondence with Elizabeth ; and the latter, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. He must have been a man of taste and refined feelings, as the following specimen of his poetry will suffice to shew :

Sonnet made on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her Fair, as she stood at the Princess's Window, in goodly Attire, and talked to Divers in the Court-yard.
1564.

Whence comes my love? O heart, disclose ;
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :
Whence comes my woe? as freely own ;
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips, befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire ;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain ;
O Venus, take thy gifts again !
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that 's like your own.

ARTHUR BROOKE.

In 1562 was published *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, the work from which Shakspeare chiefly took the story of his drama. Though professedly a translation from the Italian of Bandello, this poem by Arthur Brooke is a free paraphrase, remarkable for its easy versification and profusion of imagery. Nothing is known of its author excepting that he died by shipwreck, while passing to Newhaven, in or before the year 1563.

Friar Lawrence.

This barefoot friar girt with cord his grayish weed,
For he of Francis order was, a friar as I read ;
Not as the most was he a gross unlearned fool,
But doctor of divinity proceeded he in school.
The secrets eke he knew in nature's works that lurk ;
By magic's art most men supposed that he could wonders work.

Nor doth it ill beseem divines those skills to know,
If on no harmful deed they do such skillfulness bestow ;
For justly of no art can men condemn the use,
But right and reason's lore cry out against the lewd abuse.

The bounty of the friar and wisdom hath so won
The townsfolk's hearts that well-nigh all to Friar
Lawrence run,
To shrive themselves—the old, the young, the great and small,
Of all he is beloved well and honoured much of all.

Love of Romeus and Juliet.

Oh, how we can persuade ourself to what we like,
And how we can dissuade our mind, if ought our mind
mislike !

Weak arguments are strong our fancies straight to frame
To pleasing things, and eke to shun if we mislike the same.

The maid had scarcely yet ended the weary war
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every
shining star

Had paid his borrowed light, and Phoebus spread in skies
His golden rays, which seemed to say, ' Now time it is
to rise.'

And Romeus had by this forsaken his weary bed,
Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his
head.

And while, with lingering step, by Juliet's house he passed,
And upwards to her windows high his greedy eyes did
cast ;

His love that looked for him there gan he straight espy ;
With pleasant cheer each greeted is ; she followeth with
her eye

His parting steps, and he oft looketh back again,
But not so oft as he desires—warily he doth refrain.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-soured not the sweet—if love were free from jealousy !

Impatient of her woe, she happed to lean one night
Within her window, and anon the moon did shine so
bright,

That she espied her love : her heart, revived, sprang,
And now for joy she claps her hands which erst for woe
she wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he saw his long desired sight,
His morning cloak of moan cast off, hath clad him with
delight.

Yet dare I say of both that she rejoiced more ;
His care was great—hers twice as great was all the time
before !

Shakspeare found the outline of his character
of Mercutio—so marvellously wrought up by the
dramatic poet—and also that of the garrulous old
nurse, in Brooke's poem. The following lines from
the passage between Romeus and the nurse are
characteristic :

Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone ;
To get her leave, some feat excuse I will devise anon ;
For that her golden locks by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for, unwares, some wanton dream the youthful damsel
dreamt,

Or for in thoughts of love her idle time she spent,
Or otherwise within her heart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay ;
I warrant you she shall not fail to come on Saturday.
And then she swears to him, the mother loves her well ;
And how she gave her suck in youth she leaveth not to
tell.

A pretty babe, quod she, it was when it was young ;
Lord, how it could full prettily have prated with its
tongue !

A thousand times and more I laid her on my lap, &c.

A prose version of *Romeo and Juliet* was printed
in 1567 in *The Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of
tales, of which a previous volume had appeared in
1565, the editor of which was WILLIAM PAYNTER,
clerk of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth shortly
after she came to the throne. Paynter's novel is
greatly inferior to Brooke's poem.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, son of Sir John Gascoigne
of Essex (*circa* 1535-1577), is celebrated as one of
the earliest contributors to the English drama,
and one of our first satirists. Among the poets of
the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, he deserves to
rank next to Lord Buckhurst. Gascoigne's life
was full of adventure. He first studied law at
Gray's Inn, but was disinherited by his father for
his prodigality. He then set out for Holland, and
served gallantly under the Prince of Orange.
Being, however, on one occasion surprised by the
Spanish army, he was taken prisoner, and detained
four months. At the expiration of his confine-
ment, he returned to England, and settled at
Walthamstow, where he collected and published
his poems. He experienced a share of royal

favour, for he accompanied the Queen to Kenil-
worth, and supplied part of the poetical and scenic
entertainment at Dudley's magnificent seat, and
also at Woodstock. Three of Gascoigne's works
are given in the valuable series of reprints by
Edward Arber (1868)—namely : *Certaine Notes of
Instruction in English Verse*, 1575 ; *The Steele
Glass*, 1576 ; and *The Complaynt of Philomene*,
1576. The most important of these is the *Steele
Glass*, the first experiment in English satire in
blank verse :

That age is dead, and vanished long ago,
Which thought that steel both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foil of contraries,
But shewed all things, even as they were indeed.
Instead whereof, our curious years can find
The crystal glass, which glimpseth brave and bright,
And shews the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foils, of sundry subtle sights,
So that they seem and covet not to be.

The Country Gentlemen and Squires.

The gentleman which might in country keep
A plenteous board, and feed the fatherless
With pig and goose, with mutton, beef, and veal—
Yea, now and then a capon and a chick—
Will break up house and dwell in market-towns
A loitering life, and like an epicure.
But who meanwhile defends the commonwealth ?
Who rules the flock when shepherds are so fled ?
Who stays the staff which should uphold the state ?
Forsooth, good sir, the lawyer leapeth in—
Nay, rather leaps both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the roast—but few men rule by right.
O knights, O squires, O gentle bloods y-born,
You were not born only for yourselves :
Your country claims some part of all your pains ;
There should you live, and therein should you toil,
To hold up right, and banish cruel wrong ;
To help the poor, and bridle back the rich,
To punish vice, and virtue to advance—
To see God served, and Beelzebub suppressed.
You should not trust lieutenants in your room,
And let them sway the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you meanwhile know scarcely what is done,
Nor yet can yield account if you were called.

Satire on the Court Ladies.

Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angels' face and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps yet forward feet to fraud.
Behold, behold, they never stand content,
With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their hair with sundry subtle sleights,
But paint and slick till fairest face be foul,
But bombast, bolster, frizzle, and perfume :
They mar with musk the balm which nature made,
And dig for death in delicatest dishes.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines—yea, farms and all !
What should these be ? Speak you, my lovely lord.
They be not men, for why, they have no beards ;
They be no boys which wear such sidelong gowns ;
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss ;
They be no devils, I trow, that seem so saintish.
What be they ? Women masking in men's weeds—

With Dutchkin doublets, and with jerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs and ruffles fet out of France,
With high-copt hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt—
They, to be sure, seem even *two* to *men*, indeed !

Gascoigne has a long poem in the *ottava rima* measure, extending to 207 stanzas, in which he describes scenes in the Dutch war, mixed up with his own quaint moral reflections and egotistic revelations. He is seldom wanting in sense or spirit, and uses both rhyme and blank verse with greater freedom and mastery than most of his predecessors. Some of his shorter poems are lively and graceful.

The Arraignment of a Lover.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
'George,' quoth the judge, 'hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraigned of flattery ;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide ?'

'My lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were ;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try be guiltless by mine oath.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause ;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws ;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.'

Then *Craft* the crier called a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere ;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear ;
The jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said : 'I should be trussed.'

Jealous the jailer bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill ;
'George,' quoth the judge, 'now thou are cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hanged all but the head ;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead !'

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried : 'Good lady, pardon me !
Who here appeal unto your grace ;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

'And though this judge doth make such haste,
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good ;
So shall you shew yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'Well ; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be ;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than justice here hath judged thee ;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life ?'

'Yea, madam,' quoth I, 'that I shall ;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties.'
'Why, then,' quoth she, 'come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.'
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586) takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. His poetry has been neglected on account of the generally cold and affected style in which he wrote. It has been justly remarked, that, 'if he had looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been excellent.' Yet in some pieces he has fortunately failed in extinguishing the natural sentiment which inspired him. The following are among the most poetical and graceful of his sonnets :

Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour lies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass :
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon ! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;
O make in me those civil wars to cease :
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear !
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear ;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine :
And fain those *Ceol's* youth there would their stay
Have made ; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out : 'O fair disgrace !
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place !'

EDMUND SPENSER.

Pope said, 'it is easy to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden are the great landmarks for it.' We can now add Cowper and Wordsworth; but in Pope's generation, the list he has given was accurate and complete. Spenser was a native of London, and has recorded the circumstance in his poetry:

Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame.—*Prothalamion*.

He was born at East Smithfield, near the Tower, about the year 1553. The rank of his parents, or the degree of his affinity with the ancient house of Spenser, is not known. Gibbon says truly that the noble family of Spenser should consider the *Faery Queen* as the most precious jewel in their coronet.

The family to which the poet's father belonged has been ascertained as one settled at Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, where it flourished till 1690. The poet was entered a sizar (one of the humblest class of students) of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in May 1569, and continued to attend college for seven years, taking his degree of M.A. in June 1576. While Spenser was at Pembroke, Gabriel Harvey, the future astrologer, was at Christ's College, and an intimacy was formed between them, which lasted during the poet's life. Harvey was learned and pedantic, full of assumption and conceit, and in his 'Venetian velvet and pantofles of pride,' formed a peculiarly happy subject for the satire of Nash, who assailed him with every species of coarse and contemptuous ridicule. Harvey, however, was of service to Spenser. The latter, on retiring from the university, lived with some friends in the north of England. Harvey induced the poet to repair to London, and there he introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, 'one of the very diamonds of her majesty's court.' In 1579, the poet published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, dedicated to Sidney, who afterwards patronised him, and recommended him to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. The *Shepherd's Calendar* is a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month, but without strict *keeping* as to natural description or rustic character, and deformed by a number of obsolete uncouth phrases (the Chaucerisms of Spenser, as Dryden designated them), yet containing traces of a superior original genius. The fable of the Oak and Brier is finely told; and in verses like the following, we see the germs of that tuneful harmony and pensive reflection in which Spenser excelled:

You naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower:
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

All so my lustful life is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

These lines form part of the first eclogue, in which the shepherd-boy (Colin Clout) laments the issue of his love for a 'country lass,' named Rosalind—a happy female name, which Thomas Lodge, and, following him, Shakspeare, subsequently connected with love and poetry. Spenser is here supposed to have depicted a real passion of his own for a lady in the north, who at last preferred a rival, though, as Gabriel Harvey says, 'the gentle Mistress Rosalind' once reported the rejected suitor 'to have all the intelligences at command, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso.' Spenser makes his shepherds discourse of polemics as well as love, and they draw characters of good and bad pastors, and institute comparisons between Popery and Protestantism. Some allusions to Archbishop Grindal (Algrind in the poem) and Bishop Aylmer are said to have given offence to Lord Burleigh; but the patronage of Leicester and Essex must have made Burleigh look with distaste on the new poet. For ten years we hear little of Spenser. He is found corresponding with Harvey on a literary innovation contemplated by that learned person, and even by Sir Philip Sidney: this was no less than banishing rhymes, and introducing the Latin prosody into English verse. Spenser seems to have assented to it, 'fondly overcome with *Sidney's* charm;' he suspended the *Faery Queen*, which he had then begun, and tried English hexameters, forgetting, to use the witty words of Nash, that 'the hexameter, though a gentleman of an ancient house, was not likely to thrive in this clime of ours, the soil being too craggy for him to set his plough in.' Fortunately, he did not persevere in the conceit; he could not have gained over his contemporaries to it—for there were then too many poets, and too much real poetry in the land—and if he had made the attempt, Shakspeare would soon have blown the whole away. As a dependent on Leicester, and a suitor for court-favour, Spenser is supposed to have experienced many reverses. The following lines in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, though not printed till 1581, seem to belong to this period of his life:

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!

Strong feeling has here banished all antique and affected expression: there is no fancy in this gloomy painting. It appears that Spenser was sometimes employed in inferior state-missions—a task then often devolved on poets and dramatists. At length an important appointment came. Lord Grey of Wilton was sent to Ireland as lord-deputy, and Spenser accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. They remained there two years, when the deputy was recalled, and the poet also returned to England. In June 1586, Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously, for his military services in Ireland, obtained

12,000 acres. The poet was obliged to reside on his estate, as this was one of the conditions of the grant; and he accordingly repaired to Ireland, and took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraue, which had been one of the ancient strongholds or appanages of the Earls of Desmond. The poet's castle stood in the midst of a large plain, by the side of a lake; the river Mulla ran through his grounds, and a chain of mountains at a distance seemed to bulwark in the romantic retreat. Here he wrote most of the *Faery Queen*, and received the visits of Raleigh, whom he fancifully styled 'the Shepherd of the Ocean;' and here he brought home his wife, the 'Elizabeth' of his sonnets, welcoming her with that noble strain of pure and fervent passion which he has styled the *Epithalamium*, and which forms the most magnificent 'spousal verse' in the language. Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin—its towers almost level with the ground; but the spot must ever be dear to the lovers of genius. Raleigh's visit was made in 1589, and according to the figurative language of Spenser, the two illustrious friends, while reading the manuscript of the *Faery Queen*, sat

Amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.

We may conceive the transports of delight with which Raleigh perused or listened to those strains of chivalry and gorgeous description, which revealed to him a land still brighter than any he had seen in his distant wanderings, or could have been present even to his romantic imagination! The guest warmly approved of his friend's poem; and he persuaded Spenser, when he had completed the first three books, to accompany him to England, and arrange for their publication. The *Faery Queen* appeared in January 1589-90, dedicated to her majesty, in that strain of adulation which was then the fashion of the age. To the volume was appended a letter to Raleigh, explaining the nature of the work, which the author said was 'a continued allegory, or dark conceit.' He states his object to be to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline, and that he had chosen Prince Arthur for his hero. He conceives that prince to have beheld the Faery Queen in a dream, and been so enamoured of the vision, that, on awaking, he resolved to set forth and seek her in Faery Land. The poet further 'devises' that the Faery Queen shall keep her annual feast twelve days, twelve several adventures happening in that time, and each of them being undertaken by a knight. The adventures were also to express the same number of moral virtues. The first is that of the Redcross Knight, expressing Holiness; the second, Sir Guyon, or Temperance; and the third, Britomartis, 'a lady knight,' representing Chastity. There was thus a blending of chivalry and religion in the design of the *Faery Queen*. Spenser had imbibed—probably from Sidney—a portion of the Platonic doctrine, which afterwards overflowed in Milton's *Comus*, and he looked on chivalry as a sage and serious thing.* Besides his personification of the abstract virtues, the poet made his allegorical personages and their adventures represent historical

characters and events. The queen Gloriana and the huntress Belphebe are both symbolical of Queen Elizabeth; the adventures of the Redcross Knight shadow forth the history of the Church of England; the distressed knight is Henri IV.; and Envy is intended to glance at the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The stanza of Spenser is the Italian *ottava rima*, now familiar in English poetry; but he added an Alexandrine, or long line, which gives a full and sweeping close to the verse. The poet's diction is rich and abundant. He introduced, however, a number of obsolete expressions, 'new grafts of old and withered words,' for which he was censured by his contemporaries and their successors, and in which he was certainly not copied by Shakspeare. His 'Gothic subject and story' had probably, as Campbell conjectures, 'made him lean towards words of the olden time,' and his antiquated expression, as the same critic finely remarks, 'is beautiful in its antiquity, and, like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.' The *Faery Queen* was enthusiastically received. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, considering how well it was adapted to the court and times of the Virgin Queen, where gallantry and chivalry were so strangely mingled with the religious gravity and earnestness induced by the Reformation, and considering the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the poem. The first few stanzas, descriptive of Una, were of themselves sufficient to place Spenser above the whole hundred poets that then offered incense to Elizabeth.

The queen settled a pension of £50 per annum on Spenser, and he returned to Ireland. His smaller poems were next published: *The Tears of the Muses*, *Mother Hubbard*, &c. in 1591; *Daphnaida*, 1592; and *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium* (relating his courtship and marriage) in 1595. His *Elegy of Astrophiel*, on the death of the lamented Sidney, appeared about this time. In 1596, Spenser was again in London to publish the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Faery Queen*. These contain the legend of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship; Artegal, or Justice; and Sir Caledore, or Courtesy. The double allegory is continued in these cantos as in the previous ones: Artegal is the poet's friend and patron, Lord Grey; and various historical events are related in the knight's adventures. Half of the original design was thus finished; six of the

not unlike Ovid's description of the creation of man; the soul just severed from the sky, retains part of its heavenly power:

And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for herself.

But he speculates further:

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser afterwards wrote two religious hymns, to counteract the effect of those on love and beauty, but though he spiritualises his passion, he does not abandon his early belief, that the fairest body incloses the fairest mind. He still says:

For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

The Grecian philosophy was curiously united with puritanism in both Spenser and Milton. Our poet took the fable of his great poem from the style of the Gothic romance, but the deep sense of beauty which pervades it is of classical origin, elevated and purified by strong religious feeling.

* The Platonism of Spenser is more clearly seen in his hymns on *Love* and *Beauty*, which are among the most passionate and exquisite of his productions. His account of the spirit of love is

twelve adventures and moral virtues were produced; but unfortunately the world saw only some fragments more of the work. It has been said that the remaining half was lost through the 'disorder and abuse' of a servant sent forward with it to England. This is highly improbable. Spenser, who came to London himself with each of the former portions, would not have ventured the largest part with a careless servant. But he had not time to complete his poetical and moral gallery. There was an interval of six years between his two publications, and he lived only three years after the second. During that period, too, Ireland was convulsed with rebellion. The English settlers, or 'undertakers,' of the crown-lands were unpopular with the conquered natives of Ireland. They were often harsh and oppressive; and even Spenser is accused, on the authority of existing legal documents, of having sought unjustly to add to his possessions. He was also in office over the Irish (clerk of the council of Munster); he had been recommended by the queen (1598) for the office of sheriff of Cork; and he was a strenuous advocate for arbitrary power, as is proved by a political treatise on the state of Ireland, written by him in 1596 for the government of Elizabeth, but not printed till the reign of Charles I. The poet was, therefore, a conspicuous object for the fury of the irritated and barbarous natives, with whom 'revenge was virtue.' The storm soon burst forth. In October 1598, an insurrection was organised in Munster, following Tyrone's rebellion, which had raged for some years in the province of Ulster. The insurgents attacked Kilcolman, and having robbed and plundered, set fire to the castle. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet ('new-born,' according to Ben Jonson) was left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, impoverished and broken-hearted, reached London, and died in about three months, in King Street, Westminster, on Saturday the 13th January 1599. He was buried near the tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Essex defraying the expense of the funeral, and his hearse attended—as Camden relates—by his brother-poets, who threw 'mournful elegies' into his grave. A monument was erected over his remains, thirty years afterwards, by Anne, Countess of Dorset. His widow, the fair Elizabeth, whose bridal bower at Kilcolman he had decked with such 'gay garlands' of song, returned to Ireland, and married a second time. The poet left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. A son of the latter, Hugolin Spenser, was restored to the Irish estate by Charles II.; he afterwards lost it by adhering to the cause of James II.; but, through the interest of Halifax, it was, about the year 1700, restored to another descendant, William Spenser.

Spenser is the most luxuriant and melodious of all our descriptive poets. His creation of scenes and objects is infinite, and in free and sonorous versification he has not yet been surpassed. His 'lofty rhyme' has a swell and cadence, and a continuous sweetness, that we can find nowhere else. In richness of fancy and invention, he can scarcely be ranked below Shakspeare, and he is fully as original. His obligations to the Italian poets (Ariosto supplying a wild Gothic and chivalrous model for the *Fairy Queen*, and Tasso furnishing

the texture of some of its most delicious embellishments) still leave him the merit of his great moral design—the conception of his allegorical characters—his exuberance of language and illustration—and that original structure of verse, powerful and harmonious, which he was the first to adopt, and which must ever bear his name. His faults arose out of the fulness of his riches. His inexhaustible powers of circumstantial description betrayed him into a tedious minuteness, which sometimes, in the delineation of his personified passions, becomes repulsive, and in the painting of natural objects led him to group together trees and plants, and assemble sounds and instruments, which were never seen or heard in unison out of Faery Land. The ingenuity and subtlety of his intellect tempted him to sow dark meanings and obscure allusions across the bright and obvious path of his allegory. This peculiarity of his genius was early displayed in his *Shepherd's Calendar*; and if Burleigh's displeasure could have cured the poet of the habit, the statesman might be half forgiven his illiberality. His command of musical language led him to protract his narrative to too great a length, till the attention becomes exhausted, even with its very melody, and indifference succeeds to languor. Had Spenser lived to finish his poem, it is doubtful whether he would not have diminished the number of his readers. His own fancy had evidently begun to give way, for the last three books have not the same richness of design, or plenitude of imagination, which fills the earlier cantos with so many interesting, lofty, and ethereal conceptions, and steepes them in such a flood of ideal and poetical beauty. The first two books (of Holiness and Temperance) are like the first two of *Paradise Lost*, works of consummate taste and genius, and superior to all the others. We agree with Mr Hazlitt, that the allegory of Spenser is in reality no bar to the enjoyment of the poem. The reader may safely disregard the symbolical applications. We may allow the poet, like his own Archimago, to divide his characters into 'double parts,' while one only is visible at a time. While we see Una, with her heavenly looks, that

Made a sunshine in the shady place,

or Belphœbe flying through the woods, or Britomartis seated amidst the young warriors, we need not stop to recollect that the first is designed to represent the true church, the second Queen Elizabeth, or the third an abstract personification of Chastity. They are exquisite representations of female loveliness and truth, unmatched save in the dramas of Shakspeare. The allegory of Spenser leaves his wild enchantments, his picturesque situations, his shady groves and lofty trees—

Not pierceable by power of any star—

his Masque of Cupid, and Bower of Bliss, and all the witcheries of his gardens and wildernesses, without the slightest ambiguity or indistinctness. There is no haze over his finest pictures. We seem to walk in the green alleys of his broad forests, to hear the stream tinkle and the fountain fall, to enter his caves of Mammon and Despair, to gaze on his knights and ladies, or to join in his fierce combats and crowded allegorical processions. There is no perplexity, no intercepted

lights, in those fine images and personifications. They may be sometimes fantastic, but they are always brilliant and distinct. When Spenser fails to interest, it is when our coarser taste becomes palled with his sweetness, and when we feel that his scenes want the support of common probability and human passions. We surrender ourselves up for a time to the power of the enchanter, and witness with wonder and delight his marvellous achievements; but we wish to return again to the world, and to mingle with our fellow-mortals in its busy and passionate pursuits. It is here that Shakspeare eclipses Spenser; here that he builds upon his beautiful groundwork of fancy—the high and durable structure of conscious dramatic truth and living reality. Spenser's mind was as purely poetical, and embraced a vast range of imaginary creation. The interest of real life alone is wanting. Spenser's is an ideal world, remote and abstract, yet affording, in its multiplied scenes, scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connection with human nature. The romantic character of his poetry is its most essential and permanent feature. We may tire of his allegory and 'dark conceit,' but the general impression remains; we never think of the *Faery Queen* without recalling its wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty, and feeling ourselves lulled, as it were, by the recollected music of the poet's verse, and the endless flow and profusion of his fancy.

Una and the Redcross Knight.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdain to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead—as living ever—him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave—
That greatest glorious queen of Faery lond—
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far
compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The buidler oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shewn,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Farthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

Adventure of Una with the Lion.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pressed with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die. . . .

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,

To seek her knight; who, subtly betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she of nought afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortune'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred!'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

The Bower of Bliss.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentifully abound,
And none does others' happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees unshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most agrace,
The art which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought—so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine—
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
While others did embay themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue:
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed might offend. . . .

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be:
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agreed.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine responsiveness meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chant this lovely lay:
'Ah see, whose fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day!
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may!
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away!'

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower

Of many a lady, and many a paramour ;
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower :
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.'

In the foregoing extracts from the *Faery Queen*, we have, for the sake of perspicuity, modernised the spelling, without changing a word of the original. The following two highly poetical descriptions are given in the poet's orthography :

The House of Sleep.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw, his ever drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes ; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard ; but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

Description of Belphabe.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholders sight :
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;
For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed :
All good and honour might therein be red ;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honey, she did shed ;
And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgarden and amorous retrate ;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace !

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight ;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lily white,
Purfled upon wich many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aygulets.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow, and quiver gay
Stuff with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps ; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signfide.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered :
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

Fable of the Oak and the Brier.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed ;
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rime,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament :
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wanted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
'Why stands there,' quoth he, 'thou brutish
block ?

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock ;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spred,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen ?
Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round :
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth :
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth :
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answered the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was over-crawed.

It chanced after upon a day,
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom to surviev his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round :

Him when the spiteful Briere he espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:
'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
And like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.'

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bade the Briere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)
His coloured crime with craft to eloke.

'Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide,
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Naught ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.'

To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure
That the good man would stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand—
Alas! that it so ready should stand!—
And to the field alone he speedeth—
Aye little help to harm there needeth—
Anger would let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often cros't with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seemed to
shake;

There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,

Puffed up with pride and vain pleasure;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burnd him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down, is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
For scorning eld.

From the Epithalamium.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phoebus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks,¹ like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store ;
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded. . . .
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mazelof head.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will ;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
 That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces :
 Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whiles, with hollow throats,
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

¹ It is remarkable, as Warton observes, that all Spenser's females, both in the *Fairy Queen* and in his other poems, are described with *yellow hair*. This was perhaps in compliment to the queen, or to his fair Elizabeth, the object of this exquisite bridal-song.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
 Like crimson dyed in grain ;
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band ?
 Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL is remarkable as a victim of the persecuting laws of the period. He was born in 1560, at St Faiths, Norfolk, of Roman Catholic parents, who sent him, when very young, to be educated at the English college at Douay, in Flanders, and from thence to Rome, where, at sixteen years of age, he entered the society of the Jesuits. In 1584, he returned to his native country as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession found in England with death. For eight years he appears to have ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed ; but, in 1592, he was apprehended at Uxenden, in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower. An imprisonment of three years, with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he entreated to be brought to trial. Cecil is said to have made the brutal remark, that 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Being at this trial found guilty, upon his own confession, of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn accordingly (February 21, 1595), with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's poetical works were edited by W. B. Turnbull, 1856. The prevailing tone of his poetry is that of religious resignation. His short pieces are the best.

His two longest productions, *St Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*, were written in prison. After experiencing great popularity in their own time, insomuch that eleven editions were printed between 1593 and 1600, the poems of Southwell fell, like other productions of the minor poets, into neglect. Some of his conceits are poetical in conception—for example :

He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

* It appears from the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts (1874), that there exists in Lancashire an account-book containing interesting notices of Spenser. One Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn, left certain sums to provide gowns for thirty-two poor scholars of the principal London schools, and at the head of the Merchant Taylors' poor boys is the name of Edmund Spenser. Other entries in Mr Nowell's book shew that, on going to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Spenser received 10s., and afterwards 6s. and 2s. 6d. The Merchant Taylors' Company may well be proud of their 'poor scholar.'

And

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

The Image of Death.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find ;
But yet, alas ! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been ;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must ;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.'
But yet, alas ! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die !

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well ;
But yet, alas ! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die !

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat ;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat ;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone ?
No, no ; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart ;
If rich and poor his beck obey ;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way :
Then grant me grace, O God ! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

The Burning Babe.

Ben Jonson, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, said Southwell 'had so written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he (Jonson) would have been content to destroy many of his.'

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright,
Did in the air appear ;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
Which with his tears were bred.
'Alas !' quoth he, 'but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire, but I ;
My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel, wounding thorns ;

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shames and scorns ;
The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls :
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

Times go by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

WILLIAM WARNER.

A rhyming history entitled *Albion's England*, was published in 1586, by WILLIAM WARNER (1558-1609), an attorney of the Common Pleas. It was admired in its own day, and is said to have supplanted in popularity the *Mirror for Magistrates*. The poem is written in the long fourteen-syllable verse, but is tedious and monotonous. A few lines will shew the style of the poem :

The Life of a Shepherd.

Then choose a shepherd ; with the sun he doth his flock
unfold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold :
And with the sun doth fold again : then jogging home
betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry
rhyme ;
Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell, whilst that the bowl
doth trot :
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow
cares,
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or wasting of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirs on land, or crack of credit lost,
Nor spending franklier than his flock shall still defray
the cost.
Well wot I, sooth they say, that say, more quiet nights
and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he
doth graze.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL, son of a music-master, was born in 1562, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of poetry and history; at the end of three years, he quitted the university, without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr Campbell calls 'voluntary laureate' to the court, but he was soon superseded by Ben Jonson. In the reign of James, he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also preferred to be a gentleman-extraordinary and groom of the chamber to Queen Anne. He lived in a garden-house in Old Street, St Luke's, where, according to Fuller, he would 'lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr Cowell and Mr Camden were principal.' Daniel is said also to have shared the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. His character was irreprouchable, and his society appears to have been much courted. 'Daniel,' says Coleridge, in a letter to Charles Lamb, 'caught and re-communicated the spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the north; he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him. Gravely sober on all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any, yet there is one on which his blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy.' Coleridge seems to have felt a great admiration for the works and character of Daniel, and to have lost no opportunity of expressing it. Towards the close of his life, the poet retired to a farm he had at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died October 14, 1619.

The works of Daniel fill two considerable volumes. They include sonnets, epistles, masques, and dramas; but his principal production is a *History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, published in 1604. *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning*, is another elaborate and thoughtful work by Daniel. His tragedies and masks fail in dramatic interest, and his epistles are perhaps the most pleasing and popular of his works. His style is remarkably pure, clear, and flowing, but wants animation. He has been called the 'well-languaged Daniel;' and certainly the copiousness, ease, and smoothness of his language distinguish him from his contemporaries. He is quite modern in style. In taste and moral feeling he was also pre-eminent. Mr Hallam thinks Daniel wanted only greater confidence in his own power; but he was deficient in fire and energy. His thoughtful, equable verse flows on unintermittingly, and never offends; but it becomes tedious and uninteresting from its sameness, and the absence of what may be called salient points. His quiet graces and vein of moral reflection are, however, well worthy of study. His *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland* is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right 't appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Richard II. the Morning before his Murder in Pontefract Castle.

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Tossed here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

'O happy man,' saith he, 'that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields !
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life : that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

'Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none :
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall ;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

'Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see ;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be :
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.'

Early Love.

Ah, I remember well—and how can I
But evermore remember well—when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt ; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look : and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge ; ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness !
Yet still would give me flowers, still would shew
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Sonnets.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile ;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither ;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise :
Pity and smiles do best become the fair ;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth ;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow ;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Ulysses and the Syren.

SYREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me ;
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these :
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth ;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, oh, be not deceived
With that unreal name :
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil !

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport :
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy ;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seeks the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil ;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day ;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please ;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease :
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That 's out of custom bred ;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best :

To purge the mischiefs, that increase
And all good order mar :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well changed for war.

SVREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here ;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won :
For beauty hath created been
T' undo or be undone.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, born, it is supposed, at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563, at the age of ten was made page to a person of quality—a situation which was not at that time thought too humble for the sons of gentlemen. He is said, upon dubious authority, to have been for some time a student at Oxford. It is certain that, in early life, he was highly esteemed and strongly patronised by several persons of consequence, particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aston, and the Countess of Bedford : to the first he was indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending him to the countess ; the second supported him for several years. In 1593, Drayton published a collection of his pastorals, and in 1598 gave to the world his more elaborate poems of *The Barons' Wars* and *England's Heroical Epistles*. On the accession of James I. in 1603, Drayton acted as esquire to Sir Walter Aston, in the ceremony of his installation as a Knight of the Bath. The poet expected some patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the *Polyolbion*, in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical description of England, in thirty songs or books.

The *Polyolbion* is a work entirely unlike any other in English poetry, both in its subject and in the manner of its composition. It is full of topographical and antiquarian details, with innumerable allusions to remarkable events and persons, as connected with various localities ; yet such is the genius of the author, so happily does he idealise almost everything he touches, and so lively is the flow of his verse, that we do not readily tire in perusing his vast mass of information. He seems to have followed Spenser in his personification of natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and woods. The information contained in the *Polyolbion* is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood.

In 1627, Drayton published a volume containing *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Court of Faerie*, and other poems. Three years later appeared another volume, entitled *The Muses' Elysium*, from which it appears that he had found a final shelter in the family of the Earl of Dorset. On his death in 1631, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, containing an inscription in letters of gold, was raised to his memory by the wife of that nobleman, the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, subsequently Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Morning in Warwickshire—Description of a Stag-hunt.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing :
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are percht, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight ;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The thristle, with shrill sharps ; as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun ; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill ;
The ouzel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be :
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May ;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle¹ doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that nature—by her all-constraining law—
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night—
The more to use their ears—their voices sure would
spare,

That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.

To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer ;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.
The yellow pate ; which though she hurt the blooming
tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill—some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves—
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful
herds,

Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns ; both sorts of seasoned deer :
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there :
The bucks and lusty stags, amongst the rascals strewed,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the beasts which we for our veneral² name,
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game :
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport—
Yet might have well beseemed the ancients' nobler
songs—

To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs :
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid ;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid :
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow, great huntress, used to
rove

At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce ;
And following thy fleet game, chase mighty forest's
queen,

With thy dishevelled nymphs attired in youthful green,

¹ Of all birds, only the blackbird whistlet.

² Of hunting, or chase.

About the lawns hast scoured, and wastes both far and near,

Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries here; Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red, The stag for goodly shape, and statelyness of head, Is fit't to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds, Where harboured is the hart; there often from his feed The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed, The huntsman by his slot,¹ or breaking earth, perceives, Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the graves, Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear

The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair, He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,

As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive. And through the cumbrous thicks, as fearfully he makes, He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes, That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep; When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep, That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place: And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.

Rechating² with his horn, which then the hunter cheers, Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palmed head upbears, His body shewing state, with unbent knees upright, Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight, But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives, That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves: And o'er the champain flies; which when th' assembly find,

Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind. But being them imbost, the noble stately deer, When he hath gotten ground—the kennel cast arrear— Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil; That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil, And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wooled sheep,

Them fighting from the guard of those who had their keep.

But when as all his shifts his safety still denies, Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries; Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand,

T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand, The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hollo: When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;

Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength, His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length, The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way To anything he meets now at his sad decay.

The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near, This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear, Some bank or quick-set finds; to which his haunch opposed,

He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed. The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay, And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay, With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds, He desperately assails; until oppress by force, He who the mourner is to his own dying corse, Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears let fall³ To forests that belongs.

Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood.

From the Twenty-eighth Song of the *Polyolbion*.

Amongst the neighbouring nymphs there was no other lays,

But those which seemed to sound of Charnwood, and her praise:

¹ The track of the foot.

² One of the measures in winding the horn.

³ The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdaind—

As one that had both long, and worthily maintained The title of the greatest and bravest of her kind— To fall so far below one wretchedly confined Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compared: Wherefore she, as a nymph that neither feared nor cared For ought to her might chance, by others' love or hate, With resolution armed against the power of fate, All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing That lusty Robin Hood,¹ who long time like a king Within her compass lived, and when he list to range For some rich booty set, or else his air to change, To Sherwood still retired, his only standing court, Whose praise the Forest thus doth pleasantly report: 'The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell, And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell, When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid, How he hath cozened them, that him would have betrayed;

How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised, And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.

In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one, But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John; And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done, Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son, Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade. An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood, Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good, All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue, His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew, When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill

The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill: Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast, To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast, A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span, Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man: All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;

They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long. Of archery they had the very perfect craft, With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft, At marks full forty score, they used to prick, and rove, Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove; Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win: At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:

Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather, With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather; And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile, The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile. And of these archers brave, there was not any one But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon, Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood, Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.

Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree. From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store, What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor:

No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way, To him before he went, but for his pass must pay: The widow in distress he graciously relieved, And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved: He from the husband's bed no married woman wan, But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came, Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game: Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair, With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there

¹ Robin Hood is first mentioned in English literature in *Piers Plowman*, about 1362. Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, refers to him about 1420. Nothing authentic is known of the popular hero. 'He was dear,' says Mr Furnivall, one of the editors of the Percy folio MS. 'to the English imagination as the representative of the forest life—the joyous tenant of the greenwood, the spirit not to be cribbed and cabined in towns and cities.'

Amongst the forests wild ; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

Coleridge points out an instance of sublimity in Drayton—a strongly figurative passage respecting the cutting down of the old English forests :

Our trees so hacked above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries
crowned,
Their trunks, like aged folks, now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to Heaven each held a withered hand.

The Queen of the Fairies visiting Pigwiggan.

From Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

Her chariot ready straight is made ;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,

For nought must be her letting ;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel ;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning ;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly ;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce ;
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it ;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted ;
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
Her special maids of honour ;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them :
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow ;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

The above is evidently copied from Mercutio's description in *Romeo and Juliet*.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

The celebrated translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem* by EDWARD FAIRFAX was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, who was proud of patronising learning, but not

very lavish in its support. The first edition of Fairfax's *Tasso* is dated 1600 ; the second, 1624. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version have been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked him with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller said he derived from him the harmony of his numbers. The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fuystone, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on *Demonology* (not printed until 1859), and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was 'neither a fantastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist.' He also wrote a series of Eclogues, one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's *Muses' Library*, but it is puerile and absurd. Fairfax was living in 1631 ; the time of his death has not been recorded.

Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold :
Her hair—that done—she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces rolled ;
Her curls in garland-wise she did up-dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train ;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain :
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain ;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear ;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret ;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embraces, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measure meet ;
Then, at an easy fire, attempered were ;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

Rinaldo at Mount Olivet and the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark ; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought : how many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high !
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fixed and wand'ring stars the azure sky :
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneeled down with reverence and fear ;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent ;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—

'The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all.'

Thus prayed he ; with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green :
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen ;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream :
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam ;
And so returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired ;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required :
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired ;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he passed, and in the grove before,
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was ;
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sighed the winds, as through the leaves they pass ;
There sang the swan, and singing died, alas !
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent ;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood :

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found ;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled :
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye
made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

The first translator of Ariosto into English was SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth, and also godson of the queen. He was the son of John Harrington, the poet already noticed. Sir John wrote a collection of epigrams, and a *Brief View of the Church*, in which he rebroadcasts the marriage of bishops. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1561 ; died 1612. The translation from Ariosto is poor and prosaic, but some of his epigrams are pointed.

Of Treason.

Treason doth never prosper : what 's the reason ?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Of Fortune.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest ;
But what care I ? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Of a Precise Tailor.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance ;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian :
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation ;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly ;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but 'truly ;'
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest ;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff ;
His man, espying it, said in derision :
'Master, remember how you saw the vision !'
'Peace, knave !' quoth he ; 'I did not see one rag
Of such a coloured silk in all the flag.'

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE, as a poet, claims to be noticed here. The incidents of his life will be related in the account of the dramatists. With the exception of the *Faery Queen*, there are no poems of the reign of Elizabeth equal to those productions to which the great dramatist affixed his name. In 1593, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year, appeared his *Venus and Adonis*, and in the following year his *Rape of Lucrece*, both dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. 'I know not,' says the modest poet, in his first dedication, 'how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden ; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear [till] so barren a land.' The allusion to 'idle hours' seems to point to the author's profession of an actor, in which capacity

he had probably attracted the attention of the Earl of Southampton; but it is not so easy to understand how the *Venus and Adonis* was the 'first heir of his invention,' unless we believe that it had been written in early life, or that his dramatic labours had then been confined to the adaptation of old plays, not the writing of new ones, for the stage. There is a tradition, that the Earl of Southampton on one occasion presented Shakspeare with £1000, to complete a purchase which he wished to make. The gift was munificent, but the sum has assuredly been exaggerated. The *Venus and Adonis* is a glowing and essentially dramatic version of the well-known mythological story, full of fine descriptive passages, but objectionable on the score of licentiousness. Warton has shewn that it gave offence, at the time of its publication, on account of the excessive warmth of its colouring. The *Rape of Lucrece* is less animated, and is perhaps an inferior poem, though, from the boldness of its figurative expressions, and its tone of dignified pathos and reflection, it is more like the hasty sketch of a great poet. The first of Shakspeare's classical poems was the most popular. A second edition was published in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602. The *Lucrece* only reached a second edition in four years (1598), and a third in 1600.

The sonnets of Shakspeare were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller and publisher of the day, who prefixed to the volume the following enigmatical dedication: 'To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T.' The sonnets are 154 in number. They are, with the exception of twenty-eight, addressed to some male object, whom the poet addresses in a style of affection, love, and idolatry, remarkable, even in the reign of Elizabeth, for its extravagant and enthusiastic character. Though printed continuously, it is obvious that the sonnets were written at different times, with long intervals between the dates of composition; and we know that, previous to 1598, Shakspeare had tried this species of composition, for Meres in that year alludes to his 'sugared sonnets among his private friends.' We almost wish, with Mr Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him—as modest, virtuous, self-confiding, and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a married female—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare, and still more that he should record it in verse which he believed would descend to future ages:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Some of the sonnets may be written in a feigned character, and merely dramatic in expression; but in others, the poet alludes to his profession

of an actor, and all bear the impress of strong passion and deep sincerity. A feeling of premature age seems to have crept on Shakspeare:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black Night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

He laments his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.' The 'W. H.' alluded to by Thorpe has been conjectured to be William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who, as appears from the dedication of the folio of 1623, was one of Shakspeare's patrons. This conjecture has received the assent of Mr Hallam and others. Another theory is, that Henry Wriothesley (or H. W. the initials being reversed) was the object of Shakspeare's idolatry.

The composition of these mysterious productions evinces Shakspeare's great facility in versification of a difficult order, and they display more intense feeling and passion than either of his classical poems. They have the conceits and quaint turns of expression then common, particularly in the sonnet; but they rise to far higher flights of genuine poetry than will be found in any other poet of the day, and they contain many traces of Shakspeare's philosophical and reflective spirit.

The Horse of Adonis.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base¹ he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

Venus's Prophecy after the Death of Adonis.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;

¹ To bid the wind a base—that is, to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed: base—*brison-base*, or *brison-bars*, was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low :
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while ;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just :
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire :
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

Selections from Shakspeare's Sonnets.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,

Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
E'en to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,¹ 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

¹ Vinegar.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Iath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Selections from Shakspeare's Songs.

From As You Like It.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude !
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot !
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho ! &c.

At the end of Love's Labour's Lost.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo !
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

In Much Ado about Nothing.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny ;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

In Cymbeline.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave !

From As You Like It.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1570-1626), an English barrister, at one time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, was the author of a long philosophical poem, *On the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof*, supposed to have been written in 1598, and one of the earliest poems of that kind in our language. Davies is a profound thinker and close reasoner: 'in the happier parts of his poem,' says Campbell, 'we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by Davenant and Dryden. In another production, entitled *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers*, he is much more fanciful. He there represents Penelope as declining to dance with Antinous, and the latter as proceeding to lecture her upon the antiquity of that elegant exercise, the merits of which he describes in verses partaking, as has been justly remarked, of the flexibility and grace of the subject. The following is one of the most imaginative passages :

The Dancing of the Air.

And now behold your tender nurse, the Air,
 And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
 How many pictures and impressions fair
 Within her empty regions are there found,
 Which to your senses dancing do propound ;
 For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
 But dancings of the air in sundry kinds ?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
 Now in, now out, in time and measure true ;
 And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
 That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
 With thousand forms she doth herself endue :
 For all the words that from your lips repair,
 Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
 That dances to all voices she can hear :
 There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
 Nor any time wherein she will forbear
 The airy pavement with her feet to wear :
 And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
 For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
 The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
 Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
 The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
 With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can
 teach,
 That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
 Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet
 pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
 Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
 But in the air's translucent gallery ?
 Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
 While with those maskers wantonly she plays :
 Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
 As two at once encumber not the place.

Afterwards, the poet alludes to the tidal influence

of the moon, and the passage is highly poetical in expression :

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand :
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed star :
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before ;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

The poem on dancing is said to have been written in fifteen days. It was published in 1596. The *Nosce Teipsum*, or Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, was first published in 1599, and four other editions appeared in the author's lifetime—namely, in 1602, 1608, 1619, and 1622. This work gained the favour of James I. who made Davies successively solicitor-general and attorney-general for Ireland. He was also a judge of assize, and was knighted by the king in 1607. The first Reports of Law Cases published in Ireland were made by this able and accomplished man, and his preface to the volume is considered 'the best that was ever prefixed to a law-book.'

Reasons for the Soul's Immortality.

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such ;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains ;

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind ?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

This nobleman, so highly popular in the court of Elizabeth (1540?–1604), and conspicuous on many memorable occasions—as in the trial of Mary Queen of Scots—is now known only for some verses in the miscellany entitled the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. He was famed in his own day for comedies, or courtly entertainments, none of which has been preserved. Stow states that this nobleman was the first that brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes, which Elizabeth no doubt approved of as highly as his sonnets or madrigals.

Fancy and Desire.

Come hither, shepherd swain !
Sir, what do you require ?
I pray thee shew to me thy name !
My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire ?
In pomp and prime of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?
By fond Conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse ?
Fresh youth, in sugared joy,
What was thy meat and daily food ?
Sad sighs with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink ?
Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in ?
In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep ?
Sweet speech, which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place ?
In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most ?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe ?
Disdain of my good will.

Doth company displease ?
Yes, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live ?
He loves to live alone.

Doth either time or age
Bring him into decay ?
No, no ! Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day.

Then, Fond Desire, farewell !
Thou art no mate for me ;
I should be loath, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

Another courtly poet, SIR EDWARD DYER (*circa* 1540–1607), is author of several copies of verses, including the following popular piece :

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind :
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory ;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
These get with toil, they keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies :
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain :
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust ;
A cloaked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

THOMAS STORER.

The *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, 1594, is deserving of notice as illustrating the tendency to adopt historical events as materials for poetry, and because this work probably, in conjunction with Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, incited Shakspere to the composition of his *Henry VIII.* In some parts the dramatist has followed Cavendish's narrative even in the language ; and the following lines from Storer's poem seem also to have been present to his memory :

Look how the God of Wisdom marbled stands
Bestowing laurel-wreaths of dignity
In Delphos isle, at whose impartial hands
Hung antique scrolls of gentle heraldry,
And at his feet ensigns and trophies lie :
Such was my state when every man did follow
A living image of the great Apollo !

If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sun ;
They that between our stride their sails did strike,
Make us sea-marks where they their ships do run—
E'en they that had by us their treasure won.

Perchance the tenor of my mourning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my tombless grave,
Where neither marble monument, nor hearse,
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honours now the meanest persons have ;
But well is me where'er my ashes lie,
If one tear drop from some religious eye.

Storer was a native of London ; he was entered of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1587, took his degree of M.A. in 1594, and besides his poetical biography of Wolsey, was author of some pastoral airs and madrigals collected in *England's Helicon*. Storer died in 1604.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family ; through his mother, he was related to Sir Thomas More and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. About this period of his life, having carefully considered the controversies between the Catholics and Protestants, he became a member of the established church. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early appreciated. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him ; and it was a saying of Lord Ellesmere's, that Donne was fitter to serve a king than a subject. Having been appointed to the office of secretary to the lord chancellor, Donne gained the affections of his lordship's niece, daughter of Sir George Moore, lord-lieutenant of the Tower, and a private marriage was the result. Sir George was so indignant that he induced Lord Ellesmere to dismiss Donne from his service, and the unfortunate bridegroom was also for a time confined in prison. All parties, however, were afterwards reconciled. At the age of forty-two, Donne was ordained, and became so celebrated as a preacher, that he is said to have had the offer of fourteen different livings in the first year of his ministry. In 1621, King James appointed him Dean of St Paul's. Izaak Walton describes his friend the dean as 'a preacher in earnest ; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them ; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none.' He died in 1631, and was honourably interred in Old St Paul's.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams : they were collected and published after his death, in 1650, by his son. An earlier but imperfect collection was printed in 1633. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly revived. In its days of abasement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much bad taste, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order,

in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as 'imbued to saturation with the learning of his age,' endowed 'with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy, rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit admirable, as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem to have beset him.' To give an idea of these conceits: Donne writes a poem on a broken heart. He does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to be the causes of the calamity, but runs off into a play on the expression 'broken heart.' He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

Love, alas!

At one first blow did shiver it [his heart] as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will strike the reader's imagination, he adds:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now, as *broken glasses shew*
A hundred lesser faces, so
My *rags of heart* can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit. This peculiarity, however, does not characterise the bulk of the writings of Donne and his followers. They are often direct, natural, and truly poetical—abounding in rich thought and melody. Donne is usually considered as the first writer of satire, in rhyming couplets, such as Dryden, Young, and Pope carried to perfection. A copy of his first three satires is in the British Museum, among the Harleian manuscripts, and bears date 1593. The fourth was transcribed by Drummond in 1594, three years before the appearance of Hall's satires. Acting upon a hint thrown out by Dryden, Pope modernised some of Donne's satires.

Address to Bishop Valentine, on the Day of the Marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Valadiction—Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
'That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much
before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends: mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;

To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ!

And to my company my wit :
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do
but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue :
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth :
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all
three.

Character of a Bore.—From Donne's Satires.

Towards me did run

A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came ;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name.
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies—
Than Afric's monsters—Guiana's rarities—
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then ; and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by ;
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry :
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are ?'
His clothes were strange, though coarse—and black,
though bare ;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
Become tuff-taffety ; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travelled, and saith, speaks all tongues ;
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of the accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to bear this. Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue called compliment. . . .
He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, God !
How have I sinned, that thy wrath's furious rod
(This fellow) chooseth me ? He saith : 'Sir,
I love your judgment—whom do you prefer
For the best linguist ?' And I sillily
Said, that I thought, *Calepine's Dictionary*.
'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir ?'—Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopt me, and said : 'Nay, your apostles were
Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was ;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say : 'If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds : 'If of court-life you knew the good,

You would leave loneliness.' I said : 'Not alone
My loneliness is, but Spartans' fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not taste
Now ; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste ;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue.'
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked : 'O
sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of kings !' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And, for his price, doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk :
Your ears shall hear nought but kings—your eyes meet
Kings only—the way to it is *King's* street.'
He smacked, and cried : 'He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine?—as you see,
I have but one, sir—look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogoram.'
'Not so, sir. I have more,' Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chafed him. But as it ch
Scratched into smart—and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse—so I (fool !) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sulleness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks : 'What news ?' I tell him of new plays ;
He takes my hands, and as a still which stays
A semibreve 'twixt each drop, he (niggardly,
As loath to enrich me so) tells many a lie—
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows—
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frowned or smiled, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather from that.
He knows who loves ; whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion.
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At spancounter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier. And—wiser than all us—
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyms me.

One of the earliest poetic allusions to the Coper-
nican system occurs in Donne :

As new Philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run.

The following is a simile often copied by later
poets :

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watched,
And with his arch'd neck this poor fish caught ;
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned.

In 1839, a complete edition of the works of
Donne, including sermons, devotions, poems,
letters, &c. was published in six volumes, edited
by the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of
Canterbury.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, born at Bristow Park, in Leices-
tershire, in 1574, and who rose through various
church preferments to be bishop of Norwich, is
distinguished as a satirical poet, whose works
have been commended by Pope and Warton, and
often reprinted. His satires, which were published
under the title of *Virgidemiarum*, in 1597-8, refer

to general objects, and present some just pictures of the more remarkable anomalies in human character: they are also written in a style of greater vigour and volubility than most of the compositions of this age. His chief defect is obscurity, arising from remote allusions and elliptical expression. Bishop Hall died in 1656, at the age of eighty-two.

Selections from Hall's Satires.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chaplain:
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 While his young master lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.
 Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his young master beat,
 But he must ask his mother to define
 How many jerks he would his breech should line.
 All these observed, he could contented be
 To give five marks and winter livery.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,*
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
 And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
 'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
 An open house, haunted with great resort;
 Long service mixt with musical disport.†
 Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelvence to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 He touched no meat of all this livelong day;
 For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
 But could he have—as I did it mistake—
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
 So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt
 That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how side¹ it hangs beneath his hip?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery.
 The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
 His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
 Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore,
 Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
 His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
 One lock Amazon-like dishevelled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
 His linen collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met:

* This is the portrait of a poor gallant of the days of Elizabeth. In St Paul's Cathedral, then an open public place, there was a tomb, erroneously supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which was the resort of gentlemen upon town in that day who had occasion to look out for a dinner. When unsuccessful in getting an invitation, they were said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

† An allusion to the church-service to be heard near Duke Humphrey's tomb.

¹ Long, or low.

His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
 But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
 Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
 Lik' st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
 Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
 Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
 Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

MARSTON—CHURCHYARD—TUBERVILLE—
 WATSON—CONSTABLE.

Nearly contemporary with Hall's satires were those of JOHN MARSTON, the dramatist, known for his subsequent rivalry and quarrel with Ben Jonson. Marston, in 1598, published a small volume, *Certain Satires*, and in 1599 *The Scourge of Villany*, &c. He survived till 1634. Little is known of this 'English Arctine,' but all his works are coarse and licentious. Ben Jonson boasted to Drummond that he had beaten Marston and taken his pistol from him. If he had sometimes taken his *pen*, he would have better served society.

Among the swarm of poets ranking with the earlier authors of this period, we may note the following as conspicuous in their own times. THOMAS CHURCHYARD (1520-1604) wrote about seventy volumes in prose and verse. He served in the army, 'trailed a pike' in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, and received from Elizabeth—whom he had propitiated by complimentary addresses—a pension of eighteenth-pence a day, not paid regularly. Churchyard is supposed to be the Palamon of Spenser's Colin Clout,

That sang so long until quite hoarse he grew.

—GEORGE TUBERVILLE (*circa* 1530-1594) was secretary to Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia. So early as 1568, he had published sonnets and sonnets; but some of his works—as his *Essays* and *Book of Falconry*—were not published till after his death.—THOMAS WATSON (*circa* 1557-1592) was author of *Hecatompattia*, or *Passionate Century of Love* (1582), a series of sonnets of superior elegance and merit; also *Amyntas*, 1585, &c.—HENRY CONSTABLE (*circa* 1560-1612) was author of a great number of sonnets, partly published in 1592 under the title of *Diana*. Almost every writer of this time ventured on a sonnet or translation. Some settled down into dramatists, and as such will be noticed hereafter; others became best known as prose writers. Dr Drake calculates that there were about two hundred poets in the reign of Elizabeth! This is no exaggeration; but it is to the last decade of the century that we must look for its brightest names.

Sonnets by Thomas Watson.

When May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
 Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with
 flowers,

And time of year reviveth every thing,
 And lovely Nature smiles and nothing lowers;
 Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
 With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.
 This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
 To whom fond Love doth work such wrongs by day,
 That in the night my heart must needs repine,
 And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;

Whilst others are becalmed or lie them still,
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.
And as all those which hear this bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse or pitying her pain ;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint ;
A just reward for serving such a saint !

Time wasteth years, and months, and hours ;
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength ;
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers ;
Time wears out Youth and Beauty's looks at length ;
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
Time maketh every tree to die and rot ;
Time turneth oft our pleasure into pain ;
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot ;
Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain ;
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But only this which sets my heart on fire.
Time turneth into nought each princely state ;
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow ;
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late ;
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below ;
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love !

NICHOLAS BRETON.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1558-1624) was a prolific and often happy writer, pastoral, satirical, and humorous. His *Works of a Young Wit* appeared in 1577; and a succession of small volumes proceeded from his pen; eight pieces with his name are in *England's Helicon*—a valuable poetical miscellany published in 1600, including contributions from Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Lodge, Marlowe, Watson, Greene, &c. Of Breton, little personally is known, but he is supposed to have been the son of a Captain Nicholas Breton of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, who had an estate at Norton, in Northamptonshire.

A Pastoral.—From 'England's Helicon.'

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet !
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherds' joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this saint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone :
Look on me, for I am he,
The poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

From 'Farewell to Town.'

Thou gallant court, to thee, farewell !
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu, you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight !
Untoward fortune now so frames,
That I am banished from your sight,
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Gill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell ;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart !
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass !

And now, farewell, thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds !
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds.
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed !

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu !
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you ;
And on a strawn pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit !

And now, farewell, both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebuss ;
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield,
To think that I must leave you thus ;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade !

And you, farewell, all gallant games,
Primero and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I used, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal :
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays !

And now, farewell, each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugared wine !
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine !
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese !

And now, all orders due, farewell !
My table laid when it was noon ;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done :
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device !
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise ;
Clad in a coat of green or gray,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dream of sweet delight.
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me ! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of wellaway !

LODGE—BARNFIELD.

THOMAS LODGE, one of the most graceful and correct of the minor poets and imaginative writers of this period, appeared as an author in 1580. He then published a *Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions*, to which Stephen Gosson replied by a work quaintly styled *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*. Gosson speaks of Lodge as 'a vagrant person visited by the heavy hand of God.' Of the nature of this visitation we are not informed, but Lodge seems to have had a very varied life. He was of a respectable family in Lincolnshire, where he was born about 1556, and entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a servitor, under Sir Edward Hobby, in 1573. After leaving college, he is supposed to have been on the stage. But he afterwards joined in the expeditions of Captains Clarke and Cavendish, and wrote his *Rosalynde* to beguile the time during his voyage to the Canaries. He next appears as a law-student. In his *Glaucus and Scilla* (1589), *Catharos Diogenes* (1591), and *A Fig for Momus* (1595), he styles himself of Lincoln's Inn, Gent. His next work, *A Margarite of America* (1596), was written, he says, 'in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagous, withdrew my senses.' From the law, Lodge turned to physic. He studied medicine, Wood says, at Avignon, and he practised in London, being much patronised by Roman Catholic families, till his death by the plague in 1625. Lodge wrote several pastoral tales, sonnets, and light satires, besides two dramas; one of them in conjunction with Greene. His poetry is easy and polished, though abounding in conceits and gaudy ornament. His *Rosalynde*: *Euphues Golden Legacie*, contains passages of fine description and delicate sentiment, with copies of verses interspersed. From this romantic little tale Shakspeare took the incidents of his *As You Like It*, following Lodge with remarkable closeness. The great dramatist has been censured for some anachronisms in his exquisite comedy—such as introducing a lioness and palm-tree into his forest of Arden; but he merely copied Lodge, who has the lion, the myrrh-tree, the fig, the citron, and pomegranate. In these romantic and pastoral tales, consistency and credibility were utterly disregarded.

RICHARD BARNFIELD (born about 1570) resembled Lodge in the character of his writings and in the smoothness and elegance of his verse. He was also a graduate of Oxford. His works are—*Cynthia, with Certain Sonnets*, and the *Legend of Cassandra* (1595); the *Affectionate Shepherd*, &c. (1596); the *Encomium of Lady Pecunia* (1598), &c. But Barnfield is chiefly known from the circumstance, that some of his pieces were ascribed to Shakspeare, in a volume entitled '*The Passionate Pilgrim*, by W. Shakspeare' (1599). The use of Shakspeare's name was a trick of the bookseller. The small volume contains two of Shakspeare's Sonnets, some verses taken from his *Love's Labour's Lost* (published the year before), some pieces known to be by Marlowe and Raleigh, and others taken from Barnfield's *Encomium of Lady Pecunia*.

The following three extracts are from Lodge :

Beauty.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines :

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face ;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh ;
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Rosalind's Madrigal.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence ;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
I'll count your power not worth a pin ;
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

Love.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes ;
 If so I gaze upon the ground,
 Love then in every flower is found ;
 Search I the shade to fly my pain,
 Love meets me in the shade again ;
 Want I to walk in secret grove,
 E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
 If so I bathe me in the spring,
 E'en on the brink I hear him sing ;
 If so I meditate alone,
 He will be partner of my moan ;
 If so I mourn, he weeps with me ;
 And where I am, there will he be !

The following two short poems—often printed as one—exhibit Barnfield's tone of sentiment and versification :

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made ;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone ;
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;
 'Teru, teru,' by and by ;
 That, to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lively shewn,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah !—thought I—thou mourn'st in vain ;
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead ;
 All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing !

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But, if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call ;
 And with such-like flattering,
 'Pity but he were a king.'
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice ;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown !
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
 Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

MARLOWE—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The whole of the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* were, as we have said, ascribed to Shakespeare. Among them was the fine poem, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, with the answer, sometimes called *The Nymph's Reply*. The first is assigned to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, in the poetical miscellany, *England's Helicon* ; and the second appears in the same volume with the signature of 'Ignoto,' used in other instances to intimate that the author was unknown. To one copy, however, the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh are attached ; and we have the explicit statement of Izaak Walton in his *Complete Angler* (1653)—but written long before it was printed—that the pieces were really by Marlowe and Raleigh.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.—By Marlowe.

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May-morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.—By Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
 A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Marlowe will merit a detailed notice among the dramatists, as inferior only in his own day to Shakspeare; but we may here mention his poem of *Hero and Leander*, founded on the classic story as given by Musæus, and first published in 1598. Marlowe completed the first and second *Sestiyads* of this paraphrase, and they were reprinted with a continuation by Chapman in 1600. A few lines will shew his command of the heroic couplet :

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows : let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes :
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

In the brilliant constellation of great men which adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James, one of the most distinguished of those who added eminence in literature to high talent for active business, was SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a man whose character will always make him occupy a prominent place in the history of his country. He was born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, of an ancient family; and from his youth was distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, but still more by a restless and adventurous disposition. He became a soldier at the age of seventeen; fought for the Protestant cause in the civil wars of France and the Netherlands; and afterwards, in 1579, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphry Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. This expedition proved unfortunate, but by familiarising him with a maritime life, had probably much influence in leading him to engage in those subsequent expeditions by which he rendered himself famous. In 1580, he proceeded to Ireland with Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the new lord-deputy. Raleigh held a captain's commission, and was employed in concert with Edward Denny, cousin of Lord Grey, to convey two hundred soldiers to Ireland to act against the rebels, for which service they received £200. In December 1581, we find him receiving £20 for carrying despatches from Lord Grey to the queen. This was probably the first occasion of his being introduced to the queen, and with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a special favourite with Elizabeth. There is a story told of his gallantry and tact which, though it rests only on tradition, is characteristic. One day, when he was attending the queen on a walk, she came to a miry part of the road, and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Raleigh, perceiving this, instantly pulled off his rich plush cloak, and by spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled! The energy and ability displayed by Raleigh in suppressing the rebellion of Desmond led to his receiving a grant of part of the forfeited property—12,000 acres, it is said, and he was appointed governor of Cork. In 1582, he was one of the courtiers whom Elizabeth sent to

attend the Duke of Anjou back to the Netherlands, after refusing that nobleman her hand. In 1584, he again joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries. For this purpose he received a patent from the crown, and in the introduction to this patent—dated 26th March 1584—he is styled Walter Raleigh, Knight; so that Elizabeth must previously have invested her favourite with the honour of knighthood. With the help of his friends, two ships were sent out in quest of gold-mines, to that part of North America now called Virginia. Raleigh himself was not with these vessels; the commodities brought home by which produced so good a return, that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another fleet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made on this occasion to colonise America proved an utter failure; and after a second trial, the enterprise was given up. This expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Raleigh's land in Ireland. On both points, however, accounts differ.

Meanwhile, the prosperity of Raleigh at the English court continued to increase. Elizabeth, by granting monopolies, and an additional Irish estate, conferred on him solid marks of her favour. In return for these benefits, he zealously and actively exerted himself for the defence of her majesty's dominions against the Spaniards. He was one of the council of war appointed to devise means for resisting the threatened invasion, and at Michaelmas 1587, he received £2000, to be employed in raising horse and foot in Devonshire and Cornwall. Having organised his forces in the west, Raleigh sailed in a vessel of his own to assist in repelling the threatened invaders, whose miserable and total discomfiture is well known. Next year, he accompanied a number of his countrymen who went to aid the expelled king of Portugal in an attempt to regain his kingdom from the Spaniards. Spenser, in a sonnet written in 1590, styles Raleigh 'the summer's nightingale;' and in this year, when revelling in court-favour, he obtained a gift of the rich manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, which the dean and chapter of Salisbury were forced to relinquish. Next year, however, he fell into disgrace, in consequence of an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton—whom he afterwards married—and Elizabeth sent both culprits to the Tower, where Raleigh was confined several months.

About this time he exerted himself to reduce to practice an idea thrown out by Montaigne, by setting up an 'office of address,' intended to serve the purposes now executed chiefly by literary and philosophical societies. The description of this scheme, given by Sir William Petty, affords a striking picture of the difficulties and obstacles which lay in the way of men of study and inquiry two centuries ago. It seems, says Sir William, 'to have been a plan by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present in doing, and what is intended to be done; to the end that, by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavours of the world may no longer be as so

many scattered coals, which, having no union, are soon quenched, whereas, being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat. For the present condition of men is like a field where, a battle having been lately fought, we see many legs, arms, and organs of sense, lying here and there, which, for want of conjunction, and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are fit for nothing but to feed the ravens and infect the air; so we see many wits and ingenuities dispersed up and down the world, whereof some are now labouring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to reinvent what is already invented; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties for default of a few directions, which some other man, might he be met withal, both could and would most easily give him. Again, one man requires a small sum of money to carry on some design that requires it, and there is perhaps another who has twice as much ready to bestow upon the same design; but these two having no means to hear the one of the other, the good work intended and desired by both parties does utterly perish and come to nothing.'

When visiting his Irish estates after his return from Portugal, Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement; for which favour Spenser has acknowledged his obligation in his pastoral, entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, where Raleigh is celebrated under the title of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean;' and also in a letter to him, prefixed to the *Faery Queen*, explanatory of the plan and design of that poem. Released from the Tower, Sir Walter engaged in one of those predatory naval expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were common against the enemies of England; a fleet of thirteen ships, besides two of her majesty's men-of-war, being intrusted to his command. This armament was destined to attack Panama, and intercept the Spanish plate-fleet, but, having been recalled by Elizabeth soon after sailing, came back with a single prize. So early as February 1594, Raleigh had contemplated a voyage to Guiana, and in 1595 he undertook, at his own expense, an expedition to this colony, concerning the riches of which many wonderful tales were then current. He accomplished nothing, however, beyond taking a formal possession of the country in the queen's name. After coming back to England, he published, in 1596, a work entitled *Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*: this production Hume has very unjustly characterised as 'full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind.' It would appear that he now regained the queen's favour, since we find him holding, in the same year, a command in the expedition against Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord Effingham. In the successful attack on that town, his bravery, as well as prudence, was very conspicuous. In 1597, he was rear-admiral in the expedition which sailed under Essex to intercept the Spanish West-India fleet; and by capturing Fayal, one of the Azores, before the arrival of the commander-in-chief, gave great offence to the earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected; but

Raleigh afterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfall of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I. in March 1603, the prosperity of Raleigh came to an end, a dislike against him having previously been instilled by Cecil into the royal ear. Through the malignant scheming of the same hypocritical minister, he was accused of conspiring to dethrone the king, and place the crown on the head of Arabella Stuart; and likewise of attempting to excite sedition, and to establish popery by the aid of foreign powers. A trial for high treason ensued, and upon the paltriest evidence, he was condemned by a servile jury. Sir Edward Coke, who was then attorney-general, abused Raleigh on this occasion in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster, and spider of hell! Raleigh defended himself with such temper, eloquence, and strength of reasoning, that some even of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was, however, reprieved; and instead of being executed, was committed to the Tower, in which he was confined for twelve years, during six of which his wife was permitted to bear him company. During his imprisonment, he wrote his *History of the World*, noticed in a subsequent page.

In the year 1615, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower, in consequence of having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country, and work gold-mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under his command. The whole details of his intended proceedings, however, were weakly or treacherously communicated by the king to the Spanish government, by whom the scheme was miserably thwarted. Returning to England, he landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and, to propitiate the Spanish government, he determined that Raleigh should be sacrificed. After many vain attempts to discover valid grounds of accusation against him, it was found necessary to proceed upon the old sentence, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded on the 29th of October 1618. On the scaffold, his behaviour was firm and calm; after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the sheriff: 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; 'and then,' added he, 'fear not, but strike home!' He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head. 'So the heart be right,' was his reply, 'it is no matter which way the head lies.' On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim: 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' By two strokes, received without shrinking, the head of this fearless and noble Englishman was severed from his body.

The night before his execution, he composed the following verses in prospect of death :

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days :
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust. W. R.

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion :

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines ; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess ; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less ; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child ; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust. . . .

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it : for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much—God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep—and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne or Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can say no more ; time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell ; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in His arms.

Raleigh's short poems are excellent. He was more a man of action, of roving and adventurous spirit, than of poetic contemplation ; but he had a daring and brilliant imagination, with a Shakspearian energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression. His long imprisonment had also turned his mind inward on itself, and tamed the wild fire of his erratic hopes and ambition. Spenser's allusions to his friend's poetical genius are well known, and Raleigh repaid the compliment by his beautiful sonnet on the *Faery Queen*. One lost poem of Raleigh's, *Cynthia*, is only known through Spenser's mention of it.

Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.

There is no doubt that these beautiful verses are by Raleigh ; but in the Ashmole Manuscript, where the poem is signed 'Lo: Walden,' instead of Lo. Warden (Raleigh being Lord Warden of the Stannaries), Ritson entered the name of Lord Walden, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, as the author. Raleigh's claim is supported by numerous independent testimonies.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams ;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;

So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover,
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion ;

Since if my plaints serve not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from excess of love,
But from excess of duty :

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection.

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing—
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !
My true, though secret passion ;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faery Queen.

Prefixed to the *Faery Queen*, 1590.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended : in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

*Lines prefixed to Sir A. Gorges's Translation of Lucan.**

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
By flattery or seeking worthless men.

* This translation was published in 1614, but probably executed many years before. Sir Arthur Gorges wrote some original poetical pieces. He was a friend of Spenser, and the *Daphnaida* of the latter was written on the death of Gorges's wife, a lady of the Howard family. The above two sonnets by Raleigh are remarkably like the sonnets of Milton. They have the same high feeling, stately march, and cadence. Milton must have studied them.

For this thou hast been bruised ; but yet those scars
Do beautify no less than those wounds do
Received in just and in religious wars ;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
Change not ! to change thy fortune is too late ;
Who, with a manly faith, resolves to die,
May promise to himself a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
Nature, thy muse, like Lucan's, did create.

The Pilgrimage.

Supposed to be written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his respite. He was kept in suspense for at least three weeks after his trial in 1603.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage !
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven ;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains :
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first to quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney ;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees ;
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head !
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

One of the finest of Raleigh's poems is one never included in his works, an epitaph on Sir

Philip Sidney, appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, and published without signature. There is proof enough that Raleigh wrote the poem. It consists of sixty lines, but we can only give the first three verses. The elegiac nature of the poem, and the form of the versification, remind us of Mr Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

On Sir Philip Sidney.

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed,
Thy dear life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeled the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

The Lie.

This 'bold and spirited poem,' as Campbell has justly termed it, is traced in manuscript to 1593. It first appeared in print in *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of *Sir Walter Rawleigh his Lie*.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant ;¹
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant :
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood ;
Go, tell the church it shews
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

¹ Errand. *Arrant* and *errant* were then common forms of the word.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
 Tell honour how it alters,
 Tell beauty how she blasteth,
 Tell favour how it falters,
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness ;
 Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness,
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
 Tell skill it is pretension,
 Tell charity of coldness,
 Tell law it is contention,
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
 Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay,
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell virtue least prefereth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

The editor of the *Poetical Rhapsody*—in which so much of the fugitive poetry of the age appeared—was FRANCIS DAVISON (1575–1618), the eldest son of the unfortunate Secretary Davison. He was himself a poet of no mean order, though he wrote only short copies of verses, and those in his youth ; and he made a translation of the *Psalms*, certainly more poetical than the version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1563–1618) was author of several poetical works now forgotten (*Poems*, two parts, 1614–20), but is well known as the translator of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the French poet Dubartas, which was highly popular, and earned for the translator among his contemporaries the epithet, 'silver-tongued Sylvester.' Spenser, Bishop Hall, Izaak Walton, and others, praise it, and Milton has copied some of its choice expressions. One critic (Dunster) has even said that Sylvester's Dubartas contains the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost*; but this is much too unqualified a statement. We subjoin one short specimen :

Satan's Temptation of Eve.

As a false lover, that thick snares hath laid
 To entrap the honour of a fair young maid,
 When she (though little) listening ear affords
 To his sweet courting, deep-affected words,
 Feels some assuaging of his freezing flame,
 And soothes himself with hope to gain his game ;
 And rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
 That parleying city never long resists :
 Even so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
 A guileful call to allure us to his net,
 Perceiving Eve his flattering gloze digest,
 He prosecutes ; and, jocund, doth not rest,
 Till he have tried foot, hand, and head, and all
 Upon the breach of this new-battered wall.

'No, Fair !' quoth he, 'believe not that the care
 God hath, mankind from spoiling Death to spare,
 Makes him forbid you, on so strict condition,
 This purest, fairest, rarest fruit's fruition.
 A double fear, an envy, and a hate,
 His jealous heart for ever cruciate ;
 Sith the suspected virtue of this tree
 Shall soon disperse the cloud of idioicy
 Which dims your eyes ; and, further, make you seem
 Excelling us—even equal gods to him.
 O world's rare glory ! reach thy happy hand ;
 Reach, reach, I say ; why dost thou stop or stand ?
 Begin thy bliss, and do not fear the threat
 Of an uncertain God-head, only great
 Through self-awed zeal : put on the glistening pall
 Of immortality ! Do not forestall,
 As envious step-dame, thy posterity
 The sovereign honour of divinity.'

The compound epithets of Sylvester are sometimes happy and picturesque. Campbell cites the following as containing a beautiful expression :

Morning.

Arise betimes, while the opal-coloured morn,
 In golden pomp, doth May-day's door adorn.

On the other hand, some of his images are in ludicrously bad taste. Dryden says when he was a boy he was rapt into ecstasy with these lines :

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
 To crystallise the Baltic Ocean ;
 To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

Two favourable specimens may be added :

The Sun.

All hail, pure lamp, bright, sacred, and excelling ;
 Sorrow and care, darkness and dread, repelling ;
 Thou world's great taper, wicked men's just terror,
 Mother of truth, true beauty's only mirror,
 God's eldest daughter : oh, how thou art full
 Of grace and goodness ! Oh, how beautiful !

Plurality of Worlds.

I not believe that the great Architect
 With all these fires the heavenly arches decked
 Only for show, and with these glistening shields
 To amaze poor shepherds watching in the fields ;
 I not believe that the least flower which pranks
 Our garden borders, or our common banks,
 And the least stone that in her warming lap
 Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,
 Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
 And that the glorious stars of heaven have none.

Sylvester's translation of *Dubartas* appeared in 1598. Some of his original pieces have quaint titles, such as were then affected by many authors; for example: *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Tears distilled for the ontymely Death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus* (Henry, son of King James I.), 1612; *Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares, that idely Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at least overlove so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon*, 1615.

BEN JONSON.

In 1616, BEN JONSON collected the plays he had then written, adding at the same time a book of epigrams and a number of poems, which he entitled *The Forest* and *The Underwood*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*, a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries.* There is much delicacy of fancy, fine feeling, and sentiment in some of Jonson's lyrical and descriptive effusions. He grafted a classic grace and musical expression on parts of his masks and interludes, which could hardly have been expected from his massive and ponderous hand. In some of his songs he equals Carew and Herrick in picturesque images, and in portraying the fascinations of love. A taste for nature is strongly displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst, that ancient seat of the Sidneys. It has been justly remarked by one of his critics, that Jonson's dramas 'do not lead us to value highly enough his admirable taste and feeling in poetry; and when we consider how many other intellectual excellences distinguished him—wit, observation, judgment, memory, learning—we must acknowledge that the inscription on his tomb, "O rare Ben Jonson!" is not more pithy than it is true.'

To Celia.—From 'The Forest.'

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

The Sweet Neglect.—From 'The Silent Woman.'

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,

* An epigram addressed to him on the subject is as follows:

Pray tell us, Ben, where does the mystery lurk?
What others call a *play*, you call a *work*.

On behalf of Jonson an answer was returned, which seems to glance at the labour which Jonson bestowed on all his productions:

The author's friend thus for the author says—
Ben's plays are works, while others' works are plays.

Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Hymn to Diana.—From 'Cynthia's Revels.'

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

To Night.—From 'The Vision of Delight.'

Break, Phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream;
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet, let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

Song.—From 'The Forest.'

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

Good Life, Long Life.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. II.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

On My First Daughter.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end, she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul Heaven's queen—whose name she bears—
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train:
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which, cover lightly, gentle earth.

*To Penshurst.**

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudged at are revered the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks of soil and air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a silvan token with his flames.
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here,
That never fails, to serve thee, seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land that to the river bends,

* Penshurst is situated in Kent, near Tunbridge, in a wide and rich valley. The gray walls and turrets of the old mansion, its high peaked and red roofs, and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, present a very striking and venerable aspect. It is a fitting abode for the noble Sidneys. The park contains trees of enormous growth, and others to which past events and characters have given an everlasting interest: as Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, Gamage's Bower, &c. The ancient massy oak-tables remain; and from Jonson's description of the hospitality of the family, they must often have 'groined with the weight of the feast.' Mr William Howitt has given an interesting account of Penshurst in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, 1840.

Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed:
The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops
Fertile of wood. Ashore, and Sidney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And, for thy mess, is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
By thy ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
But what can this—more than express their love—
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know! . . .
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek

For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to shew,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat—
 Such as thine are—and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and, with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

On the Portrait of Shakspeare.

Opposite the frontispiece to the first edition of his works, 1623.

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature, to outdo the life:
 O could he but have drawn his wit,
 As well in brass, as he hath hit
 His face, the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass:
 But since he cannot, reader, look
 Not on his picture, but his book.*

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1582-1628) was the elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Enjoy-

* This attestation of Ben Jonson to the first engraved portrait of Shakspeare, seems to prove its fidelity as a likeness. The portrait corresponds with the monumental effigy at Stratford, but both represent a heavy and somewhat inelegant figure. There is, however, a placid good-humour in the expression of the features, and much sweetness in the mouth and lips. The upper part of the head is bald, and the lofty forehead is conspicuous in both, as in the Chandos and other pictures. The general resemblance we have no doubt is correct, but considerable allowance must be made for the defective state of English art at this period.

ing the family estate of Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure hours to the service of the Muses. He wrote a poem on Bosworth Field in the heroic couplet, which, though generally cold and unimpassioned, exhibits correct and forcible versification. As a specimen, we subjoin Richard's address to his troops on the eve of the decisive battle:

My fellow-soldiers! though your swords
 Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
 Yet call to mind the many glorious days
 In which we treasured up immortal praise.
 If, when I served, I ever fled from foe,
 Fly ye from mine—let me be punished so!
 But if my father, when at first he tried
 How all his sons could shining blades abide,
 Found me an eagle whose undazzled eyes
 Affront the beams that from the steel arise;
 And if I now in action teach the same,
 Know, then, ye have but changed your general's name.
 Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
 Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
 How many Somersets (dissension's brands)
 Have felt the force of our revengeful hands?
 From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
 Derives his best but not untainted blood.
 Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
 And shall this Welshman with his ragged troop,
 Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
 That only Merlin may be thought divine?
 See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
 Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
 Forgets the English language, and the ground,
 And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!

Sir John Beaumont wrote the heroic couplet with great ease and correctness. In a poem to the memory of Ferdinando Pulton, Esq. are the following excellent verses:

Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
 Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
 Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
 And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
 The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
 Until the length of his whole course be spun.
 No envious clouds obscure his struggling light,
 Which sets contented at the point of night:
 Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
 Than every little moment whence it springs;
 Unless employed in works deserving praise,
 Must wear out many years and live few days.
 Time flows from instants, and of these each one
 Should be esteemed as if it were alone.
 The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
 When it is coming, and before our eyes,
 Let it but slide into the eternal main,
 No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again:
 Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
 When winged time, which fixed the prints, is past.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1586-1616), whose name is most conspicuous as a dramatist, in union with that of Fletcher, wrote a small number of miscellaneous pieces, which his brother published after his death. Some of these youthful effusions are witty and amusing; others possess a lyrical sweetness; and a few are grave and moralising. The most celebrated is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play *Nice Valour*, with the following title: 'Mr Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before

he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry-meetings at the Mermaid.' Notwithstanding the admiration of Beaumont for 'Rare Ben,' he copied Shakspeare in the style of his dramas. Fletcher, however, was still more Shakspearian than his associate. Hazlitt says finely of the premature death of Beaumont and his more poetical friend: 'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child; and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Beaumont died at the age of five-and-twenty [thirty]. One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life:

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites. The life of poets is, or ought to be—judging of it from the light it lends to ours—a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out. Fletcher, too, was prematurely cut off by the plague.*

From Letter to Ben Jonson.

The sun—which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
'They know, they see, however absent—is
Here, our best haymaker—forgive me this;
It is our country's style—in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone.
I think, with one draught man's invention fades:
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Filled with such moisture in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal: every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest men will with their main house jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too.
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;
Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;

* *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth.*

Only some fellows with the subtlest pate,
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best,
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life: then when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise.

On the Tombs in Westminster.

Mortality, behold and fear;
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones!
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust!'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died.'
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

An Epitaph.

Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remained as free
As now from heat her ashes be.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON—less famed as a poet than as a political character in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.—was born at Bocton Hall, the seat of his ancestors, in Kent, in 1568. After receiving his education at Winchester and Oxford, and travelling for some years on the continent, he attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but had the sagacity to foresee the fate of that nobleman, and to elude its consequences by withdrawing in time from the kingdom. Having afterwards gained the friendship of King James, by communicating the secret of a conspiracy formed against him, while yet only king of Scotland, he was employed by

that monarch, when he ascended the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in the well-known punning expression, in which he defines an ambassador to be 'an honest gentleman sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.' He ultimately took orders, to qualify himself to be provost of Eton College, in which situation he died in 1639, in the seventy-second year of his age. While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called *The State of Christendom; or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times*. This, however, was not printed till after his death. In 1624, while provost of Eton, he published *Elements of Architecture*, then the best work on that subject. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of *Reliquia Wottoniana*; and a memoir of his very curious life has been published by Izaak Walton. The latest editor of Wotton's poems (Mr Hannah) states that none of Sir Henry's pieces have been traced to an earlier date than 1602, but when very young, he wrote a tragedy, called *Tancredo*. He was a scholar and patron of men of letters rather than an author, and his enthusiastic praise of Milton's *Comus*—a copy of which the poet had sent to him—reflects credit on his taste. Not less characteristic is his advice to Milton, when he went to Italy, to 'keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose;' an axiom which Sir Henry had learned from an old courtier, but which Milton was of all men the least likely to put in practice. Sir Henry appears to have been an easy, amiable man, an angler, and an 'undervaluer of money,' as Walton—who boasts of having fished and conversed with him—relates. His poems are marked by a fine vein of feeling and happy expression.

The Character of a Happy Life (1614).

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia (1620).

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

LORD BROOKE.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628), was a thoughtful, sententious author both in prose and verse, though nearly all his productions were unpublished till after his death. He lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. In the government of Elizabeth he was Treasurer of Marine Causes; and in that of James, Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Privy-councillor. He was raised to the peerage by King James in the year 1620. Lord Brooke was in 1628 stabbed to death by an old servant, who had found he was not mentioned in his master's will; the man, struck with remorse, then slew himself. Lord Brooke's tomb may still be seen in the church at Warwick, with the emphatic inscription written by himself: 'Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' The poems of Lord Brooke consist of *Treatises on Monarchy, Religion, and Humane Learning*, two tragedies, 110 sonnets, &c. He also wrote a *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, with whom, he said, he had lived and known from a child, 'yet never knew him other than a man.' The whole works of Lord Brooke have been collected, edited, and printed in four volumes (1871) by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. A few stanzas from the *Treatise on Monarchy* will shew the grave style of the noble author's verse:

The Prehistoric Age.

There was a time, before the times of Story,
When nature reigned instead of laws or arts,
And mortal gods with men made up the glory
Of one republic by united hearts.
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and ours in adoration.

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains
Both king and people seemed conjoined in one;
Both nursed alike with mutual feeding veins,
Transcendency of either side unknown;
Princes with men using no other arts
But by good dealing to obtain good hearts.

Power then maintained itself even by those arts
 By which it grew—as justice, labour, love ;
 Reserv'd sweetness did itself impart
 Even unto slaves, yet kept itself above,
 And by a meek descending to the least,
 Invlyless sway'd and govern'd all the rest.

Order there equal was ; Time courts ordained
 To hear, to judge, to execute, and make
 Few and good rules, for all griefs that complain'd ;
 Such care did princes of their people take
 Before this art of power alloy'd the truth ;
 So glorious of man's greatness is the youth !

What wonder was it, then, if those thrones found
 Thanks as exorbitant as was their merit ?
 Wit to give highest tributes being bound,
 And wound up by a princely ruling spirit,
 To worship them for their gods after death,
 Who in their life exceeded human faith.

PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER.

These brother-poets were sons of Dr Giles Fletcher, and cousins of Fletcher the dramatist ; both were clergymen, whose lives afforded but little variety of incident. Phineas was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became rector of Hilgay in Norfolk, where he died in 1650. Giles was younger than his brother ; the date of his birth has not been ascertained, but is supposed to have been about 1588. He was rector of Alderton in Suffolk, where he died in 1623.

The works of PHINEAS FLETCHER consist of the *Purple Island*, or the *Isle of Man*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and miscellaneous poems. The *Purple Island* was published in 1633, but written much earlier, as appears from some allusions in it to the Earl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up images of poetical and romantic beauty, such as we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn. A perusal of the work, however, dispels this illusion. The *Purple Island* of Fletcher is no sunny spot 'amid the melancholy main,' but is an elaborate and anatomical description of the body and mind of man. He begins with the veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the human frame, picturing them as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and describing with great minuteness their different meanderings, elevations, and appearances. It is admitted that the poet was well skilled in anatomy, and the first part of his work is a sort of lecture fitted for the dissecting-room. Having in five cantos exhausted his physical phenomena, Fletcher proceeds to describe the complex nature and operations of the mind. Intellect is the prince of the Isle of Man, and he is furnished with eight counsellors—Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and five external senses. The human fortress, thus garrisoned, is assailed by the Vices, and a fierce contest ensues for the possession of the human soul. At length an angel interposes, and insures victory to the Virtues—the angel being King James I., on whom the poet condescended to heap this fulsome adulation. From this sketch of Fletcher's poem, it will be apparent that its worth must rest, not upon plot, but upon isolated passages and particular descriptions. Some of his stanzas have all the easy flow and mellifluous sweetness of Spenser's *Faery Queen* ; but others are marred by affectation and quaintness, and by the tediousness

inseparable from long-protracted allegory. His fancy was luxuriant, and, if better disciplined by taste and judgment, might have rivalled the softer scenes of Spenser.

GILES FLETCHER published only one poetical production of any length—a sacred poem, entitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph*. It appeared at Cambridge in 1610, and met with such indifferent success, that a second edition was not called for till twenty years afterwards. There is a massive grandeur and earnestness about *Christ's Victory* which strikes the imagination. The materials of the poem are better fused together, and more harmoniously linked in connection, than those of the *Purple Island*. 'Both of these brothers,' says Hallam, 'are deserving of much praise ; they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imagination to any of their contemporaries. But an injudicious taste, and an excessive fondness for a style which the public was rapidly abandoning, that of allegorical personification, prevented their powers from being effectively displayed.' According to Campbell: 'They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernised, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connection in our poetry between these congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with *Paradise Regained*.' These hints are indeed very plain and obvious. The appearance of Satan as an aged sire 'slowly footing' in the silent wilderness, the temptation of our Saviour in the 'goodly garden,' and in the Bower of Vain Delight, are outlines which Milton adopted and filled up in his second epic, with a classic grace and force of style unknown to the Fletchers. To the latter, however, belong the merit of original invention, copiousness of fancy, melodious numbers, and language at times rich, ornate, and highly poetical. If Spenser had not previously written his *Bower of Bliss*, Giles Fletcher's *Bower of Vain Delight* would have been unequalled in the poetry of that day ; but probably, like his master, Spenser, he copied from Tasso.

Decay of Human Greatness.

From the *Purple Island*.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 And here long seeks what here is never found !
 For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
 With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
 Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due :
 Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
 Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
 At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining ?
 Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
 With gilded tops and silver turrets shining ;
 There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
 And loving pelican in fancy breeds ;
 There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.¹

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
 That all the east once grasped in lordly paw ?
 Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
 The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw ?

Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms
shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find :
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind :
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay :
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands ;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked
stands.

And that black vulture¹ which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight :
Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and
death,
And life itself's as fit as is the air we breathe.

Description of Parthenia, or Chastity.

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms ;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she swayed,
With which, in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seemed a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new ;
Itself unto itself was only mate ;
Ever the same, but new in newer date :
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seemed a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise :
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prisoned her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth ;
Thy fairs, unpatterned, all perfection stain :
Sure Heaven with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew :
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying :
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying :
Upon her brows lies his bent ebony bow,
And ready shafts ; deadly those weapons shew ;
Yet sweet the death appeared, lovely that deadly
blow. . . .

¹ The Turk.

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose ;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire ;
But all in vain : for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire ?

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravished ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears :
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move ;
Throned in her heart sits love's high majesty ;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

The Sorceress of Vain Delight.

From *Christ's Victory and Triumph*. By Giles Fletcher.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light :
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain Delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were placed,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt :
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day was drowned :
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand :
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dressed,
Or how her watchman, armed with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears
Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine ;
For well he knew such fruit he never bore :
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And she with ruby grapes laughed at her paramour. . . .

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys,
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leaped with speed,
And in the rosy laver seemed to bleed ;
The naked boys unto the water's fall
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breathed into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered :

Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
And turned to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charmed in gold,
Used inanly souls in beastly bodies to in mould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower—
Whom thousand souls devoutly idolise—
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast. . . .

High over all, Pangloric's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if their chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal:

'Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

'See, see! the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shews:
How they all unleaved lie
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away;
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose;
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:

All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train have bowed,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.'

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight—
The starting air flew from the damned sprite—
Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves in
night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought
divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attempered to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains
high.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1590-1645) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and the beautiful scenery of his native county seems to have inspired his early strains. His descriptions are vivid and true to nature. Browne was tutor to the Earl of Carnarvon, and on the death of the latter at the battle of Newbury in 1643, he received the patronage and lived in the family of the Earl of Pembroke. In this situation he realised a competency, and according to Wood, purchased an estate. He died at Ottery-St-Mary (the birthplace of Coleridge) in 1645. Browne's works consist of *Britannia's Pastorals*, the first part of which was published in 1613, the second part in 1616. He wrote also a pastoral poem of inferior merit, entitled *The Shepherd's Pipe*. In 1620, a masque by Browne was produced at court, called *The Inner Temple Masque*; but it was not printed till a hundred and twenty years after the author's death, transcribed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. As all the poems of Browne were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their containing marks of juvenility, and frequent traces of resemblance to previous poets, especially Spenser, whom he warmly admired. His pastorals obtained the approbation

of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson. *Britannia's Pastorals* are written in the heroic couplet, and contain much beautiful descriptive poetry. Browne had great facility of expression, and an intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of inanimate nature, and the characteristic features of the English landscape. Why he has failed in maintaining his ground among his contemporaries, must be attributed to the want of vigour and condensation in his works, and the almost total absence of human interest. His shepherds and shepherdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend; whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' can never permanently interest any large number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from the public view and recollection, that, had it not been for a single copy of them possessed by the Rev. Thomas Warton, and which that poetical student and antiquary lent to be transcribed, it is supposed there would have remained little of those works which their author fondly hoped would

Keep his name enrolled past his that shines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne, as containing an assemblage of the same images as the morning picture in the *L'Allegro* of Milton:

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouthed hound;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal;
And ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills,
To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem; and Milton is supposed to have copied his plan in *Lycidas*. There is also a faint similarity in some of the sentiments and images. Browne has a very fine illustration of a rose:

Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
Betrays her beauties to th' enamoured morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious north
Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
Or else her rarest smells, delighting,
Make herself betray
Some white and curious hand, inviting
To pluck her thence away.

A Descriptive Sketch.

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely brow,
Have drawn me from my song! I onward run—
Clean from the end to which I first begun—
But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song.
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such-like place,
Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;

Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on your lingering eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price—
As if it were another paradise—
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walked to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
For in her face a many dimples shew,
And often skips as it did dancing go:
Here further down an overarched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water—brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned—
To counterfeit and mock the silvans all
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth.

Evening.

As in an evening, when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear:
When he hath played—as well he can—some strain,
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain, to pass the night away;
But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have asked some other song:
So, in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many hours, but as few minutes tell,
Yet, lest mine own delight might injure you—
Though loath so soon—I take my song anew.

Night.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light,
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked
young.
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger;
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

The Syrens' Song.

From The Inner Temple Masque.

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners;
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines
A prey to passengers;

Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phoenix urn and nest ;
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange ; and be awhile our guests ;
For stars, gaze on our eyes.
The compass, Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

So recently as 1852, a third part of *Britannia's Pastorals* was first printed, from the original manuscript, preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. Though imperfect, this continuation is in some passages fully equal to the earlier portions. The following (in the original spelling) is part of a description of Psyche :

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,
In gentle rising plaines devinely swelled,
Where all the graces and the loves repose.
Nature in this peece all her workes excelled,
Yct shewd her selfe imperfect in the close,
For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her)
To give the world a witt might duely prayse her.

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven
On her sweet words all eares and hearts attended ;
When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven
By her sweet voice might well their tunes have mended ;

When she did sighe, all were of joye bereaven ;
And when she smyld, heaven had them all befriended.

If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many thrilled,
O, had she kissed, how many had she killed !

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made
To be the servants to soe much perfection)
Joyned to a palme whose touch woulde streight invade

And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.
Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,
Made richer by soe sweet a soules election.
O happy braceletts ! but more happy he
To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be !

A complete edition of Browne's works was published in 1868 by W. C. Hazlitt.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

While Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, and other poets were illustrating the reign of Elizabeth, the muses were not wholly neglected in Scotland. There was, however, so little intercourse between the two nations, that the works of the English bards seem to have been comparatively unknown in the north, and to have had no Scottish imitators. The country was then in a rude and barbarous state, tyrannised over by the nobles, and torn by feuds and dissensions. In England, the Reformation had proceeded from the throne, and was accomplished with little violence or disorder. In

Scotland, it uprooted the whole form of society, and was marked by fierce contentions and wild turbulence. The absorbing influence of this ecclesiastical struggle was unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. It shed a gloomy spirit over the nation, and almost proscribed the study of romantic literature. The drama, which in England was the nurse of so many fine thoughts, so much stirring passion, and beautiful imagery, was shunned as a leprosy, fatal to religion and morality. The very songs in Scotland partook of this religious character ; and so widely was the polemical spirit diffused, that ALEXANDER SCOTT, in his *New-year Gift to the Queen*, in 1562, says :

That limmer lads and little lasses, lo,
Will argue baith with bishop, priest, and friar.

Scott wrote several short satires, and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which has caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard. As specimens of his talents, the following two pieces are presented :

Rondel of Love.

Lo, what it is to luvè,
Learn ye that list to pruve,
By me, I say, that no ways may
The grund of greif remove,
But still decay, both nicht and day ;
Lo, what it is to luvè !

Luvè is ane fervent fire,
Kendillit without desire,
Short plesour, lang displesour ;
Repentance is the hire ;
Ane pure tressour, without messour ;
Luvè is ane fervent fire.

To luvè and to be wise,
To rege with gude advise ;
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice ;
There is no man, I say, that can
Both luvè and to be wise.

Flee always from the snare ;
Learn at me to beware ;
It is ane pain and dowble train
Of endless wo and care ;
For to refrain that denger plain,
Flee always from the snare.

To his Heart.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
And hald thee with thy sovereign,
For I had liefer want ane heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain ;
Therefore, go with thy luvè remain,
And let me live thus unmolest ;
See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou luvist best.

Sen she that I have servit lang,
Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
And beir thy lady company.
Fra she be gone, heartless am I ;
For why ? thou art with her possesst.
Therefore, my heart, go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou luvist best.

Though this belappit body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful heart is free inteir,
 And mind to serve my lady at all.
 Wald God that I were perigall¹
 Under that redolent rose to rest !
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
 Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth² the lily whyte
 May not remain among the lave,
 Adieu the flower of haill delyte ;
 Adieu the succour that may me save ;
 Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,³
 And lamp of ladies lustiest !
 My faithfull heart she sall it have,
 To bide with her it luvis best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, sen she must depart ;
 And specially ye lovers true,
 That wounded be with luvis dart ;
 For ye sall want you of ane heart
 As weil as I, therefore, at last,
 Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
 And bide with her thou luvis best.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND of Lethington (1496-1586), father of the Secretary Lethington of Scottish history, relieved the duties of his situation as a judge and statesman, in advanced life, by composing some moral and conversational pieces, and collecting, into the well-known manuscript which bears his name, the best productions of his contemporaries. These literary avocations were chiefly pursued in his elegant retirement at Lethington, East Lothian, where a daughter acted as amanuensis to the aged poet. His familiar style reminds us of that of Lyndsay.

Satire on the Town Ladies.

Some wifis of the borowstoun
 Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
 In world they wait not⁴ what to weir ;
 On clathis they ware⁵ mony a crown ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.⁶

And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
 With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis ;
 Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
 To weir all thing that sin provokis ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilcoats maun weel be hewit,
 Broudred richt braid, with pasments sewit.
 I trow wha wald the matter speir,
 That their gudemen had cause to rue it,
 That evir their wifis wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
 Barrit aboon with taisels drawin ;
 With gartens of ane new maneir,
 To gar their courtliness be knawin ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
 To shaw their wilcoat hingan down ;
 And sometime baith they will upbeir,
 To shaw their hose of black or brown ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis !¹
 With velvet hat heigh on their heidis,
 Cordit with gold like ane younkeir,
 Braidit about with golden threidis ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muillis !²
 In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
 The sermon when they sit to heir,
 But carries cusheons like vain fulis ;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
 In spice and drugis in ane day,
 Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir ;
 Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
 When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
 On your wifis to mak sic cost,
 Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.³
 She that may not want wine and roast,
 Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them and nobles of blude,
 Nae difference but ane velvet hude !
 Their camrock curchies are as deir,
 Their other clathis are as gude,
 And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifis though I speak plain,
 Some landwart ladies are as vain,
 As by their clathing may appeir,
 Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
 On ower vain clathis wasting geir.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY was known as a poet in 1568 ; but his principal work, *The Cherry and the Slae*, was not published before 1597. *The Cherry and the Slae* is an allegorical poem, representing virtue and vice. The allegory is poorly managed ; but some of Montgomery's descriptions are lively and vigorous ; and the style of verse adopted in this poem was afterwards copied by Burns. Divested of some of the antique spelling, parts of the poem seem as modern, and as smoothly versified, as the Scottish poetry of a century and a half later.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries ;
 The cuckoo couks, the prattling pyes
 To geck there they begin ;
 The jargon of the jangling jays,
 The creaking craws and keckling kays,
 They deave't me with their din.
 The painted pawn with Argus eyes
 Can on his May-cock call ;
 The turtle wails on withered trees,
 And Echo answers all,
 Repeating, with greeting,
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying
 His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
 In hidlings hirpling here and there,*
 To make their morning mange.
 The con, the cuning, and the cat,
 Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stiff mustachios strange.

¹ Beads for the throat.

² Slippers without quarters, then worn by persons of rank.

³ Cry till their eyes become red.

* Burns, in describing the opening scene of his *Holy Fair*, has :

The hares were hirpling down the furs.

¹ Competent ; had it in my power.

² Garden.

³ Embrace.

⁴ Wot or know not.

⁵ Spend.

⁶ Attire.

The hart, the hind, the doe, the rae,
The founart and false fox ;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsy bairs and brocks ;
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They played them all in pairs.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weat,
But quiet, calm, and clear,
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled mony a tear ;
The which like silver shakers shined,
Embroidering Beauty's bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declined
In May's colours clad.
Some knoping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Excelling and smelling
Through Phoebus' wholesome heat.

ALEXANDER HUME.

ALEXANDER HUME, who died, minister of Logie, in 1609, published a volume of *Hymns or Sacred Songs* in the year 1599. He was of the Humes of Polwarth, and, previous to turning clergyman, had studied the law, and frequented the court ; but in his latter years, he was a stern and even gloomy Puritan. The most finished of his productions is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the *Day Estival*. The various objects of external nature, characteristic of a Scottish landscape, are painted with truth and clearness, and a calm devotional feeling is spread over the poem. It opens as follows :

O perfect light, which shed away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night ;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky ;

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe ;
And tune like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour :

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear ;
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at mid-day, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steeped in oil.' As the poet lived four years in France previous to his settling in Scotland, in mature life, we suspect he must have been drawing on his continental recollections for some of the features in this picture. At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and delight :

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Uphailed into scouts,
The bells and circles on the weills
Through leaping of the trouts.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry ;
Of bleating sheep fra they be killed,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

KING JAMES VI.

In 1585, the Scottish sovereign, KING JAMES VI. ventured into the magic circle of poesy himself, and published a volume, entitled *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie*. Also, *Ane Short Treatise containing some Rewolis and Cautelis to be Observit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie*. Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments, and the 'rules and cautelis' of the royal author are puerile and ridiculous. His majesty's verses, considering that he was only in his nineteenth year, are more creditable to him, and we shall quote one, in the original spelling, from the volume alluded to.

Ane Schort Poeme on Tymc.

As I was panning in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphenius heit
Up in the aire : it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee :
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee :
Yet idle men devysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tine :
And how they did themselves so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
Is bot in vaine : therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know ?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelic our selfis for to withdraw
Evin from the tyme, which is on noways slaw
To fle from us, suppose we fled it nocht ?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat ;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weil, that good men may commend us.

EARL OF ANCRUM—EARL OF STIRLING.

Two Scottish noblemen of the court of James were devoted to letters—namely, the EARL OF ANCRUM (1578–1654) and the EARL OF STIRLING (1580–1640). The first was a younger son of Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehurst, and he enjoyed the favour of both James and Charles I. The following sonnet by the earl was addressed to Drummond the poet in 1624. It shews how much the union of the crowns under James had led to the cultivation of the English style and language :

Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.

Sweet solitary life ! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise,
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of
change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear ;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience !

The Earl of Stirling—William Alexander of Menstrie, created a peer by Charles I.—was a more prolific poet. In 1637, he published a complete edition of his works, in one volume folio, with the title of *Recreations with the Muses*, consisting of tragedies, a heroic poem, a poem addressed to Prince Henry (the favourite son of King James), another heroic poem, entitled *Fonathan*, and a sacred poem, in twelve parts, on the *Day of Judgment*. One of the Earl of Stirling's tragedies is on the subject of Julius Cæsar. It was first published in 1606, and contains several

passages resembling parts of Shakspeare's tragedy of the same name, but it has not been ascertained which was first published. The genius of Shakspeare did not disdain to gather hints and expressions from obscure authors, the lesser lights of the age ; and a famous passage in the *Tempest* is supposed—though somewhat hypercritically—to be also derived from the Earl of Stirling. In the play of *Darius*, there occurs the following reflection :

Let Greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken :
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

The lines of Shakspeare will instantly be recalled :

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind !

None of the productions of the Earl of Stirling touch the heart or entrance the imagination. He has not the humble but genuine inspiration of Alexander Hume. Yet we must allow him to have been a calm and elegant poet, with considerable fancy, and an ear for metrical harmony. The following is one of his best sonnets :

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes
And by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes ;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearly shined ;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me ?

The lady whom the poet celebrated under the name of Aurora, did not accept his hand, but he was married to a daughter of Sir William Erskine. The earl concocted an enlightened scheme for colonising Nova Scotia, which was patronised by the king, yet was abandoned from the difficulties attending its accomplishment. Stirling held the office of secretary of state for Scotland for fifteen years, from 1626 to 1641—a period of great difficulty and delicacy, when Charles attempted to establish Episcopacy in the north. He realised an amount of wealth unusual for a poet, and employed part of it in building a handsome mansion in Stirling, which still remains, the memorial of a fortune so different from that of the ordinary children of the muse.

An excellent edition of the works of the Earl of Stirling has been published by Maurice, Ogle, and Co. Glasgow, 1871.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A greater poet flourished in Scotland at the same time with Stirling—namely, WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585–1649). Familiar with classic and English poetry, and imbued with true literary taste and feeling, Drummond soared above a mere local or provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond,

was gentleman-usher to King James; and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty. No author of any note, excepting, perhaps, Dryden, has been so lavish of adulation as Drummond. Having studied civil law for four years in France, the poet succeeded, in 1610, to an independent estate, and took up his residence at Hawthornden. If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland, there is no spot more finely varied—more rich, graceful, or luxuriant—than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Chapel, one of the most interesting of ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the groundwork of some fairy dream. The first publication of Drummond was in 1613, *Tears on the Death of Mæliades*, or Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1616 appeared a volume of *Poems*, of various kinds, but chiefly of love and sorrow. The death of a lady to whom he was betrothed affected him deeply, and he sought relief in change of scene and the excitement of foreign travel. On his return, after an absence of some years, he happened to meet a young lady named Logan, who bore so strong a resemblance to the former object of his affections, that he solicited and obtained her hand in marriage. Drummond's feelings were so intense on the side of the royalists, that the execution of Charles is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of the same year, December 1649. Drummond was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton; and his acquaintance with the former has been rendered memorable by a visit paid to him at Hawthornden, by Jonson, in the autumn or winter of 1618. On the 25th of September of that year, the magistrates of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city on Jonson, and on the 26th of October following he was entertained by the civic authorities to a banquet, which, as appears from the treasurer's accounts, cost £221, 6s. 4d. Scots money. During Jonson's stay at Hawthornden, the Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his personal failings. For this his memory has been keenly attacked and traduced. It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself; and, while their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources, there seems no malignity or meanness in recording faithfully his impressions of one of his most distinguished contemporaries. In 1617 was published Drummond's finest poem, *Forth Feasting, a Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty*, congratulating James on his revisiting his native country of Scotland. The poetry of Drummond has singular sweetness and harmony of versification. He was of the school of Spenser, but less *ethereal* in thought and imagination. He excelled in the heroic couplet, afterwards the most popular of English measures. His sonnets are of a still higher cast, have fewer conceits, and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. Drummond wrote a number of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are coarse and licentious. The general purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, in all his principal

productions, are his distinguishing characteristics. With more energy and force of mind, he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson—and with posterity. Drummond wrote several pieces in prose, the chief of which are *The History of the Five Jameses*, and *A Cypress Grove*—the latter not unlike the works of Jeremy Taylor in style and imagery.

The River of Forth Feasting.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
 What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
 And seem to call me from my watery court?
 What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
 Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
 With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
 Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
 And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
 Whence come these glittering throngs, these meteors
 bright,
 This golden people glancing in my sight?
 Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
 What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
 Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
 To mock my sense with what I most desired?
 View I that living face, see I those looks,
 Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
 Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
 This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
 Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
 My much-beloved prince is come again.
 So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
 When six black months are past, the sun does roll:
 So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
 Fair Helen's brothers shew their clearing lights:
 So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
 And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
 The feathered silvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
 And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
 Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
 And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
 In lasting cedars they do mark the time
 In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
 And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
 Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
 Such as on India's shores they use to pour:
 Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
 Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
 May never hours the web of day outweave;
 May never Night rise from her sable cave!
 Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare
 Your joys as ample as their causes are:
 For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
 And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
 Strew all your springs and grotts with lilies fair.
 Some swift-footed, get them hence, and pray
 Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
 Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting sun,
 Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's snows:
 Stone-rolling Tay; Tyne, tortoise-like that flows;
 The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey;
 Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
 Ness, smoking sulphur; Leve, with mountains crowned;
 Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renowned;
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
 The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
 The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing Clyde;
 Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
 Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
 The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names;
 To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
 Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests;

And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival ;
This day shall by our currents be renowned ;
Our hills about shall still this day resound :
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

To virgins, flowers ; to sun-burnt earth, the rain ;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main ;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.

Stay, passenger ; see where inclosed lies
The paragon of Princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could shew to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame :
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose ;
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,*
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears ;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde
You saw where Earth's perfections were confined.

To his Lute.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage¹ did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
For which be silent as in woods before :
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

The Praise of a Solitary Life.

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

To a Nightingale.

Sweet bird ! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.

* Milton has copied this image in his *Lycidas* :

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

¹ Warbling (from *ramage*, French).

What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

Sonnets.

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent :
My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told ;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive, that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief :
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods, shall return to nought ;
The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
To which one morn of birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power :
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas ! I both must write and love.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, a Scottish courtier and poet (1570–1638), enjoyed, like Drummond, the advantages of foreign travel and acquaintance with English poets. The few pieces of his composition are in pure English, and evince a smoothness and delicacy of fancy that have rarely been surpassed. The poet was a native of Fifeshire, son of Ayton of Kinaldie. James I. appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

On Woman's Inconstancy.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more ;
Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same ?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain :
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine ;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom dost recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthrall ;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquered thee,
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good-fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost ;
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging at a beggar's door.

The Forsaken Mistress.

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee ;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee :
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 Which kisses everything it meets,
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Thou 'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
 Armed with her briers, how sweet she smells !
 But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been a while,
 Like fair flowers to be thrown aside ;
 And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
 To see thy love to every one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

GEORGE BUCHANAN—DR ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

Two Scottish authors of this period distinguished themselves by their critical excellence and poetical fancy in the Latin language. By early and intense study, they acquired all the freedom and fluency of natives in this learned tongue, and have become known to posterity as the Scottish Virgil and the Scottish Ovid. We allude to GEORGE BUCHANAN (1506-1582) and DR ARTHUR JOHNSTON (1587-1641). The former is noticed among our prose authors. His great work is his paraphrase of the Psalms, part of which was composed in a monastery in Portugal, to which he had been confined by the Inquisition, about the year 1550. He afterwards pursued the sacred strain in France; and his

* It is not certain that this beautiful song—which Burns destroyed by rendering into Scotch—was actually the composition of Ayton. It is printed anonymously in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659. It is a suspicious circumstance, that in Watson's *Collection of Scottish Poems* (1706-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed, with his name, in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, without his name. But the internal evidence is strongly in favour of Sir Robert Ayton. Aubrey, in praising Ayton, says: 'Mr John Dryden has seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses.' The poems of Ayton, with a memoir, were published by Dr Charles Rogers in 1871.

task was finished in Scotland, when Mary had assumed the duties of sovereignty. Buchanan superintended the studies of that unfortunate princess, and dedicated to her one of the most finished and beautiful of his productions, the *Epithalamium*, composed on her first nuptials. The character and works of Buchanan, who was equally distinguished as a jurist, a poet, and a historian, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet.—Arthur Johnston was born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen. He studied medicine at Padua, and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain, he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, and was appointed physician to Charles I. He died at Oxford in 1641. Johnston wrote a number of Latin elegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637) entitled *Musa Aulicæ*, and (his greatest work, as it was that of Buchanan) a complete version of the Psalms. He also edited and contributed largely to the *Delicia Poetarum Scotorum*, a collection of congratulatory poems by various authors, which reflected great honour on the taste and scholarship of the Scottish nation. Critics have been divided as to the relative merits of Buchanan and Johnston. The following is the testimony of Mr Hallam: 'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase. A sort of critical controversy was carried on in the last century as to the versions of the Psalms by Buchanan and Johnston. Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe, been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or correctness of Latinity. In the 137th, with which Buchanan has taken much pains, he may be allowed the preference, but not at a great interval, and he has attained this superiority by too much diffuseness.'

DRAMATISTS.

Notwithstanding the greatness of the name of Spenser, it is not in general versification that the poetical strength of the age is chiefly manifested. Towards the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, the dramatic form of composition and representation, coinciding with that love of splendour, chivalrous feeling, and romantic adventure which animated the court, attracted nearly all the poetical genius of England.

It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilisation, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting, not in those exhibitions of natural character and incident which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of the principal supernatural events of the Old and New Testament, and of the history of the saints, whence they were denominated *Miracles*, or *Miracle Plays*. Originally, they appear to have been acted by, and under the

immediate management of, the clergy. A miracle play, upon the story of St Katherine, and in the French language, was acted at Dunstable in 1119, and such entertainments may have previously existed in England. From the year 1268 to 1577, they were performed almost every year in Chester; and there were few large cities which were not then regaled in a similar manner; even in Scotland they were not unknown. The most sacred persons, not excluding the Deity, were introduced into these rude dramas.

About the reign of Henry VI. persons representing sentiments and abstract ideas, such as Mercy, Justice, Truth, began to be introduced into the miracle plays, and led to the composition of an improved kind of drama, entirely or chiefly composed of such characters, and termed *Moral Plays*. These were certainly a great advance upon the miracles, as they all endeavoured to convey sound moral lessons, and at the same time gave occasion to some poetical and dramatic ingenuity, in delineating the characters, and assigning appropriate speeches to each. The character of Satan was still retained; and being represented in grotesque habiliments, and perpetually beaten by an attendant character, called the *Vice*, served to enliven what must have been at the best a sober, though well-meant entertainment. The *Cradle of Security*, *Hit the Nail on the Head*, *Impatient Poverty*, and the *Marriage of Wisdom and Wit*, are the names of moral plays which enjoyed popularity in the reign of Henry VIII. It was about this time that acting first became a distinct profession; both miracles and moral plays had previously been represented by clergymen, school-boys, or the members of trading incorporations, and were only brought forward occasionally, as part of some public or private festivity.

As the introduction of allegorical representations had been an improvement upon those plays which consisted of scriptural characters only, so was the introduction of historical personages an improvement upon those which employed only a set of impersonated ideas. It was soon found that a real human being, with a human name, was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, and keep alive the attention of an audience, and not less to impress them with moral truths, than a being that only represented an idea of the mind. The substitution of these for the symbolical characters gradually took place during the earlier part of the sixteenth century; and thus, with some aid from Greek dramatic literature, which now began to be studied, and from the improved theatres of Italy and Spain, the genuine English drama took its rise.

HEYWOOD AND BALE.

As specimens of something between the moral plays and the modern drama, the *Interludes* of JOHN HEYWOOD may be mentioned. Heywood was supported at the court of Henry VIII. partly as a musician, partly as court jester, and partly as a writer of plays. His dramatic compositions, some of which were produced before 1531, generally represented ludicrous familiar incidents in a style of the broadest and coarsest farce, yet with no small degree of skill and talent. One, called the *Four P.'s*, turns upon a dispute

between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler—who are the only characters—as to which shall tell the grossest falsehood: an accidental assertion of the Palmer, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, takes the rest off their guard, all of whom declare it to be the greatest lie they ever heard, and the settlement of the question is thus brought about amidst much mirth. Three of Heywood's interludes are dated 1533—namely: the *Play of Love*; *Johan the Husband*, *Tyb the Wife*, and *St Johan the Prester*; and *The Pardoner and the Frere*. Another is entitled *Of Gentylnes and Noblylte*, 1535. The dramatist was author of an allegorical poem, *The Spider and the Fly*, 1556—the spider representing the Protestants, and the fly the Catholics. *A Dialogue on English Proverbs*, 1546, and a *Dialogue of Wit and Folly* (first printed by the Percy Society in 1846), with ballads and other pieces in verse; pamphlets containing 600 *Epi-grams*, &c. proceeded from the pen of Heywood. After the death of Queen Mary in 1558, he retired to Mechlin in Brabant (being a zealous Roman Catholic, and fearing persecution), and there he died in 1565.

Another writer of dramatic productions was BISHOP BALE (1495–1563), who was among the first to present a species of mixed drama in which historical characters and incidents were introduced. All Bale's plays were designed to promote the cause of the Reformation; four of them are extant, and one, *Kynge Johan*, was published in 1838 from the manuscript in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. This ancient drama was probably first performed in the time of Edward VI.; and it embodies a portion of our national annals in the reign of King John, with the abstract impersonations common to the miracle and moral plays. Incidents from classic history—as *Appius and Virginia*—were also, at an early period, introduced on the stage.

The regular drama, from its very commencement, was divided into comedy and tragedy, the elements of both being found quite distinct in the rude entertainments above described, not to speak of the precedents afforded by Greece and Rome.

UDALL AND STILL.

Of comedy, which was an improvement upon the interludes, and may be more remotely traced in the ludicrous parts of the moral plays, the earliest specimen that has yet been found bears the title of *Roister Doister*, and was the production of NICOLAS UDALL, born in Hampshire about 1504, and successively master of Eton College, rector of Braintree, prebend of Windsor, rector of Calborne, and master of Westminster School. He died in December 1556. His comedy was written before the close of the reign of Edward VI. in 1553. The scene is in London, and the characters, thirteen in number, exhibit the manners of the middle orders of the people of that day. It is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. Mr J. Payne Collier, who has devoted years of anxious study to the history and illustration of dramatic literature, has discovered four acts of a comedy, which he assigns to the year 1560. This play is entitled *Mesogonus*, and bears

to be written by 'Thomas Rychardes.' The scene is laid in Italy, but the manners are English, and the character of the domestic fool, so important in the old comedy, is fully delineated.—The next in point of time is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, supposed to have been written about 1565, or still earlier, by JOHN STILL, a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, born in 1543, and who was successively master of St John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, vice-chancellor of the university there, and bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1607. His play is a piece of low rustic humour, the whole turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending the breeches of her man Hodge. But it is cleverly hit off, and contains a few well-sketchd characters.

The language of *Roister Doister* and of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is in long and irregularly measured rhyme, of which a specimen may be given from a speech of Dame Custance in the former play, respecting the difficulty of preserving a good reputation :

Lord, how necessary it is now of days
That each body live uprightly all manner ways,
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought.
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts and eke
 intents,
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.

The comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is much inferior to *Roister Doister* both in plot and dialogue, but contains a drinking song that is worth both dramas :

Jolly Good Ale and Old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.

And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trouled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old,
Back and side, &c.

NORTON—EDWARDS—WHETSTONE.

Tragedy, of later origin than comedy, came directly from the more elevated portions of the moral plays, and from the pure models of Greece and Rome. The earliest known specimen of English tragedy is entitled *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, by the members of the Inner Temple, on the 18th of January 1561-2. It seems to be settled by Mr Collier that the first three acts of this tragedy were written by THOMAS NORTON, and the last two by SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, of whose poetical work, the *Induction*, we have already spoken. Norton was a barrister, and associated with Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms. The tragedy of *Gorboduc* is founded on a fabulous incident in early British history, and is full of slaughter and civil broils. It is written, however, in regular blank verse, consists of five acts, and observes some of the more useful rules of the classic drama of antiquity, to which it bears resemblance in the introduction of a chorus—that is, a person or persons whose business it was to intersperse the play with moral observations and inferences, referring to the action of the drama, and generally expressed in lyrical stanzas. It may occasion some surprise that the first English tragedy should contain lines like the following :

Acastus. Your grace should now, in these grave
 years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys ;
How short they be, how fading here in earth ;
How full of change, how little our estate,
Of nothing sure save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last : neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.
Gorboduc. Many can yield right sage and grave
 advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

Or this passage on the ravages of civil war :

And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,
Whilom in wealth and fame, shall thus be torn,
Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed :
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring!
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
This is the end when in fond princes' hearts
Flattery prevails and sage rede [counsel] hath no place.
These are the plagues when murder is the mean
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
Nought but the blood of her own child may 'suaige.
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
To work revenge and judge their prince's fact,

This, this ensues when noble men do fail
 In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
 And this doth grow when, lo! unto the prince
 Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
 No certain heir remains.

In this style the tragedy is constructed. There is a want of passion and incident, but still proof of the great advance of the drama.

Not long after the appearance of *Gorboduc*, both tragedies and comedies had become common. RICHARD EDWARDS (circa 1523-1566), a member of Lincoln's Inn, enjoyed a high reputation as a dramatic poet. His classical drama of *Damon and Pythias*, and another play by him, entitled *Palamon and Arcite*, were both performed before Queen Elizabeth—the latter at Oxford in 1566, when the crowd was so great that part of the building fell, and several persons were killed. This drama was inferior to *Gorboduc*, inasmuch as it carried an admixture of vulgar comedy, and was written in rhyme. In the same year, two plays, respectively styled the *Supposes* and *Jocasta*—the one, a comedy adapted from Ariosto; the other, a tragedy from Euripides—were acted in Gray's Inn Hall. A tragedy, called *Tancred and Gismunda*, composed by five members of the Inner Temple, and presented there before the queen in 1568, was the first English play taken from an Italian novel. Various dramatic pieces now followed; and between the years 1568 and 1580, no less than fifty-two dramas were acted at court under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels. Under the date of 1578, we have the play of *Promos and Cassandra*, by GEORGE WHETSTONE, on which Shakspeare founded his *Measure for Measure*. Whetstone was an extensive miscellaneous writer, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, but neither the time nor the place of his birth is known. He is said to have been an unsuccessful courtier, then a soldier, serving with Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, afterwards a farmer, next engaged in Sir Humphry Gilbert's expedition to Newfoundland in 1583, and finally a littérateur, seizing upon every passing event as a subject for his pen. His *Promos and Cassandra* was a translation, with pieces of poetry interspersed, of one of the *Hundred Tales* of the Italian novelist, Giraldo Cinthio.

In February 1562, mention is made of an historical play under the name of *Julius Cesar*. Other historical plays were also produced; and the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, the *Famous Victories of Henry V.* and the *Chronicle History of Leir, King of England*, formed the quarry from which Shakspeare constructed his dramas on the same events.

The first regularly licensed theatre in London was opened at Blackfriars in 1576; and in ten years it is mentioned by Secretary Walsingham that there were two hundred players in and near the metropolis. This was probably an exaggeration; but it is certain there were five public theatres open about the commencement of Shakspeare's career, and several private or select establishments. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn something of the structure and appearance of the buildings in which his immortal dramas first saw the light, and where he unwillingly made himself a 'motley to the view,' in his character of actor.

The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dames of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit, or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Movable scenery was first introduced by Davenant after the Restoration,* but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance. Anciently, an allegorical exhibition, called the *Dumb Show*, was exhibited before every act, and gave an outline of the action or circumstances to follow. Shakspeare has preserved this peculiarity in the play acted before the king and queen in *Hamlet*; but he never employs it in his own dramas. Such machinery, indeed, would be incompatible with the increased action and business of the stage, when the miracle plays had given place to the 'pomp and circumstance' of historical dramas, and the bustling liveliness of comedy. The chorus was longer retained, and appears in Marlowe's *Faustus* and in *Henry VI.* Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, and the female parts were played by boys, or delicate-looking young men. This may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out still more clearly the depth of that innate sense of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakspeare's female characters. At the end of each performance, the clown, or buffoon actor of the company, recited or sung a rhyming medley called a *jig*, in which he often contrived to introduce satirical allusions to public men or events; and before dismissing the audience, the actors knelt in front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the queen! Reviewing these rude arrangements of the old theatres, Mr Dyce happily remarks: 'What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern play-houses! Yet perhaps the decline of the drama may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.'

The only information we possess as to the payment of dramatic authors at this time is contained in the memoranda of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager, preserved in Dulwich College, and quoted by Malone and Collier. Before the year

* The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
 The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
 The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
 Where Jaques fed his solitary vein;
 No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
 Seen only by the intellectual eye.—C. LAMB.

1600, the price paid by Henslowe for a new play never exceeded £8; but after this date, perhaps in consequence of the exertions of rival companies, larger sums were given, and prices of £20 and £25 are mentioned. The proceeds of the second day's performance were afterwards added to the author's emoluments. Furnishing prologues for new plays, the prices of which varied from five to twenty shillings, was another source of gain; but the proverbial poverty of poets seems to have been exemplified in the old dramatists, even when they were actors as well as authors. The shareholders of the theatre derived considerable profits from the performances, and were occasionally paid for exhibitions in the houses of the nobility. Nearly all the dramatic authors preceding and contemporary with Shakspeare were men who had received a learned education at the university of Oxford or Cambridge. A profusion of classical imagery abounds in their plays, but they did not copy the severe and correct taste of the ancient models. They wrote to supply the popular demand for novelty and excitement—for broad farce or superlative tragedy—to introduce the coarse raiillery or comic incidents of low life—to dramatise a murder, or embody the vulgar idea of oriental bloodshed and splendid extravagance. 'If we seek for a poetical image,' says a writer on our drama, 'a burst of passion, a beautiful sentiment, a trait of nature, we seek not in vain in the works of our very oldest dramatists. But none of the predecessors of Shakspeare must be thought of along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus, moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life.* Among the immediate predecessors of the great poet are some worthy of separate notice. A host of *playwrights* abounded, and nearly all of them have touches of that happy poetic diction, free, yet choice and select, which gives a permanent value and interest to these elder masters of English poetry.

JOHN LYL. Y.

JOHN LYL. Y., born in Kent in 1553 or 1554, produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St Paul's. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as *Sappho and Phaon* (1584), *Endymion* (1591), the *Maid's Metamorphosis*, *Galathea* (1592), *Midas* (1592), *Mother Bombie* (1594), &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe in the *Metamorphosis*, 'oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding.' Queen Elizabeth is said to have patronised Lyl. Y.; but in a petition for the office of Master of the Revels, he tells the queen: 'For these ten years I have attended with an unwearied patience, and now I know not what crab took me for an oyster, that in the midst of your sunshine, of your most gracious aspect, hath thrust a stone between the shells to eat me alive that only live on dead hopes.' There was probably real feeling in the following speech which Lyl.

puts into the mouth of his Phaon, a poor ferryman, in his comedy of *Sappho and Phaon*:

Phaon. Thou art a ferryman, Phaon, yet a freeman; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sappho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage.

This affords a favourable specimen of Lyl. Y.'s affected poetical prose. By his *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, he exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyl. Y.'s *Endymion*, but evidently from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep: "Behold the twig to which thou laigest down thy head is now become a tree." There are finer things in the *Metamorphosis*, as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods:

Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall prove,
As they'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her seen,
Only because they would be ever green,
And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year.

Or the song of the fairies:

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

The genius of Lyl. Y. was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature. The following exquisite little pieces are in his drama of *Alexander and Campaspe*, performed before the queen in 1584.

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii. from 'Essays on the Old Drama,' said to have been contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me!

Song.

O cruel Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day:
Never may sleep, with velvet hand,
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy gaolers shall be hopes and fears;
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play, to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,
Such as when you Phao call;
The bed thou liest on be despair,
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long care.
Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
Mocks thee till madness strike thee dead,
As, Phao, thou dost me with thy proud eyes;
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

Song.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—teru—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his throat;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring.

GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE held the situation of city poet and conductor of pageants for the court. In 1584 his *Arraignment of Paris*, a court show, was represented before Elizabeth. The author was then a young man, who had recently left Christ Church, Oxford. In 1593, Peele gave an example of an English historical play in his *Edward I*. The style of this piece is turgid and monotonous; yet in the following allusion to England, we see something of the high-sounding kingly speeches in Shakspeare's historical plays:

Apostrophe to England.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms—
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed—
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst has not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?

Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with her deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretched sails filled with the breath of men,
That through the world admire his manliness.
And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phoebus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

Peele was also author of the *Old Wives' Tale*, a legendary story, part in prose, and part in blank verse, which afforded Milton a rude outline of his fable of *Comus*. The *Old Wives' Tale* was printed in 1595, as acted by 'the Queen's Majesty's Players.' The greatest work of Peele is his Scripture drama, the *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, with the tragedy of *Absalom*, which Campbell terms 'the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry.' The date of representation of this drama is not known; it was not printed till 1599, after Shakspeare had written some of his finest comedies, and opened up a fountain compared with which the feeble tricklings of Peele were wholly insignificant. It is not probable that Peele's play was written before 1590, as one passage in it seems a direct plagiarism from the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser. We may allow Peele the merit of a delicate poetical fancy and smooth musical versification. The defect of his blank verse is its want of variety: the art of varying the pauses and modulating the verse without the aid of rhyme had not yet been generally adopted. In *David and Bethsabe*, this monotony is less observable, because his lines are smoother, and there is a play of rich and luxurious fancy in some of the scenes.

Prologue to King David and Fair Bethsabe.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heaven rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct,
Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse,
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

BETHSABE and her maid bathing. King DAVID above.

The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair :
Shine, sun ; burn, fire ; breathe, air, and ease me ;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me ;
Shadow—my sweet nurse—keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaïd desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes

That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan :
This shade—sun-proof—is yet no proof for thee ;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances¹ cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet ;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To follow the wanton with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce

My soul, incensed with a sudden fire !
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame ?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamelled with discoloured flowers ;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold ;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites ;
The briu let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse ;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn, instead of dew ;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab ?

Dav. Go now and bring her quickly to the king ;
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cus. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Dav. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mixed with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids ;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,

¹ The sun's rays.

To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings. . . .
Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair :
To 'joy her love I 'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
'That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful Sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Charles Lamb says justly, that the line, 'seated in hearing of a hundred streams,' is the best in the above passage. It is indeed a noble poetical image.

Parable of Nathan and David.

Nathan. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king :
There were two men both dwellers in one town ;
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field ;
'The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought, and nourished by his hand ;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's store ;
And drest it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this ?

David. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged, and shall become the child of death ;
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Nath. THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST
JUDGED THYSELF.—

David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me :
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul ;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,
His wives unto thy bosom I did give,
And Juda and Jerusalem withal ;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more.

Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight ?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain ; wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine :
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee ;
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee ;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess.
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned, O sinned grievously, and lo !
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.

Nath. David, stand up ; thus saith the Lord by me :
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart ;
But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirred up the enemies of Israel
To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
And say : ' He set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes ;'
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn,

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works !
But must it die, that David loveth so? . . .
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates ;
Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon ;
Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams !

SONG.—*Cupid's Curse.*

From the *Arraignment of Paris.*

CENONE—PARIS.

Cenone. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

En. My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse :
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (*repeated*).

En. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse :
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (*repeated*).

Peele died before 1599, and seems, like most of his dramatic brethren, to have led an irregular life, in the midst of severe poverty. A volume of *Merry Conceited Fests*, said to have been by him, was published after his death in 1607, which, if even *founded* on fact, shews that he was not scrupulous as to the means of relieving his wants.

THOMAS KYD.

In 1588, THOMAS KYD produced his play of *Hieronimo* or *Feronimo*, and some years afterwards a second part to it, under the title of *The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad Again*. This second part is supposed to have gone through more editions than any play of the time. Ben Jonson was afterwards engaged to make additions to it, when it was revived in 1601, and further editions in 1602. These new scenes are said by Lamb to be 'the very salt of the old play,' and so superior to Jonson's acknowledged works, that he attributes them to Webster, or some 'more potent spirit' than Ben. This seems refining too much in criticism. Kyd, like Marlowe, often verges upon bombast, and 'deals largely in blood and death.' Nothing seems to be known of his personal history.

HIERONIMO mad, for the loss of his murdered son.

Hieronimo. My son ! and what's a son ?
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women ;
And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad ?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son ?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
Ay, or yet ? why might not a man love a calf as well ?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son ?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son ;
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unlevelled he appears ;
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age ;
This is a son ; and what a loss is this, considered truly !
Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours : he loved his loving parents :
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house—
Our hopes were stored up in him ;
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhorsed the proud prince
Balthazar ;
And his great mind, too full of honour, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.
Well, Heaven is Heaven still !
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers :
They do not always 'scape—that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and
steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all. [*Exit.*]

JAQUES and PEDRO, Servants.

Jaques. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Pedro. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distract since his Horatio died :
And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
Grows lunatic and childish for his son :
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him ;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out : ' Horatio, where is my Horatio ?'
So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See, here he comes.

HIERONIMO enters.

Hier. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven ;
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
How now, who's there, sprites, sprites ?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark ?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no ; you are deceived : not I ; you are
deceived.

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

Pal. Then we burn daylight.

Hier. Let it be burned: Night is a murderous slut,
That would not have her reasons to be seen:
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets¹ on her sleeve, pins on her train:
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Pal. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.
The heavens are gracious; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

Hier. Villain! thou liest; and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad: thou liest; I am not mad:
I know thee to be Pedro; and he, Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night when my Horatio was
murdered?

She should have shone: search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind
of grace,
That I know, nay, I do know had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of nought but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

ISABELLA, his wife, enters.

Isabella. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors.
O seek not means to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here.
I do not cry; ask Pedro and Jaques:

Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry!

Isa. How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore:
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant!
See who knocks there. [*One knocks within at the door.*]

Pal. It is a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in; one knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

Painter. God bless you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

Pain. Justice, madam.

Hier. O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world?

Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

Pain. O then, I see that God must right me for my
murdered son.

Hier. How! was thy son murdered?

Pain. Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.

¹ Tags of points.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lie,
As massy as the earth. I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go;
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like two she-lions, 'reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

THOMAS NASH.

THOMAS NASH, a lively satirist, who amused
the town with his attacks on Gabriel Harvey and
the Puritans, wrote a comedy called *Summer's
Last Will and Testament*, which was exhibited
before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He was also
concerned with Marlowe in writing the tragedy
of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. He was imprisoned
for being the author of a satirical play, never
printed, called the *Isle of Dogs*. Another piece
of Nash's, entitled the *Supplication of Pierce
Penniless to the Devil*, was printed in 1592, which
was followed next year by *Christ's Tears over
Jerusalem*. Nash was a native of Lowestoft, in
Suffolk, and was born about the year 1564; he
was of St John's College, Cambridge. He died
about the year 1600, after a 'life spent,' he says,
'in fantastical satirism, in whose veins heretofore
I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired
against good hours.' He was the Churchill of
his day, and was much famed for his satires.
One of his contemporaries remarks of him, in a
happy couplet:

His style was witty, though he had some gall;
Something he might have mended, so may all.

Return from Parnassus.

The versification of Nash is hard and monotonous.
The following is from his comedy of *Summer's
Last Will and Testament*, and is a favourable
specimen of his blank verse: great part of the
play is in prose:

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing;
But, Atlas-like, to sup heaven on one's back,
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour placed:
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

In *Pierce Penniless*, Nash draws a harrowing
picture of the despair of a poor scholar:

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent:
Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.
Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise' breach;
Ah, friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

On this subject, Nash was always fluent. He was an author by profession—careless, jovial, and dissipated—alternating between riotous excess and abject misery. His ready and pungent pen was at the service of any patron or cause that would pay, but he was generally in want. In his *Pierce Penniless*, he thus paints his situation in 1592: 'Having spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, and addressed my endeavours to prosperity; but all in vain. I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity; for all my labours turned to loss: my vulgar muse was despised and neglected; my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded; and I myself in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty.'

The condition of the times Nash describes as lamentable. 'Men of art,' he says, 'must seek alms of cormorants, and those that deserve best, to be kept under by dunces, who count it a policy to keep them bare, because they should follow their books the better.' But he is quite willing to *let himself out* to one of these wealthy dunces: 'Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers, that write of nothing but mayors and sheriffs, and the Dear Year and the Great Frost, that can endow your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from mere reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of all wits, and the very phrase of angels: how much better is it, then, to have an eloquent lawyer to plead one's case than a strutting townsman, who loseth himself in his tale, and doth nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honour's story related and his deeds emblazoned by a poet than a citizen. . . . For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself, yet have I worn a gown in the university; but this I dare presume, that if any Mæcenas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which would enable me, I am persuaded, to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evil entreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I'll rail on him soundly, not for an hour or a day while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignorant illiberality: and let him not, whatsoever he be, treasure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *quicquid in buccam veniret*, as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms, if I be vexed, laid in steep in aquafortis and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies, and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears.'

The works of this formidable satirist are numerous—as, *Return of the Renowned Cavaliero Pasquill of England* (1589); *Strange Newes of the*

Intercepting Certain Letters (1592)—another fling at Harvey; *Martin's Month's Mind* (1589); *Pasquill's Apology* (1590); *The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions* (1594); &c. The least valuable of his productions are his attempts at the drama, but the stage offered attractions at that period which were irresistible to a needy author.

ROBERT GREENE.

ROBERT GREENE, a more distinguished dramatist, is believed to have been born at Norwich, about the year 1560. He was a graduate of St John's College, Cambridge, 1578, but took his degree of M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. In his work, *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592), the unfortunate dramatist confesses his early iniquities. 'Being at the university of Cambridge,' he says, 'I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon-companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded master of arts (1583), I left the university, and away to London, where—after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends—I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, know so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.' This account is amply borne out by contemporary testimony, especially by that of Gabriel Harvey, who has painted Greene in the darkest colours. In the midst of his dissipation, however, Greene lost none of his facility for literary composition. His first performance, *Mamillia*, appeared in 1583; and before his death, on the 3d of September 1592, he had produced above forty plays, poems, and tales. His works were highly popular, and were eagerly bought up by all classes. The most creditable of his prose works are short tales and romances, interspersed with poetry—as *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Faunias* (1589); the *History of Arbasto, King of Denmark*; *A Pair of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio*; *Menaphon*; &c. Others relate to his own history and adventures—as *Greene's Never too Late, or a Power of Experience*;

Greene's Mourning Garment, Greene's Farewell to Folly, The Repentance of Robert Greene, &c. A third class of his performances disclosed the writer's peculiar knowledge of all town vices and villainies—as *A Notable Discovery of Cozenage, Coney-catching, The Black Book's Messenger, &c.* The plays of Greene are—*Orlando Furioso*, a tragedy; *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*; *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*; *James IV.*; *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield*; and a 'mystery play,' written in conjunction with Lodge, called *A Looking-glass for London and England*. Amidst a good deal of bombast and extravagance, there is genuine poetry in these plays. Some of the verses scattered through the tales are also remarkable for sweetness of expression and ornate diction. In his *Pandosto*, from which Shakspeare took the plot of his *Winter's Tale*, are the following lines :

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair—
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower ;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower ;
Yet, were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn.

The blank verse of Greene approaches next to that of Marlowe, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with classical images and illustrations. In his *Orlando*, he thus apostrophises the evening star :

Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
That in their union praise thy lasting powers ;
Thou that hast stayed the fiery Phlegon's course,
And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
To droop in view of Daphne's excellence ;
Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
Look on Orlando languishing in love.
Sweet solitary groves, whereas the nymphs
With pleasance laugh to see the satyrs play,
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
Tread she these lawns?—kind Flora, boast thy pride:
Seek she for shades?—spread, cedars, for her sake.
Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah thought, my heaven ! Ah heaven, that knows my
thought !
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

Passages like this prove that Greene succeeds well, as Hallam remarks, 'in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakspeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in the historic plays effective and brilliant.' Professor Tieck gives him the high praise of possessing 'a happy talent, a clear spirit, and a lively imagination.' His comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and farcical humour. George-a-Green is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who

meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c. and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edward :

George-a-Green, give me thy hand : there is
None in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself,
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

The following is a specimen of the simple humour and practical jokes in the play ; it is in a scene between George and his servant :

Jenkin. This fellow comes to me,
And takes me by the bosom : 'You slave,'
Said he, 'hold my horse, and look
He takes no cold in his feet.'
'No, marry, shall he, sir,' quoth I ;
'I'll lay my cloak underneath him.'
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And set his horse on the midst of it.

George. Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon
thy cloak ?

Jenkin. Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he were no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground.

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay is Greene's best comedy. His friars are conjurers, and the piece concludes with one of their pupils being carried off to hell on the back of one of Friar Bacon's devils. Mr Collier thinks this was one of the latest instances of the devil being brought upon the stage in *propria personâ*. The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier.

In some hour of repentance, when death was nigh at hand, Greene wrote a tract, called *A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nash, and also gives ghostly advice to his acquaintances 'that spend their wit in making plays.' The first he styles 'thou famous gracer of tragedians,' and he accuses him of atheism : 'why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver?' The allusion here is clearly to Marlowe, whom all his contemporaries charge with atheism. The second dramatist is addressed as 'Young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy: sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it—no man better, no man so well.' Lodge is supposed to be the party here addressed. Finally, Greene counsels another dramatist, 'no less deserving than the other two,' and who was like himself 'driven to extreme shifts,' not to depend on so mean a stay as the stage. Peele is evidently this third party. Greene then glances at Shakspeare: 'For there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' The punning allusion to Shakspeare is palpable: the expressions, 'tiger's heart,' &c. are a parody on the line in *Henry VI.* part third—

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide !

The *Winter's Tale* is believed to be one of Shakspeare's late dramas, not written till long after Greene's death; consequently, if this be correct, the unhappy man could not allude to the plagiarism of the plot from his tale of *Pandosto*. Some forgotten play of Greene and his friend may have been alluded to; perhaps the old dramas on which Shakspeare constructed his *Henry VI.* for in one of these the line *O tiger's heart*, &c. also occurs. These old plays, however, seem above the pitch of Greene in tragedy. Shakspeare was certainly indebted to Marlowe, one of the dramatists thus addressed by Greene. The *Groat's Worth of Wit* was published after Greene's death by a brother-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent work, apologised indirectly for the allusion to Shakspeare. 'I am as sorry,' he says, 'as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.' This is a valuable statement: full justice is done to Shakspeare's moral worth and civil deportment, and to his respectability as an actor and author. Chettle's apology or explanation was made in 1593.

The conclusion of Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit* contains more pathos than all his plays; it is a harrowing picture of genius debased by vice, and sorrowing in repentance:

But now return I again to you three [Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele], knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, fly lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of master-ship, remember Robert Greene—whom they have often flattered—perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath, may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live, though himself be dying.—ROBERT GREENE.

His death was wretched in the extreme. Having, at a supper where Nash was a guest, indulged to excess in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, he contracted a mortal illness, under which he continued for a month, supported by a poor charitable cordwainer; and he was buried the day after his death in the New Churchyard near Bedlam, the cost of his funeral being 6s. 4d. Harvey says Greene's corpse was decked by the cordwainer's wife with 'a garland of bays, pursuant to his last request!'

Content.—A Sonnet.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss,
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,

The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Sephestia's Song to her Child, after escaping from Shipwreck.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so;
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowded, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The Shepherd and his Wife.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Corydon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,
For, though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet do the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest¹ swain of all!
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;

¹ *Alder*, of all; *alderleefest*, or *alderleevest*, dearest of all.

Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
 Beauteous, like a summer's queen ;
 For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
 As if lilies were imbrued
 With drops of blood, to make the white
 Please the eye with more delight.
 Love did lie within her eyes,
 In ambush for some wanton prize ;
 A lecher lass than this had been,
 Corydon had never seen.
 Nor was Phillis, that fair May,
 Half so gaudy or so gay.
 She wore a chaplet on her head ;
 Her cassock was of scarlet red,
 Long and large, as straight as bent ;
 Her middle was both small and gent.
 A neck as white as whales' bone,
 Compast with a lace of stone ;
 Fine she was, and fair she was,
 Brighter than the brightest glass ;
 Such a shepherd's wife as she
 Was not more in Thessaly.

Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself, what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy ; well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and begun to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundelay.

Ah ! what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter too :
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night
 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too :
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
 And blither too :
 For kings have often fears when they sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his beds of down,
 More sounder too :
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or syth,¹
 And blither too :
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

¹ *Syth*, or *sitie*, Sax. time.

THOMAS LODGE.

THOMAS LODGE is usually classed among the precursors of Shakspeare ; he was a poor dramatist. He wrote one tragedy, *The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594. This is in blank verse, but without modulation, and the play is heavy and uninteresting. The 'mystery-play,' *A Looking-glass for London and England*, written by Lodge and Greene, is directed to the defence of the stage. It applies the scriptural story of Nineveh to the city of London, and amidst drunken buffoonery and clownish mirth, contains some powerful satirical writing.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The greatest of Shakspeare's precursors in the drama was CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE—a fiery imaginative spirit, who first imparted consistent character and energy to the stage, in connection with a high-sounding and varied blank verse. Marlowe was born at Canterbury, and baptised on the 26th of February 1563-4. He was the son of a shoemaker, but through the aid of some local patron—supposed to be Sir Roger Manwood, chief baron of the Exchequer, on whom he wrote a Latin epitaph—he was admitted into the King's School of Canterbury, founded for the education of fifty scholars, who received each a stipend of £4 per annum, and retained their scholarships for five years. From this institution, Marlowe was enabled to proceed, in 1581, to Bennet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1583, and that of M.A. in 1587. Previous to this, he is supposed to have written his tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, which was successfully brought out on the stage, and long continued a favourite. Shakspeare makes ancient Pistol quote, in ridicule, part of this play :

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia, &c.

But, amidst the rant and fustian of *Tamburlaine*, there are passages of great beauty and wild grandeur, and the versification justifies the compliment afterwards paid by Ben Jonson, in the words, 'Marlowe's mighty line.' His lofty blank verse is one of his most characteristic features. His second play, the *Life and Death of Dr Faustus*, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first tragedy. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command, and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years ; during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Such a plot afforded scope for deep passion and variety of adventure, and Marlowe has constructed from it a powerful though irregular play. Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur and the most thrilling agony, are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, often ludicrous and grotesque. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition. A feeling of curiosity and

wonder is excited by his necromancy and his strange compact with Lucifer; but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off, and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and despair. Then, when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring, yet distrusting repentance, a scene of enchaining interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos, carries captive the sternest heart, and proclaims the full triumph of the tragic poet.

Scenes from Marlowe's Faustus.

FAUSTUS.—WAGNER, his Servant.

Faustus. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will. How dost thou like it?

Wagner. Sir, so wondrous well, As in all humble duty I do yield My life and lasting service for your love.

[*Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner. Welcome, gentlemen.

First Scholar. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

Faust. O gentlemen.

Second Scholar. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

Third Scholar. He is not well with being over-solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

First Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen Wirttemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself—heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

Scholars. O God forbid!

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity;

and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. Oh, what may we do to save Faustus!

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS ALONE.—The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. O Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damned perpetually. Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven, That time may cease and midnight never come. Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make Perpetual day! or let this hour be but A year, a month, a week, a natural day, That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente lente currite, noctis equi.

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned. Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down? See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament: One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ, Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ. Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer. Where is it now? 'tis gone!

And see a threatening arm and angry brow. Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me, And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven. No? then I will headlong run into the earth: Gape, earth! O no, it will not harbour me.

You stars that reigned at my nativity, Whose influence have allotted death and hell, Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud; That when you vomit forth into the air, My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths, But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon. Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin, Impose some end to my incessant pain. Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years, A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved: No end is limited to damned souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul? Or why is this immortal that thou hast? Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true, This soul should fly from me, and I be changed Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die, Their souls are soon dissolved in elements; But mine must live still to be plagued in hell. Cursed be the parents that engendered me! No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer, That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air, Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O soul, be changed into small water-drops, And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found. O mercy, Heaven, look not so fierce on me. Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:

Ugly hell, gape not ; come not, Lucifer :
I'll burn my books : O Mephistophilis !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scholars.

First Sch. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin ;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard ;
Pray Heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us, heavens ! see, here are Faustus'
limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus served hath torn
him thus :

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help ;
At which same time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be
such

As every Christian heart laments to think on ;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial :
And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

[*Exeunt.*]

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man :
Faustus is gone ! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things ;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

The classical taste of Marlowe is evinced in the fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece, whom the spirit Mephistophilis conjures up 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus :

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss !
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again :
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked ;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest :
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars !
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele ;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms ;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Before 1593, Marlowe produced three other dramas—the *Jew of Malta*, the *Massacre at Paris*, and a historical play, *Edward II.* The more malignant passions of the human breast have rarely been represented with such force as they are in the Jew.

Passages from the 'Jew of Malta.'

In one of the early scenes, Barabas the Jew is deprived of his wealth by the governor of Malta. While being comforted in his distress by two Jewish friends, he thus denounces his oppressors :

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred

Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor* !
And here, upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

So deeply have his misfortunes imbibtered his life, that he would have it appear he is tired of it :

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.

But when his comforters are gone, he throws off the mask of sorrow to shew his real feelings, which suggest to him schemes of the subtlest vengeance. With the fulfilment of these, the rest of the play is occupied, and when, having taken terrible vengeance on his enemies, he is overmatched himself, he thus confesses his crimes, and closes his career.

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution :
Know, governor, 'tis I that slew thy son ;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow ;
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels.
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs.
Die, life ; fly, soul ; tongue, curse thy fill, and die.

[*Dies.*]

Edward II. is greatly superior to the two plays mentioned in connection with it : it is a noble drama, with ably drawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tragedy, *Lust's Dominion*, was published long after Marlowe's death, with his name, as author, on the title-page. Mr Collier has shewn that this play, as it was then printed, was a much later production, and was probably written by Dekker and others. It contains passages and characters, however, characteristic of Marlowe's style, and he may have written the original outline. The old play of *Taming of a Shrew*, printed in 1594, contains numerous lines to be found also in Marlowe's acknowledged works, and hence it has been conjectured that he was its author. Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Even *Faustus* was dressed up in this manner : In 1597—four years after Marlowe's death—Dekker was paid 20s. for making additions to this tragedy ; and in other five years, Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays, was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications. In addition to the above dramatic productions, Marlowe joined with Nash in writing the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, and translated part of *Hero and Leander*—afterwards completed by Chapman—and the *Elegies of Ovid*. The latter was so licentious as to be burned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet they were often reprinted, in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict. Poor Marlowe lived, as he wrote, wildly : he was accused of entertaining atheistical opinions, a charge brought against him equally by his associates and by rigid moral censors. He evidently felt what he makes his own *Tamburlaine* express :

Nature that formed us of four elements,
 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wandering planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

Marlowe came to an early and singularly unhappy end. He was stabbed in an affray in a tavern at Deptford, and buried on the 1st of June 1593, the parish register recording that he was 'slain by Francis Archer.' Marlowe had raised his poniard against his antagonist—whom Meres and Anthony Wood describe as 'a serving-man, a rival of his lewd love'—when the other seized him by the wrist, and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlowe's own head, 'in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound.' Thus, condemned by the serious and puritanical, and stained with follies, while his genius was rapidly maturing and developing its magnificent resources, Marlowe fell a victim to an obscure and disgraceful brawl. The last words of Greene's address to him a year or two before are somewhat ominous : 'Refuse not (with me) till this last point of extremity ; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.' The warning was

Like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
 The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
 And in the shadow of the silent night
 Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.
Jew of Malta.

The finest compliment paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet, was by his contemporary and fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton :

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
 Had in him those brave translunary things
 That the first poets had : his raptures were
 All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
 For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

The great success of Marlowe's plays, and the popularity of Alleyn, the principal actor in them, must have influenced Shakspeare in no small degree ; and he fortunately possessed in Burbage a tragic performer capable of embodying his finest conceptions and dividing the applause of the town. Marlowe's Jew was, in a certain sense, the prototype of Shylock, and his historical plays the foundation of Shakspeare's first efforts in the same popular walk of the drama. There could never have been any serious or continued rivalry between the poets, even if death had not prevented it ; but there may have been a short period when Shakspeare looked with envy and admiration on the wild, irregular, and towering genius that, 'with no middle flight,' successfully soared

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursued
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Originality, that first attribute of genius, belongs, in an eminent degree, to the ill-fated Marlowe. We subjoin part of the death-scene of Edward II. in his historical drama, a scene which, Charles

Lamb says, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern.' It may challenge comparison with Shakspeare's death of Richard II. ; but Marlowe could not interest us in his hero as the great dramatist does in the gentle Richard.

Scene from Marlowe's Edward II.

Scene—Berkeley Castle. The KING is left alone with LIGHTBORN, a murderer.

Edward. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks! Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord! Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used, For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears, To see a king in this most piteous state.

Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me, And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's¹ is,

Or as Matrevis,¹ hewn from the Caucasus, Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is a sink Wherein the filth of all the castle falls,

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood This ten days' space ; and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king ;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance, My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

O would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tattered robes!

Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhorsed the Duke of Clermont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death :

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then, when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

Know that I am a king : Oh, at that name

I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?

Gone, gone ; and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatched, my lord ; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay.

¹ His keepers.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die ; yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now, my lord ?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me if I sleep, I never wake ;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come ?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist :

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

The following may be taken as a specimen of Marlowe's sonorous exaggerated style :

Description of Tamburlaine.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned ;
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed :
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight :
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honour sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death ;
And in their smoothness amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was ;
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength ;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. . . .

The first day when he pitched down his tents,
White is their hue ; and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears ;
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood :
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture ;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms :
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell ;
Without respect of sex, degree or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Detached lines and passages in *Edward II.* possess much poetical beauty. Thus, in answer to Leicester, the king says :

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

Or Mortimer's device for the royal pageant :

A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all.

The following is exactly like a scene from Shakspeare :

The Nobles Remonstrate with Edward II.

EDWARD.—KENT.—YOUNG MORTIMER.—LANCASTER.

Young Mortimer. Nay, stay my lord : I come to bring you news :

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edward. Then ransom him.

Lancaster. 'Twas in your wars ; you should ransom him.

Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else—

Kent. What ! Mortimer, you will not threaten him ?

Edw. Quiet yourself ; you shall have the broad seal To gather for him through the realm.

Lanc. Your minion, Gaveston, hath taught you this.

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edw. Shall I still be taunted thus ?

Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

Lanc. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak :
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

Lanc. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed ;

Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,

And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.

The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.

Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.

Lanc. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors ?

Y. Mor. Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers ?

Lanc. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world ;

I mean the Peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love :

Labels are cast against thee in the street—

Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lanc. The northern borderers seeing their houses
burned,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banners
spread ?

But once ; and then thy soldiers marched like players
With garish robes, not armour ; and thyself

Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,

Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lanc. And therefore came it that the fleeing Scots
To England's high disgrace have made this jig :

'Maid of England, sore may you mourn
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho.

What weened the king of England
So soon to have won Scotland
With a rombelow ?'

Y. Mor. Wigmore shall fly to set my uncle free.

Lanc. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase
more.

If ye be moved, revenge it if you can ;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt nobles.*]

The works of Marlowe have been edited by the
Rev. Alex. Dyce (1859), and by Lieutenant-colonel
Francis Cunningham (1869). The latter has

added some excellent illustrative and explanatory notes.

The taste of the public for the romantic drama, in preference to the classical, seems now to have been confirmed. An attempt was made, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, to revive the forms of the classic stage, by DANIEL, who wrote two plays, *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, which are smoothly versified, but undramatic in their character. LADY PEMBROKE co-operated in a tragedy called *Antony*, written in 1590; and SAMUEL BRANDON produced, in 1598, a tame and feeble Roman play, *Virtuous Octavia*.

ANTHONY MUNDAY—HENRY CHETTLE.

In the throng of dramatic authors, the names of ANTHONY MUNDAY (1554-1633) and HENRY CHETTLE (known as author between 1592 and 1602) frequently occur. Munday was an author as early as 1579, and he was concerned in fourteen plays. Francis Meres, in 1598, calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage. One of his dramas, *Sir John Oldcastle*, was written in conjunction with Michael Drayton and others, and was printed in 1600, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, printed in 1601, was a popular play by Munday, assisted by Chettle, though sometimes ascribed to Thomas Heywood. The pranks of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in merry Sherwood are thus gaily set forth :

Sport in Sherwood.

Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist,
Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,
Before our feathered shafts, death's winged darts,
Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. . . .
Give me thy hand : now God's curse on me light,
If I forsake not grief in grief's despite.
Now make a cry, and yeomen, stand ye round :
I charge ye, never more let woful sound
Be heard among ye ; but whatever fall,
Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small. . . .
Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wou'st't to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now, with whole garlands it is circled ;
For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Chettle was engaged in no less than thirty-eight plays between the years 1597 and 1603, four of which have been printed. Mr Collier thinks he had written for the stage before 1592, when he published Greene's posthumous work, *A Groat's Worth of Wit*. Among his plays the names of which have descended to us, is one on the subject of Cardinal Wolsey, which probably was the original of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII*. The best drama of this prolific author which we now

possess is a comedy called *Patient Grissell*, taken from Boccaccio. The humble charms of the heroine are thus finely described :

See where my Grissell and her father is ;
Methinks her beauty, shining through those weeds,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back !
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe her in such poor habiliments.

The names of Haughton, Antony Brewer, Porter, Smith, Hathaway—probably some relation of Shakspeare's wife—Wilson, &c. also occur as dramatic writers. From the diary of Henslowe, it appears that, between 1591 and 1597, upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by *four* of the *ten or eleven* theatrical companies which then existed. Henslowe was originally a pawnbroker, who advanced money and dresses to the players, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the playhouses with which he was concerned. The name of Shakspeare does not once occur in his diary.

Several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown. A few of these possess merit enough to have been considered first sketches of Shakspeare, but this opinion has been gradually abandoned by all but one or two German critics. Most of them have been published in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*. The best are—the *Merry Devil of Edmon-ton*, the *London Prodigal*, the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, the *Birth of Merlin*, the *Collier of Croydon*, *Mucedorus*, *Lochrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, *Edward III*. &c. The most correct and regular of these anonymous dramas is *Arden of Feversham*, a domestic tragedy, founded on a murder which took place in 1551. Alice, the wife of Arden, proves unfaithful, and joins with her paramour Mosbie, and some assassins, in murdering her husband. Tieck has translated this play into German, as a genuine production of Shakspeare, but the style is different. In the earliest acknowledged works of the Warwickshire bard, there is a play of wit, and of what Hallam calls 'analogical imagery,' which is not seen in *Arden of Feversham*, though it exhibits a strong picture of the passions, and indicates freedom of versification and dramatic art. We sub-join one touching scene between Alice and her paramour—a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt, and tenderness :

Scene from Arden of Feversham.

ALICE ARDEN.—MOSBIE.

Mosbie. How now, Alice? What! sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness ;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

Alice. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie !

Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore ;
Thou knowest it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.

Al. It is not love that loves to murder love.

Mos. How mean you that ?

Al. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

Mos. And then—

Al. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has passed betwixt us:
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

Mos. What! are you changed?

Al. Ay, to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name!
I was bewitched; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me.

Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.

I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state;
For-slowed advantages, and spurned-at time;
Ay, fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.

This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitched; that is no theme of thine;
And thou unhallowed hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That shewed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I viewed thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.

Al. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look;
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee;
And burn this prayer-book, which I here use,
The holy word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves; and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thy ears?
Why speak'st thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak:
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thickened still;
Be clear again; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos. O fie, no; I'm a base artificer;
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fie, no; not for a thousand pound

Make love to you; why, 'tis unpardonable.
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
So whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

Arden of Feversham was first printed in 1592. The *Yorkshire Tragedy*, another play of the same kind, but apparently more hastily written, was performed in 1604, and four years afterwards printed with Shakspeare's name. Both Dyce and Collier, able dramatic antiquaries and students, are inclined to the opinion that this drama contains passages which only Shakspeare could have written. But in lines like the following—though smooth and natural, and quoted as the most Shakspearian in the play—we miss the music of the great dramatist's thoughts and numbers. It is, however, a forcible picture of a luckless, reckless gambler:

Picture of a Gambler.

What will become of us? All will away!
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by Heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits, ill beseeeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state, so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad.
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
He sits and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful, that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vexed his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

We have seen that Greene, Peele, and Marlowe prepared in some degree the way for Shakspeare. They had given a more settled and scholastic form to the drama, and assigned it a permanent place in the national literature. They adorned the stage with more variety of character and action, with deep passion, and true poetry. The latter, indeed, was tinged with incoherence and extravagance, but the sterling ore of genius was, in Marlowe at least, abundant. Above all, they had familiarised the public ear to the use of blank verse. The last improvement was the greatest; for even the genius of Shakspeare would have been cramped and confined, if it had been condemned to move only in the fetters of rhyme. The quick interchange of dialogue, and the various nice shades and alternations of character and feeling, could not have been evolved in dramatic action, except in that admirable form of verse which unites rhythmical harmony with the utmost freedom, grace, and flexibility.

When Shakspeare, therefore, appeared conspicuously on the horizon, the scene may be said to have been prepared for his reception. The Genius of the Drama had accumulated materials for the use of the great poet, who was to extend her empire over limits not yet recognised, and invest it with a splendour which the world had never seen before.

The few incidents known of Shakspeare's life are chiefly derived from legal documents. The fond idolatry with which he is now regarded was only turned to his personal history at a late period, when little could be gathered even by the most enthusiastic collector. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, in April 1564. There is a pleasant and poetical tradition, that he was born on the 23d of the month, the anniversary of St George, the tutelary saint of England; but all we know with certainty is, that he was baptised on the 26th. His father, John Shakspeare, is traced to a family occupying land at Snitterfield, near Warwick. He settled in the town of Stratford, became a wool-comber or glover, and elevated his social position by marriage with a rustic heiress, Mary Arden, possessed of an estate worth about £120 per annum of our present money. The poet's father rose to be high-bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford; but in 1578, he is found mortgaging his wife's inheritance, and, from entries in the town-books, is supposed to have fallen into comparative poverty. William was the eldest of six surviving children, and after some education at the grammar-school, he is said to have been brought home to assist at his father's business. There is a blank in his history for some years; but doubtless he was engaged, whatever might be his circumstances or employment, in treasuring up materials for his future poetry. The study of man and of nature, facts in natural history, the country, the fields, and the woods, would be gleaned by familiar intercourse and observation among his fellow-townsmen, and in rambling over the beautiful valley of the Avon. It has been conjectured that he was some time in a lawyer's office, as his works abound in technical legal phrases and illustrations. This has always seemed to us highly probable. The London players were also then in the habit of visiting Stratford; Thomas Green, an actor, was a native of the town; and Burbage, the greatest performer of his day—the future Richard, Hamlet, and Othello—was originally from Warwickshire. Who can doubt, then, that the high-bailiff's son, from the years of twelve to twenty, was a frequent and welcome visitant *behind the scenes*—that he there imbibed the tastes and feelings which coloured all his future life—and that he there felt the first stirrings of his immortal dramatic genius. We are persuaded that he had begun to write long before he left Stratford, and had most probably sketched, if not completed, his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*. The amount of his education at the grammar-school has been made a question of eager scrutiny and controversy. Ben Jonson says he had 'little Latin, and less Greek.' This is not denying that he had some. Many Latinised idioms and expressions are to be found in his plays. The choice of two classical subjects for his early poetry, and the numerous felicitous allusions in his dramas to the mythology of the

ancients, shew that he was imbued with the spirit and taste of classical literature, and was a happy student, if not a critical scholar. His mind was too comprehensive to degenerate into pedantry; but when, at the age of four or five and twenty, he took the field of original dramatic composition, in company with the university-bred authors and wits of his times, he soon distanced them all, in correctness as well as facility, in the intellectual richness of his thoughts and diction, and in the wide range of his acquired knowledge. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that at Stratford he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. The precocious maturity of Shakspeare's passions hurried him into a premature marriage. On the 28th of November 1582, he obtained a licence at Worcester, legalising his union with Anne Hathaway, *with once asking of the bans*. Two of his neighbours became security in the sum of £40, that the poet would fulfil his matrimonial engagement, he being a minor, and unable, legally, to contract for himself. Anne Hathaway was seven years older than her husband. She was the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' of the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. The poet's daughter, Susanna, was christened on the 26th of May 1583, six months after the marriage. In a year and a half, two other children, twins, were born to Shakspeare, who had no family afterwards. We may readily suppose that the small town of Stratford did not offer scope for the ambition of the poet, now arrived at early manhood, and feeling the ties of a husband and a father. He removed to London in 1586 or 1587. It has been said that his departure was hastened by the effects of a lampoon he had written on a neighbouring squire, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in revenge for Sir Thomas prosecuting him for deer-stealing. The story is inconsistent in its details. Part of it must be untrue; it was never recorded against him in his lifetime; and the whole may have been built upon the opening scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—not written till after Sir Thomas Lucy's death—in which there is some wanton wit on the armorial bearings of the Lucy family.* As an actor, Shakspeare is spoken favourably of by Lodge; and in

* Mr Washington Irving, in his *Sketch-book*, thus adverts to Charlecote and the deer-stealing affair:

'I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit, we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit, as to produce a rough psquinade, which was affixed to the park-gate at Charlecote.

'This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. . . .

'I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. . . . It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fulbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in *As You Like It*. . . . [The house] is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. . . . The front of the house is completely in the old style—with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it,

1603, when a new patent was granted to the Blackfriars Company by King James, the poet's name appears second in the list; but the source of his unexampled success was his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age—

That so did take Eliza and our James,

as Ben Jonson has recorded, and as is confirmed by various authorities. Up to 1611, the whole of Shakspeare's plays—thirty-seven in number, according to the first folio edition—are supposed to have been produced. With the nobles, the wits, and poets of his day, he was in familiar intercourse. The 'gentle Shakspeare,' as he was usually styled, was throned in all hearts. But notwithstanding his brilliant success in the metropolis, the poet early looked forward to a permanent retirement to the country. He visited Stratford once a year; and when wealth flowed in upon him, he purchased property in his native town and its vicinity. In 1597, he paid £60 for New Place, the principal house in Stratford; in 1602, he gave £320 for 107 acres of land adjoining to his purchase; and in 1605, he paid £440 for the lease of the tithes of Stratford. The produce of his lands he no doubt disposed of like the ordinary lords of the soil, and Mr Halliwell, in his life of Shakspeare (1848), shews that in 1604 the poet brought an action against Philip Rogers for £1, 15s. 10d. for malt sold and delivered to him. The latest entry of his name among the king's players is in 1604, but he was living in London in 1609. The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town, to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. His parents were both dead, but their declining years had been gladdened by the prosperity of their illustrious son. His family appears to have had a leaning towards the Puritans, and in the town-chamberlain's accounts for 1614, there is a record of a present of sack and claret, 'given to a preacher at New Place.' Preachers of all sects, if good men, would be welcome to the poet's hospitality! Four years were spent by Shakspeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died on the 23d of April 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. His widow survived him seven years. His two daughters were both married—his only son Hamnet had died in 1596—and one of them had three sons; but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet.

Of the recent Shakspearian researches, we must say with regret, in the words of Mr Hallam, 'no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary, has been produced.' The *Calendars of the State Papers*, published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, shew that in the list of trained soldiers of the hundred of Barlichway, in Warwickshire, in September 1605, was a William

Shakspeare.* The militia bands were at that time—the agitated year of the Gunpowder Plot—formed in order to repress an expected rising in the midland shires, and as the poet was then a considerable landholder in his native county, he may have been enrolled as one of its military defenders. To know positively that the 'gentle Shakspeare' had borne arms, and, like Ben Jonson, 'shouldered a pike,' as one of the Warwickshire public force, would be a curious and suggestive fact in his personal history. In June 1858, an autograph signature of the poet to a mortgage deed of a house in Blackfriars, dated March 11, 1612-13, was sold in London to the curators of the British Museum for three hundred guineas—unquestionably the largest sum ever given for a mere autograph. From none of the few signatures of the poet can we ascertain with any degree of certainty how he spelled his surname. The three signatures in the will are all indistinct. Neither of his parents, it is now proved, could write, as deeds are extant to which John and Mary Shakspeare affix their marks.

In 1852, Mr Collier published a volume of *Notes and Emendations of the plays of Shakspeare*, derived from a corrected copy of the second edition in 1632, which had apparently belonged to one Thomas Perkins. Certain other documents relating to the dramatist and his plays, purporting to be found in the library at Bridgewater House, in the Audit Office, and at Dulwich College, have also been published. But it seems to be satisfactorily proved that all these are modern fabrications, executed, in some respects, with ingenuity and skill.

Shakspeare, it is believed, like his contemporary dramatists, began his career as an author by altering the works of others, and adapting them for the stage. The extract from Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit*, which we have given in the life of that unhappy author, shews that he had been engaged in this subordinate literary labour before 1592. Three years previous to this, Nash had published an address to the students of the two universities, in which there is a remarkable passage: 'It is,' he says, 'a common practice nowadays, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarce Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him far in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.' The term *Noverint* was applied to lawyers' clerks, so called from the first word of a Latin deed of those times, equivalent to the modern commencement of 'Know all men,' &c. It appears from the title-page to the first edition of *Hamlet*, in 1604, that, like *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, it had been enlarged to almost twice its original size. It seems scarcely probable that the great dramatist should not have commenced writing before he was twenty-seven.

* See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I.* 1603 to 1610, preserved in the State Paper Department of H.M.'s Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green (1857). The publication of these calendars will be invaluable to future historians and biographers.

carved in stone. . . . The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps round the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were reposing upon its borders.'

Some of his first drafts, as we have seen, he subsequently enlarged and completed; others may have sunk into oblivion, as being judged unworthy of resuscitation or improvement in his riper years. *Pericles* is supposed to be one of his earliest adaptations. Dryden, indeed, expressly states it to be the first birth of his muse; but two if not three styles are distinctly traceable in this play, and the first two acts look like the work of Greene or Peele. *Titus Andronicus* resembles the style of Marlowe, and if written by Shakspeare, as distinct contemporary testimony affirms, it must have been a very youthful production. The *Taming of the Shrew* is greatly indebted to an old play on the same subject, and must also be referred to the same period. It is doubtful whether Shakspeare wrote any of the first part of *Henry VI.* The second and third parts are modelled on two older plays, the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, and the *True Tragedy of the Duke of York*. Whether these old dramas were early sketches of Shakspeare's own, cannot now be ascertained; they contain the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, the last speech of the Duke of York, and the germs of that vigorous delineation of character and passion completed in *Richard III.* We know no other dramatist of that early period, excepting Marlowe, who could have written those powerful sketches. From the old plays, Shakspeare borrowed no less than 1771 entire lines, and nearly double that number are merely alterations. Hence it has been supposed that Shakspeare's property in the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* was only in the additions and alterations he introduced. Whole lines in the old plays are identical with passages in Marlowe's *Edward II.*; and there seems no reason to doubt that Marlowe and Greene were the original authors, and that Shakspeare had remodelled their plays, to fit them for his theatre, retaining what was popular, and improving what was defective. Thus the charge of plagiarism brought by Greene against our great dramatist stands explained and reconciled with probability, if not with fact, though we must remember that it was Shakspeare's first editors, not himself, that claimed for him the sole authorship of *Henry VI.* as of the other plays.

The gradual progress of Shakspeare's genius is supposed to have been not unobserved by Spenser. In 1594 or 1595, the venerable poet wrote his pastoral, entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in which he commemorates his brother-poets under feigned names. The gallant Raleigh is the Shepherd of the Ocean, Sir Philip Sidney is Astrophel, and other living authors are characterised by fictitious appellations. He concludes as follows:

And then, though last, not least, is Aëtion;
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himself, heroically sound.

The sonorous and chivalrous-like name of Shakspeare seems here designated. The poet had then published his two classical poems, and probably most of his English historical plays had been acted. The supposition that Shakspeare was meant, is at least a pleasing one. We love to figure Spenser and Raleigh sitting under the 'shady alders' on the banks of Mulla, reading the manuscript of the *Faery Queen*; but it is not less

interesting to consider the great poet watching the dawn of that mighty mind which was to eclipse all its contemporaries. A few years afterwards, in 1598, we meet with an important notice of Shakspeare by Francis Meres, a contemporary author. 'As Plautus and Seneca,' he says, 'are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Lost*, his *Love's Labour Won* (or *All's Well that Ends Well*), his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard II.* *Richard III.* *Henry IV.* *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.' This was indeed a brilliant contribution to the English drama, throwing Greene, Peele, and Marlowe immeasurably into shade, and far transcending all the previous productions of the English stage. The harvest, however, was not yet half reaped—the glorious intellect of Shakspeare was still forming, and his imagination nursing those magnificent conceptions which were afterwards embodied in the *Lear*, the *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Tempest* of his tragic muse.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays has been arbitrarily fixed by Malone and others, without adequate authority. *Macbeth* is put down to 1606, though we only know that it existed in 1610. *Henry VIII.* is assigned to 1603, yet it is mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton as a *new play* in 1613, and we know that it was produced with unusual scenic decoration and splendour in that year. The Roman plays were undoubtedly among his latest works. The *Tempest* has been usually considered the last, but on no decisive authority. Adopting this popular belief, Campbell has remarked, that the *Tempest* has a 'sort of sacredness' as the last drama of the great poet, who, as if conscious that this was to be the case, has 'been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.'

There seems no good reason for believing that Shakspeare did not continue writing on to the period of his death in 1616; and such a supposition is countenanced by a tradition thus recorded in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M. vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679. 'I have heard,' says the careless and incurious vicar, who might have added largely to our stock of Shakspearian facts, had he possessed taste, acuteness, or industry—'I have heard that Mr Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of one thousand pounds a year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' We place no great reliance on this testimony, either as to facts literary or personal. Those who have studied the works of the great dramatist, and marked his successive approaches to perfection, must see that he united the closest study to the keenest observation; that he attained to the highest pitch of dramatic art, and the most accurate philosophy of the human mind; and that he was, as Schlegel has happily remarked, 'a

profound artist, and not a blind and wildly luxuriant genius.' Coleridge boasted of being the first in time who publicly demonstrated to the full extent of the position, that the supposed irregularity and extravagances of Shakspeare were 'the mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan.' He maintains, with his usual fine poetical appreciation and feeling, that that law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, *the unity of feeling*, is everywhere, and at all times, observed by Shakspeare in his plays. 'Read *Romeo and Juliet*—all is youth and spring; youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play.' This unity of action, or of character and interest, conspicuous in Shakspeare, Coleridge illustrates by an image drawn, with the taste of a poet, from external nature. 'Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes—in the relative shapes of rocks—the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens—the leaves of the beech and the oak—the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations? From this—that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part.' In working out his conceptions, either of character or passion, we conceive Shakspeare to have laboured for ultimate and lasting fame, not immediate theatrical effect. His audiences must often have been unable to follow his philosophy, his subtle distinctions, and his imagery. The actors must have been equally unable to give effect to many of his personations. He was apparently indifferent to both—at least in his great works—and wrote for the mind of the universe. There was, however, always enough of ordinary nature, of pomp, or variety of action, for the multitude; and the English historical plays, connected with national pride and glory, must have rendered their author popular.

Sixteen of the dramas were printed during Shakspeare's life, probably from copies piratically obtained. It was the interest of the managers that new and popular pieces should not be published; but we entertain the most perfect conviction, that the poet intended all his original works, as he had revised some, for publication. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to have been written in fourteen days, by command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. Shakspeare, however, was anxious for his fame, as well as eager to gratify the queen: when the temporary occasion was served, he returned to his play, filled up his first imperfect outline, and heightened the humour of the dialogue and character. Let not the example of this greatest name in English literature be ever quoted to support the false opinion, that excellence can be attained without study and labour!

In 1623 appeared the first collected edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works—seven years after his own death, and six months after that of his widow, who may have had a life-interest in the plays. The whole were contained in one folio

volume, and a preface and dedication were supplied by the poet's fellow-comedians, Hemming and Condell.

The plots of Shakspeare's dramas were nearly all borrowed, some from novels and romances, others from legendary tales, and some from older plays. In his Roman subjects, he followed North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*; his English historical plays are chiefly taken from Holinshed's *Chronicle*. From the latter source he also derived the plot of *Macbeth*. A very cursory perusal will display the gradual progress and elevation of his art. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the earlier comedies, we see the timidity and immaturity of youthful genius; a half-formed style, bearing frequent traces of that of his predecessors; fantastic quibbles and conceits—which he never wholly abandoned; only a partial development of character; a romantic and playful fancy; but no great strength of imagination, energy, or passion. In *Richards II.* and *III.* the creative and master mind are visible in the delineation of character. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. we find the ripened poetical imagination, prodigality of invention, and a searching, meditative spirit. These qualities, with a finer vein of morality and contemplative philosophy, pervade *As You Like It* and the *Twelfth Night*. In *Henry IV.* the *Merry Wives*, and *Measure for Measure*, we see his inimitable powers of comedy, full formed, revelling in an atmosphere of joyous life, and fresh as if from the hand of nature. He took a loftier flight in his classical dramas, conceived and finished with consummate taste and freedom. In his later tragedies—*Lear*, *Hamlet* (in its improved form), *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and the *Tempest*—all his wonderful faculties and acquisitions are found combined—his wit, pathos, passion, and sublimity—his profound knowledge and observation of mankind, mellowed by a refined humanity and benevolence—his imagination richer from skilful culture and added stores of information—his unrivalled language (like 'light from heaven')—his imagery and versification.

That Shakspeare deviated from the dramatic unities of time, place, and action laid down by the ancients, and adopted by the French theatre, is well known, and needs no defence. In his tragedies, he amply fulfils what Aristotle admits to be the end and object of tragedy, to beget admiration, terror, or sympathy. His mixture of comic with tragic scenes is sometimes a blemish, but it was the fault of his age; and if he had lived to edit his works, some of these incongruities would doubtless have been expunged. But, on the whole, such blending of opposite qualities and characters is accordant with the actual experience and vicissitudes of life. No course of events, however tragic in its results, moves on in measured, unvaried solemnity, nor would the English taste tolerate this stately French style. The great preceptress of Shakspeare was Nature: he spoke from her inspired dictates, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires'; and in his disregard of classic rules, pursued at will his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart. These celestial flights, however, were regulated, as we have said, by knowledge and taste. Mere poetical imagination might have created a Caliban, or evoked the airy spirits of

the enchanted island and the *Midsummer Dream*; but to delineate a *Desdemona* or *Imogen*, a *Miranda* or *Viola*, the influence of a pure and refined spirit, cultivated and disciplined by 'gentle arts,' and familiar by habit, thought, and example, with the better parts of wisdom and humanity, were indispensably requisite. Peele or Marlowe might have drawn the forest of Arden, with its woodland glades, but who but Shakspeare could have supplied the *moral beauty* of the scene—the refined simplicity and gaiety of *Rosalind*, the philosophic meditations of *Jaques*, the true wisdom, tenderness, and grace, diffused over the whole of that antique half-courtly and half-pastoral drama. These and similar personations, such as *Benedict* and *Beatrice*, *Mercutio*, &c. seem to us even more wonderful than the loftier characters of Shakspeare. No types of them could have existed but in his own mind. The old drama and the chroniclers furnished the outlines of his historical personages, though destitute of the heroic ardour and elevation which he breathed into them. *Plutarch* and the poets kindled his classic enthusiasm and taste; old *Chapman's Homer* perhaps rolled its majestic cadences over his ear and imagination; but characters in which polished manners and easy grace are as predominant as wit, reflection, or fancy, were then unknown to the stage, as to actual life. They are among the most perfect creations of his genius, and, in reference to his taste and habits, they are valuable materials for his biography.

In judgment, Shakspeare excels his contemporary dramatists as much as in genius, but at the same time it must be confessed that he also partakes of their errors. To be unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays, is, as *Hallam* remarks, 'an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honourable to the poet.' Fresh from the perusal of any of his works, and under the immediate effects of his inspirations—walking, as it were, in a world of his creating, with beings familiar to us almost from infancy—it seems like sacrilege to breathe one word of censure. Yet truth must admit that some of his plays are hastily and ill constructed as to plot; that his proneness to quibble and play with words is brought forward in scenes where this peculiarity constitutes a positive defect; that he is sometimes indelicate where indelicacy is least pardonable, and where it jars most painfully with the associations of the scene; and that his style is occasionally stiff, turgid, and obscure, chiefly because it is at once highly figurative and condensed in expression. *Ben Jonson* has touched freely, but with manliness and fairness, on these defects:

'I remember,' he says, 'the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing—whatsoever he penned—he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should

be stopped, *sufflimandus erat*, as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said, in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him: "*Cæsar*, thou dost me wrong," he replied: "*Cæsar* did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous.* But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

The first edition of Shakspeare was published, as already stated, in 1623. A second edition was published in 1632, the same as the first, excepting that it was more disfigured with errors of the press. A third edition was published in 1664, and a fourth in 1685. The public admiration of this great English classic now demanded that he should receive the honours of a commentary; and *Rowe*, the poet, gave an improved edition in 1709. *Pope*, *Warburton*, *Johnson*, *Chalmers*, *Steevens*, and others successively published editions of the poet, with copious notes. In our own day, editions by *Collier*, *Knight*, *Singer*, *Halliwell*, *Dyce*, and others have appeared. The critics of the great poet are innumerable, and they bid fair, like *Banquo's* progeny, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' The scholars of Germany have distinguished themselves by their philosophical and critical dissertations on the genius of Shakspeare. There never was an author, ancient or modern, whose works have been so carefully analysed and illustrated, so eloquently expounded, or so universally admired.

He so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

Milton on Shakspeare, 1630.

The difficulty of making selections from Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as those in human life; if of style, he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humour, satire, or pathos, where shall our choice fall, where all are so abundant? We have felt our task to be something like being deputed to search in some magnificent forest for a handful of the finest leaves or plants, and as if we were diligently exploring the world of woodland beauty to accomplish faithfully this hopeless adventure. Happily, Shakspeare is in all hands, and a single leaf will recall the fertile and majestic scenes of his inspiration.

Garden Scene in Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*Juliet* appears above, at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she;

* *Jonson's* allusion is to the following line in the third act of *Julius Cæsar*:

Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

The passage was probably altered by *Ben's* suggestion, or, still more likely, it was corrupted by the blunder of the player. But *Mr Halliwell's* remark on the point is worthy of notice: 'If wrong is taken in the sense of *injury* or *harm*, as *Shakspeare* sometimes uses it, there is no absurdity in the line.'

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love;
O that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cloying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb:
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens! Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Act II. sc. 2.

Moonlight, with Fine Music.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night

Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one,

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her. . . .
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Yes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—
Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. sc. 1.

Ghost-scene in Hamlet.

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Marcellus. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not. It then draws near
the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of warlike music within.]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations ;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane ; Oh, answer me ;
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell
Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? Wherefore ? What should we do ?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

[Holding Hamlet.]

Ham. It will not speak : then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Act 1. sc. 4.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to !—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep !—perchance to dream !—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to other that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Act III. sc. 1.

Mark Antony over Cæsar's Body.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause witholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3d Cit. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse
come in his place.

4th Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3d Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh, masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! We will hear Cæsar's will!

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends! I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

4th Cit. Read the will! we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors. Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2d Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will!
Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2d Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3d Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring! Stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2d Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! I bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made!

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3d *Cit.* O woful day!

4th *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1st *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2d *Cit.* We will be revenged! Revenge! About—
seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!
Julius Caesar, Act III. sc. 2.

Bolingbroke's Entry into London.

DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried: God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once:
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus: I thank you, countrymen.
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the
whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried: God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

King Richard II. Act V. sc. 2.

Fear of Death.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, Act III. sc. 1.

Perseverance.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,

Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: Keep, then, the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O! let not Virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted:
The present eye praises the present object.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III. sc. 3.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV. sc. 1.

The Forest of Arden.

DUKE, senior, AMIENS, and other Lords.

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say:
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

First Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream—
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

As You Like It, Act II, sc. 1.

The World Compared to a Stage.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Ibid. Act II, sc. 7.

Oberon's Vision.

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shewed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, sc. 2.

BEN JONSON.

The second name in the dramatic literature of this period has been generally assigned to BEN JONSON, though some may be disposed to claim it for the more Shakspearian genius of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson was born nine years after Shakspeare—in 1573—and appeared as a writer for the stage in his twentieth year. His early life was full of hardship and vicissitude. His father, a clergyman in Westminster—a member of a Scottish family from Annandale—died before the poet's birth, and his mother marrying again, Ben was brought from Westminster School, and put to the employment of his stepfather, which was that of a bricklayer. Disliking the occupation, Jonson enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. He is reported to have killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and to have otherwise distinguished himself for his youthful bravery. As a poet, Jonson afterwards reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier. On his return, he is said to have entered St John's College, Cambridge; but his stay there must have been short—if he ever was enrolled of the university—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. Ben made his *début* at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor. At the same time, he was engaged in writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others. He quarrelled with another performer, and on their fighting a duel with swords, Jonson had the misfortune to kill his antagonist, and was severely wounded himself. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was released without a trial. On

regaining his liberty, he commenced writing for the stage, and produced, in 1596, his *Every Man in his Humour*. The scene was laid in Italy, but the characters and manners depicted in the piece were English; and Jonson afterwards recast the whole, and transferred the scene to England. In its revised form, *Every Man in his Humour* was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598, and Shakspeare was one of the performers in the play. He had himself produced some of his finest comedies by this time, but Jonson was no imitator of his great rival, who blended a spirit of poetical romance with his comic sketches, and made no attempt to delineate the domestic manners of his countrymen. Jonson opened a new walk in the drama: he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its plaudits. Queen Elizabeth patronised the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' In 1599, appeared his *Every Man out of his Humour*, a less able performance than its predecessor. *Cynthia's Revels* and the *Poetaster* followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life seem to have begun about this time. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brother-dramatists, in the *Poetaster*. Dekker replied with spirit in his *Satiromastix*, and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world,' as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603, he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classic drama of *Sejanus*. Shortly after the accession of King James, a comedy called *Eastward Hoe* was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation; and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers—Sir James Murray—in so strong a light, that the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. They were not tried; and when Ben was set at liberty, he gave an entertainment to his friends—Selden and Camden being of the number. His mother was present on this joyous occasion, and she produced a paper of poison, which, she said, she intended to have given her son in his liquor, rather than he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she intended afterwards to have taken herself. The old lady must, as Whalley remarks, have been more of an antique Roman than a Briton. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was noble and spirited. He had no considerable share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour, that he would not have been molested; 'but this did not satisfy him,' says Gifford; 'and he, therefore, with a high sense of honour, voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate.' We cannot now ascertain what was the mighty satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James; it was doubtless softened before publication; but in some copies of *Eastward Hoe* (1605), there is a passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth;' and the dramatist sarcastically adds: 'But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are; and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [in Virginia], for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them

there than we do here.' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by the subsequent adulation of Jonson in his court-masks, for he eulogised the vain and feeble monarch as one that would raise the glory of England more than Elizabeth! Jonson's three great comedies—*Volpone, or the Fox; Epicene, or the Silent Woman; and the Alchemist*—were his next serious labours; his second classical tragedy, *Catiline*, appeared in 1611. His fame had now reached its highest elevation; but he produced several other comedies, and a vast number of court entertainments, ere his star began sensibly to decline. In 1618, Jonson made a journey on foot to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and was so pleased with the country, that he meditated a poem, or drama, on the beauties of Loch Lomond. The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks; and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which, in a subsequent age, were communicated to the world. In conclusion, Drummond entered on his journal the following character of Ben himself:

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both;* interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

This character, it must be confessed, is far from being a flattering one; and probably it was, unconsciously, overcharged, owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond. We believe it, however, to be substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free, boisterous life in his early days, Jonson seems to have contracted a roughness of manner and habits of intemperance which never wholly left him. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures, rendered him too often severe and saturnine in his temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly prized. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. With the celebrated Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the preparation of the court-masks, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud, in which both parties were to blame. When his better nature prevailed, and exorcised the demon of envy or spleen, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of

* Drummond here alludes to Jonson having been at one period of his life a Roman Catholic. When in prison, after killing the actor, a priest converted him to the Church of Rome, and he continued a member of it for twelve years. At the expiration of that time, he returned to the Protestant communion. As a proof of his enthusiastic temperament, it is mentioned that Jonson drank out the full cup of wine at the communion-table, in token of his reconciliation with the Church of England.

friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character.

In 1619, on the death of Daniel, Jonson was appointed poet-laureate, and received a pension of a hundred merks. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his high colloquial powers, rendered his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits and revellers. Sir Walter Raleigh had founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets, exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more bright and genial than their wine.* One of the favourite haunts of these bright-minded men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark, of which a sketch has been preserved. The latter days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour, and wanted the charm of novelty. In 1630, he produced his comedy, the *New Inn*, which was unsuccessful on the stage. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of Canary wine. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an *Epistle Mendicant*, soliciting assistance from the lord-treasurer. He continued writing to the last. Dryden has styled the later works of Jonson his *dotages*; some are certainly unworthy of him, but the *Sad Shepherd*, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical fancy of a youthful composition. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a square stone, marking the spot where the poet's body was disposed vertically, was long afterwards shewn, inscribed only with the words, 'O RARE BEN JONSON!'

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, well compacted, and fitted to endure, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works, altogether, consist of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masks and interludes. His principal comedies are: *Every Man in his Humour*, *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. His Roman tragedies may be considered literal impersonations of classic antiquity, 'robust and richly graced,' yet stiff and unnatural in style and construction. They seem to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's classic dramas that sculpture does to actual life. The strong delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies. The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great *breadth* and freedom; and generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity has grown to an egregious excess—are ludicrous and impressive. His scenes and characters shew the labour of the artist, but still an artist possessing rich resources; an acute

and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest descents; wit, lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. His pedantry is often misplaced and ridiculous: when he wishes to satirise his opponents of the drama, he lays the scene in the court of Augustus, and makes himself speak as Horace. In one of his Roman tragedies, he prescribes for the composition of a *mucus*, or wash for the face! His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn, and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression, or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as with existing mortals. The charm of reality is generally wanting, or, when found, is not a pleasing reality. When the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy—as in the lyrical passages of *Cynthia*, *Epicene*, and the whole drama of the *Sad Shepherd*—we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures: one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he described his own person; the other, airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its bad passions, but nursed his understanding and his fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation.

The Fall of Catiline.

Petrus. The straits and needs of Catiline being such

As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) armed in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flowed into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirled about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst Pity left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frightened horse, whom still the noise droye
backward:

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,

* Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Besides the Mermaid, Jonson was a great frequenter of a club called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, for which he wrote rules—*Leges Conviviales*—and penned a welcome over the door of the room to all those who approved of the 'true Pheebian liquor.' Ben's rules, it must be said, discountenanced excess.

Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought ;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Covered the earth they'd fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in—
Armed with a glory high as his despair—
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with Death :
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight ; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs ;
And, ere he could think more, was that he feared :
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb ; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he laboured yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.

Cato. A brave bad death !
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fallen greater ?
Catiline, Act V. sc. 6.

Love.—From the ' New Inn.'
LOVEL and HOST of the New Inn.

Love. There is no life on earth but being in love !
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love !
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure ;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love !

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well ?
I would know that.

Love. I do not know't myself
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend ;
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success : for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.

Host. How then ?
Love. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing !
Love. I oft have been, too, in her company,
And looked upon her a whole day, admired her,
Loved her, and did not tell her so ; loved still,
Looked still, and loved ; and loved, and looked, and
sighed ;

But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.

Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word ?

Love. Oh, but I loved the more ; and she might
read it
Best in my silence, had she been—

Host. As melancholic
As you are ! Pray you, why would you stand mute,
sir ?

Love. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beautort,
Who served so bravely in France ? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend : I followed him

First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies ; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, and Pantagruels, public nothings ;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners :
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the Epic poem, limned
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
And these he brought to practice and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men ! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as Time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all !
The care of his brave heir and only son :
Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As out of humour, will return no love,
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting stock for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all to scorn :
Yet out of a religion to my charge,
And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.

The New Inn, Act I. sc. 1.

A Simpleton and a Braggadocio.

Bobadil, the braggadocio, in his mean and obscure lodging, is
visited by Matthew, the simpleton.

Matthew. Save you, sir ; save you, captain.

Bobadil. Gentle Master Matthew ! Is it you, sir ?
Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain ; you may see I am
somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last
night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for,
and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred and others.—Why,
hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir ; 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me !—it was so late ere we parted last
night, I can scarce open my eyes yet ; I was but new
risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir ?—
you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me,
you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and
private !

Bob. Ay, sir. Sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew,
in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance
with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who ! I, sir ?—no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the
cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too
popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain ; I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in
me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to
whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so),
I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir ! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy,

above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!¹

Mat. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again. [*While MASTER MATTHEW reads, BOBADIL makes himself ready.*]

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' another. 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' a third. 'Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!' a fourth. O the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense, The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude, Hast made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.'

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

¹ Or *Jerouimo*, an old play by Kyd.

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven! no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (Give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. Oh, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me)—[*MASTER MATTHEW pushes at BOBADIL*]; come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. Oh, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that. Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread.—What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question.

Every Man in his Humour, Act I. sc. 1.

Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.

Bobadil. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts;

and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in their honour refuse us ; well, we would kill them : challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them too ; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days a thousand ; forty thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly by the sword.

Ibid. Act IV. sc. 5.

Advice to a Reckless Youth.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman : Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive ; That would I have you do ; and not to spend Your coin on every bauble that you fancy, Or every foolish brain that humours you. I would not have you to invade each place, Nor thrust yourself on all societies, Till men's affections, or your own desert, Should worthily invite you to your rank. He that is so disrespectful in his courses, Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. Nor would I you should melt away yourself In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect To make a blaze of gentry to the world, A little puff of scorn extinguish it, And you be left like an unsavoury snuff, Whose property is only to offend. I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself ; Not that your sail be bigger than your boat ; But moderate your expenses now (at first) As you may keep the same proportion still. Nor stand so much on your gentility, Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing, From dead men's dust and bones ; and none of yours, Except you make, or hold it.

Ibid. Act I. sc. 1.

The Alchemist.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON.—SURLY, his Friend.

Mammon. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe*. Here's the rich Peru :
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir ! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets ;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks and punketees, my Surly :
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.—
Where is my Subtle there? within, ho !
Face (answers from within). Sir, he'll come to you
by and by.
Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Spheryus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firke Nature up in her own centre.

You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold :
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.
Surly. What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and
Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see the effects of the great
medicine—
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun,
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*—
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will. . . .
Mam. Ha ! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
Sur. No doubt ; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age ; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done—
The ancient patriarchs afore the flood—
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would
thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturised 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes ;
A month's grief in a day ; a year's in twelve ;
And of what age soever, in a month :
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly ; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the water-work does with water !
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art ;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.
Sur. How?
Mam. Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did ;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar-board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,

Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum,
 Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
 And all that fable of Medea's charms,
 The manner of our work : the bulls, our furnace,
 Still breathing fire : our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon :
 The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
 That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting :
 And they are gathered into Jason's helm
 (Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,
 And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
 Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
 Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
 Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
 All abstract riddles of our Stone.

The Alchemist, Act II. sc. 1.

THE COURT-MASKS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The courts of Elizabeth and James I. were long enlivened by the peculiar theatrical entertainment called the mask—a combination of scenery, music, and poetry. The origin of the mask is to be looked for in the 'revels' and 'shows' which, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were presented on high festive occasions at court, in the inns of the lawyers, and at the universities, and in those mysteries and moralities which were the precursors of the legitimate drama. Henry VIII. in his earlier and better days had frequent entertainments, consisting of a set of masked and gaily dressed characters, or of such representations as the following : In the hall of the palace at Greenwich, a castle was reared, with numerous towers and gates, and every appearance of preparation for a long siege, and inscribed, *La Forteresse Dangereuse*; it was defended by six richly dressed ladies; the king and five of his courtiers then entered in the disguise of knights, and attacked the castle, which the ladies, after a gallant resistance, surrendered, the affair concluding with a dance of the ladies and knights. Here there was nothing but scenery and pantomime; by and by, poetical dialogue, song, and music, were added; and when the mask had reached its height in the reigns of James and the First Charles, it employed the finest talent of the country in its composition, and, as Bacon remarks, being designed for princes, was by princes played.

Masks were generally prepared for some remarkable occasion, as a coronation, the birth of a young prince or noble, a peer's marriage, or the visit of some royal personage of foreign countries; and they usually took place in the hall of the palace. Many of them were enacted in that banquetting-room at Whitehall through which a prince, who often took part in them, afterwards walked to the scaffold. Allegory and mythology were the taste of the age: we must allow for the novelty of classical imagery and characters at that period, and it may be only a kind of prejudice, or the effect of fashion, which makes us so rigorously banish from our literature allusions to the poetic creations of Grecian antiquity; while we contentedly solace ourselves in contemplating, through what are called historical novels, the much ruder, and perhaps not more truly represented, personages of the middle ages. The *action* of a mask was always something short and simple; and it is easy to see that, excepting where very high poetical and musical talent was engaged, the principal charm must have lain in the elegance of the

dresses and decorations, and the piquancy of a constant reference from the actors in their assumed, to the actors in their real characters. Usually, besides gods, goddesses, and nymphs from classical antiquity, there were such personages as Night, Day, Beauty, Fortitude, and so forth; but though the persons of the drama were thus removed from common life, the reference of the whole business of the scene to the occasion which had called it forth, was as direct as it could well be, and even ludicrously so, particularly when the object was to pay a compliment to any of the courtly audience. This, however, was partly justified by the private character of the entertainment; and it is easy to conceive that, when a gipsy stepped from the scene, and, taking the king's hand, assigned him all the good-fortune which a loyal subject should wish to a sovereign, there would be such a marked increase of *sensation* in the audience, as to convince the poet that there lay the happiest stroke of his art.

Mr Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, has printed a document which gives a very distinct account of the court-mask, as it was about the time when the drama arose in England—namely, in the early years of Elizabeth. That princess, as is well known, designed an amicable meeting with Mary Queen of Scots, which was to have taken place at Nottingham Castle, in May 1562, but was given up in consequence, as is believed, of the jealousy of Elizabeth regarding the superior beauty of Mary. A mask was devised to celebrate the meeting and entertain the united courts, and it is the poet's scheme of this entertainment, docketed by Lord Burleigh, to which reference is now made. The mask seems to have been simply an *acted allegory, relating to the circumstances of the two queens*; and it throws a curious light not only upon the taste, but upon the political history of the period. We give the programme of the first night.

'First, a prison to be made in the hall, the name whereof is *Extreme Oblivion*, and the keeper's name thereof *Argus*, otherwise called *Circumspection*: then a mask of ladies to come in after this sort :

'First, Pallas, riding upon an unicorn, having in her hand a standard, on which is to be painted two ladies' hands, knit in one fast within the other, and over the hands, written in letters of gold, *Fides*.

'Then two ladies riding together—the one upon a golden lion, with a crown of gold on his head; the other upon a red lion, with the like crown of gold; signifying two virtues; that is to say, the lady on the golden lion is to be called *Prudentia*, and the lady on the red lion *Temperantia*.

'After this, to follow six or eight ladies, maskers, bringing in captive *Discord* and *False Report*, with ropes of gold about their necks. When these have marched about the hall, then Pallas to declare before the queen's majesty, in verse, that the goddess, understanding the noble meeting of these two queens, hath willed her to declare unto them that those two virtues, Prudentia and Temperantia, have made great and long suit unto Jupiter that it would please him to give unto them *False Report* and *Discord*, to be punished as they think good; and that those ladies have now in their presence determined to commit them fast bound unto the aforesaid prison of *Extreme Oblivion*,

there to be kept by the aforesaid jailer Argus, otherwise Circumspection, for ever, unto whom Prudentia shall deliver a lock, whereupon shall be written *In Eternum*. Then Temperantia shall likewise deliver unto Argus a key, whose name shall be *Nunquam*, signifying that, when False Report and Discord are committed to the prison of Extreme Oblivion, and locked there everlastingly, he should put in the key to let them out *nunquam* [never]; and when he hath so done, then the trumpets to blow, and the English ladies to take the nobility of the strangers, and dance.'

On the second night, a castle is presented in the hall, and *Peace* comes in riding in a chariot drawn by an elephant, on which sits *Friendship*. The latter pronounces a speech on the event of the preceding evening, and *Peace* is left to dwell with Prudence and Temperance. The third night shewed *Disdain* on a wild boar, accompanied by *Prepensed Malice*, as a serpent, striving to procure the liberation of *Discord* and *False Report*, but opposed successfully by *Courage* and *Discretion*. At the end of the fight, 'Disdain shall run his ways, and escape with life, but *Prepensed Malice* shall be slain; signifying that some ungodly men may still disdain the perpetual peace made between these two virtues; but as for their prepensed malice, it is easy trodden under these ladies' feet.' The second night ends with a flowing of wine from conduits, 'during which time the English lords shall mask with the Scottish ladies;' the third night terminates by the six or eight lady-maskers singing a song 'as full of harmony as may be devised.' The whole entertainment indicates a sincere desire of reconciliation on the part of Elizabeth; but the first scene—a prison—seems strangely ominous of the events which followed six years after.

The mask, as has been stated, attained the zenith of its glory in the reign of James I.—the most festive reign in England between those of Henry VIII. and Charles II. The queen, the princess, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank, took parts in them, and they engaged the genius of Jonson and Inigo Jones, one as poet, and the other as machinist, while no expense was spared to render them worthy of the place, the occasion, and the audience. It appears from the accounts of the Master of the Revels, that no less than £4215 was lavished on these entertainments in the first six years of the king's reign. Jonson himself composed twenty-three masks; and Dekker, Middleton, and others of the leading dramatic authors, Shakspeare alone excepted, were glad to contribute in this manner to the pleasures of a court from which they derived their best patronage and support.

The marriage of Lord James Hay to Anne, daughter and heir of Lord Denny (January 6, 1607), was distinguished at court (Whitehall) by what was called the *Memorable Mask*, the production of Dr Thomas Campion, an admired musician as well as poet of that day, now forgotten. On this occasion, the great hall of the palace was fitted up in a way that shews the mysteries of theatrical scenery and decoration to have been better understood, and carried to a greater height, in that age than is generally supposed. One end of the hall was set apart for the audience, having the king's seat in the centre; next to it was a space for ten concerted musicians—base and mean

lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, a harpsichord, and two treble violins—besides whom there were nine violins, three lutes, six cornets, and six chapel-singers. The stage was concealed by a curtain resembling dark clouds, which being withdrawn, disclosed a green valley with green round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden clouds of fifteen feet high. The bower of *Flora* was on their right, the house of *Night* on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of *Flora* was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of *Night*, ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; while about it were placed, on wires, artificial bats and owls continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the haut-boys were heard from the top of the hill and from the wood, till *Flora* and *Zephyrus* were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two sylvans held, attired in changeable taffety. Besides two other allegorical characters, *Night* and *Hesperus*, there were nine maskers, representing *Apollo's* knights, and personated by young men of rank.

After songs and recitative, the whole vale was suddenly withdrawn, and a hill with *Diana's* tree discovered. *Night* appeared in her house with *Nine Hours*, apparelled in large robes of black taffety, painted thick with stars; their hair long, black, and spangled with gold; on their heads, coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every *Hour* bore in his hand a black torch painted with stars, and lighted.

Night. Vanish, dark vales; let *Night* in glory shine,
As she doth burn in rage; come, leave our shrine,
You black-haired *Hours*, and guide us with your lights;
Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites.

See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,
And all about the seeds of malice sown.
Despiteful *Flora*, is't not enough of grief,
That *Cynthia's* robbed, but thou must grace the thief?
Or didst not hear *Night's* sovereign queen¹ complain
Hymen had stolen a nymph out of her train,
And matched her here, plighted henceforth to be
Love's friend and stranger to virginity?
And mak'st thou sport for this?

Flora. Be mild, stern *Night*;
Flora doth honour *Cynthia* and her right; . . .
The nymph was *Cynthia's* while she was her own,
But now another claims in her a right,
By fate reserved thereto, and wise foresight.

Zephyrus. Can *Cynthia* one kind virgin's loss bemoan?
How, if perhaps she brings her ten for one?

After some more such dialogue, in which *Hesperus* takes part, *Cynthia* is reconciled to the loss of her nymph; the trees sink, by means of machinery, under the stage, and the maskers come out of their tops to fine music. Dances, processions, speeches, and songs follow, the last being a duet between a *Sylvan* and an *Hour*, by the way of tenor and bass.

Sylvan. Tell me, gentle *Hour* of *Night*,
Wherein dost thou most delight?

Hour. Not in sleep. *Syl*. Wherein, then?

Hour. In the frolic view of men.

Syl. Lov'st thou music? *Hour*. Oh, 'tis sweet!

Syl. What's dancing? *Hour*. Even the mirth of feet.

Syl. Joy you in fairies and in elves?

¹ *Diana*.

Hour. We are of that sort ourselves.

But, Sylvan, say, why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?

Syl. Life is fullest of content,
Where delight is innocent.

Hour. Pleasure must vary, not be long ;
Come, then, let 's close and end our song.

Then the maskers made an obeisance to the king,
and attended him to the banquet-room.

The masks of Jonson contain a great deal of fine poetry, and even the prose descriptive parts are remarkable for grace and delicacy of language—as, for instance, where he speaks of a sea at the back of a scene catching 'the eye afar off with a wandering beauty.' In that which was produced at the marriage of Ramsay, Lord Haddington, to Lady Elizabeth Ratcliff, the scene presented a steep red cliff, topped by clouds, allusive to the red cliff from which the lady's name was said to be derived ; before which were two pillars charged with spoils of love, 'amongst which were old and young persons bound with roses, wedding-garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like.' Enter Venus in her chariot, attended by the Graces, and delivers a speech expressive of her anxiety to recover her son Cupid, who has run away from her. The Graces then make proclamation as follows :

First Grace.

Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind ;
Cruel now, and then as kind ?
If he be amongst ye, say ;
He is Venus' runaway.

Second Grace.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish ;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

Third Grace.

He hath marks about him plenty ;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

First Grace.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;
Jove himself forsook his seat ;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

Second Grace.

Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

Third Grace.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,

Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

First Grace.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood ;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Second Grace.

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

Third Grace.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys ;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

First Grace.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him.

Second Grace.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye 'll not abide him.

Third Grace.

Since you hear his falser play,
And that he 's Venus' runaway.

Cupid enters, attended by twelve boys, representing 'the Sports and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love,' who dance ; and then Venus apprehends her son ; and a dialogue ensues between them and Hymen. Vulcan afterwards appears, and, claiming the pillars as his workmanship, strikes the red cliff, which opens, and shews a large luminous sphere containing the astronomical lines and signs of the zodiac. He makes a quaint speech, and presents the sphere as his gift to Venus on the triumph of her son. The Lesbian god and his consort retire amicably to their chariot, and the piece ends by the singing of an epithalamium, interspersed with dances of maskers :

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days ;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights ;
Whose bands pass liberty.

Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war :
And what they are,
If you 'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

What joy, what honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hearts !

When in the happy choice
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice !

Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see ;
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

FRANCIS BEAUMONT—JOHN FLETCHER.

The literary partnerships of the drama which we have had occasion to notice were generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play. In BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, we have the interesting spectacle of two young men of high genius, of good birth and connections, living together for ten years, and writing in union a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, thus blending together their genius and their fame in indissoluble connection. Shakspeare was undoubtedly the inspirer of these kindred spirits. They appeared when his genius was in its meridian splendour, and they were completely subdued by its overpowering influence. They reflected its leading characteristics, not as slavish copyists, but as men of high powers and attainments, proud of borrowing inspiration from a source which they could so well appreciate, and which was at once ennobling and inexhaustible. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont, a member of an ancient family settled at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. He was born in 1586, and educated at Cambridge. He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law. He was married to the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters. He died before he had completed his thirtieth year, and was buried March 9, 1615-16, at the entrance to St Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.—John Fletcher was the son of Dr Richard Fletcher, bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Worcester. He was born ten years before his friend, in 1576, and he survived him ten years, dying of the Great Plague in 1625, and was buried in St Mary Overy's Church, Southwark, on the 19th of August.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are fifty-two in number. The greater part of them were not printed till 1647, and it is impossible to assign the respective dates to each. Dryden mentions that *Philaster* was the first play that brought them into esteem with the public, though they had written two or three before. It is improbable in plot, but interesting in character and situations. The jealousy of *Philaster* is forced and unnatural; the character of *Euphrasia*, disguised as *Bellarion*, the page, is a copy from *Viola*, yet there is something peculiarly delicate in the following account of her hopeless attachment to *Philaster* :

Extracts from 'Philaster.'

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought—but it was you—enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath. Then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man

Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre raised
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing ! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas ! I found it love ;
Yet far from lust ; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy ; and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you : then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

Act V. sc. 5.

Philaster had previously described his finding the disguised maiden by the fount, and the description is highly poetical and picturesque :

Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me : But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots : and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief ; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished ; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow.

Act I. sc. 2.

The *Maid's Tragedy*, supposed to be written about the same time, is a drama of a powerful but unpleasing character. The purity of female virtue in *Amintor* and *Aspatia*, is well contrasted with the guilty boldness of *Evadne* ; and the rough soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of *Melanctus*, render the selfish sensuality of the king more hateful and disgusting. Unfortunately, there is much licentiousness in this fine play—whole scenes and dialogues are disfigured by this master-vice of the theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their dramas are 'a rank unweeded garden,' which grew only the more disorderly and vicious as it advanced to maturity. Fletcher must bear the chief blame of this defect, for he wrote longer than his associate, and is generally understood to have been the most copious and fertile composer. Before Beaumont's death, they had, in addition to *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*, produced *King and no King*, *Bonduca*, the *Laws of Candy* (tragedies) ; and the *Woman-hater*, the *Knight of the Burning*

Pestle, the *Honest Man's Fortune*, the *Coxcomb*, and the *Captain* (comedies). Fletcher afterwards produced three tragic dramas and nine comedies, the best of which are: the *Chances*, the *Spanish Curate*, the *Beggar's Bush*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. He also wrote an exquisite pastoral drama, the *Faithful Shepherdess*, which Milton followed pretty closely in the design, and partly in the language and imagery, of *Comus*. A higher, though more doubtful honour has been assigned to the twin authors; for Shakspeare is said to have assisted them in the composition of one of their works, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and his name is joined with Fletcher's on the title-page of the first edition. The bookseller's authority in such matters is of no weight; and it seems unlikely that our great poet, after the production of some of his best dramas, should enter into a partnership of this description. The *Two Noble Kinsmen* is certainly not superior to some of the other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The genius of Beaumont is said to have been more correct, and more strongly inclined to tragedy, than that of his friend. The later works of Fletcher are chiefly of a comic character. His plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely connected, but he is always lively and entertaining. There is a rapid succession of incidents, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing. Yet no one ever recollects the plots of their dramas. Shakspeare's are ineffaceably stamped on the memory, but those of Beaumont and Fletcher seem 'writ in water.' Dryden considered that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakspeare; and he states that their plays were, in his day, the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage—'two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's.' It was different some forty years previous to this. In 1627, the King's Company bribed the Master of the Revels with £5, to interfere in preventing the players of the theatre called the Red Bull from performing the dramas of Shakspeare. One cause of the preference of Beaumont and Fletcher may have been the licence of their dramas (suited to the perverted taste of the court of Charles II.), and the spirit of intrigue which they adopted from the Spanish stage, and naturalised on the English. 'We cannot deny,' remarks Hallam, 'that the depths of Shakspeare's mind were often unfathomable by an audience; the bow was drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went out of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleasing, though not profound or vigorous language; his thoughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of romance; his metaphors vivid, though sometimes too forced; he possesses the idiom of English without much pedantry, though in many passages he strains it beyond common use; his versification, though studiously irregular, is often rhythmical and sweet; yet we are seldom arrested by striking beauties. Good lines occur in every page, fine ones but rarely. We lay down the volume with a sense of admiration of what we have read, but little of it remains distinctly in the memory. Fletcher is not much quoted, and has not even afforded copious materials to those who cull the beauties of ancient lore.' His comic powers are certainly far superior to his tragic. Massinger impresses the reader more deeply, and has a moral beauty not possessed by

Beaumont and Fletcher, but in comedy he falls infinitely below them. Though their characters are deficient in variety, their knowledge of stage-effect and contrivance, their fertility of invention, and the airy liveness of their dialogue, give the charm of novelty and interest to their scenes. Macaulay considers that the models which Fletcher had principally in his eye, even for his most serious and elevated compositions, were not Shakspeare's tragedies, but his comedies. 'It was these, with their idealised truth of character, their poetic beauty of imagery, their mixture of the grave with the playful in thought, their rapid yet skilful transitions from the tragic to the comic in feeling; it was these, the pictures in which Shakspeare had made his nearest approach to portraying actual life, and not those pieces in which he transports the imagination into his own vast and awful world of tragic action, and suffering, and emotion—that attracted Fletcher's fancy, and proved congenial to his cast of feeling.' This observation is strikingly just, applied to Shakspeare's mixed comedies or plays, like the *Twelfth Night*, the *Winter's Tale*, *As You Like It*, &c. The rich and genial comedy of Falstaff, Shallow, and Slender was not imitated by Fletcher. His *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is an admirable burlesque of the false taste of the citizens of London for chivalrous and romantic adventures, without regard to situation or probability. On the whole, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher impress us with a high idea of their powers as poets and dramatists. The vast variety and luxuriance of their genius seem to elevate them above Jonson, though they were destitute of his regularity and solidity, and to place them on the borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakspeare. The confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in their productions. They had not tasted of adversity, like Jonson or Massinger; and they had not the profoundly meditative spirit of their great master, cognizant of all human feelings and sympathies; life was to them a scene of enjoyment and pleasure, and the exercise of their genius a source of refined delight and ambition. They were gentlemen who wrote for the stage as gentlemen have rarely done before or since.

Generosity of Cæsar.

Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having secured the head of Pompey, comes with his friends Achoreus and Photinus to present it to Cæsar, as a means of gaining his favour. To them enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Photinus. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar;
Thy travel, and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for't—all Egypt.

Achoreus. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,

Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war : He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and when he was expelled
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in steep Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthened and cherished it, and set it right again :
This was a love to Cæsar.

Sceva. Give me hate, gods !

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then ;
If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way !
He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be rendered,
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. O Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey !

See. He was basely ruined ;
But let the gods be grieved that suffered it,
And he you Cæsar.

Cæsar. O thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity ;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?
What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shewed what a man was ?
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness ?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey ;
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee !
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Antony. Oh, how brave these tears shew !
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

Dolabella. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial :
Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

See. [*Aside.*] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour
thee ;
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for ;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again ;
But how he'd set his face.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour ?

Ptolemy. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards ?

See. Let me give 'em.

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamed of ;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace !—I forgive you all ; that's recompense.
You're young and ignorant ; that pleads your pardon ;
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they erred : I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful. Be you most thankful ;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what

To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest
sister's—

But her you hate—I would not be behind you.

Pho. Hear me, great Cæsar !

Cæsar. I have heard too much ;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :
You're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;
And, but I stand environed with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shewed to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye ;
Swords, hargmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sunburnt Egypt,
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still ;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies !
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
How round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies !

Pho. We will do all.

Cæsar. You've robbed him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him—
His country's earth—will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye !
My grief has stopt the rest ! When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly ; now he's dead, use him so.

The False One, Act II. sc. 1.

*Grief of Aspatia for the Marriage of Amintor and
Evadne.*

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

Evadne. Would thou couldst instil [*To Dula.*
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.

Aspatia. It were a timeless smile should prove my
cheek ;

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night, and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you : pardon, Evadne ; would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both thought so ! Perhaps he found me worthless ;
But till he did so, in these ears of mine—
These credulous ears—he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam ?

SONG.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body, lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Madam, good-night; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjures of men.

Evad. Alas! I pity thee. [*Amintor enters.*]

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love;
[*To Amintor.*]

May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity: thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love—though now refused—
Than to have had another true to me.

The Maid's Tragedy, Act II. sc. 1.

Palamon and Arcite, Captives in Greece.

Palamon. How do you, noble cousin?

Arcite. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet; we are prisoners,
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstrip the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us; our good swords now—
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore—
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring; here age must find us,
And—which is heaviest—Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife

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Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
'To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world:
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steed darts! All valiant uses—
The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish: we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here: a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might—like women—
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite!—almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'Tis but a gaudy shadow,

That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
 Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.

Is there record of any two that loved
 Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot ;
 And after death our spirits shall be led
 To those that love eternally.

The Two Noble Kinsmen, Act II. sc. 1.

Pastoral Love.—From the 'Faithful Shepherdess.'

CLORIN and a SATYR with basket of fruit.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods, have I run,
 Whose bottom never kissed the sun,
 Since the lusty spring began.
 All to please my master Pan,
 Have I trotted without rest,
 To get him fruit ; for at a feast
 He entertains, this coming night,
 His paramour the Syrinx bright :

[*Seeing* CLORIN.]

But behold a fairer sight !
 By that heavenly form of thine,
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the gods ; for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty
 Than dull weak mortality
 Dare with misty eyes behold,
 And live : therefore, on this mould
 Lowly do I bend my knee,
 In worship of thy deity.
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand
 To receive what'er this land
 From her fertile womb doth send
 Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyr tells,
 Fairer by the famous wells,
 To this present day ne'er grew,
 Never better, nor more true.
 Here be grapes whose lusty blood
 Is the learned poets' good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them ;
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take them :
 For these, black-eyed Driope
 Hath oftentimes commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb :
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green ;
 These are of that luscious meat
 The great god Pan himself doth eat :
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
 Till when, humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.

I must go, I must run,
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

[*Exit.*]

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee.
 What greatness, or what private hidden power,
 Is there in me to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast?—sure I am mortal ;
 The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal ; prick my hand
 And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
 Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal :
 Yet I have heard—my mother told it me—
 And now I do believe it, if I keep
 My virgin flower uncroft, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires,
 Or voices calling me in dead of night
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard ; for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell!

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.

Perigot. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid.
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
 Equal with his soul's good.

Amoret. Speak, I give
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
 The same it ever was, as free from ill
 As he whose conversation never knew
 The court or city : be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
 Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
 First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
 That being left alone without a guard,
 The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
 And want of water, rots, or what to us
 Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
 And in their general ruin let me go.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so :
 I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
 To think thee false, and harder than for thee
 To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
 That guides the wandering seamen through the deep,
 Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
 Head of an aged mountain, and more white
 Than the new milk we strip before daylight
 From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
 Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
 Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
 Y' are sailed too far already from the coast
 Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
 I should not love alone, I should not lose
 Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
 I've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
 Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
 Give back again those sweets to other men
 You yourself vowed were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
 May give assurance, I am once more thine.
 Once more I give my hand ; be ever free
 From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

Peri. I take it as my best good ; and desire,

For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service. Say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do—
Maids must be fearful.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth;
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness: by this
Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

Act I. sc. 2.

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the same graceful and fanciful style as the poetry of the *Faithful Shepherdess*. Some are here subjoined:

Melancholy.—From 'Nice Valour.'

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

Song.—From the 'False One.'

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear!

The Power of Love.—From 'Valentinian.'

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;

Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circl'd round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilium, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

To Sleep.—From the same.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet [light?],
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Song to Pan, at the Conclusion of the Faithful Shepherdess.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

From 'Rollo.'

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, the translator of Homer, wrote early and copiously for the stage. His first play, the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, was printed in 1598, the same year that witnessed Ben Jonson's first and masterly dramatic effort. Previous to this, Chapman had translated part of the *Iliad*; and his lofty fourteen-syllable rhyme, with such lines as the following, would seem to have promised a great tragic poet :

From his bright helm and shield did burn a most
unwearied fire,
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness
men admire,
Past all the other host of stars, when with his cheerful
face,
Fresh washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky
enchase.

The beauty of Chapman's compound Homeric epithets, as *far-shooting* Phœbus, the *ever-living* gods, the *many-headed* hill, *silver-footed* Thetis, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *fair-haired* boy, *high-walled* Thebes, the *strong-winged* lance, &c. bear the impress of a poetical imagination, chaste yet luxuriant. But however spirited and lofty as a translator, Chapman proved but a heavy and cumbersome dramatic writer. He continued to supply the theatre with tragedies and comedies up to 1620, or later; yet of the sixteen that have descended to us, not one possesses the creative and vivifying power of dramatic genius. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been praised for possessing 'more thinking' than most of his contemporaries of the buskined muse. His judgment, however, vanished in action, for his plots are unnatural, and his style was too hard and artificial to admit of any nice delineation of character. His extravagances are also as bad as those of Marlowe, and are seldom relieved by poetic thoughts or fancy. The best known plays of Chapman are *Eastward Hoe*—written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston—*Bussy d'Ambois*, *Byron's Conspiracy*, *All Fools*, and the *Gentleman Usher*. In a sonnet prefixed to *All Fools*, addressed to Sir T. Walsingham, Chapman states that he was 'marked by age for aims of greater weight.' This play was printed in 1605. It contains the following fanciful lines :

I tell thee love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines :
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men ; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues bred in men lie buried ;
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

In *Bussy d'Ambois* is the following invocation to a Spirit of Intelligence, which has been highly lauded by Charles Lamb :

I long to know
How my dear mistress fares, and be informed
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed lord. Methought the spirit,
When he had uttered his perplexed presage,
Threw his changed count'nance headlong into clouds :
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face :

He knocked his chin against his darkened breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
Terror of darkness ! O thou king of flames !
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal on dark earth ;
And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world :
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.
Or thou, great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams ; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest : open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid :
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

In the same play are the following lines :

False Greatness.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish ; and do imitate
Unskilful statuary, who suppose,
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly : so men merely great,
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them ;
Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.

The life of Chapman was a scene of content and prosperity. He was born at Hitching Hill, in Hertfordshire, in 1557 ; was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge ; enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakspeare. He was temperate and pious, and, according to Oldys, 'preserved in his conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' The life of this venerable scholar and poet closed in 1634, at the ripe age of seventy-seven.

Chapman's Homer is a wonderful work, considering the time when it was produced, and the continued spirit which is kept up. Chapman had a vast field to traverse, and though he trod it hurriedly and negligently, he preserved the fire and freedom of his great original. Pope and Waller both praised his translation, and perhaps it is now more frequently in the hands of scholars and poetical students than the more polished and musical version of Pope. Chapman's translations consist of the *Iliad* (which he dedicated to Prince Henry), the *Odyssey* (dedicated to the royal favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset), and the *Georgics* of Hesiod, which he inscribed to Lord Bacon. A version of *Hero and Leander*, left unfinished by Marlowe, was completed by Chapman, and published in 1606.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THOMAS DEKKER appears to have been an industrious author, and Collier gives the names of above twenty plays which he produced, either wholly or in part. He was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henslowe ; but Ben and he became bitter enemies ; and the former, in his *Poetaster*,

performed in 1601, has satirised Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace! Jonson's charges against his adversary are 'his arrogancy and impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.' The origin of the quarrel does not appear, but in an apologetic dialogue added to the *Poetaster*, Jonson says:

Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch to have me their adversary, I know not,
Or all these mixed; but sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage.

Dekker replied by another drama, *Satiromastix*, or the *Untrussing the Humorous Poet*, in which Jonson appears as Horace junior. There is more raillery and abuse in Dekker's answer than wit or poetry, but it was well received by the play-going public. Jonson had complained that his lines were often maliciously misconstrued and misapplied, complacently remarking:

The error is not mine, but in their eye
That cannot take proportions.

Dekker replies happily to this querulous display of egotism:

Horace! to stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt; for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head, though saints should
sing:

Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with
stings.

Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments.
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core.

Dekker's *Fortunatus*, or the *Wishing-cap*, and the *Honest Whore*, are his best. The latter was a great favourite with Hazlitt, who says it unites 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry.' The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. Passages like the following would do honour to any dramatist. Of Patience:

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The contrast between female honour and shame:

Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
She seemed to all a dove when I passed by,
And I to all a raven: every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance:
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they all vail:
'Gainst me swoln Rumour hoisted every sail;

She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them;
I, though with face masked, could not 'scape the hem;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betrayed by some trick of her own.

The picture of a lady seen by her lover:

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
I hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

Picture of Court-life.—From 'Old Fortunatus.'

For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath—
Like to condensed fogs—do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stepped into their courts:
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine!
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power—might they still
shine—

To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestic,
In all perfection, no way blemished?

Fort. In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Triekt in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Dekker is supposed to have died about the year 1641. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench prison. In one of his own beautiful lines, he says:

We ne'er are angels till our passions die.

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion, of wild revelry, alternating with want and despair.

JOHN WEBSTER.

JOHN WEBSTER, the 'noble-minded,' as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the *Duchess of Malfi*; *Guise*, or the *Massacre of France*; the *Devil's Law-case*; *Appius and Virginia*; and the *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*. Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St Andrew's Church, Holborn; but Mr Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfi* have divided the opinion of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with 'supernumerary horrors.' The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that 'most of the people that come to the playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books.' He was accused, like Jonson, of being a slow writer, but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose-quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described :

I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there is such a solemn melody
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to unweave the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so overcharged with water.

The funeral dirge for Marcello, sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, 'that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates :'

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm ;
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

The *Duchess of Malfi* abounds more in the terrible graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

'This passion,' Mr Dyce justly remarks, 'a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy; and, in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, and declares the affection with which her dependent had inspired her without losing anything of dignity and respect.' The last scenes of the play are conceived in a spirit which every intimate student of our elder dramatic

literature must feel to be peculiar to Webster. The duchess, captured by Bosola, is brought into the presence of her brother in an imperfect light, and is taught to believe that he wishes to be reconciled to her.

Scene from the Duchess of Malfi.

Ferdinand. Where are you ?

Duchess. Here, sir.

Ferd. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask you pardon.

Ferd. You have it ;

For I account it the honourablest revenge,

Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs ?

Duch. Whom ?

Ferd. Call them your children,

For, though our national law distinguish bastards

From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature

Makes them all equal.

Duch. Do you visit me for this ?

You violate a sacrament o' th' church,

Will make you howl in hell for't.

Ferd. It had been well

Could you have lived thus always : for, indeed,

You were too much i' th' light—but no more ;

I come to seal my peace with you. Here 's a hand

[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*]

To which you have vowed much love : the ring upon't
You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token ;

And the hand, as sure as the ring ; and do not doubt

But you shall have the heart too : when you need a
friend,

Send to him that owed it, and you shall see

Whether he can aid you.

Duch. You are very cold :

I fear you are not well after your travel.

Ha ! lights ! O horrible !

Ferd. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*]

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath
left

A dead man's hand here ?

Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of
Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.

Bosola. Look you, here 's the piece from which 'twas
ta'en.

He doth present you this sad spectacle,

That, now you know directly they are dead,

Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve

For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one
wish

I stay for after this.

Afterwards, by a refinement of cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung, Bosola enters, disguised as an old man.

Death of the Duchess.

Duch. Is he mad too ?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha ! my tomb ?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,

Gasping for breath : dost thou perceive me sick ?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sick-
ness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure : dost know me ?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I ?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed ; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh ? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in ; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage ? Such is the soul in the body : this world is like her little turf of grass ; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess ?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead—clad in gray hairs—twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear : a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright ; But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.

I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb ?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.

Of what stuff wilt thou make it ?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first ; of what fashion ?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed ? Do we affect fashion in the grave ?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven ; but with their hands upon their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache) : they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars ; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect Of this thy dismal preparation, This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

[*A coffin, cords, and a bell produced.*]

Here is a present from your princely brothers ; And may it arrive welcome, for it brings Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it.

I have so much obedience in my blood, I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cariola. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace ! it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,

That usually is sent to condemned persons The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification : Listen.

DIRGE.

Hark ! now every thing is still ;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent ;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind ;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin, their conception : their birth, weeping :
Their life, a general mist of error ;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet :

And—the foul fiend more to check—

A crucifix let bless your neck.

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day :

End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers ! Alas !
What will you do with my lady ? Call for help.

Duch. To whom ; to our next neighbours ? They are mad folks.

Farewell, Cariola.

I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold ; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please.
What death ?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them.

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you ?

Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,

Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you :
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds ? or to be smothered
With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearls ?

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits : and 'tis found

They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways : any way—for heaven
sake—

So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death—now I'm well awake—
Best gift is they can give or I can take.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault ;

I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength

Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay ; heaven gates are not so highly arched

As princes' palaces ; they that enter there

Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.

Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out,

They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*]

FERDINAND enters.

Ferd. Is she dead ?

Bos. She is what you would have her.

Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?

Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out.

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face : mine eyes dazzle : she died
young.

Bos. I think not so : her infelicity

Seemed to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins :

And should I die this instant, I had lived

Her time to a minute.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A conjecture that an old neglected drama by THOMAS MIDDLETON supplied the witchcraft scenery and part of the lyrical incantations of *Macbeth*, has kept alive the name of this poet. So late as 1778, Middleton's play, the *Witch*, was first published by Reed from the author's manuscript. It is possible that the *Witch* may have preceded *Macbeth* ; but as the latter was written

in the fulness of Shakspeare's fame and genius, we think it is more probable that the inferior author was the borrower. He may have seen the play performed, and thus caught the spirit and words of the scenes in question ; or, for aught we know, the *Witch* may not have been written till after 1623, when Shakspeare's first folio appeared. We know that after this date Middleton was writing for the stage, as, in 1624, his play, *A Game at Chess*, was brought out, and gave great offence at court, by bringing on the stage the king of Spain, and his ambassador, Gondomar. The latter complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton—who at first 'shifted out of the way'—and the poor players were brought before the privy-council. They were only reprimanded for their audacity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage.' If the dramatic sovereign had been James himself, nothing less than the loss of ears and noses would have appeased offended royalty! Middleton wrote about twenty plays : in 1603, we find him assisting Dekker at a court-pageant, and he was afterwards concerned in different pieces with Rowley, Webster, and other authors. He would seem to have been well known as a dramatic writer. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1617, the London apprentices, in an idle riot, demolished the Cockpit Theatre ; and an old ballad, describing the circumstance, states :

Books old and young on heap they flung,
And burned them in the blazes—
Tom Dekker, Heywood, Middleton,
And other wandering crazys.

In 1620, Middleton was made chronologer, or city poet, of London, an office afterwards held by Ben Jonson, and which expired with Settle in 1724.* He died in July 1627. The dramas of Middleton have no strongly marked character ; his best is *Women, beware of Women*, a tale of love and jealousy, from the Italian. The following sketch of married happiness is delicate, and finely expressed :

Happiness of Married Life.

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not ! not another like it :
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours ; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.
Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man ;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long !

The *Witch* is also an Italian plot ; but the supernatural agents of Middleton are the old witches of legendary story, not the dim, mysterious,

unearthly beings that accost Macbeth on the blasted heath. The 'Charm-song' is much the same in both :

The Witches going about the Caldron.

Black spirits and white ; red spirits and gray ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in ;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky ;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in ;
Round, around, around, about, about ;
All ill come running in ; all good keep out !
1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Hecate. Put in that ; oh, put in that.
2d Witch. Here's libbard's bane.
Hec. Put in again.
1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2d Witch. Those will make the younker madder.
All. Round, around, around, &c.

The flight of the witches by moonlight is described with a wild *gusto* and delight : if the scene was written before *Macbeth*, Middleton deserves the credit of true poetical imagination :

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other Witches.

Hec. The moon's a gallant ; see how brisk she rides !
Stadlin. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.
Hec. Ay, is't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand miles ?
Hoppo. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, it will be precious. Heard you the owl yet ?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill :
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still.
The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pigeon. Are you furnished ?
Have you your ointments ?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then :
I'll overtake you swiftly.
Stad. Hie, then, Hecate :
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly. [They ascend.

Enter FIRESTONE.

Firestone. They are all going a-birding to-night. They talk of fowls i' th' air that fly by day ; I'm sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality afeard, I'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
Hec. What ! Firestone, our sweet son ?
Fire. A little sweeter than some of you ; or a dung-hill were too good for one.
Hec. How much hast there ?
Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones ; besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.
Hec. Dear and sweet boy ! What herbs hast thou ?
Fire. I have some mar-martin and mandragon.
Hec. Mar-martin and mandragora thou wouldst say.
Fire. Here's pannax too. I thank thee ; my panaches, I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.
Hec. And selago.
Hedge hyssop too ! How near he goes my cuttings !
Were they all cropt by moonlight ?
Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I'm a mooncalf, mother.
Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to th' house to-night ; I am for aloft.
Fire. Aloft, quoth you ? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. [*Aside.*]
—Hark, hark, mother ! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

* The salary given to the city poet is incidentally mentioned by Jonson in a letter soliciting assistance from the Earl of Newcastle in 1631. 'Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard—£33, 6s. 8d.'

Hec. They are, indeed. Help me! help me! I'm too late else.

Song.

In the air above.

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may;
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
[*Above.*] Here.
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit descends in the shape of a cat.*
[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.
Hec. Oh, art thou come.
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight.
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now, I am furnished for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in
her own language.
Hec. [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistresses' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's roar our height can reach.
[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON, a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, of whom little is known, produced his *Malcontent*, a comedy, prior to 1600; his *Antonio and Mellida*, a tragedy, in 1602; the *Insatiate Countess*, *What You Will*, and other plays, written between the latter date and 1634, when he died. He was also connected with Jonson and Chapman in the composition of the unfortunate comedy, *Eastward Hoe*. In his subsequent quarrel with Jonson, Marston was satirised by Ben in his *Poetaster*, under the name of Demetrius. Marston was author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, translations, and satires, one of which (*Pigmalion's Image*) was ordered to be burned for its licentiousness. Mr Collier, who states that Marston seems to have attracted a good deal of attention in his own day, quotes from a contemporary diary the following anecdote: 'Nov. 21, 1602.—Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman More's wife's daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. "'Tis true," said he, "for poets feign and lie;

and so did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foul.'" This coarseness seems to have been characteristic of Marston: his comedies contain strong, biting satires; but he is far from being a moral writer. Hazlitt says his *forte* was not sympathy either with the stronger or softer emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, which vented itself either in comic irony or in lofty invective. The following humorous sketch of a scholar and his dog is worthy of Shakspeare:

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
'The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept whilst I bused leaves,
'Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima*;
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together: still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free-will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned; and, by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

From '*Antonio and Mellida.*'

*The Prologue.**

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan, bleak cheek of the numbed earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the naked shudd'ring branch, and peels the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wished content.
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round
Uncapable of weighty passion—
As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness—
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nailed to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome. O that our power

* 'This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic tone of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, "of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people."—It is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice which he who saw th' Apocalypse heard cry."—CHARLES LAMB.

Could lacquey or keep wing with our desires ;
That with unused poize of stile and sense
We might weigh massy in judicious scale !
Yet here 's the prop that doth support our hopes :
When our scenes faultier, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

ANTONIO, son to ANDRUGIO, Duke of Genoa, whom PIERO, the Venetian prince, and father-in-law to ANTONIO, has cruelly murdered, kills PIERO's little son, JULIO, as a sacrifice to the ghost of ANDRUGIO.—The scene, a Church-yard: the time, Midnight.

JULIO.—ANTONIO.

Julio. Brother Antonio, are you here i' faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me: good truth,
I love you better than my father, 'deed.

Antonio. Thy father? gracious, O bounteous heaven,
I do adore thy justice. *Venit in nostras manus
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.*

Jul. Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
Something hath angered you: pray you, look merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With capering joy; chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls,
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
Gripping this flesh, disdain mortality.

O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb
Were father all, and had no mother in it;
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding traces: but since 'tis mixed together,
Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy; this is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, you 'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray, you don't hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed
I 'll tell my father.

Ant. Oh, for thy sister's sake, I flag revenge.
[ANDRUGIO'S ghost cries 'Revenge.'

Ant. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no
more.

Revenge as swift as lightning, bursteth forth
And clears his heart. Come, pretty, tender child,
It is not thee I hate, or thee I kill.

Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
Is it I loathe; is that, revenge must suck.

I love thy soul: and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,

I would thus kiss it: but, being his, thus, thus,
And thus I 'll punch it. Abandon fears:

Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out
tears.

Jul. So you will love me, do even what you will.
[Dies.

Ant. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek
moon;

Now lions' half-clamed entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls!

Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprisoned spirits to revisit earth:

And now, swart Night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

[From under the earth a groan.

Howl not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So; I feel no breath;

His jaws are fallen, his dislodged soul is fled.
And now there 's nothing but Piero left.

He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:

Whom thus I mangle, sprite of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.

Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to Vengeance.

Day Breaking.

See, the dapple gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

One who Died, Slandered.

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to post
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

Wherein Fools are Happy.

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturned sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full-crammed fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizard's cheeks, who, making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men.

ROBERT TAYLOR—WILLIAM ROWLEY—CYRIL
TOURNEUR.

Among the other dramatists at this time may be mentioned ROBERT TAYLOR, author of the *Hog hath Lost his Pearl*; WILLIAM ROWLEY, an actor and joint-writer with Middleton and Dekker, who produced several plays; CYRIL TOURNEUR, author of two good dramas, the *Atheist's Tragedy* and the *Revenger's Tragedy*. A tragi-comedy, the *Witch of Edmonton*, is remarkable as having been the work of at least three authors—Rowley, Dekker, and Ford. It embodies, in a striking form, the vulgar superstitions respecting witchcraft, which so long debased the popular mind in England:

Scene from the Witch of Edmonton.

MOTHER SAWYER alone.

Sawyer. And why on me? why should the envious
world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deformed, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself;
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging
That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse:
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.

BANKS, a Farmer, enters.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

Banks. I do, witch ; I do :
 And worse I would, knew I a name more hateful.
 What makest thou upon my ground ?
Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly ;
 I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
Saw. You won't ! churl, cut-throat, miser ! there they be.
 Would they stuck 'cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy
 maw, thy midriff—
Banks. Say'st thou me so ? Hag, out of my ground.
Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon ? Now thy
 bones ache, thy joints cramp,
 And convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.
Banks. Cursing, thou hag ? take that, and that. [*Exit.*
Saw. Strike, do : and withered may that hand and
 arm,

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk.
 Abuse me ! beat me ! call me hag and witch !
 What is the name ? where, and by what art learned ?
 What spells, or charms, or invocations,
 May the thing called Familiar be purchased ?
 I am shunned
 And hated like a sickness ; made a scorn
 To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
 Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
 Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
 That have appeared ; and sucked, some say, their blood.
 But by what means they came acquainted with them,
 I'm now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
 Instruct me which way I might be revenged
 Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
 And give this fury leave to dwell within
 This ruined cottage, ready to fall with age :
 Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
 And study curses, imprecations,
 Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
 Or anything that 's ill ; so I might work
 Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
 That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
 Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
 To be a witch as to be counted one.

A Drowned Soldier.

From Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy.*

Walking upon the fatal shore,
 Among the slaughtered bodies of their men,
 Which the full stomached sea had cast upon
 The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
 Upon a face, whose favour, when it lived,
 My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
 He lay in his armour, as if that had been
 His coffin ; and the weeping sea—like one
 Whose milder temper doth lament the death
 Of him whom in his rage he slew—runs up
 The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek ;
 Goes back again, and forces up the sands
 To bury him ; and every time it parts,
 Sheds tears upon him ; till at last—as if
 It could no longer endure to see the man
 Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him—with
 A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
 Winding her waves one in another—like
 A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
 For grief—ebbed from the body, and descends ;
 As if it would sink down into the earth,
 And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

An anonymous play, the *Return from Parnassus*, was acted by the students of St John's College, Cambridge, about the year 1602 : it is remarkable for containing criticisms on contemporary authors, all poets. Each author is summoned up for judgment, and dismissed after a few words of commendation or censure. Some of these poetical criticisms are finely written, as well as curious. Of Spenser :

A sweeter swan than ever sung in Po ;
 A shriller nightingale than ever blest
 The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
 Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud
 While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
 Attentive was full many a dainty ear ;
 Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
 While sweetly of the Faery Queen he sung ;
 While to the water's fall he tuned her fame,
 And in each bark engraved Eliza's name.

The following extract introduces us to Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakspeare ; but to the last only as the author of the *Venus and Lucrece*. Ingenioso reads out the names, and Judicio pronounces judgment :

Ingenioso. Christopher Marlowe.

Judicio. Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse ;
 Alas ! unhappy in his life and end.
 Pity it is that wit so ill should well,
 Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.
Ing. Our theatre hath lost, Pluto hath got,
 A tragic penman for a dreary plot.—
 Benjamin Jonson.

Jud. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

Ing. A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites ; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying ; a blood whore-son, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.—
 William Shakspeare.

Jud. Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape ;
 His sweeter verse contains heart-robbling life,
 Could but a graver subject him content,
 Without love's lazy foolish languishment.

The author afterwards introduces Kempe and Burbage, the actors, and makes the former state, in reference to the university dramatists : 'Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare puts them all down ; ay, and Ben Jonson too.' Posterity has confirmed this *Return from Parnassus*.

GEORGE COOKE—THOMAS NABBES—NATHANIEL FIELD—JOHN DAY—HENRY GLAPTHORNE—THOMAS RANDOLPH—RICHARD BROME.

A lively comedy, called *Green's Tu Quoque*, was written by GEORGE COOKE, a contemporary of Shakspeare.—THOMAS NABBES (died about 1645) was the author of *Microcosmus*, a mask, and of several other plays. In *Microcosmus* is the following fine song of love :

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
 To these abodes where spicy air
 Breathes perfumes, and every sense
 Doth find his object's excellence ;
 Where 's no heat, nor cold extreme,
 No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam ;
 Where 's no sun, yet never night,
 Day always springing from eternal light.
Chorus. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
 Here in endless bliss abide.

—NATHANIEL FIELD (who was one of the actors in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*) began to write for the stage about 1609 or 1610, and produced *Woman is a Weathercock*, *Amends for Ladies*, &c. He had the honour of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the *Fatal Dowry*.—JOHN DAY, in conjunction with Chettle, wrote the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a popular comedy, and

was also author of two or three other plays, and some miscellaneous poems.—HENRY GLAPTHORNE is mentioned as 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I.' Five of his plays are printed—*Albertus Wallenstein*, the *Hollander*, *Argalus and Parthenia*, *Wit in a Constable*, the *Lady's Privilege*, &c. There is a certain smoothness and prettiness of expression about Glapthorne, particularly in his *Albertus*, but he is deficient in passion and energy.—THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605–34) wrote the *Muses' Looking-glass*, the *Sweatman the Woman-hater*, &c. In an anonymous play, *Sweetman the Woman-hater*, is the following happy simile :

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

—RICHARD BROME (died 1652), one of the best of the secondary dramatists, produced several plays, the *Antipodes*, the *City Wit*, the *Court Beggar*, &c. Little is known of the personal history of these authors : a few scattered dates usually make up the whole amount of their biography. The public demand for theatrical novelties called forth a succession of writers in this popular and profitable walk of literature, who seem to have discharged their ephemeral tasks, and sunk with their works into oblivion. The glory of Shakespeare has revived some of the number, like halos round his name ; and the rich stamp of the age, in style and thought, is visible on the pages of most of them.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

The reign of James produced no other tragic poet equal to PHILIP MASSINGER, an unfortunate author, whose life was spent in obscurity and poverty, and who, dying almost unknown, was buried with no other inscription than the note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, a stranger'—meaning he did not belong to the parish. This poet was born about the year 1584, and it is supposed at Salisbury. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke ; and as he was at one time intrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, and employed in delicate negotiations by Lord Pembroke, the situation of the elder Massinger must have been a confidential one. Whether Philip ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia*,' is not known : in 1602, he was entered of Alban Hall, Oxford. He is supposed to have quitted the university abruptly in 1606, and to have commenced writing for the stage. The first notice of him is in Henslowe's diary, about 1614, where he makes a joint application, with N. Field and R. Daborne, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they could not be bailed. Field and Daborne were both actors and dramatic authors. The sequel of Massinger's history is only an enumeration of his plays. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which nineteen have been preserved. The manuscripts of eight of his plays were in existence in the middle of the last century, but they fell into the hands of a certain John Warburton, Somerset herald, who had collected no less than fifty-five genuine unpublished English dramas of the golden period,

all of which were destroyed by his cook for culinary purposes. Massinger was found dead in his bed, at his house on the Bankside, one morning in March 1639. The *Virgin Martyr* (about 1620), the *Bondman* (1623), the *Fatal Dowry* (about 1620), the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* (about 1623), and the *City Madam* (1632), are his best-known productions. The *New Way to Pay Old Debts* has kept possession of the stage, chiefly on account of the effective and original character of Sir Giles Overreach, which has been a favourite with great English actors. A tragedy of Massinger's, entitled *Believe as you List*, which had been long lost, was discovered in 1844, and was included in the poet's works, by his latest editor, Lieutenant-colonel Cunningham (1868). Massinger's comedy resembles Ben Jonson's, in its eccentric strength and wayward exhibitions of human nature. The greediness of avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the miseries of poverty, are drawn with a powerful hand. The luxuries and vices of a city-life, also, afford Massinger scope for his indignant and forcible invective. Genuine humour or sprightliness he had none. His dialogue is often coarse and indelicate, and his characters in low life too depraved. The tragedies of Massinger have a calm and dignified seriousness, a lofty pride, that impresses the imagination very strongly. His genius was more eloquent and descriptive than impassioned or inventive ; yet his pictures of suffering virtue, its struggles and its trials, are calculated to touch the heart, as well as gratify the taste. His versification is smooth and mellifluous. Owing, perhaps, to the sedate and dignified tone of Massinger's plays, they were not revived after the Restoration. Even Dryden did not think him worthy of mention, or had forgot his works, when he wrote his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.

A Midnight Scene.—From the 'Virgin Martyr.'

ANGELO, an Angel, attends DOROTHEA as a Page.

Dorothea. My book and taper.

Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.

Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest ;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence ;
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day!

Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter.

From the *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

LOVEL.—OVERREACH.

Overreach. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lovel. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:

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And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovel, born by her unto you,
I write *nul ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her bright-
ness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

Compassion for Misfortune.—From the 'City Madam.'

SIR JOHN FRUGAL.—LUKE FRUGAL.—LORD LACY.

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pulled down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of other's miseries—I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for't!—while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. . . .
Can you think, sir,
In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced

To beg their bread ; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you ?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed,
Will raise your reputation with good men ?
But you may urge—pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement—in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemned, though offered ; entertained by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

Lord Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be
Talked out of my money ?

Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother ?

Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When
they eat,

Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy ;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates ; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.

Sir John. If this could be—

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.

I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail ;
Give them longer day : but, do you hear ? no talk of't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly.

Unequal Love.—From the 'Great Duke of Florence.'

GIOVANNI, nephew to the Grand-duke, taking leave of LIDIA,
daughter of his Tutor.

Lidia. Must you go, then,
So suddenly ?

Giovanni. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse ;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves :
Happy the golden mean ! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.

Lidia. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.

Giov. O Lidia ! For had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others. I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,

The abstract of society : we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens ;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders :
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then, with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time :
And all this I must part from.

Contarini. You forget

The haste imposed upon us.

Giov. One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.

Lidia. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant ; but it was,
And 'tis far from me in a thought to cherish,
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me ; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal,
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you ; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you ;
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid !

Giov. I am dumb, and can make no reply ;
This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.

JOHN FORD.

Contemporary with Massinger, and possessing kindred tastes and powers, was JOHN FORD (1586–1639). This author wisely trusted to a regular profession, not to dramatic literature, for his support. He was of a good Devonshire family, and bred to the law. His first efforts as a writer for the stage were made in unison with Webster and Dekker. He also joined with the latter, and with Rowley, in composing the *Witch of Edmonton*, already mentioned, the last act of which seems to be Ford's. In 1628 appeared the *Lover's Melancholy*, dedicated to his friends of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1633 were printed his three tragedies, the *Brother and Sister*, the *Broken Heart*, and *Love's Sacrifice*. He next wrote *Perkin Warbeck*, a correct and spirited historical drama. Two other pieces, *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, and the *Lady's Trial*, produced in 1638 and 1639, complete the list of Ford's works. He is supposed to have died shortly after the production of his last play.

A tone of pensive tenderness and pathos, with a peculiarly soft and musical style of blank verse, characterise this poet. The choice of his subjects was unhappy, for he has devoted to incestuous passion the noblest offerings of his muse. The scenes in his *Brother and Sister*, descriptive of the criminal loves of Annabella and Giovanni, are painfully interesting and harrowing to the feelings, but contain his finest poetry and expression. The old dramatists loved to sport and dally with such forbidden themes, which tempted the imagination, and awoke those slumbering fires of pride, passion, and wickedness that lurk in the recesses of the

human heart. They lived in an age of excitement—the newly awakened intellect warring with the senses—the baser parts of humanity with its noblest qualities. In this struggle the dramatic poets were plunged, and they depicted forcibly what they saw and felt. Much as they wrote, their time was not spent in shady retirement; they flung themselves into the full tide of the passions, sounded its depths, wrestled with its difficulties and defilements, and were borne onwards in headlong career. A few, like poor Marlowe and Greene, sunk early in undeplored misery, and nearly all were unhappy. This very recklessness and daring, however, gave a mighty impulse and freedom to their genius. They were emancipated from ordinary restraints; they were strong in their sceptic pride and self-will; they surveyed the whole of life, and gave expression to those wild half-shaped thoughts and unnatural promptings, which wiser conduct and reflection would have instantly repressed and condemned. With them, the passion of love was an all-pervading fire, that consumed the decencies of life; sometimes it was gross and sensual, but in other moments imbued with a wild preternatural sweetness and fervour. Anger, pity, jealousy, revenge, remorse, and the other primary feelings and elements of our nature, were crowded into their short existence as into their scenes. Nor was the light of religion quenched: there were glimpses of heaven in the midst of the darkest vice and debauchery. The better genius of Shakspeare lifted him above this agitated region; yet his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Sonnets*, shew that he had been at one time soiled by some of its impurities. Ford was apparently of regular deportment, but of morbid diseased imagination.* His latest biographer (Mr Hartley Coleridge) suggests, that the choice of horrible stories for his two best plays may have been merely an exercise of intellectual power. 'His moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, and by compassion for rare extremes of suffering.' Ford was destitute of the fire and grandeur of the heroic drama. Charles Lamb ranks him with the first order of poets; but this praise is excessive. Admitting his sway over the tender passions, and the occasional beauty of his language and conceptions, he wants the elevation of great genius. He has, as Hallam remarks, the power over tears; for he makes his readers sympathise even with his vicious characters.

A Dying Bequest.—From the 'Broken Heart.'

CALANTHA.—PENTHEA.

Calantha. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Penthea. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,

* Some unknown contemporary has preserved a graphic trait of Ford's appearance and reserved deportment:

Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed,
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion: then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was characterized; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin wives; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next,
To married maids; such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless
sport

Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long I have lived without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it;

Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you !

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption : as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service ;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium ; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father,

Pen. But remember
I am sister : though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye ?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

*Contention of a Bird and a Musician.**

From the *Lover's Melancholy*.

MENAPHON and AMETHUS.

Menaphon. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.

To Thessaly I came ; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me : I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul : As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

Amet. And so do I ; good ! on.

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own ;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to : for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part ?

Men. You term them rightly ;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, Harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird

Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds : which, when her warbling
throat

Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and
cried :

'Alas, poor creature ! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it :
Henceforth, this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end : ' and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepped in.

Amet. Thou hast discoursed
A truth of mirth and pity.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was one of the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote also several prose works, besides attending to his business as an actor. Of his huge dramatic library, only twenty-three plays have come down to us, the best of which are : *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, the *English Traveller*, *A Challenge for Beauty*, the *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, the *Lancashire Witches*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, *Love's Mistress*, &c. The few particulars respecting Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays. The time of his birth is not known ; but he was a native of Lincolnshire, and was a fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge : he is found writing for the stage in 1596, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1640. In one of his prologues, he thus adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours :

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
And figured them in planets ; made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture—further we
Have trafficked by their help ; no history
We have left unrifled ; our pens have been dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue :

* For an amplification of the subject of this extract, see notice of RICHARD CRASHAW.

Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

This was written in 1637, and it shows how eager the playgoing public were then for novelties, though they possessed the theatre of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The death of Heywood is equally unknown with the date of his birth. As a dramatist, he had a poetical fancy and abundance of classical imagery; but his taste was defective; and scenes of low buffoonery, 'merry accidents, intermixed with apt and witty jests,' deform his pieces. His humour, however, is more pure and moral than that of most of his contemporaries. 'There is a natural repose in his scenes,' says a dramatic critic, 'which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries. Middleton looks upon his characters with the feverish anxiety with which we listen to the trial of great criminals, or watch their behaviour upon the scaffold. Webster lays out their corpses in the prison, and sings the dirge over them when they are buried at midnight in unhalloved ground. Heywood leaves his characters before they come into these situations. He walks quietly to and fro among them while they are yet at large as members of society; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes.*' The following description of Psyche, from *Love's Mistress*, is in his best manner:

ADMETUS.—ASTIOCHE.—PETREA.

Admetus. Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath?

Both. Psyche is well.

Adm. So among mortals it is often said,
Children and friends are well when they are dead.

Astioche. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air;
Clear channelled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds their crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimmed with gold.

In 1635, Heywood published a poem entitled the *Hierarchy of Angels*. In this piece he tells us how the names of his dramatic contemporaries were shortened or corrupted in familiar conversation:

Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

Various songs are scattered through Heywood's neglected plays, some of them easy and flowing:

Song.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnæ, and cock-sparrow—
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Shepherds' Song.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we, them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be-stained in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The last of these dramatists—'a great race,' says Charles Lamb, 'all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common'—was JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666). Though chronologically belonging to a later period than that of James I. Shirley's plays are of the same general character as those of his predecessors, with perhaps a dash of the gay cavalier spirit, which was reviving. This dramatist was a native of London. Designed for holy orders, he was educated first at Oxford, where Archbishop Laud refused to ordain him, on account of his appearance being disfigured by a mole on his left cheek. He afterwards took the degree of A.M. at Cambridge, and officiated as curate near St Albans. Like his brother divine and poet, Crashaw, Shirley embraced the communion of the Church of Rome. He lived as a schoolmaster in St Albans, but afterwards settled in London, and became a voluminous dramatic

* Henry Mackenzie in *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii.

writer. Thirty-nine plays proceeded from his prolific pen ; and a modern edition of his works (1833), edited by Gifford, with additions by Dyce, is in six octavo volumes. When the Master of the Revels, in 1633, licensed Shirley's play of the *Young Admiral*, he entered on his books an expression of his admiration of the drama, because it was free from oaths, profaneness, or obscenity ; trusting that his approbation would encourage the poet 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' Shirley is certainly less impure than most of his contemporaries, but he is far from faultless in this respect. His dramas seem to have been tolerably successful. When the civil wars broke out, the poet exchanged the pen for the sword, and took the field under his patron, the Earl of Newcastle. After the cessation of this struggle, a still worse misfortune befell our author in the shutting of the theatres, and he was forced to betake himself to his former occupation of a teacher. The Restoration does not seem to have mended his fortunes. In 1666, the Great Fire of London drove the poet and his family from their house in Whitefriars ; and shortly after this event, both he and his wife died on the same day. A life of various labours and reverses thus found a sudden and tragic termination. Shirley's plays have less force and dignity than those of Massinger ; less pathos than those of Ford. His comedies have the tone and manner of good society. Campbell has praised his 'polished and refined dialect, the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes.' He admits, however, what every reader feels, the want in Shirley of any strong passion or engrossing interest. Hallam more justly and comprehensively states : 'Shirley has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit ; his dramas produce no deep impression in reading, and, of course, can leave none in the memory. But his mind was poetical ; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language ; he is never tumid or affected, and seldom obscure ; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure. No very good play, nor possibly any very good scene, could be found in Shirley ; but he has many lines of considerable beauty.' Of these fine lines, Dr Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, quoted perhaps the most beautiful, being part of Fernando's description, in the *Brothers*, of the charms of his mistress :

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweighed
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief ;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

In the same vein of delicate fancy and feeling is the following passage in the *Grateful Servant*, where Cleona learns of the existence of Foscari, from her page, Dulcino :

Cleona. The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts.

He lives, he lives yet ! Cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee, speak, sweet youth.
How fares my lord ? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health ?

Dulcino. Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.

Cle. O get thee wings, and fly, then ;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.

Yet stay,

Thou goest away too soon. Where is he ? speak.

Dul. He gave me no commission for that, lady ;
He will soon save that question by his presence.

Cle. Time has no feathers ; he walks now on
crutches.

Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words ? Did mirth smile on his brow ?
I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee ?

Dul. He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak ; he said you were
Both star and pilot.

Cle. The sun's loved flower, that shuts his yellow
curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising : with my parting lord
I closed all my delight ; till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

The Prodigal Lady.—From the 'Lady of Pleasure'

ARETINA and the STEWARD.

Steward. Be patient, madam ; you may have your
pleasure.

Aretina. 'Tis that I came to town for ; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires ! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth ; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground : to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's round ;¹ t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-
sticks ;

How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun-ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobbyhorse
Tire, and the Maid-Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat.

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful ;
At least to your particular, who enjoyed
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom :
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all ;
Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for :
You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

¹ A favourite though homely dance of those days, taking its title from an actor named St Leger.

Aret. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talked wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent bailie.

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

Bornwell. How now, what's the matter?
Angry, sweetheart?

Aret. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrained in things
Whercin it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desires against mine own opinion?
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in; changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?

Aret. What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?

Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I th' state; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.

Aret. Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir?

Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to effect,
Nay, study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate;
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman;
Banquets for t' other lady, aunt, and cousins;
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home and shew abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering o' their market.

Aret. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

Aret. Pray, do; I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Aret. A gamester too!

Born. But are not come to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;

Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchased beneath my honour. You make play,
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by't.

Aret. Good; proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin. There was a play on't,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicious of our shame.

Aret. Have you concluded
Your lecture?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

In the *Ball*, a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is shewn up in the most admirable manner. Sir Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Scene from the 'Ball.'

BOSTOCK and SIR MARMADUKE.

Bostock. Does she love anybody else?

Marmaduke. I know not;

But she has half a score upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.

Bos. Name but one,

And if he cannot shew as many coats——

Mar. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.

Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning; if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry——

Mar. I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.

Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility?

How many lords can he call cousin?—else
He must be taught to know he has presumed
To stand in competition with me.

Mar. You will not kill him?

Bos. You shall pardon me;
I have that within me must not be provoked;
There be some living now that have been killed
For lesser matters.

Mar. Some living that have been killed?

Bos. I mean some living that have seen examples,
Not to confront nobility; and I
Am sensible of my honour.

Mar. His name is
Sir Ambrose.

Bos. Lamount; a knight of yesterday,
And he shall die to-morrow; name another.

Mar. Not so fast, sir; you must take some breath.

Bos. I care no more for killing half-a-dozen
Knights of the lower house—I mean that are not
Descended from nobility—than I do
To kick any footman; an Sir Ambrose were

Knight of the Sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

Enter SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Mar. Unluckily, he's here, sir.

Bos. Sir Ambrose,

How does thy knighthood? ha!

Ambrose. My nymph of honour, well; I joy to see thee.

Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to Lady Lucina.

Amb. I have ambition

To be her servant.

Bos. Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend Thy judgment.

Amb. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bos. Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.

But I could never see you there.

Mar. I hope,
Sir, we may live.

Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too; you understand me?
But who shall carry her, the Fates determine;
I could be knighted too.

Amb. That would be no addition to Your blood.

Bos. I think it would not; so my lord told me;
Thou know'st my lord?—not the earl, my other
Cousin—there's a spark his predecessors
Have matched into the blood; you understand
He put me upon this lady; I proclaim
No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;
If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword; I have vowed that.

Mar. You did but jest before.

Amb. 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground;
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die.

Mar. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

Amb. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes
To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

The finest verses of Shirley occur in his play, the *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. They are said to have been greatly admired by Charles II. The thoughts are elevated, and the expression highly poetical.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:

All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There was a long cessation of the drama during the Civil War and the Commonwealth.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

In Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* (1589), is the following 'ditty of Her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmonical':

Verses by Queen Elizabeth.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine
annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weaved
the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain, of late repent, by course of changed
winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see;
Then dazzled eyes with pride which great ambition
blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight
falsehood finds,
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no grain where former rule hath taught still
peace to grow.
No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force—let them else-
where resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for
future joy.

The Old and Young Courtier.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study filled with learned old books;
With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him
by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks;
And an old kitchen, that maintained half-a-dozen old
cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many
shrewd blows;
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man
dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsmen, and a kennel full of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or care,
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays;
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days;
And a new French cook, to devise kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete;
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat;
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour,* bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

* This is supposed to refer to the creation of baronets by King James in 1611.

Time's Alteration.

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me, this is true);
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shewn,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banished all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherished then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not helped by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray;
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No Puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content,
French fashions then were scorned;
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:

Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show ;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use ;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devised among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew ;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay ;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day :
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due ;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new :

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest ;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to fight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live :
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

There is a Garden in her Face.

From *An Hour's Recreation in Music*, by Rich. Alison (1606).

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shews,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow :
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

PROSE LITERATURE.

The prose writers of this age rank high in philosophy and solid learning, forming a noble background to the brilliant file of poets. The name of Bacon alone would render it illustrious in the world's history ; but we have also the massive intellect and eloquence of Hooker and Raleigh—the graceful romance of Sir Philip Sidney—the quaint erudition and fancy of Burton

—the first valuable fruits of foreign travel and geographical discovery—and the researches of a host of annalists and antiquaries, the careful transmitters of national and legendary lore. Never was the popular mind more pregnant or fertile, though as yet the lighter graces of ease and elegance had not crowned our prose literature.

JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, a distinguished English divine and historian, was born at Boston in 1517. He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with extreme industry and ardour to the study of divinity, and in particular to the investigation of those controverted points which were then engaging so much of the public attention. He became a convert to Protestantism, and, in 1545, was in consequence expelled from his college. After this, being deserted by his friends, he was reduced to great poverty, till a Warwickshire knight engaged him as tutor to his family. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. he went to London, where he might have perished for want, had not relief been administered to him by some unknown person, who seems to have been struck with his wretched appearance when sitting in St Paul's Cathedral. Soon after, he was fortunate enough to obtain employment as tutor in the Duchess of Richmond's family at Reigate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the continent. Proceeding through Antwerp and Strasburg to Basel, he there supported himself by correcting the press for Oporinus, a celebrated printer. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Reigate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment ; but, entertaining conscientious scruples as to the articles which it was necessary to subscribe, and disapproving of some of the ceremonies of the church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend in the church of Salisbury, which he accepted with some reluctance. He died in 1587. Fox was the author of a number of Latin treatises, chiefly on theological subjects ; but the work on which his fame rests is his *History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church*, popularly denominated *Fox's Book of Martyrs*. This celebrated production, on which the author laboured for eleven years, was published in 1563, under the title of *Acts and Monuments of these Latter Perillous Days, touching Matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the Great Persecutions and Horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, specially in this Realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now present, &c.* It was received with great favour by the Protestants, but was bitterly assailed by the Roman Catholics, and charged with gross misstatements. That the author has frequently erred, and, like other controversial writers of the time, sometimes lost his temper, and sullied his pages with coarse language, cannot be denied ; he was also extremely credulous ; but that he wilfully or malignantly misrepresented facts, no one has been able to prove. As to what he derived from written documents,

Bishop Burnet bears strong testimony in his favour, by declaring that, 'having compared those Acts and Monuments with the records, he had never been able to discover any errors or prevarications in them, but the utmost fidelity and exactness.'

The Death of Queen Anne Boleyn.

In certain records thus we find, that the king, being in his jousts at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster; and the next day after, Queen Anne, his wife, was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and certain other, and the nineteenth day after, was beheaded. The words of this worthy and Christian lady, at her death, were these: 'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused, and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all; and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she kneeled down, saying: 'To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul,' repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty, and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commendation she left behind her, that, during her life, the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

Many things might be written more of the manifold virtues, and the quiet moderation of her mild nature; how lowly she would bear, not only to be admonished, but also of her own accord would require her chaplains plainly and freely to tell whatsoever they saw in her amiss. Also, how bountiful she was to the poor, passing not only the poor example of other queens, but also the revenues almost of her estate: insomuch that the alms which she gave in three quarters of a year, in distribution, is summed to the number of fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds; besides the great piece of money which Her Grace intended to impart into four sundry quarters of the realm, as for a stock, there to be employed to the behoof of poor artificers and occupiers. Again, what a zealous defender she was of Christ's gospel all the world doth know, and her acts do and will declare to the world's end. Amongst which other her acts, this is one, that she placed Master Hugh Latimer in the bishopric of Worcester, and also preferred Dr Sharton to his bishopric, being then accounted a good man. Furthermore, what a true faith she bore unto the Lord, this one example may stand for many: for that, when King Henry was with her at Woodstock,

and there being afraid of an old blind prophecy, for the which neither he nor other kings before him durst hunt in the said park of Woodstock, nor enter into the town of Oxford, at last, through the Christian and faithful counsel of that queen, he was so armed against all infidelity, that both he hunted in the foresaid park, and also entered into the town of Oxford, and had no harm. But because touching the memorable virtues of this worthy queen, partly we have said something before, partly because more also is promised to be declared of her virtuous life (the Lord so permitting), by other who then were about her, I will cease in this matter further to proceed.

A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of 19 years, pursued to Death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read.

In the first year of Queen Mary, William Hunter, apprentice to a silk-weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment, in consequence of his refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Bruntwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by his reading a copy of the Scriptures. He was finally condemned to die for heresy.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother: 'For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother,' said he, 'a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?' With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying: 'I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: 'I rejoice' (and so said the others) 'to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice.' And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: 'I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him.' But William confessed, after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts¹ stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he bade him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the

¹ Archery butts.

others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying; 'William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered: 'I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already.' When the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlour gronsel, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: 'God be with thee, son William;' and William said: 'God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry.' His father said: 'I hope so, William,' and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: 'Thou liest,' said he; 'thou readest false, for the words are, "an humble spirit."' But William said: 'The translation saith "a contrite heart."' 'Yea,' quoth Mr Tyrell, 'the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics.' 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriff: 'Here is a letter from the queen: if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing.' Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown: 'Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him.' Then said William: 'Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and despatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog.' To whom William answered: 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown: 'I ask no forgiveness of thee.' 'Well,' said William, 'if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands.'

Then said William: 'Son of God, shine upon me!' and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said: 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues.' Then quoth the priest: 'Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell.' William answered: 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!'

Then there was a gentleman which said: 'I pray

God have mercy upon his soul.' The people said: 'Amen, Amen.'

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: 'William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death.' And William answered: 'I am not afraid.' Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent; and during his studies at Shrewsbury and Oxford, displayed remarkable acuteness of intellect and desire for knowledge. After spending three years on the continent, he returned to England in 1575, and was introduced to the court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. At the famous reception given by Leicester to the queen at Kenilworth, in the summer of that year, Sidney was present. In the year 1580, in consequence of a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, he retired from the court to the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and there composed a pastoral romance, to which, as it was written chiefly for his sister's amusement, he gave the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. This production was never finished, and, not having been intended for the press, appeared only in 1590, four years after the author's death. A more complete edition, differently arranged, was published in 1593. His next work was a tract, entitled *An Apologie for Poetrie*, first published in 1595, and afterwards reprinted with the title of *The Defence of Poesie*. In this short treatise Sidney repelled the objections brought by the Puritans of his age against the poets, whom they called 'caterpillars of the commonwealth!' This production, though written with the partiality of a poet, has been deservedly admired for the beauty of its style and general soundness of its reasoning. In 1584, the character of his uncle, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, having been attacked in a publication called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, Sidney wrote a reply, in which, although the heaviest accusations were passed over in silence, he did not scruple to address his opponent in such terms as the following: 'But to thee I say, thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place of Europe, where thou wilt assign me a free place of coming, as within three months after the publishing hereof I may understand thy mind.' This performance seems to have proved unsatisfactory to Leicester and his friends, as it was not printed till near the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1583 he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Desirous of active employment, Sidney next contemplated an expedition, with Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish settlements in America; but this intention was frustrated by a peremptory mandate from the queen. In 1585, it is said, he was named one of the candidates for the crown of Poland, at that time vacant; on which occasion Elizabeth again threw obstacles in the way, being afraid 'to lose the jewel of her times.' He was not, however, long permitted to remain unemployed; for, in the same year, Elizabeth having determined to send military assistance to the Protestant inhabitants of the

Netherlands, then suffering under the oppressive measures of the Spaniards, he was appointed governor of Flushing, one of the towns ceded to the English in return for this aid. Soon afterwards, the Earl of Leicester, with an army of 6000 men, went over to the Netherlands, where he was joined by Sir Philip as general of the horse. The conduct of the earl in this war was highly imprudent, and such as to call forth repeated expressions of dissatisfaction from his nephew Philip. The military exploits of the latter were highly honourable to him; in particular, he succeeded in taking the town of Axel in 1586. His career, however, was destined to be short; for having, in September of the same year, accidentally encountered a detachment of the Spanish army at Zutphen, he received a wound, which in a few weeks proved mortal. As he was carried from the field, a well-known incident occurred, by which the generosity of his nature was strongly displayed. Being overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding and fatigue, he called for water, which was accordingly brought to him. At the moment he was lifting it to his mouth, a poor soldier was carried by desperately wounded, who fixed his eyes eagerly on the cup. Sidney, observing this, instantly delivered the beverage to him, saying: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' His death, which took place on the 19th of October 1586, at the early age of thirty-two, was deeply and extensively lamented, both at home and abroad. His bravery and chivalrous magnanimity—his grace and polish of manner—the purity of his morals—his learning and refinement of taste—had procured for him love and esteem wherever he was known. By the direction of Elizabeth, his remains were conveyed to London, and honoured with a public funeral in the cathedral of St Paul's.

Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney, we have spoken in a former page. It is almost exclusively as a prose writer that he deserves honourable mention in a history of English literature; and in judging of his merits, we ought to bear in mind the early age at which he was cut off. His romance of *Arcadia* was so universally read and admired in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, that in 1633 it had reached an eighth edition. Subsequently, however, it fell into comparative neglect, which, during the last century, the contemptuous terms in which it was spoken of by Horace Walpole contributed not a little to perpetuate. By Walpole the work is characterised as 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through.' And the judgment more recently pronounced by Dr Drake and Hazlitt is almost equally unfavourable. On the other hand, Sidney has found a fervent admirer in another modern writer, who highly extols the *Arcadia* in the second volume of the *Retro-spective Review*. A middle course is steered by Dr Zouch, who, in his *Memoirs of Sidney*, published in 1808, while he admits that changes in taste, manners, and opinions, have rendered the *Arcadia* unsuitable to modern readers, maintains that 'there are passages in this work exquisitely beautiful—useful observations on life and manners—a variety and accurate discrimination of characters—fine sentiments expressed in strong and adequate terms—animated descriptions, equal to

any that occur in the ancient or modern poets—sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy.' This does more than justice to the *Arcadia*, and its former high reputation is, doubtless, in a great degree attributable to the personal popularity of its author, and to the scarcity of works of prose fiction in the days of Elizabeth. But to whatever cause the admiration with which it was received may be ascribed, there can hardly be a question, that a work so extensively perused must have contributed not a little to fix the English tongue, and to form that vigorous and imaginative style which characterises the literature of the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the occasional over-inflation and pedantry of his style, Sidney was, what Cowper felicitously calls him, a 'warbler of poetic prose.'

In his personal character, Sidney, like most men of high sensibility and poetic feeling, shewed a tendency to melancholy and solitude. His chief fault seems to have been impetuosity of temper, an illustration of which has already been given from his reply to *Leicester's Commonwealth*. The same trait appears in the following letter—containing what proved to be a groundless accusation—which he wrote in 1578 to the secretary of his father, then Lord-deputy of Ireland:

'MR MOLYNEUX—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell.'

Of this 'jewel of Queen Elizabeth's reign,' a relic was exhibited before the Wilts Archaeological Society at Salisbury in September 1854. Between the leaves of a copy of the *Arcadia*—unopened perhaps for a century and a half—in the library at Wilton House, were found wrapped up a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and some complimentary lines addressed by Sidney when very young—if we may rely on the date given—to the Maiden Queen. The hair was soft and bright, of a light-brown colour, inclining to red, and on the paper inclosing it was written: 'This lock of Queen Elizabeth's own hair was presented to Sir Philip Sidney by Her Majesty's owne faire hands, on which he made these verses, and gave them to the queen on his bended knee. Anno Domini 1573.' And pinned to this was another paper, on which, written in a different hand—said to be Sidney's own—were the verses:

Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
 Envy her merits with regret commends;
 Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the sight,
 And in her conduct she is alwaies bright.
 When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
 And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

Of the following extracts, three are from Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the fourth from his *Defence of Poesie*:

A Tempest.

There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For, forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly; making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness, with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dis severed the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

Description of Arcadia.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

A Stag-hunt.

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalandar entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deer's feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to

the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

Praise of Poetry.

The philosopher sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est* [‘this is the grand difficulty’].

Now, therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchancing skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men—most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves. Glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely—that is to say, philosophically—set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Another of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth was WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, who, for forty years, ably and faithfully served her in the capacity of secretary of state. He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-eight. As a minister, this celebrated individual was distinguished for wariness, application, sagacity, calmness, and a degree of closeness which sometimes degenerated into hypocrisy. Most of these qualities characterised also what is, properly speaking, his sole literary production; namely, *Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life*. These precepts were addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.

Choice of a Wife.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

Domestic Economy.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

EARL OF ESSEX.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex (1567-1601), acquired his fame chiefly as a military commander; but he was a patron of men of letters, and an occasional writer, both in prose and verse. According to Ben Jonson, Essex sent twenty pieces to Spenser on his arrival in London, after his disastrous retreat from Ireland, which the poet refused, saying, 'he was

sorry he had no time to spend them.' On the same authority we learn that the preface ('A. B. to the reader') to Sir Henry Savile's *Tacitus*, 1604, was written by Essex.

On the History of Rome.

There is no treasure so much enriches the mind of man as learning; there is no learning so proper for the direction of the life of man as history; there is no history (I speak only of profane) so well worth the reading as Tacitus. For learning, Nature acknowledgeth a reason, by leaving industry to finish her unperfect work, for without learning, the conceit is like a fruitful soil without tilling, the memory like a store-house without wares, the will like a ship without a rudder. For history, since we are earlier taught by example than by precept, what study can profit us so much, as that which gives patterns either to follow or to fly, of the best and worst men of all estates, countries, and times that ever were? For Tacitus, I may say, without partiality, that he hath written the most matter with best conceit in fewest words of any historiographer, ancient or modern. But he is hard. *Difficilia que pulchra*: the second reading over will please thee more than the first, and the third than the second. And if thy stomach be so tender as thou canst not digest Tacitus in his own style, thou art beholding to Savile, who gives thee the same food, but with a pleasant and easy taste. In these four books of the story, thou shalt see all the miseries of a torn and declining state; the empire usurped; the princes murdered; the people wavering; the soldiers tumultuous; nothing unlawful to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent. In Galba thou mayest learn, that a good prince, governed by evil ministers, is as dangerous as if he were evil himself. By Otho, that the fortune of a rash man is *torrenti similis*, which rises at an instant and falls in a moment. By Vitellius, that he that hath no virtue can never be happy; for by his own baseness he will lose all, which either fortune or other men's labours have cast upon him. By Vespasian, that in civil tumults an advised patience, and opportunity well taken, are the only weapons of advantage. In them all, and in the state of Rome under them, thou mayest see the calamities that follow civil wars, where laws lie asleep, and all things are judged by the sword. If thou mislike their wars, be thankful for thine own peace; if thou dost abhor their tyrannies, love and reverence thine own wise, just, and excellent prince. If thou dost detest their anarchy, acknowledge our own happy government, and thank God for her, under whom England enjoys as many benefits as ever Rome did suffer miseries under the greatest tyrant.

A Passion of my Lord of Essex.

Said to have been inclosed in a letter to the queen from Ireland in 1599.

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all societies, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure;
Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
In contemplation spending all his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle thrush.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A specimen of the actual composition, style, and orthography of QUEEN ELIZABETH (1533-1603) may be here given from the *Letters of Queen Elizabeth and King James VI. of Scotland*, printed

for the Camden Society, 1849. The following was written in August 1588, after the defeat of the Armada. 'This noble letter,' says Mr John Bruce, editor of the volume referred to, 'written by Elizabeth in the very culminating moment of her "greatest glory," is full of that energy which more or less pervades everything that fell from her pen. The persons whom she pretends to believe James cannot have left at liberty were, of course, Huntly and the other Catholic earls, who were continually intriguing with Spain, through the Jesuits. Her ambassador, whom she so highly praises, was Sir Robert Sidney.'

Now may appeare, my deare brother, how malice conioined with might, strivest to make a shameful end to a vilanous beginning; for, by Godz singular fauor, having ther flete wel beaten in our narow seas, and pressing, with all violence, to atcheue some watering-place, to continue ther pretended inuasion, the windz have carried them to your costes, wher I dout not the shal receaue smal succor and les welcome, vnles thos lordz that, so traitors like, wold beliee ther own prince, and promis another king reliefe in your name, be suffred to live at libertye, to dishonor you, peril you, and aduance some other (wiche God forbid you suffer them live to do). Therfor, I send you this gentilman—a rare younge man, and a wise—to declare unto yov my full opinion in this greate cause, as one that neuer wyl abuse you to serue my own turn; nor wyl you do aught that myself wold not perfourme, if I wer in your place. You may assure yourselfe that, for my part, I dout no whit but that all this tirannical, prouwd, and brainsick attempt wil be the beginning, thogh not the end, of the ruine of that king that most unkingly, euen in midz of treating peace, begins this wrongfull war. He hath procured my greatest glory that ment my sorest wrack, and hath so dimmed the light of his sonshine, that who hathe a wyl to obtaine shame let them kipe his forses companie. But for al this, for yourselfe sake, let not the frendz of Spain be suffred to yeld them forse; for thogh I feare not in the end the sequele, yet if, by leaving them unhelped, you may increase the English hartz unto you, you shal not do the worst dede for your behalfe; for if aught should be done, your excuse wyl play the *boiteux*, if you make not sure worke with the likeli men to do hit. Looke wel unto hit, I besiche you.

The necessity of this mattir makes my skribbling the more spidye, hoping that you wyl mesure my good affection with the right balance of my actions, wiche to you shalbe euer such as I haue professed, not douting of the reciproque of your behalfe, according as my last messenger unto you hathe at large signefied, for the wiche I rendar you a milion of grateful thankes together, for the last general prohibition to your subiectz not to foster nor ayde our general foe, of wiche I dout not the obseruation, if the ringeleaders be safe in your handz; as knoweth God, who euer haue you in his blessed kiping, with many happy yeres of raigne. Your most assured louing sistar and cousin,
ELIZABETH R.

To my verey good brother, the king of Scottz.

In a subsequent letter (September 11, 1592), Elizabeth urges James to punish those who disturb him with their reiterated traitorous attempts. The bold, imperious, masculine spirit of the queen is seen in the following passage (spelling modernised):

Must a king be prescribed what councillors he shall take, as if you were their ward? Shall you be obliged to tie or undo what they list make or revoke? O Lord, what strange dreams hear I, that would God they were so, for then at my waking I should find them fables. If you mean, therefore, to reign, I exhort you

to shew you worthy the place, which never can be surely settled without a steady course held to make you loved and feared. I assure myself many have escaped your hands more for dread of your remissness than for love of the escaped, so oft they see you cherishing some men for open crimes; and so they mistrust more their revenge than your assurance. My affection for you best lies on this, my plainness, whose patience is too much moved with these like everlasting faults.

And since it so likes you to demand my counsel, I find so many ways your state so unjoined, that it needs a skilfuller bone-setter than I to join each part in his right place. But, to fulfil your will, take in short, these few words: For all whoso you know assailers of your court, the shameful attempters of your sacred decree, if ever you pardon, I will never be the suitor. Who to peril a king were inventors or actors, they should crack a halter, if I were king. Such is my charity. Who, under pretence of bettering your estate, endangers the king, or needs will be his schoolmasters, if I might appoint their univarsity, they should be assigned to learn first to obey; so should they better teach you next. I am not so unskilful of a kingly rule that I would wink at no fault, yet would be open-eyed at public indignity. Neither should all have the whip, thogh some were scourged. But if, like a toy, of a king's life so oft endangered nought shall follow but a scorn, what sequel I may doubt of such contempt I dread to think, and dare not name. The rest I bequeath to the trust of your faithful servant, and pray the Almighty God to inspire you in time, afore too late, to cut their combs whose crest may danger you. I am void of malice; God is judge; I know them not.

JOHN LYLIV—STEPHEN GOSSON.

Thogh highly prized as a dramatist, Lyly was even more celebrated in his own day for his romance—*Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, 1579; and *Euphues and his England*, 1580. In the first part, the author places his hero, a young Athenian, in Naples; and in the second part, brings him to England, 'his voyage and adventures being mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that isle.' The romance went through five editions in six years, and became a sort of text-book for court ladies and people of fashion, who were fascinated by its curious ornate style, comparisons, and conceits, and, it is said, got many of its peculiar phrases by heart. Ben Jonson ridiculed this Euphuism; and Sir Walter Scott not only condemned it in his *Life of Dryden*, but in his novel of the *Monastery* depicted what he conceived to be a follower of the new style, in his character of Sir Percie Shafton, whose conversation is a tissue of forced conceits, antitheses, and affectation. Scott exaggerated Lyly's defects. There is a vein of good moral feeling and fancy in *Euphues*. The style is neat, and happy in expression; but often, from excess of ornament and antithesis, it becomes tedious. Greene and Lodge wrote tales in the style of Lyly, intended as continuations of *Euphues*, but both are much inferior to the original.

How the Life of a Young Man should be Led.

From *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*.

There are three things which cause perfection in a man—nature, reason, use. Reason I call discipline; use, exercise. If any one of these branches want,

certainly the tree of virtue must needs wither; for nature without discipline is of small force, and discipline without nature more feeble. If exercise or study be void of any of these, it availeth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground in husbandry there is first chosen a fertile soil, then a cunning sower, then good seed, even so must we compare nature to the fat earth, the expert husbandman to the schoolmaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seeds. If this order had not been in our predecessors—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and whosoever was renowned in Greece for the glory of wisdom—they had never been eternised for wise men, neither canonised, as it were, for saints, among those that study sciences. It is therefore a most evident sign of God's singular favour towards him, that he is endued with all these qualities, without the which man is most miserable. But if there be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue, and industry, and exercise, he is a heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith in learning. For if nature play not her part, in vain is labour; and, as it is said before, if study be not employed, in vain is nature. Sloth turneth the edge of wit, study sharpeneth the mind: a thing, be it never so easy, is hard to the idle; a thing, be it never so hard, is easy to wit well employed. And most plainly we may see in many things the efficacy of industry and labour. The little drops of rain pierce the hard marble; iron, with often handling, is worn to nothing. Besides this, industry sheweth herself in other things: the fertile soil, if it be never tilled, doth wax barren; and that which is most noble by nature is made most vile by negligence. What tree, if it be not topped, beareth any fruit? What vine, if it be not pruned, bringeth forth grapes? Is not the strength of the body turned to weakness with too much delicacy? Were not Milo his arms brawnfallen for want of wrestling? Moreover, by labour the fierce unicorn is tamed, the wildest falcon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwark is sacked. It was well answered of that man of Thessaly who, being demanded who among the Thessalians were reputed most vile: 'Those,' he said, 'that live at quiet and ease, never giving themselves to martial affairs.' But why should one use many words in a thing already proved? It is custom, use, and exercise that brings a young man to virtue, and virtue to his perfection. Lycurgus, the law-giver of the Spartans, did nourish two whelps, both of one sire and one dam, but after a sundry manner; for the one he framed to hunt, and the other to lie always in the chimney's end, at the porridge-pot. Afterward calling the Lacedemonians, he said: 'To the attaining of virtue, ye Lacedemonians, education, industry, and exercise is the most noblest means, the truth of which I will make manifest unto you by trial.' Then, bringing forth the whelps, and setting down there a pot and a hare, the one ran at the hare, the other to the porridge-pot. The Lacedemonians scarce understanding this mystery, he said: 'Both of these be of one sire and one dam, but you see how education altereth nature.'

A Father's Grief for the Death of his Daughter.

Thou weepst for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father; for greater vanity is there in the mind of the mourner than bitterness in the death of the deceased. 'But she was amiable'—but yet sinful: 'but she was young, and might have lived'—but she was mortal, and must have died. 'Ay, but her youth made thee often merry'—ay, but thine age should once make thee wise. 'Ay, but her green years were unfit for death'—ay, but thy hoary hairs should despise life. Knowest thou not, Eubulus, that life is the gift of God, death is the due of nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity. Wise men have found that by learning, which old men should know by experience, that in life there is nothing sweet,

in death nothing sour. The philosophers accounted it the chiefest felicity never to be born; the second, soon to die. And what hath death in it so hard that we should take it so heavily? Is it strange to see that cut off which, by nature, is made to be cut off? or that melten which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt? or man to pass that is born to perish? But thou grantest that she should have died, and yet art thou grieved that she is dead. Is the death the better if life be the longer? No, truly. For as neither he that singeth most, or prayeth longest, or ruleth the stern oftenest, but he that doth it best, deserveth greatest praise; so he, not that hath most years, but many virtues, nor he that hath grayest hairs, but greatest goodness, liveth longest. The chief beauty of life consisteth not in the numbering of many days, but in the using of virtuous doings. Amongst plants, those be best esteemed that in shortest time bring forth much fruit. Be not the fairest flowers gathered when they be freshest? the youngest beasts killed for sacrifice because they be finest? The measure of life is not length, but honesty; neither do we enter into life to the end we should set down the day of our death; but therefore we do live that we may obey Him that made us, and be willing to die when He shall call us.

Continue Not in Anger.

From Euphues and his England.

The sharp north-east wind doth never last three days; tempests have but a short time; and the more violent the thunder is, the less permanent it is. In the like manner, it falleth out with the jars and crossings of friends, which, begun in a minute, are ended in a moment. Necessary it is that among friends there should be some over-thwarting; but to continue in anger, not convenient. The camel first troubleth the water before he drink; the frankincense is burned before it smell; friends are tried before they are trusted, lest, like the carbuncle, as though they had fire they be found, being touched, to be without fire. Friendship should be like the wine which Homer, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pint being mingled with five quarts of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and virtue, not to be qualified by any discourtesy. Where salt doth grow, nothing else can breed; where friendship is built, no offence can harbour.

Contemporary with Lyly was STEPHEN GOSSON (1555–1624), who, having been poet, actor, dramatist, satirist, and preacher, died rector of St Botolph, Bishopsgate. Gosson's satire, the *School of Abuse*, 1579, is supposed to have induced Sidney to write his apology or defence of poetry, as Gosson's short treatise is 'an invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such-like caterpillars of a commonwealth.' Public theatres for dramatic performances had been established about three years before (1576), and were keenly attacked by the clergy. Gosson says:

And because I have been matriculated myself in the school where so many abuses flourish, I will imitate the dogs of Egypt, which, coming to the banks of Nilus to quench their thirst, sip and away, drink running, lest they be snapt short for a prey to crocodiles. I should tell tales out of the school, and be feruled for my fault, or hissed at for a blab, if I laid all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entered, but liberty looseth the reins, and gives you head, placing you with poetry in the lowest form; when his skill is shewn to make his scholar as good as ever twanged. He prefers you to piping, from piping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to sloth, from sloth to sleep, from sleep to sin, from sin to death, from death to the devil,

if you take your learning apace and pass through every form without revolting.

Like most satirical writers, he inveighs against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting all the glories of the Elizabethan era. He says :

Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore I think may say the more.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM.

In 1589 appeared anonymously *The Art of English Poesie*, written, as its author states, for the queen, the court, and the educated classes 'desirous to become skilful in their mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure.' The author is understood to be GEORGE PUTTENHAM (*circa* 1530-1590), who had been a scholar at Oxford, had travelled abroad, and become one of the gentlemen pensioners to Queen Elizabeth. Puttenham's work is a treatise of some length, divided into three books—the first of poets and poesy, the second of proportion, and the third of ornament. The style of the work is clear and regular.

Of Language.

This part in our *maker*, or poet, must be heedily looked unto, that it be natural, pure, and the most usual of all his country. And for the same purpose, rather that which is spoken in the king's court or in the good towns and cities within the land, than in the marches and frontiers, or in port towns, where strangers haunt for traffic sake; or yet in universities, where scholars use much peevish affectation of words out of the primitive languages; or, finally, in any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustical or uncivil people; neither shall he follow the speech of a craftsman or carter, or other of the inferior sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best town and city in this realm; for such persons do abuse good speeches by strange accents, or ill-shapen sounds, and false orthography. But he shall follow generally the better brought-up sort, men civil and graciously behaved and bred. Our *maker*, therefore, at these days, shall not follow Piers Plowman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us. Neither shall he take the terms of northern men such as they use in daily talk, whether they be noblemen or gentlemen, or of their best clerks, all is a matter; nor in effect any speech used beyond the river of Trent, though no man can deny but theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so courtly nor so current as our southern English is; no more is the far western man's speech. Ye shall therefore take the usual speech of the court, and that of London, and the shires lying about London within sixty miles, and not much above. I say not this but that in every shire of England there be gentlemen and others that speak, but specially write, as good southern as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of every shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clerks, do for the most part condescend; but herein we are already ruled by the English dictionaries, and other books written by learned men, and therefore it needeth none other direction in that behalf.

RICHARD HOOKER.

One of the earliest, and also one of the most distinguished prose writers of this period, was RICHARD HOOKER, a learned and gifted theologian, born of poor but respectable parents, near Exeter, about the year 1553. At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning, and gentleness of disposition, that, having been recommended to Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, he was taken under the care of that prelate, who, after a satisfactory examination into his merits, sent him to Oxford, and contributed to his support. At the university, Hooker studied with great ardour and success, and became much respected for modesty, prudence, and piety. After Jewel's death, he was patronised by Sandys, bishop of London, who sent his son to Oxford to enjoy the benefit of Hooker's instructions. Another of his pupils at this time was George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the famous archbishop of that name; and with both these young men he formed a close and enduring friendship. In 1579, his skill in the oriental languages led to his temporary appointment as deputy-professor of Hebrew; and two years later he entered into holy orders. Not long after this, he had the misfortune to be entrapped into a marriage, which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The circumstances of this union, which place in a strong light the simple and unsuspecting nature of the man, were these: Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess, that, according to his biographer (Walton), in his excess of gratitude, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' Hooker, little apt to suspect in others that guile of which he himself was so entirely free, became the dupe of this woman, authorising her to select a wife for him, and promising to marry whomsoever she should choose. The wife she provided was her own daughter, described as 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe,' whom, however, he married according to his promise. With this helpmate he led but an uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation. When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this, Mrs Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other samples of good-manners as made them glad to depart on the following morning. In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his regret at the smallness of Hooker's income, and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs; to which the worthy man replied: 'My dear George, if saints have usually

a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.’ On his return to London, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of Master of the Temple. He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher. It happened that the office of afternoon lecturer at the Temple was at this period filled by Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but a high Calvinist in his opinions, while the views of Hooker, on the other hand, both on church-government and on points of theology, were moderate. The consequence was, that the doctrines delivered from the pulpit varied very much in their character, according to the preacher from whom they proceeded. Indeed, the two orators sometimes preached avowedly in opposition to each other—a circumstance which gave occasion to the remark, that ‘the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.’ This disputation, though conducted with good temper, excited so much attention, that Archbishop Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching. There ensued between him and Hooker a keen controversy, which was found so disagreeable by the latter, that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire into the country, where he might be permitted to live in peace, and have leisure to finish his treatise, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, already begun. A letter which he wrote to the archbishop on this occasion deserves to be quoted, as shewing not only that peacefulness of temper which adhered to him through life, but likewise the object that his great work was intended to accomplish :

MY LORD—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place ; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man ; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God’s worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God’s blessings spring out of my mother-earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy : a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was presented, in 1591, to the rectory of Boscombe, in

Wiltshire, where he finished four books of his treatise, which were printed in 1594. Queen Elizabeth having in the following year presented him to the rectory of Bishopsbourne, in Kent, he removed to that place, where the remainder of his life was spent in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597 ; and finished other three, which did not appear till 1647. Hooker died in November 1600. A few days previously, his house was robbed, and when the fact was mentioned to him, he anxiously inquired whether his books and papers were safe. The answer being in the affirmative, he exclaimed : ‘Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me.’

Hooker’s treatise on *Ecclesiastical Polity* displays an astonishing amount of learning, sagacity, and industry ; and as a master-piece of reasoning and eloquence, is still one of our greatest works. The earlier portion of the treatise, which was the most carefully finished, has never been excelled. ‘So stately and graceful is the march of his periods,’ says Mr Hallam, ‘so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity. If we compare the first book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* with what bears perhaps most resemblance to it of anything extant, the treatise of Cicero *De Legibus*, it will appear somewhat perhaps inferior, through the imperfection of our language, which, with all its force and dignity, does not equal the Latin in either of these qualities, and certainly more diffuse in some of its reasonings, but by no means less high-toned in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy.’ Similar panegyrics might be cited from Southey, Mackintosh, and other critical authorities, but Hooker must be *studied* to be appreciated. His close reasoning and long sentences require careful perusal.

The argument against the Puritans is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and on the broad scale of general principles, not detached texts or interpretations of Scripture. ‘It was a kind of maxim among the Puritans, that Scripture was so much the exclusive rule of human actions, that whatever, in matters at least concerning religion, could not be found to have its authority, was unlawful. Hooker devoted the whole second book of his work to the refutation of this principle. He proceeded afterwards to attack its application, more particularly to the episcopal scheme of church-government, and to the various ceremonies or usages which those sectaries treated as either absolutely superstitious, or at least as impositions without authority. It was maintained by this great writer, not only that ritual observances are variable, according to the discretion of ecclesiastical rulers, but that no certain form of polity is set down in Scripture as generally indispensable for a Christian church.’* The work is not to be regarded simply as a

* Hallam’s *Constitutional History*, chap. iv.

theological treatise; it is still referred to as a great authority upon the whole range of moral and political principles. It also bears a value as the first publication in the English language which observed a strict methodical arrangement, and presented a train of clear logical reasoning.

Scripture and the Law of Nature.

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit, that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe; namely, that the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth. And even hereby it cometh to pass, that, first, such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary, the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto; they are by this very mean induced, either still to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the Word of God uncertain tradition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete; which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects, without any such things added, to be so complete, that we utterly refuse as much as once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever, to make up the doctrine of man's salvation, is added as in supply of the Scripture's insufficiency, we reject it; Scripture, purposing this, hath perfectly and fully done it. Again, the scope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side-racking and stretching it further than by Him was meant, are drawn into sundry as great inconveniences. They, pretending the Scripture's perfection, infer thereupon, that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained. We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As, therefore, God created every part and particle of man exactly perfect—that is to say, in all points sufficient unto that use for which He appointed it—so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof, is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same. So that, if hereupon we conclude, that because the Scripture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be done are comprehended in the Scripture; we may even as well conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in holy Scripture to comprise all things which man may practise. But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to His church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions groweth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing—for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth—but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto; on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatsoever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scripture of God for direction; how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end; how can

it choose but vex and amaze them? For in every action of common life, to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do—seem we in Scripture never so expert—would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds, we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scripture: admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity, and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture. Admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel; but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture. Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit.

Defence of Reason.

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the star of reason and learning, and all other such-like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of, than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation, called Wormwood, which, being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the Word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason; for which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' &c. &c. By these and the like disputes, an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world; as if the way to be ripe in faith were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if reason were an enemy unto religion, childish simplicity the mother of ghostly and divine wisdom. . . .

To our purpose, it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in Him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer Him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before Him, or to do Him any service, which doth not first believe Him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto Him. Let men be taught this, either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men; nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it, but only to teach theology? Theology, what is it, but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto, without the help of natural discourse and reason? 'Judge you of that which I speak,' saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe,

knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. . . .

The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it; which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient? For this cause, therefore, we have endeavoured to make it appear, how, in the nature of reason itself, there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out, by the light of reason, what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

The Nature and Majesty of Law.

That which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable; and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance herinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general.

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: 'God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.' Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth

the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. 'He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world? . . .

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

LORD BACON.

The greatest of English philosophers, FRANCIS BACON, was born in London on the 22d of January 1561. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the great seal, by Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady of great learning and accomplishments, from whom her illustrious son may be said to have inherited his genius. In childhood, Francis Bacon displayed such vivacity of intellect and sedateness of behaviour, that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her young lord-keeper. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he early became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which then held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Bacon himself declared to his secretary, Dr Rawley, he fell into, 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy, as his lordship used to say, only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man.' After spending three years at Cambridge, he went to France, where he

resided about three years, chiefly at Poitiers, pursuing closely his studies. His observations on foreign affairs were afterwards published in a work, entitled *Of the State of Europe*. By the sudden death of his father in 1579, he was compelled to return hastily to England, and engage in some profession. After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burleigh, to procure for him such a provision from government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he spent several years in the study of the law. While engaged in practice as a barrister, however, he did not forget philosophy, as it appears that he sketched in an early period of life his great work, called *The Instauration of the Sciences*. In 1590, he obtained the post of counsel-extraordinary to the queen; and three years afterwards, sat in parliament for the county of Middlesex. As an orator, he is highly extolled by Ben Jonson. In one of his speeches, he distinguished himself by taking the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court; but finding that he had given great offence to her majesty, he at once altered his tone, and condescended to apologise with that servility which unhappily appeared in too many of his subsequent actions. To Lord Burleigh and his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon continued to pay court, in hope of advancement, till at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burleigh's rival, Essex, who, with all the ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured to procure for him, in 1594, the vacant office of solicitor-general. In this attempt he was defeated, through the influence of the Cecils, who were jealous of both him and his friend; but Essex in some degree soothed Bacon's disappointment by presenting him with an estate at Twickenham, which he afterwards sold for £1800. It is painful to relate in what manner Bacon repaid such benefits. When Essex was brought to trial for a conspiracy against the queen, the friend whom he had so greatly obliged and confided in not only deserted him in the hour of need, but unnecessarily appeared as counsel against him, and by every art and ingenuity of a pleader, endeavoured to magnify his offence. He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he should write *A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Essex*, which was printed by authority. Into this conduct, which indicates a lamentable want of high moral principle, courage, and self-respect, Bacon was in some measure led by pecuniary difficulties, into which his improvident and ostentatious habits, coupled with the relative inadequacy of his income, had plunged him. By maintaining himself in the good graces of the court, he hoped to secure that professional advancement which would at once improve his fortune and gratify his ambition. Such moral obliquity justified the antithesis which characterises him as

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

After the accession of James, the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He was knighted in 1603, and, in subsequent years, obtained successively the offices of king's counsel, solicitor-general, judge of the Marshalsea Court, and attorney-general. This last appointment he received in 1613. In the execution of his duties, he did not

scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and even assisted in an attempt to extort from an old clergyman, of the name of Peacham, a confession of treason, by torturing him on the rack.

Although his income had now been greatly enlarged by the emoluments of office and a marriage with the daughter of a wealthy alderman, his extravagance and that of his servants, which he seems to have been too good-natured to check, continued to keep him in difficulties. He cringed before the king and his favourite Villiers; and at length, on the 4th of January 1618-19, he attained the summit of his ambition, by being created Lord High Chancellor of England, and Baron Verulam. This latter title gave place in the following year to that of Viscount St Albans. As chancellor, it cannot be concealed that, both in his political and judicial capacities, he grossly deserted his duty. Not only did he suffer Villiers to interfere with his decisions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous presents or bribes from suitors, gave occasion, in 1621, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace. He fully confessed the twenty-three articles of corruption which were laid to his charge; and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered: 'It is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed.' Banished from public life, he had now ample leisure to attend to his philosophical and literary pursuits. Yet, even while he was engaged in business, these had not been neglected. In 1597, he published *Meditationes Sacrae*, a *Table of the Colours of Good and Evil*, and ten *Essays*. In 1612, he reprinted the *Essays*, increased to thirty-eight; and finally, in 1625, he again issued them, 'newly written,' and now fifty-eight in number. These, as he himself says of them, 'come home to men's business and bosoms; and, like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small, and the silver is good.' From the generally interesting nature of the subjects of the *Essays*, and their intrinsic excellence, the work immediately acquired great popularity, and to the present day continues to be the chosen companion of all students and thinkers. 'It is,' to use the words of Dugald Stewart, 'one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties.*' In 1605, he published another work, which still continues to be extensively perused; it is entitled *Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human*. This volume, which was afterwards enlarged and published in the Latin language, with the title *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, constitutes the first part of his great work, *Instauratio Scientiarum*, or the *Instauration of the Sciences*. The second part, entitled *Novum*

* First Preliminary Dissertation to *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Organum, is that on which chiefly his high reputation as a philosopher is grounded, and on the composition of which he bestowed most labour. It is written in Latin, and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the *Advancement of Learning*, after considering the excellence of knowledge, and the means of disseminating it, together with what had already been done for its advancement, and what omitted, he proceeds to divide it into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, these having reference to what he considers 'the three parts of man's understanding'—memory, imagination, and reason. The concluding portion of the volume relates to revealed religion. The *Novum Organum*, which, as already mentioned, is the second and most important part of the *Instauration of the Sciences*, consists of aphorisms, the first of which furnishes a key to the author's leading doctrines: 'Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature.' His new method—*novum organum*—of employing the understanding in adding to human knowledge, is fully expounded in this work.

After alluding to the little aid which the useful arts had derived from science, and the small improvement which science had received from practical men, he proceeds: 'But whence can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed, clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.' 'As things are at present conducted, a sudden transition is made from sensible objects and particular facts to general propositions, which are accounted principles, and round which, as round so many fixed poles, disputation and argument continually revolve. From the propositions thus hastily assumed, all things are derived, by a process compendious and precipitate, ill suited to discovery, but wonderfully accommodated to debate. The way that promises success is the reverse of this. It requires that we should generalise slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well defined, such as nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.' After describing the causes which lead the understanding astray in the search after knowledge—the *idols*, as he figuratively terms them, before which it is apt to bow—Bacon, in the second book of the *Novum Organum*,

goes on systematically to expound and exemplify his method of philosophising, indicated in the foregoing extracts, and to which the appellation of the *inductive method* is applied. This he does in so masterly a way, that he has earned with posterity the title of the father of experimental science. 'The power and compass,' says Professor Playfair, 'of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages.' It is true that the inductive method had been both practised and even cursorily recommended by more than one philosopher prior to Bacon; but unquestionably he was the first to unfold it completely, to shew its infinite importance, and to induce the great body of scientific inquirers to place themselves under its guidance. In another respect, the benefit conferred by Bacon upon mankind was perhaps still greater. He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and disputes upon questions remote from use, and fixed it upon inquiries 'productive of works for the benefit of the life of man.' The Aristotelian philosophy was barren; the object of Bacon was 'the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the world'—'the enlargement of the bounds of human empire to the effecting all things possible'—the augmentation, by means of science, of the sum of human happiness, and the alleviation of human suffering. In a word, he was eminently a utilitarian, using that term in its enlarged sense, as comprehending the moral and intellectual, as well as the material welfare of man.

The third part of the *Instauration of the Sciences*, entitled *Sylva Sylvarum*, or *History of Nature*, is devoted to the facts and phenomena of natural science, including original observations made by Bacon himself, which, though sometimes incorrect, are useful in exemplifying the inductive method of searching for truth. The fourth part is called *Scala Intellectus*, from its pointing out a succession of steps by which the understanding may ascend in such investigations. Other two parts, which the author projected, were never executed.

Another celebrated publication of Lord Bacon is his treatise, *Of the Wisdom of the Ancients*, 1610; wherein he attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success, to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. He wrote also *Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign*; a *History of King Henry VII.*; a philosophical romance called the *New Atlantis*; and several minor productions which it is needless to specify.

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying an annual income of £2500, continued to live in so ostentatious and prodigal a style, that, at his death in 1626, his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000. His devotion to science appears to have been the immediate cause of his death. Travelling in his carriage when there was snow on the ground, he began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment, he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him, that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighbourhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put, that he died in a few

days.* In a letter to the earl, the last which he wrote, after comparing himself to the elder Pliny, 'who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius,' he does not forget to mention his own experiment, which, says he, 'succeeded excellently.' In his will, the following strikingly prophetic passage is found: 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over.'

Bacon, like Sidney, was a 'warbler of poetic prose.' No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery. Keen in discovering analogies where no resemblance is apparent to common eyes, he has sometimes indulged to excess in the exercise of his talent. Yet, in general, his comparisons are not less clear and apposite than full of imagination and meaning. He has treated of philosophy with all the splendour, yet none of the vagueness, of poetry. At times his style possesses a degree of conciseness, as well as force, rarely to be found in the compositions of the Elizabethan age.

A complete edition of the works of Lord Bacon, by James Spedding and others, in seven volumes, was published in 1870; and Mr Spedding is also author of an elaborate *Life* of the philosopher, with a full collection of his *Letters*.

Friendship.

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;' for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* ['Great city, great solitude']; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in

the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness: for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* ['participators in cares']; for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men. . . .

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI. whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable—where-with I will conclude this first fruit of friendship—which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature; but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in

* This account is given by Aubrey, who probably obtained it from Hobbes, one of Bacon's intimate friends, and afterwards an acquaintance of Aubrey.—See Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Persons*, ii. 227. At pages 222 and 602 of the same volume, we learn that Hobbes was a favourite with Bacon, 'who was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate: and when a notion darted into his lordship's mind, Mr Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him; for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.' 'He assisted his lordship in translating several of his essays into Latin.'

figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel—they indeed are best—but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, 'Dry light is ever the best;' and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled nooks are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Of Discourse.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present

occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jaded any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

*Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.**

And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak: nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, 'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself;' and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, 'Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer, 'Such and such a thing passed.' The lord would say, 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeable to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shews slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

Of Beauty.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always: for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael, the sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty

* Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on.—ADDISON.

which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *pulchrorum autumnus pulcher*; for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

Of Deformity.

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) 'void of natural affection;' and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: *Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero*: but because there is in man an election, touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise: and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession: so that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings, in ancient times (and at this present in some countries), were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one; but yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spials, and good whisperers, than good magistrates and officers: and much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn; which must be either by virtue or malice; and, therefore, let it not be marvelled, if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Æsop, Gasca, president of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

Prosperity and Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as

many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Universities.

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself; and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools, for the receipt and comforting the same.

Government.

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

Books and Ships Compared.

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

Libraries.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

During the twelve years of his imprisonment, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the chief portion of his works, especially the *History of the World*, of which only a part was finished, comprehending the period from the creation to the downfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 B.C. This was published in 1614. The ability with which he treats the histories of Greece and Rome has excited just regret that so great a portion of the

work is devoted to Jewish and Rabbinical learning. The acquirements and genius of Raleigh—who, in the words of Hume, 'being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives'—have excited much admiration; but the historian was aided by the contributions of his learned friends. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history.' Ben himself had 'written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered, and set in his book.' According to a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, a still more important helper was a 'Dr Robert Burrel, rector of Northwald, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's *History*, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him' (Burrel); but the design and composition of the work were Raleigh's own. He gave it consistency, energy, and genius.

Both in style and matter, this celebrated work is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had previously appeared. Its style, though partaking of the faults of the age in being frequently stiff and inverted, has fewer of these defects than the diction of any other writer of the time. Raleigh composed a number of political and other pieces, some of which have never been published. Among those best known are his *Maxims of State*, the *Cabinet Council*, the *Sceptic*, and *Advice to his Son*. The last contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tintured, indeed, with that worldliness and caution which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to be mindful of self-interest, and perhaps disposed to duplicity. The subjects on which he advises his son are—the choice of friends and of a wife, deafness to flattery, the avoidance of quarrels, the preservation of estate, the choice of servants, the avoidance of evil means of seeking riches, the bad effects of drunkenness, and the service of God.

Uncertainty of Human Happiness.

From the Preface to the *History*.

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions—to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate, and of the poor and oppressed, whom we count wretched—we shall find the happiness of the one, and the miserable estate of the other, so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertain whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life but that he may be deprived of either, or all, the very next hour or day to come. *Quid vesper vehat, incertum est*; what the evening will bring with it is uncertain. And yet ye cannot tell, saith St James, what shall be to-morrow. To-day he is set up, and to-morrow he shall not be found, for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth. And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will—to happy men, ridiculous, who make

themselves merry at other men's misfortunes; and to those under the cross, grievous—yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For, be it that we have lived many years (according to Solomon), 'and in them all we have rejoiced;' or be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed; yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other—to wit, the joy and the woe—sailed out of sight; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chase from our infancy, hath gathered it. *Quicquid aetatis retro est, mors tenet*; whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it. So as, whosoever he be to whom fortune hath been a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of beauty and youth, or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then invaluable, and he shall find that all the art which his elder years have can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions than heavy, secret, and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast-priving youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither; insomuch as, looking back from the very instant time, and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miseries and pains as he that is most blessed, in common opinion, hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behind us is just nothing; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. *Omnia que eventura sunt in incerto jacent*. Only those few black swans I must except who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrace both as necessary guides to endless glory.

The Battle of Thermopylæ.

From the *History*, Book III. Chap. 6.

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage alongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeate and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 1000 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces—such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men, whom, not long before, he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians,

which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneceus, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus: 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

English Valour.—From the 'History,' Book V. Chap. 2.

All that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poitiers for lack of other as good examples of the English virtue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans. If any man impute these victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow, my answer is ready—that in all these respects it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a boy or a woman as when by a strong man; weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, *point-blank*; and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it, in general, true that the long-bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him, I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay; he forceth our guard, placed upon the bridge to keep the passage' (*John de Serres*). Or I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells us how the Britons, being invaded by Charles VIII. king of France, thought it good policy to apparel twelve hundred of their own men in English cassocks, that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation); the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English prevailing against all manner of difficulties ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why, then, did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done, my answer may be—I hope without offence—that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidae, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note: *Belli potentes sunt magis quam sapienti potentes*—They were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes

their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V. the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death.

Ambition and Death.—Conclusion of the 'History.'

By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world, whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field, and cut her down. . . .

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. 'I have considered,' saith Solomon, 'all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' but who believes it, till death tells it us? It was death, which, opening the conscience of Charles V. made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis I. of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

In another of his works, Raleigh tells, in the following vigorous language, wherein lies

The Strength of Kings.

They say the goodliest cedars which grow on the high mountains of Libanus thrust their roots between the clefts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature has instructed those kings of trees, so has reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hard hearts of their faithful subjects; and as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof, as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their

heads with the strong chains of civil justice and of martial discipline.

Three Rules to be observed for the Preservation of a Man's Estate.

From Raleigh's *Advice to his Son*.

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what everything is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou putteth thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not: therefore from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shew them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts: and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, 'That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;' it is further said, 'The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.' Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it.

RICHARD KNOLLES.

Next to Raleigh's history may be ranked Knolles's *History of the Turks*, published in 1603, and a second edition in 1610. Dr Johnson, in the 122d number of the *Rambler*, warmly eulogised Knolles's work, and Mr Hallam places its author among the first of our elder writers. Knolles was master of a free school at Sandwich

in Kent, where he died in 1610, aged about seventy. His history was continued by Sir Paul Rycart (1628-1700), an English traveller and diplomatist.

The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and began the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mohammed gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks; for Mohammed, the more to distress the defendants, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail: which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick, that the light of the day was therewith darkened; others in the meantime courageously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mohammed, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janissaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janissaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entered; with the sight whereof the other soldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strive altogether to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot, or thrust to death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among

the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterwards thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterward up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entered as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth, and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city. . . . In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church—the stately building of Justinianus the emperor—were, in the turning of a hand, plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church itself, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness; the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turk's cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards, in great derision, carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

Dryden, who rarely borrowed, seems, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, to have taken a couplet from Knolles's history. Under a portrait of Mustapha I. are these lines :

Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land.

In *Absalom and Achitophel*, Dryden has :

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

WILLIAM CAMDEN.

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551–1623) was eminent as an antiquary, and claims also to be considered as one of the best historians of his age. Camden was born in London, and received his education first at Christ's Hospital and St Paul's School, and afterwards at Oxford. In 1575, he became second master of Westminster School; and while performing the duties of this office, devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain—a subject to which, from his earliest years, he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he travelled, in 1582, through some of the eastern and northern counties of England; and the fruits of his researches appeared in his most celebrated work, written in Latin, with a title signifying *Britain; or a Chorographical Description of the most Flourishing Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands, from Remote*

Antiquity. This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and man of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he journeyed at several times into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of antiquity, and collecting, with indefatigable industry, whatever information might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches; and of this an English translation, executed, probably with the author's assistance, by Dr Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610. From the preface to that translation we extract the following :

Camden's Account of his Historical Labours.

Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geography, arriving here in England about thirty-four years past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this isle of Britain, or, as he said, that I would restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity; which was, I understood, that I would renew ancientry, enlighten obscurity, clear doubts, and recall home verity, by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulity of the common sort, had in a manner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painful matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toil is to be taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth but he who hath made the trial. Nevertheless, how much the difficulty discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So, while at one and the same time I was fearful to undergo the burden, and yet desirous to do some service to my country, I found two different affections, fear and boldness, I know not how, conjoined in one. Notwithstanding, by the most gracious direction of the Almighty, taking industry for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my study, care, cogitation, continual meditation, pain, and travail, I employed myself thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymology of Britain and the first inhabitants timorously; neither in so doubtful a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first originals of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquity, as things which are seen very deep and far remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluences, and the outlets of great rivers are well known, yet their first fountains and heads lie commonly unknown. I have succinctly run over the Romans' government in Britain, and the inundation of foreign people therinto, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms; I have summarily specified the states and judicial courts of the same. In the several counties, I have compendiously set down the limits—and yet not exactly by perch and pole, to breed questions—what is the nature of the soil, which were places of the greatest antiquity, who have been dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signal and ancient families therein—for who can particulate all? What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time, the most sound and sincere witness, will give the truest information, when envy, which persecuteth the living, shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give me leave to say—that I have in nowise neglected such things as are material to search and sift out the truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Saxon tongues. I have travelled over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skilful observers in each country; I have studiously read over our own country writers, old and new, all Greek and Latin authors which have once made mention of Britain; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom; I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have

looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations; I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony, as beyond all exception, when the cause required, in their very own words—although barbarous they be—that the honour of verity might in nowise be impeached.

For all this I may be censured as unadvised, and scant modest, who, being but of the lowest form in the school of antiquity, where I might well have lurked in obscurity, have adventured as a scribbler upon the stage in this learned age, amidst the diversities of relishes both in wit and judgment. But to tell the truth unfeignedly, the love of my country, which compriseth all love in it, and hath endeared me to it, the glory of the British name, the advice of some judicious friends, hath overmastered my modesty, and—willed I, nilled I—hath enforced me, against mine own judgment, to undergo this burden too heavy for me, and so thrust me forth into the world's view. For I see judgments, prejudices, censures, aspersions, obstructions, detractions, affronts, and confronts, as it were, in battle-array, to environ me on every side; some there are which wholly contemn and avile this study of antiquity as a back-looking curiosity; whose authority, as I do not utterly vilify, so I do not overprize or admire their judgment. Neither am I destitute of reason whereby I might approve this my purpose to well-bred and well-meaning men, which tender the glory of their native country; and, moreover, could give them to understand that, in the study of antiquity—which is always accompanied with dignity, and hath a certain resemblance with eternity—there is a sweet food of the mind well befitting such as are of honest and noble disposition. If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil, and foreigners in their own city, they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these pains.

The *Britannia* has gone through many subsequent editions, and has proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge, that it has been styled by Bishop Nicolson 'the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches.' The last edition is that of 1789, in two volumes folio, largely augmented by Mr Gough.

In 1593, Camden became head-master of Westminster School, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek Grammar in 1597. In the same year, however, his connection with that seminary came to an end, on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux king-of-arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. The principal works which he subsequently published are: 1. *An Account of the Monuments and Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey*; 2. *A Collection of Ancient English Historians*; 3. *A Latin Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, drawn up at the desire of James VI.; and, 4. *Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, also in Latin. The last of these works is praised by Hume as good composition, with respect both to style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth.' It is, however, generally considered as too favourable to Elizabeth; and Dr. Robertson characterises the account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as less accurate than any other. Camden died unmarried in 1623, at the age of seventy-two, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Not long before his death, he founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN—SIR ROBERT COTTON—JOHN SPEED—SAMUEL DANIEL—SIR JOHN HAYWARD.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN, a man of similar tastes, and who was intimate with Camden, was born in 1562 at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high-sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. Having, in the course of his investigations, found it necessary to study the Saxon language, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his great work called *Glossarium Archaeologicum*, the object of which is the explanation of obsolete words occurring in the laws of England. Another of his productions is *A History of the English Councils*, published partly in 1639, and partly after his death, which took place in 1641. The writings of this author have furnished valuable materials to English historians, and he is considered as the restorer of Saxon literature, both by means of his own studies, and by founding a Saxon professorship at Cambridge.—SIR ROBERT COTTON (1570–1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind relative to the ancient history of England. In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed unusual facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands. In 1600, he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his suggestion that James I. resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the treasury; and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction. Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works, which are now of little interest, except to men of kindred tastes. His name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by saving his valuable library of manuscripts from dispersion. After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the public, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum. One hundred and eleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire. During his lifetime, materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert; and he furnished literary assistance to many contemporary authors. Besides aiding Camden in the compilation of the *Britannia*, he materially assisted JOHN SPEED (1552–1629), by revising, correcting, and adding to a *History of Great Britain*, published by that writer in 1614. Speed was indebted also to Spelman and others for contributions. He is characterised by Bishop Nicolson as 'a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities.' Being a tailor by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education; yet his history is a highly creditable performance, and was long the best in existence. He was the first to reject the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and to exercise a just discrimination in the selection of authorities. His history commences with the original inhabitants

of the island, and extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work is dedicated. In 1606, he published maps of Great Britain and Ireland, with the English shires, hundreds, cities, and shire-towns. This collection was superior to any other that had appeared.—SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619), who has already been mentioned as a poet, distinguished himself also as a writer of prose. Besides *A Defence of Rhyme*, published in 1611, he composed *A History of England*, of which only the first and second parts—extending from the Norman Conquest to the end of the reign of Edward III.—were completed by himself. Of these, the first appeared in 1613, and the second about five years later. Being a judicious and tasteful performance, and written in a clear, simple, and agreeable style, the work became very popular, and soon passed through several editions. It was continued, in an inferior manner, to the death of Richard III. by John Trussel, an alderman of Winchester. Like Speed, Daniel was cautious in giving credit to narratives of remote events, as will appear from his remarks, here subjoined :

Uncertainty of the Early History of Nations.

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue; but finding no authentic warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations: That a lesser part of time, and better known—which was from William I. surnamed the Bastard—was more than enough for my ability; and how it was but our curiosity to search further back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit; how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and, peradventure, little to our reputation to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence; howsoever fabulous writers, to glorify their nations, strive to abuse the credulity of after-ages with heroic or miraculous beginnings. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God, in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages, as if the same were sufficient, both for example and instruction, to the government of men. For had we the particular occurrences of all ages and all nations, it might more stuff, but not better our understanding; we shall find still the same correspondences to hold in the actions of men; virtues and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like colours.

SIR JOHN HAYWARD, in 1599, published *The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV.* which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it gave such offence to the queen, that she caused the author to be imprisoned. He was patronised by James I. however; and at the desire of Prince Henry, composed *Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England* (1613). After his death, which happened in 1627, was published (1630) his *Life and Reign of King Edward VI. with the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* He writes with considerable smoothness,

but in a dramatic style, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of his historic characters. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, ordered Lord Bacon to search Hayward's *Life of Henry IV.* to see if it contained any treason. Bacon reported that there was no treason, but that there were many felonies; for the author had stolen many of his sentiments and conceits out of Tacitus.

RICHARD GRAFTON.

We now revert to a useful class of writers, the English chroniclers; a continuous succession of whom appeared during this period. The first was RICHARD GRAFTON, a printer in London in the reigns of Henry VIII. and three succeeding monarchs. Being employed, after the death of Edward VI. to prepare the proclamation which declared the succession of Lady Jane Grey to the crown, he was, for this simple professional act, deprived of his patent, and committed to prison. While there, he compiled *An Abridgement of the Chronicles of England*, published in 1563; also a *Manuel of the Chronicles of England*, 1565; *A Chronicle at large and Meere History of the Affayres of England*, &c. 1568-69, two volumes. Grafton's works are of little value or authority. His death took place some time after 1572.

JOHN STOW.

JOHN STOW enjoys a much higher reputation as an accurate and impartial recorder of public events. This industrious writer was born in London about the year 1525. He was the son of a tailor, and brought up to the same trade, but early exhibited a decided turn for antiquarian research. About the year 1560, he formed the design of composing annals of English history, and travelled on foot through a considerable part of England, for the purpose of examining the historical manuscripts preserved in cathedrals and other public establishments. He also enlarged, as far as his pecuniary resources allowed, his collection of old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.* Necessity, however, compelled him to resume his trade, and his studies were suspended till the bounty of Dr Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, enabled him again to prosecute them. In 1565, he published his *Summary of English Chronicles*, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, at whose request the work was undertaken.

* Vast numbers of books were at this period wantonly destroyed; and according to Bishop Bale, the universities were not all clear as to this 'detestable fact.' Bale adds: 'I know a merchantman—which shall at this time be nameless—that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store enough for as many years to come.'—*Bale's Declaration*, &c. quoted in Collier's *Eccles. Hist.* ii. 166. Another illustration is given by the editor of *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (London, 1813). 'The splendid and magnificent abbey of Malmesbury,' says he, 'which possessed some of the finest manuscripts in the kingdom, was ransacked, and its treasures either sold or burned to serve the commonest purposes of life. An antiquary who travelled through that town many years after the dissolution, relates that he saw broken windows patched up with remnants of the most valuable manuscripts on vellum, and that the bakers had not even then consumed the stores they had accumulated, in heating their ovens!' The greater part of the manuscripts, we suspect, would be merely missals and charters of the monasteries.

Archbishop Parker's death, in 1575, reduced Stow's income, but he managed to continue his researches, to which his whole time and energies were now devoted. At length, in 1598, appeared his *Survey of London*, the best known of his writings, and which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the metropolis. There was another work, his large *Chronicle*, or *History of England*, on which forty years' labour had been bestowed, which he was very desirous to publish; but of this he succeeded in printing only an abstract, entitled *Flores Historiarum*, or *Annals of England* (1600). A volume published from his papers after his death, entitled *Stow's Chronicle*, does not contain the large work now mentioned, which, though left by him fit for the press, seems to have somehow gone astray. In his old age, he fell into such poverty as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I. he received the royal license 'to repair to churches, or other places, to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people.' It is little to the honour of the contemporaries of this worthy and meritorious citizen, that he should have been literally reduced to beggary. Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605, at the advanced age of eighty years. His works, though possessing few graces of style, have always been esteemed for accuracy and research. He often declared that, in composing them, he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice; but that he had impartially, and to the best of his knowledge, delivered the truth. So highly was his accuracy esteemed by contemporary authors, that Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED—WILLIAM HARRISON—
JOHN HOOKER—FRANCIS BOTEVILLE.

Among all the old chroniclers, none is more frequently referred to than RAPHAEL HOLINSHED, of whom, however, almost nothing is known, except that he was a principal writer of the *Chronicles* which bear his name, and that he died about the year 1582. Among his coadjutors were WILLIAM HARRISON, a clergyman, JOHN HOOKER, an uncle of the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and FRANCIS BOTEVILLE, of whom nothing has been recorded but that he was 'a man of great learning and judgment, and a wonderful lover of antiquities.' The diligent John Stow, also, was among the contributors. Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which continues to be highly valued, as affording an interesting picture of the state of the country and manners of the people in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed; a history and description of Ireland, by Richard Stanihurst; additional chronicles of Ireland, translated or written by Hooker, Holinshed, and Stanihurst; a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece, by Holinshed or Harrison; and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1577, when the first edition of the *Chronicles* was published. In the second edition, which appeared in

1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were omitted; but these have been restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto published in London in 1807-8. It was from Holinshed—who followed Boece—that Shakspeare derived the groundwork of his tragedy of *Macbeth*. As a specimen of these *Chronicles*, we are tempted to quote some of Harrison's sarcastic remarks on the degeneracy of his contemporaries, their extravagance in dress, and the growth of luxury among them.

Character of the English.

An Englishman [Andrew Boord], endeavouring sometime to write of our attire, made sundry platforms for his purpose, supposing by some of them to find out one steadfast ground whereon to build the sum of his discourse. But in the end, when he saw what a difficult piece of work he had taken in hand, he gave over his travel, and only drew the picture of a naked man, unto whom he gave a pair of shears in the one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparel after such fashion as himself liked, sith he could find no kind of garment that could please him anywhyle together, and this he called an Englishman. Certes this writer (otherwise a Jewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest) shewed himself herein not to be altogether void of judgment, sith the fantastical folly of our nation, even from the courtier to the carter, is such, that no form of apparel liketh us longer than the first garment is in the wearing, if it continue so long and be not laid aside, to receive some other trinket newly devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks in cutting, thereby to draw fond customers to more expense of money.

For my part I can tell better how to inveigh against this enormity than describe any certainty of our attire; sithence such is our mutability, that to-day there is none to the Spanish guise, to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable, ere long no such apparel as that which is after the high Alman [German] fashion, by-and-by the Turkish manner is generally best liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian sleeves, and the short French breeches make such a comely vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England. And as these fashions are diverse, so likewise it is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally, the fickleness and folly that is in all degrees, insomuch that nothing is so constant in England as inconsistency of attire.

O how much cost is bestowed now-a-days upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls! How many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other! How long time is asked in decking up of the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter! How curious, how nice also, are a number of men and women, and how hardly can the tailor please them in making it fit for their bodies! How many times must it be sent back again to him that made it! What chafing! What fretting! What reproachful language doth the poor workman bear away! And many times when he doeth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home again, it is very fit and handsome: then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us. I will say nothing of our heads, which sometimes are polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length like woman's locks, many times cut above or under the ears round as by a wooden dish. Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquis Otto,

some made round like a rubbing-brush, others with a *pique de vent* (O fine fashion!), or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore, if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquis Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose; many old men do wear no beards at all. Some lusty courtiers also and gentlemen of courage do wear either rings of gold, stones, or pearl in their ears, whereby they imagine the workmanship of God to be not a little amended. But herein they rather disgrace than adorn their persons, as by their niceness in apparel, for which I say most nations do not unjustly deride us, as also for that we do seem to imitate all nations round about us, wherein we be like to the chameleon. In women also it is most to be lamented, that they do now far exceed the lightness of our men (who nevertheless are transformed from the cap even to the very shoe), and such staring attire, as in time past was supposed meet for none but light housewives only, is now become a habit for chaste and sober matrons. What should I say of their doublets, with pendent pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundry colours? their galligascons to make their attire sit plum round (as they term it) about them? their fardingals, and diversely coloured nether stocks of silk, jersey, and such like, whereby their bodies are rather deformed than commended? I have met with some of them in London so disguised, that it hath passed my skill to discern whether they were men or women. Certes, the commonwealth cannot be said to flourish where these abuses reign, but is rather oppressed by unreasonable exactions made upon rich farmers, and of poor tenants, wherewith to maintain the same. Neither was it ever merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth, and contented himself at home with his fine kersey hosen and a mean slop; his coat, gown, and cloak, of brown, blue, or puce, with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad, tawny, or black velvet, or other comely silk, without such cuts and garish colours as are worn in these days, and never brought in but by the consent of the French, who think themselves the gayest men when they have most diversities of jags and change of colours about them.

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

RICHARD HAKLUYT is another of the laborious compilers of this period, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation, in an accessible form, of narratives which would otherwise, in all probability, have fallen into oblivion. The department of history which he chose was that descriptive of the naval adventures and discoveries of his countrymen. Hakluyt was born in London about the year 1553, and received his elementary education at Westminster School. He afterwards studied at Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and maritime subjects, for which he had early displayed a strong liking. So much reputation did his knowledge in those departments acquire for him, that he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the collateral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those celebrated continental geographers, Ortelius and Mercator. At a subsequent period, he resided for five years in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and maritime history. On his

return from France in 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. Previously to this, he had published, in 1582 and 1587, two small collections of voyages to America; but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1598, 1599, and 1600, entitled *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, within the Compass of these 1500 Years*. In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north-east; the true state of Iceland; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the expedition under the Earl of Essex to Cadiz; &c. In the second, he relates voyages to the south and south-east; and in the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides many relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters. To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have been largely indebted. In the explanatory catalogue prefixed to Churchill's *Collection of Voyages*, and of which Locke has been said to be the author, Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries.' The work having become very scarce, a new edition, in five volumes quarto, was published in 1809. Hakluyt was the author also of translations of two foreign works on Florida; and when at Paris, published an enlarged edition of a history in the Latin language, entitled *De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo*, by Martyr, an Italian author; this was afterwards translated into English by a person of the name of Lok, under the title of *The History of the West Indies, containing the Acts and Adventures of the Spaniards, which have conquered and peopled those Countries; enriched with Variety of Pleasant Relation of Manners, Ceremonies, Laws, Governments, and Wars of the Indians*. In 1601, Hakluyt published the *Discoveries of the World, from the First Original to the Year of Our Lord 1555*, translated, with additions, from the Portuguese of Antonio Galvano, governor of Ternate, in the East Indies. At his death in 1616, his papers, which were numerous, came into the hands of

SAMUEL PURCHAS,

another English clergyman, who made use of them in compiling a history of voyages, in four volumes, entitled *Purchas his Pilgrims*. This appeared in 1625; but the author had already published, in 1613, before Hakluyt's death, a volume called *Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World, and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places discovered from the Creation unto this Present*. These two works—a new edition of the

latter of which was published in 1626—form a continuation of Hakluyt's collection, but on a more extended plan.* The writer of the catalogue in Churchill's *Collection* says of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio;' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished. But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.' Among his peculiarities is that of interlarding theological reflections and discussions with his narratives. Purchas died about 1628, at the age of fifty-one. His other works are: *Microcosmus, or the History of Man* (1619); the *King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London* (1623); and a *Funeral Sermon* (1619). His quaint eulogy of the sea is here extracted from the *Pilgrimage*:

The Sea.

As God hath combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said: 'Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' . . . Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds, and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffic, of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight, 'the wonders of the Lord in the deep' for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers to the earth; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth—as in our island—a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun

with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, difformed [dissimilar], deformed, unformed monsters; once—for why should I longer detain you?—the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.

JOHN DAVIS.

Among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign whose adventures are recorded by Hakluyt, one of the most distinguished is JOHN DAVIS, a native of Devonshire, who, in 1585 and the two following years, made three voyages in search of a north-west passage to China, and discovered the well-known strait to which his name has ever since been applied. In 1595, he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled *The World's Hydrographical Description*, 'wherein,' as we are told in the title-page, 'is proued not onely by auctoritie of writers, but also by late experience of traouellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appears that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communnalty.' In corroboration of these positions, he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding the unsuccessful termination of them all, he considers to afford arguments in favour of the north-west passage. This narrative, with its original spelling, is here inserted, as an interesting specimen of the style of such relations in the age of Elizabeth.

Davis's Voyages in Search of the North-west Passage.

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitude that passage was to bee searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groyland, fue hundred leagues distant from the durseys West Nor West Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leages of into the sea so full of yse as that no shipping cold by any meanes come neere the same. The lathsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yse was such, as that it bred strange concepts among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, wherupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towards the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towards the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages, it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yse and found many greene and plesant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountaines of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those ylls, and there mored

* The contents of the different volumes are as follows: Vol. I. of the *Pilgrims* contains Voyages and Travels of Ancient Kings, Patriarchs, Apostles, and Philosophers; Voyages of Circumnavigators of the Globe; and Voyages along the Coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. Vol. II. contains Voyages and Relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia. Vol. III. contains Tartary, China, Russia, North-west America, and the Polar Regions. Vol. IV. contains America and the West Indies. Vol. V. contains the *Pilgrimage*, a Theological and Geographical History of Asia, Africa, and America.

to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espied our shippes, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like, the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towards the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yse, supposing our selves to be past all daunger, we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, we fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leagues broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped straight. We intered into the same thirty or fortie leagues, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth.

And acquainting master Secretary with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull aduenturers of all our proceedings, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became aduenturers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straighte, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely bee conueied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariving unto the south part of the cost of Desolation, costed the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 66. degrees, and there anchored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where we refreshed our selues. The people of this place came likewise vnto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that towards the North the sea was large. At this place the chiefe shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenturer in that action, and tooke such care for the performance thereof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fyve others whatsoever out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I should lose the fauour of master Secretary, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariving unto this straight followed the same eightie leagues, vntill I came among many ylandes, where the water did eb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had bene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such things as there we found, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fyne, by seaching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recouered the sea and so coasted the shore towards the South, and in so doing—for it was to late to search towards the North—wee founde an other great inlett neere fortie leagues broad where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the North partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceiue

therein; but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but coasting the shore towards the South we saw an incredible number of birdes. Hauing diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee beeing vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes. Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so abundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and so returned for England. And hauing reported to master Secretary the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high thresurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceiued a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenturers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenturers both honorable and worshipfull continued their willing fauour and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2. shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynace for the discouery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful fauour I arived to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shippes to follow that busines, taking their faithfull promise not to depart vntill my retourne vnto them, which shoulde bee in the fyne of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west, to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore; thus I continued to the latitude of seuentie fyve degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoas, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lumpe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Partrig, Fesant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts of America, and after I had sayled towards the west neere fortie leagues I fell upon a great bancke of yse; the wind being North and blewe much, I was constrained to coast the same towards the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yse towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth. So coasting towards the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse referring my selfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England and vnhoped for of any, God alone releuing me, I arived at Dartmouth. By this last discouerie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towards the North, but by reason of the Spanish fletee and unfortunate time of master Secretaryes death, the voyage was omitted and neuer sithens attempted.

Davis made five voyages as a pilot to the East Indies, where he was killed in 1605, in a contention with some Japanese off the coast of Malacca.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

A Scottish traveller, WILLIAM LITHGOW (1583-1640), a native of the parish of Lanark, traversed on foot many European, Asiatic, and African countries. Lithgow was one of those tourists, now so abundant, who travel from a love of adventure and locomotion, without having any scientific or literary object in view. According to his own statement, he walked more than thirty-six thousand miles; and so decidedly did he give the preference to that mode of travelling, that, even when the use of a carriage was offered to him, he steadfastly declined to avail himself of the accommodation. His narrative was published in London in 1614, and reprinted with various additions, at different times, down to 1640. It had a long title, commencing thus: *The Total Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of Long Nineteen Years' Travels from Scotland to the most Famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfit by Three Dear-bought Voyages in surveying Forty-eight Kingdoms, Ancient and Modern; Twenty-one Reipublics, Ten Absolute Principalities, with Two Hundred Islands.* One of his principal and least agreeable adventures occurred at Malaga in Spain, where he was arrested as an English spy, and committed to prison. The details which he gives of his sufferings while in confinement, and the tortures applied to him with the view of extracting a confession, are such as to make humanity sicken. Having been at length relieved by some English residents in Malaga, to whom his situation accidentally became known, he was sent to London by sea, and afterwards forwarded, at the expense of King James, to Bath, where he remained upwards of six months, recruiting his shattered frame. He attempted, apparently without success, to obtain redress by bringing his case before the House of Lords. Lithgow was author of an account of the *Siege of Breda* in 1637, and of some indifferent poetical pieces.

GEORGE SANDYS.

GEORGE SANDYS (1577-1644), the youngest son of the archbishop of York, and a popular poet and translator, undertook a long journey, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled *A Relation of a Journey begun Anno Domini 1610. Four Books, containing a Description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, and Islands adjoining.* This work was so popular as to reach a seventh edition in 1673—a distinction not undeserved, since, as Mr Kerr has remarked, in his *Catalogue of Voyages and Travels*, 'Sandys was an accomplished gentleman, well prepared by previous study for his travels, which are distinguished by erudition, sagacity, and a love of truth, and are written in a pleasant style.' He devoted particular attention to the allusions of the ancient poets to the various localities through which he passed. In his dedication to Prince Charles, he thus refers to the

Modern State of Ancient Countries.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms; once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroic actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God Himself did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where He honoured the earth with His beautiful steps, wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory: which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplorable spectacles of extreme misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which—to the astonishment of the understanding beholders—it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty; which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatsoever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by His grace and protection.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

One of the most important literary undertakings of this era was the execution of the present authorised translation of the Bible. At the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in

1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue. It has been remarked, however, by some critics, including Mr Hallam, that in consequence of the translators adhering, by the king's request, to the older versions of the Scriptures, the language is more antiquated than that of Raleigh, Bacon, or the other writers of the reign of James I. In 1609, a translation of the Old Testament was made at Douay for the use of the English Roman Catholics.

ROBERT BURTON.

One of the most ingenious and learned prose writers of this age was ROBERT BURTON, born, as he himself tells us, at Lindley, in Leicestershire, the possession and dwelling-place of his father, on the 8th of February 1578. He studied at Christ-church, Oxford, and entering into holy orders, became rector of Segrave, in Leicestershire. He appears to have resided in his college at Oxford, and there he wrote his great work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus Junior*, which was published in 1621. 'I have been brought up,' he says, 'a student in the most flourishing college of Europe; for thirty years, I have continued a scholar, and would be therefore loath, either by living as a drone to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.' And in the same gossiping style he states, garnishing every line with a Latin quotation, that 'out of a running wit, an unconstant, unsettled mind,' he had a great desire to have some smattering of all knowledge, tumbling over divers authors in the Oxford libraries, but specially delighted with the study of cosmography. He adds, in a contented scholar-like spirit: 'I have little—I want nothing; all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it; I have a competency (*laus Deo!*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world in some high place above them all; I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me as from a common theatre or scene.' He admits, however, that as Diogenes went into the city, and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, he did now and then, for his recreation, walk abroad, look into the world, and make some little observation—not to scoff or laugh, but with a mixed passion.

Burton was a man of great benevolence, integrity, and learning, but of a whimsical and melancholy disposition. Though at certain times he was a facetious companion, at others his spirits were very low; and when in this condition, he used to go down to the river near Oxford, and dispel the gloom by listening to the coarse jests and ribaldry of the bargemen, which excited him to violent laughter. To alleviate mental distress,

he wrote his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which presents in quaint language, and with many shrewd and amusing remarks, a view of all the modifications of that disease, and the manner of curing it. The erudition displayed in this work is extraordinary, every page abounding with quotations from Latin or Greek authors. It was so successful at first, that the publisher realised a fortune by it; and Warton says, that 'the author's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information.' It delighted Dr Johnson so much, that he said this 'was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' Its reputation was considerably extended by the publication of *Illustrations of Sterne*, in 1798, by the late Dr Ferriar of Manchester, who convicted the novelist of copying passages, *verbatim*, from Burton, without acknowledgment. Many others have, with like silence, extracted materials from his pages.

Prefixed to the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a poem of twelve stanzas, from which Milton has borrowed some of the imagery of his *Il Penseroso*. The first six stanzas are as follows:

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities, fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine,

Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly ;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Metlinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghost, goblins, fiends : my phantasia
Presents a thousand ugly shapes :
Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly ;
None so damned as melancholy.

Burton, who believed in judicial astrology, is said to have foretold, from a calculation of his nativity, the time of his own death, which occurred at the period he predicted, in January 1639-40, but not without some suspicion of its having been occasioned by his own hand. In his epitaph at Oxford, written by himself, he is described as having lived and died by melancholy. He had not practised his own maxim : ' Give not way to solitariness and idleness—be not solitary, be not idle.'

Love.

Boccace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greeks, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latin, Bebelius into verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a fool, a proper man of person, and the governor of Cyprus' son, but a very ass ; insomuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a farm-house he had in the country, to be brought up ; where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, he espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brook side, in a little thicket, fast asleep in her smock, where she had newly bathed her self. *When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his staff, gazing on her immovable, and in a maze : at last he fell so far in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouse himself up ; to bethink what he was ; would needs follow her to the city, and for her sake began to be civil, to learn to sing and dance, to play on instruments, and got all those gentleman-like qualities and complements, in a short space, which his friends were most glad of.* In brief, he became from an idiot and a clown, to be one of the most complete gentlemen in Cyprus ; did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistress Iphigenia. In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce ; for, *Omnibus rebus, et nitidis nitioribus antevenit amor ;* they will follow the fashion, begin to trick up, and to have a good opinion of themselves ; *venustatum enim mater Venus ;* a ship is not so long a rigging, as a young gentlewoman a-trimming up herself against her sweetheart comes. A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so gracious an aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitsa or Venetian bride, that looks for an husband ; or a young man that is her suitor ; composed looks, composed gait, clothes, gestures, actions, all composed ; all the graces, elegancies, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbons, chains, jewels, lawns, linens, laces, spangles, must come on, *præter quam res patitur student elegantia*, they are beyond all measure coy, nice, and too curious on a sudden. 'Tis all their study, all their business, how to wear their clothes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweetheart coming, but he smugs up himself, pulls up his cloak, now fallen about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twires his beard, &c.

Study : a Cure for Melancholy.

Amongst exercises or recreations of the mind within-doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostom thinketh, ' if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant.' There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their age ; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, scutcheons, coats of arms, read such books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery, artificial works, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colours. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et muta poesis*, and though (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox fastidimus*, artificial toys please but for a time ; yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present ? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, &c. ; with many pretty landskips and perspective pieces : with sight of which he was infinitely delighted. . . .

King James (1605), when he came to see our university of Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech : ' If I were not a king, I would be an university man ; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors, *et mortuis magistris*.' So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have—as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks, the thirstier he is—the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus* ; harsh at first, learning is *radices amara*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last ; the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long ; and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. ' I no sooner,' saith he, ' come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself ; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness.' I am not ignorant in the meantime, notwithstanding this which I have said, how barbarously and basely our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill ; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder withal to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandising, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, &c.

Love of Gaming and Immoderate Pleasures.

It is a wonder to see how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every

path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate; now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingering out a painful life in discontent and grief of body and mind, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensual epicures and brutish prodigals, that are stupefied and carried away headlong with their several pleasures and lusts. Cebes, in his *Table*, St Ambrose in his second book of *Abel and Cain*, and amongst the rest, Lucian, in his tract, *De Mercede Conductis*, hath excellent well described such men's proceedings, in his picture of Opulentia, whom he feigns to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors. At their first coming, they are generally entertained by Pleasure and Dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts; but when their means fail, they are contemptibly thrust out at a back-door headlong, and there left to shame, reproach, despair. And he at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kind of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stripped of all, pale, naked, old, diseased, and forsaken, cursing his stars, and ready to strangle himself, having no other company but repentance, sorrow, grief, derision, beggary, and contempt, which are his daily attendants to his life's end. As the prodigal son had exquisite music, merry company, dainty fare at first, but a sorrowful reckoning in the end; so have all such vain delights and their followers.

THOMAS DEKKER.

There was no want of the lighter kind of prose works during this period. Several of the dramatists and others wrote short occasional pieces, humorous and sarcastic, referring to the topics and manners of the day, many of which have lately been sought after and reprinted. Nash and Greene were prolific writers—authors by profession; Lodge, Whetstone, and others, threw off slight tales and translations; while DEKKER, the dramatist, produced no fewer than fourteen productions of this kind. The best known and most entertaining of these pamphlets is *The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, containing descriptions of the manners and customs of the times. This work is largely indebted to a poem, *Grobianus and Grobiana*, by Frederick Dedekind (Frankfort, 1584). Dekker had translated part of this poem, but not liking the subject, he says, he 'altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman, assuming the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only on purpose to ridicule them.

The Old World and the New Weighed Together.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pics of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers; his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's

best gown of the same piece: there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies: their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes¹ among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish sloop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches² for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it: but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic; and the purest golden asses live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely. A salad and a mess of leek-porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers³ then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork,⁴ neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider.⁵ How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde*, than old Paris Garden⁶ is like the king's garden at Paris.

How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.⁷

Being weary with sailing up and down amongst these shores of Barbaria, here let us cast our anchor; and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place where to suck in; for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks, as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose; all which virtues are excellent, and able to maintain him; especially if the old worm-eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year: only to keep an Irish hobby, an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He, therefore, that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations.

Your mediterranean isle⁸ is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and

¹ Small villages.

² The fluting or puckering.

³ Instruments to fix the meat while cutting it.

⁴ A table-fork. Forks were introduced from Italy about the year 1600.

Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals.

BEN JONSON'S *Volpone*.

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, describes the English mode of eating before the era of forks:

If the dish be pleasant, either flesh or fish,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dish.

⁵ The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table.

⁶ The Bear Garden at Bankside.

⁷ The old metropolitan church of St Paul's was a common promenade.

⁸ The middle aisle of St Paul's.

complemental gulls are and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres: keeping your decorums, even in phantasticality. As for example: if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the seamsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators; but howsoever, if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey program, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief; it skills not whether you dined or no: that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed among citizens; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets; if you be not so much blessed to be crossed (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books), your Paul's walk is your only refuge: the Duke's tomb* is a sanctuary; and will keep you alive from worms, and landrats, that long to be feeding on your carcass: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catchpoles.

* The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick; it was unaccountably called 'Duke Humphrey's Tomb,' and the dinnerless persons who lounged here were said to have dined with Duke Humphrey.

Sleep.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is: it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it!

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY was another witty and ingenious describer of characters. He at one time was an intimate associate of Robert Carr, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the Tower, on the 15th of September 1613. Overbury was then in the thirty-second year of his age. The way in which this murder was screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king and on the history of the age. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, called *The Wife* and *The Choice of a Wife*. Some of his prose *Characters* or *Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons*, are excellent. They abound in conceits, like many other productions of the reign of James, but are full of epigrammatic point and poetical imagery.

The Tinker.

A tinker is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul, sunburnt quean, that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsysm, and is turned pedlars. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly

cottages : if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle ; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

The Fair and Happy Milkmaid

Is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue ; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions : nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul ; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her *curfew*. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter ; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year long, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity ; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physick and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none ; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones ; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them ; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition ; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A Franklin, or English Yeoman.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms, with the best gentleman, and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, 'Go to field,' but, 'Let us go ;' and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little ; his own fold yields him both food and raiment ; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law ; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts ; they thrive not under it ; and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's

cottage hinders his prospect ; they are, indeed, his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such super-scription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs ; nor uses he any cruelty but when he hunts the hare ; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird ; nor oppression but when, in the month of July, he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shroving, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake—these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an ery of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure ; and dies the more contentedly, though he leave his heir young, in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes ; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, bishop of Norwich, whose poetical satires have already been mentioned, was the author of many controversial tracts in defence of episcopacy ; and, like many other churchmen, he suffered for his opinions during the ascendancy of the Presbyterians. He published also a variety of sermons, meditations, epistles, paraphrases, and other pieces of a similar character. This distinguished prelate died in 1656. From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called 'the English Seneca ;' many parts of his prose writings have the thought, feeling, and melody of the finest poetry. His principal works are : *Characters of Virtues and Vices* (1608), *Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story* (1612-15), and *A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts of Scripture* (1633).

Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms : it is not possible that all these should prosper ; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful ; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren ; as, therefore, we are wout to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive, so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession ; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit.

Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings ; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.

Upon Occasion of a Redbreast Coming into his Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal ; and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging ! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to

droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful; how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God! thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

Upon Hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God! whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes. I know not why the ancients made *sacred* this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicuity; that when other domestical and airy creatures are blind, she only hath inward light to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her: that he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude; that no life is so safe as the obscure; that retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet has less danger and vexation; lastly, that he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused darkness, unable to apprehend any truth save by the helps of an outward illumination.

Had this fowl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes: she likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness. It is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions: every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

Upon the Sight of a Great Library.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books: this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers: what a happiness is it, that,

without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church!

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

Paradise—The Gospel of Labour.

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be beyond our capacity, excellent! No herb, no flower, no tree was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold! that which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse; his pleasure was his task: paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand; he must labour because he was happy; how much more we, that we may be! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

The sermons of Bishop Hall display an uncommonly rapid and vehement species of eloquence, well fitted to arouse and impress even the most listless audience. As a specimen, we give the following extract from a discourse on the text, 'It is finished,' preached at Paul's Cross, on Good-Friday, 1609:

Christ Crucified Afresh by Sinners.

Behold, this storm, wherewith all the powers of the world were shaken, is now over. The elders, Pharisees, Judas, the soldiers, priests, witnesses, judges, thieves, executioners, devils, have all tired themselves in vain with their own malice; and he triumphs over them all, upon the throne of his cross: his enemies are vanquished, his Father satisfied, his soul with this world at rest and glory: 'It is finished.' Now, there is no more betraying, agonies, arraignments, scourgings, scoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all 'is finished.' Alas! beloved, and will we not let the Son of God be at rest? Do we now again go about to fetch him out of his glory, to scorn and crucify him? I fear to say it: God's spirit dare and doth; 'They crucify again to themselves the Son of God, and make a mock of him:' to themselves, not in himself; that they cannot, it is no thank

to them; they would do it. See and consider: the notoriously sinful conversations of those that should be Christians, offer violence unto our glorified Saviour; they stretch their hand to heaven, and pull him down from his throne to his cross; they tear him with thorns, pierce him with nails, load him with reproaches. Thou hatest the Jews, spittest at the name of Judas, raillest on Pilate, condemnest the cruel butchers of Christ; yet thou canst blaspheme, and swear him quite over, curse, swagger, lie, oppress, boil with lust, scoff, riot, and livest like a debauched man; yea, like a human beast; yea, like an unclean devil. Cry Hosannah as long as thou wilt; thou art a Pilate, a Jew, a Judas, an executioner of the Lord of life; and so much greater shall thy judgment be, by how much thy light and his glory is more. O beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us? Were those pains so light, that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying? Is this the recompense of that infinite love of his that thou shouldst thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sins? Every of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to him; while thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a portion of gall; while thou despisest his poor servants, thou spittest on his face; while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy vain heart with high conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on his head; while thou wringest and oppreshest his poor children, thou whippest him, and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how darest thou offer to receive the sacrament of God with that hand which is thus imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest? In every ordinary thy profane tongue wags, in the disgrace of the religious and conscionable. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do; not to be wicked, is crime enough. Hear him that saith: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou striketh; Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are the afterings of Christ's sufferings. In himself it is 'finished;' in his members it is not, till the world be finished. We must toil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign; if he had not done so, 'it had not been finished.' This is our warfare; this is the religion of our sorrow and death. Now are we set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils; evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worst, our own evil hearts; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death; all these must in our courses be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our general hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our *Consummation est*. God and his angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us; our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we that have sown in tears shall reap in joy. In the meantime, let us possess our souls not in patience only, but in comfort: let us adore and magnify our Saviour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our own. Our sorrows shall have an end; our joys shall not: our pains shall soon be finished; our glory shall be finished, but never ended.

The writing of characters was a favourite species of composition among the authors of this period. How successfully Bishop Hall could portray human nature, will appear from his character of

The Hypocrite.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the meantime, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened

the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The Busy-body.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose¹ him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of

¹ Question.

the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say: 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

A few Scottish authors may now be enumerated, beginning with the greatest, 'the reformer of a kingdom.'

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born in 1505, at Giffordgate, a suburb of Haddington, connected with that town by a bridge across the Tyne. Little is known of his parentage, but one of his contemporaries, a panegyrist, says he was descended of 'lineage small.' Addressing the Earl of Bothwell in 1562, the Reformer himself said: 'My lord, my grandfather, goodschir [mother's father], and father, have served your lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards'—referring most likely to the field of Flodden. Knox studied at the university of Glasgow, but left without taking the degree of M.A. When he was admitted to the order of the priesthood, is not known. The earliest notice of him is dated December 13, 1540, when he is styled 'Sir John Knox,' as one of the Pope's knights, 'Sir' being the usual designation of priests who had not obtained the higher degree of *Magister*. In 1543, he is found acting as notary, and was engaged in private teaching. In 1545, George Wishart visited East Lothian, and Knox professed himself a convert to the Protestant doctrines, attending on Wishart, and carrying a sword in his defence. On the night of Wishart's apprehension, when Knox expressed his intention not to leave him, his friend said: 'Nay; return to your bairns [or pupils], and God bless you: one is sufficient for ane sacrifice.' The Reformed doctrines had then made considerable progress in Scotland, in the higher and educated classes, and with one of these, Douglas of Longniddry, Knox resided for some time as tutor. He afterwards preached in St Andrews; but in 1547 was taken prisoner with others, and conveyed on board the galleys to France. Being set at liberty eighteen months afterwards, he preached in England till the accession of Mary induced him to retire to the continent in 1554, where he resided chiefly at Geneva and Frankfort. Visiting Scotland in 1555, he greatly strengthened the Protestant cause by his exertions in Edinburgh; but, at the earnest solicitation of the English congregation in Geneva, he once more took up his abode there in 1556. At Geneva, he published *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment¹ of Women*, directed principally against Mary of England and the

Queen-regent of Scotland. Returning to Scotland in 1559, he continued his exertions in behalf of Protestantism; and in the following year, the cause was made triumphant by Queen Elizabeth entering into a formal engagement with the Lords of the Congregation, by which she engaged to send an army into Scotland, to assist them in expelling the French forces. On the 24th of August 1560, the Protestant Confession was ratified by the Scots parliament. Knox laboured with unabated zeal and courage for twelve more years. He died November 24, 1572; and when laid in the grave, was characterised by the Earl of Morton as one 'who never feared the face of man.' The works of Knox are numerous, and have been carefully edited by Mr David Laing. The life of Knox has also been written with great learning and ability by Dr M'Crie. The chief work of the reformer is a *History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland*, printed after his death. Knox was more a man of action than of study, and his labours in support of the Presbyterian church and clergy, and the progress of education, can hardly be over-estimated. His *History* having been written at intervals, and amid the distractions of a busy life, much of it is in a confused and ill-digested state; but it is valuable for its information and for the public documents it contains, and it has passages of vigorous picturesque writing, humour, and satire.

Assassination of Cardinal Beaton.

After the death of this blessed martyr of God [George Wishart], began the people, in plain speaking, to damn and detest the cruelty that was used. Yea, men of great birth, estimation, and honour, at open tables avowed, that the blood of the said Master George should be revenged, or else they should cost life for life. Amongst whom John Leslie, brother to the Earl of Rothes, was the chief, for he, in all companies, spared not to say: 'That same whingar (shewing forth his dagger) and that same hand should be priests to the cardinal.' These bruits came to the cardinal's ears, but he thought himself stout enough for all Scotland; for in Babylon—that is, in his new block-house*—he was sure as he thought, and upon the fields he was able to match all his enemies. And to write the truth, the most part of the nobility of Scotland had either given unto him their bonds of manrent, or else were in confederacy and promised amity with him. . . .

After the Pasche [Easter], he came to Edinburgh to hold the Seize [Synod], as the papists term their unhappy assembly of Baal's shaven sort. It was bruited that something was purposed against him at that time by the Earl of Angus and his friends, whom he mortally hated, and whose destruction he sought. But it failed, and so returned he to his strength; yea, to his God and only comfort, as well in heaven as in earth. And there he remained without all fear of death, promising unto himself no less pleasure nor did the rich man, of whom mention is made by our Master in the Evangel; for he did not only rejoice, and say: 'Eat and be glad, my soul, for thou hast great riches laid up in store for many days;' but also he said: 'Tush, a fig for the feud, and a button for the bragging of all the heretics and their assistance in Scotland! Is not my Lord Governor mine? Witness his eldest son there, pledge at my table. Have not I the queen at my own devotion? (He meant of the mother to Mary that now mischievously reigns.) Is not France my friend, and I friend to France? What

* The archiepiscopal palace of St Andrews, in which the cardinal resided, was a fortified building, to which, it appears, he had recently made some important additions for further security.

¹ Regimen or government.

danger should I fear?' And thus in vanity the carnal cardinal delighted himself a little before his death. But yet he had devised to have cut off such as he thought might cumber him, for he had appointed the whole gentlemen of Fife to have met him at Falkland the Monday after that he was slain upon the Saturday. His reasonable purpose was not understood but by his secret council; and it was this: that Norman Leslie, sheriff of Fife, and apparent heir to his father, the Earl of Rothes, the said John Leslie, father-brother to Norman, the lairds of Grange, elder and younger; Sir James Lermond of Darsie, and provost of St Andrews; and the faithful laird of Raith; should either have been slain or else taken, and after to have been used at his pleasure. This enterprise was disclosed after his slaughter, partly by letters and memorials found in his chamber, but plainly affirmed by such as were of the council. Many purposes were devised how that wicked man might have been taken away; but all failed, till Friday the 28th of May, anno 1546, when the aforesaid Norman came at night to St Andrews. William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, was in the town before, awaiting upon the purpose; last came John Leslie aforesaid, who was most suspected. What conclusion they took that night, it was not known, but by the issue that followed. But early upon the Saturday, in the morning, the 29 of May, were they in sundry companies in the abbey kirkyard, not far distant from the castle. First, the gates being open, and the drawbridge letten down, for receiving of lime and stones, and other things necessary for building—for Babylon was almost finished—first, we say, essayed William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, and getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, 'If my lord was waking?' who answered: 'No.' . . . While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them to look at the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company; and because they were in great number, they easily gat entrance. They address them to the midst of the close; and immediately came John Leslie, somewhat rudely, and four persons with him. The porter, fearing, would have drawn the bridge; but the said John, being entered thereon, stayed it, and lap in; and while the porter made him for defence, his head was broken, the keys taken from him, and he cast into the fosse, and so the place was seized. The shout arises; the workmen, to the number of more than a hundred, ran off the walls, and were without hurt put forth at the wicket-gate. The first thing that ever was done, William Kirkcaldy took the guard of the privy postern, fearing lest the fox should have escaped. Then go the rest to the gentlemen's chambers, and without violence done to any man, they put more than fifty persons to the gate; the number that enterprised and did this was but sixteen persons. The cardinal, awakened with the shouts, asked from his window: 'What meant that noise?' It was answered, that Norman Leslie had taken his castle: which understand, he ran to the postern, but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and caused his chamber-child cast chests and other impediments to the door. In this meantime came John Leslie unto it, and bids open. The cardinal asking: 'Who calls?' he answers: 'My name is Leslie.' He re-demands: 'Is that Norman?' The other saith: 'Nay; my name is John.' 'I will have Norman,' says the cardinal, 'for he is my friend.' 'Content yourself with such as are here, for other shall ye get nane.' There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout gentleman. In this meantime, while they force at the door, the cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length he asked: 'Will ye save my life?' The said John answered: 'It may be that we will.' 'Nay,' says the cardinal; 'swear unto me by God's wounds, and I will open to you.' Then answered the said John: 'It that was said is unsaid;' and so cried:

'Fire, Fire'—for the door was very stark—and so was brought a chimley-full of burning coals; which perceived, the cardinal or his chamber-child—it is uncertain—opened the door, and the cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried: 'I am a priest, I am a priest; ye will not slay me.' The said John Leslie—according to his former vows—struck him first ance or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin—a man of nature most gentle and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said: 'This work and judgment of God—although it be secret—ought to be done with greater gravity;' and presenting unto him the point of the sword, said: 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved nor moves me to strike thee; but only because thou hast been, and remains, an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy Evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a stog-sword [a stabbing-sword]: and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but, 'I am a priest, I am a priest; fie, fie, all is gone.'

While they were thus occupied with the cardinal, the fray rises in the town; the provost assembles the community, and comes to the fosse-side, crying: 'What have ye done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? have ye slain my lord cardinal? let us see my lord cardinal.' They that were within answered gently: 'Best it were unto you to return to your own houses, for the man ye call the cardinal hath received his reward, and in his own person will trouble the world no more.' But then more enragedly they cry: 'We shall never depart till that we see him.' And so was he brought to the east block-house head, and shewed dead over the wall to the faithless multitude, which would not believe before they saw, and so they departed without *Requiem eternam*, and *Requiescant in pace*, sung for his soul. Now, because the weather was hot—for it was in May, as ye have heard—and his funerals could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from stinking, to give him great salt enough, a cope of lead, and a nook in the bottom of the sea-tower—a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before—to await what exequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him. These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgments, and how that he can deprehend the worldly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their own presupposed strength to be their own destruction. These are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make in the contrary.

We shall add a short specimen of the orthography of Knox's *History*. In 1562, he had a memorable interview with Mary Queen of Scots, to defend himself from the charge of preaching against the queen's dancing, &c. Mary, he says, made a long harangue or oration, and Knox answered at length, shewing that he had been misrepresented:

Interview with Mary Queen of Scots.

The Queyn looked about to some of the reaporaris, and said: 'Your wourdis ar scharpe yneuch as ye have spoken thame: but yitt thei war tald to me in ane uthier maner. I know,' said sche, 'that my uncles and ye ar nott of ane religioun, and thairfoir I can nott

blame you albeit you have no good opinion of thame. But yf ye hear anything of myself that myslykis you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your uncles ar enemies to God, and unto his Sone Jesus Christ; and that for mantenance of their awin pompe and worldlie glorie, that thei spair not to spill the bloode of many innocents; and thairfor I am assured that thair interpryses shall have no better successe than otheris haif had that befor thame have done that thei do now. But as to your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Grace's contentment, provided that I exceed nott the boundis of my vocation. I am called, Madam, to ane publict function within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to everie man in particular to schaw him his offense; for that labour war infinite. Yf your Grace please to frequent the publict sermons, then doubt I not but that ye shall fullie understand boyth what I like and myslike, als weall in your Majestie as in all otheris. Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publict to the churches of this realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleasur, tyme, and place. But to wait upoun your chalmere doore or ellis whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell you what otheris think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocation whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandment, I am heare now, yitt can not I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my booke, and wayting upoun the courte.'

'You will not always,' said she, 'be at your booke'—and so turned hir back. And the said Johne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance; whairat some Papists offended, said: 'He is not effrayed.' Which heard of him, he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angric men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Quene and the courte for that tyme.

In the following interesting extract from Knox's *History*, we have modernised the spelling:

Another Interview with the Queen.

The queen, in a vehement fume, began to cry out that never prince was handled as she was. 'I have,' said she, 'borne with you in all your rigoros manner of speaking, baith against myself and against my uncles; yea, I have sought your favours by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience, whensoever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I avow to God I shall be anes [once] revenged.' And with these words scarcely could Mar-nock, her secret chamber-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the owling, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech.

The said John did patiently abide all the first fume, and at opportunity answered: 'True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at diverse controversies, into the which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me. But when it shall please God to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error, in the which ye have been nourished, for the lack of true doctrine, your majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive. Without the preaching place, Madam, I think few have occasion to be offended at me, and there, Madam, I am not master of myself, but man [must] obey Him who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth.'

'But what have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage?'

'If I please your majesty,' said he, 'patiently to hear me, I shall shew the truth in plain words. I grant

your Grace offered me more than ever I required; but my answer was then, as it is now, that God hath not sent me to await upon the courts of princesses, nor upon the chambers of ladies; but I am sent to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as please to hear it; and it hath two parts—repentance and faith. And now, Madam, in preaching repentance, of necessity it is, that the sins of men be so noted, that they may know wherein they offend; but so it is, that the most part of your nobility are so addicted to your affections, that neither God, His word, nor yet their commonwealth, are rightly regarded. And therefore, it becomes me so to speak, that they may know their duty.'

'What have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage? Or what are ye within this commonwealth?'

'A subject born within the same,' said he, 'Madam. And, albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me—how abject that ever I be in your eyes—a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it does to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience craves plainness of me. And therefore, Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place: whensoever that the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to ane unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish his truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance shall in the end do small comfort to yourself.'

At these words, owling was heard, and tears might have been seen in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun—a man of meek and gentle spirit—stood beside, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how that all the princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favours. But all that was to cast oil in the flaming fire. The said John stood still, without any alteration of countenance, for a long season, while that the queen gave place to her inordinate passion, and in the end he said: 'Madam, in God's presence I speak: I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys, whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your majesty's weeping. But, seeing that I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I man sustain, albeit unwillingly, your majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence.'

Herewith was the queen more offended, and commanded the said John to pass forth of the cabinet, and to abide further of her pleasure in the chamber. The Laird of Dun tarried, and Lord John of Coldingham came into the cabinet, and so they both remained with her near the space of ane hour. The said John stood in the chamber, as one whom men had never seen—so were all effrayed—except that the Lord Ochiltree bare him company; and therefore began he to forge talking of the ladies, who were there sitting in all their gorgeous apparel, which espied, he merrily said: 'O fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! And when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targeting, pearl, nor precious stones.' And by such means procured he the company of women; and so passed the time till that the Laird of Dun willed him to depart to his house.*

* Mr Burton suggests that these dialogues between Knox and the Queen were in French, not in the language in which Knox reports them. Mary's habitual language was French, and Knox had lived and preached in France. See Burton's *History of Scotland*, iv. 211.

DAVID CALDERWOOD—JOHN ROW—SIR JAMES MELVIL.

A work similar to that of Knox, but on a much more extensive scale, was written by DAVID CALDERWOOD, another eminent Scottish divine (1575-1650). An abridgment, entitled *The True History of the Church of Scotland*, was printed in 1646; and the complete work, printed from the manuscript in the British Museum, was given to the world in eight volumes, Edinburgh, 1841-49, published by the Wodrow Society. Calderwood was a stern unyielding Presbyterian, resolutely opposed to Episcopacy, for which he suffered persecution and imprisonment. A *Historie of the Kirk of Scotland* from 1588 to August 1637, was written by JOHN ROW (1563-1646), and, with a continuation to July 1639, by his son, of the same name, was published in 1842 by the Wodrow Society.

SIR JAMES MELVIL, privy-councillor and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hall-hill, in Fifeshire, about the year 1535, and died November 1, 1607. He left in manuscript an historical work, which for a considerable time lay unknown in the Castle of Edinburgh, but having at length been discovered, was published in 1683, under the title of *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Hall-hill, containing an Impartial Account of the most Remarkable Affairs of State during the Last Age, not mentioned by other Historians; more particularly relating to the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, under the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and King James. In all which Transactions the Author was personally and publicly concerned.* This work is esteemed for the simplicity of its style, and as the sole authority for the history of many important events. But Dr M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, points out several errors in Melvil's narrative of the transactions of that period, and is of opinion that all our historians have given too easy credit to Melvil, both in his statements of fact and in his representations of character. In 1564, Melvil was despatched to the English court by Mary Queen of Scots, and in his *Memoirs* he gives a lively and graphic account of his interviews with Queen Elizabeth. We subjoin a part of this description :

Melvil's Interview with Queen Elizabeth.

She appeared to be so affectionate to the queen her good sister, that she expressed a great desire to see her. And because their so much by her desired meeting could not so hastily be brought to pass, she appeared with great delight to look upon her majesty's picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see that picture so named : she appeared loath to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof ; and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said : 'Your majesty hath here the original ;' for I perceived him at the furthest part of the chamber, speaking with secretary Cecil. Then she took out the queen's picture

and kissed it ; and I adventured to kiss her hand, for the great love evidenced therein to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis-ball ; I desired that she would send either it or my Lord of Leicester's picture, as a token to my queen. She said that if the queen would follow her counsel, she would in process of time get all that she had ; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. It was at this time late after supper ; she appointed me to be with her the next morning by eight of the clock, at which time she used to walk in her garden.

She inquired of me many things relating to this kingdom (Scotland), and other countries wherein I had travelled. She caused me to dine with her dame of honour, my Lady Stafford—an honourable and godly lady, who had been at Geneva banished during the reign of Queen Mary—that I might be always near her, that she might confer with me. . . . At divers meetings we had divers purposes. The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise she should be wearied ; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women was not forgot ; and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian ; and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best. I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress ; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally.

She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best ; and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said, she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries ; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said : 'My queen.' 'Then,' saith she, 'she is too high, for myself am neither too high nor too low.' Then she asked what exercises she used. I answered, that when I received my dispatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting ; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories ; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said reasonably, for a queen.

That same day after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music ; but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well ; but she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand ; alleging that she used not to play before men but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered : 'As I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how ;' excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed ; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her

majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me, for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, and with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee; which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love matters. I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch: she said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty, that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress her affairs called me home; yet I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed. Which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best. I answered the queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page, that under this disguise she might see the queen: as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador to see the Duke of Vendome's sister, who should have been his wife. Telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence, as though she were sick; that none need be privy thereto except Lady Strafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language, only answered it with a sigh, saying: 'Alas! if I might do it thus!'

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

The Latin poems of BUCHANAN, and his exquisite version of the Psalms, are the chief sources of his fame. He was, however, mixed up with public affairs of importance, wrote political treatises, and joined in the measures of the church reformers. He was born in the parish of Killearn, county of Stirling, in 1506. His father died early; and his son was indebted for his education to a maternal uncle, who sent him in his fourteenth year to study in Paris. He afterwards taught grammar in the college of St Barbe, was tutor to the Earl of Casilis, and on his return to Britain, was retained by King James V. as preceptor to one of his natural sons. At the instigation of the king, Buchanan wrote a satire on the Franciscan friars, which roused the implacable hatred of the clergy; and the king having, from avaricious motives, joined with the priests, and abandoned the Reformers, Buchanan fled to England. He shortly afterwards removed to France, and was successively professor of Latin at Bordeaux and Paris. Having been induced to accept of a professorship at Coimbra, where the king of Portugal had founded a university, Buchanan was assailed by the priests, and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, whence he was removed to a monastery, and whilst confined there, composed part of his version of the Psalms. He was ultimately liberated, returned to his native country, and in 1562 is found officiating as classical tutor to Queen Mary, who was then in the twentieth year of her age. Strongly attached to the Protestant doctrines, Buchanan joined the party of the Earl of Murray, and was appointed Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews. In

the commission against Queen Mary, Buchanan was an active coadjutor, and composed in Latin a review of the queen's life and character, *Detectio Mariæ Reginae*. All tenderness for the unfortunate queen, whom he had eulogised in verse, had now ceased; the old scholar was a stern critic; but he conceived that he owed to his country the harsh task he performed. In 1570, he was appointed tutor to James VI. then only four years of age, and was so severe a task-master, that James, when on the throne of England, trembled at the recollection of his pedagogue. The young monarch's proficiency in classical learning, however, reflected credit on his early instructors. In 1579, Buchanan published a compendium of political philosophy and vindication of popular rights, entitled *De Jure Regni*, which he dedicated to his royal pupil, at the same time warning him against the allurements of flattery and adulation. The work is a bold and masterly treatise. The latter years of Buchanan's life were spent in retirement, during which he composed his *History of Scotland*, a work equal to Livy in style, but of no historical value, as, unfortunately, its author did not attempt to investigate facts or institute research, but clothed in noble Latin the monstrous legends and fables of former annalists. Buchanan died September 28, 1582, so poor, that the cost of his funeral was defrayed by the city of Edinburgh. Two Scotch treatises are ascribed to Buchanan, *Ane Admonitioun direct to the Trewe Lordis maintainaris of Justice, and Obedience to the Kingis Grace*, 1571, and *Chamaleon*, a satire on Maitland of Lethington, which was first printed in the *Miscellanea Scotica*, 1710, but a copy among the Cotton MSS. bears the date of 1570. As this manuscript is not in Buchanan's handwriting, though ascribed to him, it may not be his composition. Both pieces are in the most rugged, uncouth Scottish dialect and orthography, and it is difficult to believe, as Dugald Stewart has remarked, 'that they express the ideas and sentiments of the same writer whose Latin productions vie with the best models of antiquity.' We subjoin an extract:

The Chamaleon.

Thair is a certane kynd of Beist callit Chamaleon, engenderit in sic Countris as the Sone hes mair Strenth in than in this Yle of Bretthane, the quhilik,¹ albeit it be small of Corporance, nochttheless it is of ane strange Nature, the quhilik makis it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than sum Peastis of greittar Quantitie. The Proprieties² is marvalous, for quat Thing evir it be applicat to, it semis to be of the samyn³ Cullour, and imitatis all Hewis, excepte onelie the Quhyte and Reid; and for this caus ancieni Writtaris commonlie comparis it to ane Flatterare, quhilik imitatis all the hail Maneris of quhome he fenzeis⁴ him self to be Freind to, except Quhyte, quhilik is taken to be the Symbol and Tokin gevin commonlie in Devise of Colouris to signifie Sempilnes and Loyaltie, and Reid signifying Manliness and heroyicall Courage. This Applicatioun being so usit, Zit⁵ peradventure mony that hes nowther sene⁶ the said Beist, nor na perfyte Portrait of it, wald belieif sick⁷ thing not to be trew. I will thairfore set furth schortlie the Descriptioun of sic ane Monsture not lang ago engendrit in Scotland in the Cuntre of Lowthiane, not far from Hadingtoun, to that effect that the forme knawin, the moist pestiferous Nature of the said Monsture may be moir easelie evited:⁸ For this Monsture being under coverture of a Manis Figure, may easeliar endommage⁹

1 Which. 2 Properties. 3 Same. 4 Whom he feigns.
5 Yet. 6 Has neither seen. 7 Such.
8 More easily avoided. 9 Damage.

and wers be eschapt¹ than gif it wer moir deforme and strange of Face, Behaviour, Schap, and Membris. Praying the Reidar to apardoun the Febilnes of my waike Spreit and Engyne,² gif it can not expreme perfytelie ane strange Creature, maid by Nature, other willing to schaw hir greit Strenth,³ or be sum accident turnit be Force from the common Trade and Course.

JOHN LESLIE.

JOHN LESLIE, bishop of Moray (1526-96), was a zealous partisan of Queen Mary, whom he accompanied on her return from France to Scotland in 1561. He was one of the commissioners chosen by Mary to defend her cause in the famous conference at York; and he assisted in the negotiations for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. For this Norfolk was beheaded, and Leslie imprisoned. He was set at liberty in 1574, and resided abroad at Rome, in France, and in Germany. He was made bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, but finally closed his checkered life in a monastery near Brussels. Leslie wrote several Latin works: a *Defence of Queen Mary*, a *Description of Scotland*, and a work on the *Origin, Manners, and Exploits of the Scottish Nation*. A *History of Scotland*, from the death of James I. in 1436 to the year 1561, is Leslie's only work in English, or rather Scotch, which was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1830. The homely Latin of the bishop is a foil to Buchanan's stately periods; but he excels the classic author in his devotion to the early fabulous Scottish history, as he gives portraits of Fergus and his descendants!

Burning of Edinburgh and Leith by the English in 1544.

Now will I return to the earnest ambition of King Henry of England, who ceased not to search by all means possible to attain to his desire,⁴ and therefore sent a great army by sea into Scotland, with the Earl of Hertford, his lieutenant, and the Viscount Lisle, his admiral, with two hundred great ships, besides boats and crears⁵ that carried their victuals, whereof there was great number; and the whole fleet arrived in the firth forment Leith the third day of May, and landed at the New Haven about xx thousand men, with great artillery and all kind of munition, the fourth of May. In the meantime, the Governor being in the town of Edinburgh, hearing of their sudden arrival, departed forth of the town toward Leith, accompanied with the Cardinal, Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, and others, with their own household men only, purposing to stop the landing of the enemy; but frae⁶ they were surely advertised of the great number of their enemies, wherethrough they were not able to withstand their forces, they returned to Edinburgh, and sent Sir Adam Otterburne, provost of the town, and two of the bailies, to the said Earl Hertford, lieutenant, desiring to know for what cause he was come with such an army to invade, considering there was no war proclaimed betwixt the two realms; and if there was any injuries or wrongs done whereupon the king of England was offended, they would appoint commissioners to treat with them thereupon, and to that effect thankfully would receive them within the town of Edinburgh. The said Earl of Hertford answered, that he had no commission to treat upon any matters, but only to receive the queen of Scotland, to be convoyed in England to be married with Prince Edward; and if they

would deliver her, he would abstain from all pursuit, otherwise he would burn and destroy the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, and all others where he might be master within the realm of Scotland, and desired therefore the haill¹ men, wives, bairns, and others being within the town of Edinburgh, to come forth of the same, and present them before him as lieutenant, and offer them into the king's will, or else he would proceed as he had spoken. To the which the provost, by the command of the Governor and council, answered, that they would abide all extremity rather or² they fulfilled his desires; and so the Governor caused furnish the Castle of Edinburgh with all kind of necessary furniture, and departed to Striveling.³ In the meantime, the English army lodged that night in Leith. Upon the morn, being the fifth of May, they marched forward toward Edinburgh by the Canongate, and or² their entering therein, there came to them six thousand horsemen of English men from Berwick by land, who joined with them, and passed up the Canongate, of purpose to enter at the Nether Bow; where some resistance was made unto them by certain Scottish men, and divers of the English men were slain, and some also of the Scottish side, and so held them that day occupied skirmishing, till the night came, which compelled them to return unto their camp. And on the next day, being the sixth of May, the great army came forward with the haill ordnances, and assailed the town, which they found void of all resistance, saving the ports of the town were closed, which they broke up with great artillery, and entered thereat, carrying carted ordnances before them till they came in sight of the Castle, where they placed them, purposing to siege the Castle. But the Laird of Stanehouse, captain thereof, caused shoot at them in so great abundance, and with so good measure, that they slew a great number of English men, amongst whom there was some principal captains and gentlemen; and one of the greatest pieces of the English ordnances was broken; wherethrough they were constrained to raise the siege shortly and retire them.

The same day the English men set fire in divers places of the town, but was not suffered to maintain it, through continual shooting of ordnance forth of the Castle, wherewith they were so sore troubled, that they were constrained to return to their camp at Leith. But the next day they returned again, and did that they could to consume all the town with fires. So likewise they continued some days after, so that the most part of the town was burnt in cruel manner; during the which time their horsemen did great hurt in the country, spoiling and burning sundry places thereabout, and in special all the castle and place of Craigmillar, where the most part of the whole riches of Edinburgh was put by the merchants of the town in keeping, which, not without fraud of the keepers, as was reported, was betrayed to the English men for a part of the booty and spoil thereof.

When the English men of war was thus occupied in burning and spoiling, the Governor sent and relieved the Earl of Angus, Lord Maxwell, Master of Glencairn, and Sir George Douglas, forth of ward, and put them to liberty; and made such speedy preparation as he could to set forward an army for expelling the English men forth of the realm; who hearing thereof, upon the xiiij day of May, they broke down the pier of Leith haven, burned and destroyed the same; and shipping their great artillery, they sent their ships away homeward, laden with the spoil of Edinburgh and Leith, taking with them certain Scottish ships which was in the haven, amongst the which the ships called Salamander and the Unicorn were carried in England. Upon the xv day of May, their army and their fleet departed from Leith at one time, the town of Leith being set on fire the same morning; and their said army that night lodged at Seaton, the next night beside Dunbar, the third night at Renton in the Merse, and the 13 day of May they entered in Berwick. In all this time, the Borderers and

¹ Worse be escaped.² Weak spirit and ingenuity or genius.³ Either willing to shew her great strength.⁴ To enforce a marriage between his son and the infant Queen Mary of Scotland.⁵ A kind of lighters.⁶ From the time when.¹ Whole.² Ere.³ Stirling.

certain others Scottish men, albeit they were not of sufficient number to give battle, yet they held them busy with daily skirmishing, that sundry of their men and horse were taken, and therefore none of them durst in any wise stir from the great army in all their passage from Edinburgh to Berwick.

KING JAMES I.

KING JAMES was ambitious of the fame of an author, but his works are now considered merely as curiosities. His most celebrated productions are the *Basilicon Doron* (1599), *Dæmonology* (1597), and *A Counterblast against Tobacco* (included in works, 1616, but written earlier). The first was written, for the instruction of his son Prince Henry, a short time before the union of the crowns, and seems not to have been originally intended for the press. In the *Dæmonology*, the British Solomon displays his wisdom and learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, which he says abounded in Scotland :

Sorcery and Witchcraft.

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession. And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books: the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special; the second, of sorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appears and troubles persons; together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said: the one, that such devilish arts have been and are; the other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit: and therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts, and by what natural causes they may be. Not that I touch every particular thing of the devil's power, for that were infinite: but only, to speak scholastically—since this cannot be spoken in our language—I reason upon *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* to be comprehended therein. As, for example, speaking of the power of magicians in the first book and sixth chapter, I say that they can suddenly cause be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes by their familiar spirit: since as a thief he delights to steal, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly enough transport the same. Now, under this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon; such as the bringing wine out of a well—as we have heard oft to have been practised—and such others; which particulars are sufficiently proved by the reasons of the general.

How Witches Travel.

Philomathes. But by what way say they, or think ye it possible, they can come to these unlawful conventions?

Epistemon. There is the thing which I esteem their senses to be deluded in, and, though they lie not in confessing of it, because they think it to be true, yet not to be so in substance or effect, for they say that by divers means they may convene either to the adoring of their master, or to the putting in practice any service of his committed unto their charge; one way is natural, which is natural riding, going, or sailing, at what hour their master comes and advertises them. And this way may be easily believed. Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true: which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea, swiftly, to the place where they are to meet: which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God as well in that as in other things: which is much more possible to him to do, being a spirit, than to a mighty wind, being but a natural meteor, to transport from one place to another a solid body, as is commonly and daily seen in practice. But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath: for if it were longer, their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner, as, by example, if one fall off a small height, his life is but in peril according to the hard or soft lighting; but if one fall from a high and stay¹ rock, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body before he can win to the earth, as is oft seen by experience. And in this transporting they say themselves that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselves. For if the devil may form what kind of impressions he pleases in the air, as I have said before, speaking of magic, why may he not far easier thicken and obscure so the air that is next about them, by contracting it strait together, that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce through the same to see them? But the third way of their coming to their conventions is that wherein I think them deluded: for some of them saith that, being transformed in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open the air may enter in at. And some saith that their bodies lying still, as in an ecstasy, their spirits will be ravished out of their bodies, and carried to such places; and for verifying thereof will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seen their body lying senseless in the meantime, as by naming persons whomwith they met, and giving tokens what purpose was amongst them, whom otherwise they could not have known; for this form of journeying they affirm to use most when they are transported from one country to another.

In his *Counterblast*, James states that many of the nobles and gentry spent three and four hundred pounds a year on tobacco. The man, he says, who introduced it was 'generally hated,' meaning Raleigh. But Raleigh did not introduce tobacco, and never was in Virginia, though one of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament represents him as landing there. The 'great plant' was brought to this country in 1586, by Ralph Lane, a person employed in one of the exploring expeditions fitted out by Raleigh, and to this expedition we must also refer the introduction of the potato. James concludes his *Counterblast* with these emphatic words: 'Smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.'

¹ Steep.

JOHN SPOTTISWOOD.

JOHN SPOTTISWOOD, successively archbishop of Glasgow and of St Andrews in the reign of James VI. was born in 1565. A strenuous and active promoter of James's scheme for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he stood high in the favour of that king, as well as of Charles I. by whom he was made lord-chancellor of Scotland in 1635. His death took place in London in November 1639, the popular commotions having obliged him to retire from Scotland. He wrote, at the command of James, a *History of the Church of Scotland*, from 203 to 1625 A.D. When the king, on expressing his wish for the composition of that work, was told that some passages in it might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his mother, he desired Spottiswood to 'write and spare not;' and yet, says Bishop Nicolson, 'the historian ventured not so far with a commission as Buchanan did without one.' The history was published in London in 1655, and is considered to be, on the whole, an impartial narrative.

Destruction of Religious Edifices in 1559.

Whilst these things passed, John Knox returned from Geneva into Scotland, and joining with the congregation, did preach to them at Perth. In his sermon, he took occasion to speak against the adoration of images, shewed that the same tended to God's dishonour, and that such idols and monuments of superstition as were erected in churches ought to be pulled down, as being offensive to god and godly people. The sermon ended, and the better sort gone to dinner, a priest, rather to try men's affections, than out of any devotion, prepared to say mass, opening a great case, wherein was the history of divers saints exquisitely carved. A young boy that stood by, saying that such boldness was unsufferable, the priest gave him a blow. The boy, in an anger, casting a stone at the priest, happened to break one of the pictures, whereupon stir was presently raised, some of the common sort falling upon the priest, others running to the altar and breaking the images, so as in a moment all was pulled down in the church that carried any mark of idolatry. The people, upon the noise thereof, assembled in great numbers, and, invading the cloisters, made spoil of all they found therein. The Franciscans had store of provision, both of victuals and household stuff; amongst the Dominicans the like wealth was not found, yet so much there was as might shew the profession they made of poverty to be feigned and counterfeit. The Carthusians, who passed both these in wealth, were used in like manner; yet was the prior permitted to take with him what he might carry of gold and silver plate. All the spoil was given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to meddle with any part thereof. But that which was most admired was the speed they made in demolishing these edifices. For the Charterhouse—a building of exceeding cost and largeness—was not only ruined, but the stones and timber so quickly taken away, as, in less than two days' space, a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be seen. They of Cupar in Fife, hearing what was done at Perth, went in like manner to their church, and defaced all the images, altars, and other instruments of idolatry; which the curate took so heavily, as the night following he put violent hands on himself. . . .

The noblemen remained at that time in St Andrews; and because they foresaw this their answer would not be well accepted, and feared some sudden attempt—for the queen with her Frenchmen lay then at Falkland—they sent to the lords of Dun and Pittarow, and others that favoured religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, and requested them to meet at St Andrews the 4th day

of June. Meanwhile they themselves went to the town of Crail, whither all that had warning came, shewing great forwardness and resolutions; and were not a little encouraged by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto them at the same time, put them in mind of that he foretold at Perth, how there was no sincerity in the Queen Regent's dealing, and that conditions would not be kept, as they had found. Therefore did he exhort them not to be any longer deluded with fair promises, seeing there was no peace to be hoped for at their hands, who took no regard of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn. And because there would be no quietness till one of the parties were masters, and strangers expelled out of the kingdom, he wished them to prepare themselves either to die as men, or to live victorious.

By this exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they fell immediately to the pulling down of altars and images, and destroyed all the monuments which were abused to idolatry in the town. The like they did the next day in Anstruther, and from thence came directly to St Andrews. The bishop hearing what they had done in the coast-towns, and suspecting they would attempt the same reformation in the city, came to it well accompanied, of purpose to withstand them; but after he had tried the affections of the townsmen, and found them all inclining to the congregation, he went away early the next morning towards Falkland to the queen.

That day being Sunday, John Knox preached in the parish church, taking for his theme the history of the Gospel touching our Saviour's purging of the temple; and applying the corruption which was at that time in Jerusalem to the present estate in the church, and declaring what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the auditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, razing the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars to the ground.

James VI. and a Refractory Preacher.

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his ambassadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to remember her in their public prayers; which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most Christian and lawful; which was, 'That it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast.' Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office-bearers in the church to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. But of all the number, only Mr David Lindsay at Leith, and the king's own ministers, gave obedience. At Edinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the 3d of February for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, commanding the bishop of St Andrews to prepare himself for that day; which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time, and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour appointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said: 'Mr John, that place was destinate for another; yet, since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on.' He replying, 'he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place. And making as though he would stay, the captain of the guard went to pull him out; whereupon he burst forth in these speeches: 'This day shall be a witness against the king in the great day of the Lord;' and then denouncing a woe to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of St Andrews entering the pulpit, did perform the duty required. The noise was great for a while amongst the people; but after they

were quieted, and had heard the bishop—as he was a most powerful preacher—out of that text to Timothy, discourse of the duty of Christians in ‘praying for all men,’ they grieved sore to see their teachers so far overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point. In the afternoon, Cowper was called before the council, where Mr Walter Balcanquel and Mr William Watson, ministers, accompanying him, for some idle speeches that escaped them, were both discharged from preaching in Edinburgh during his majesty’s pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

NEWSPAPERS.

Before concluding the present section, it may be proper to notice the rise of a very important branch of modern literature. We allude to NEWS-PAPERS, which in England date from the reign of James I. An earlier date was at one time assigned to them. Three sheets used to be shewn in the British Museum, purporting to be numbers of a newspaper, published in 1558, called the *English Mercurie* (Nos. 50, 51, and 54), containing particulars of the Spanish Armada. The public faith remained firm as to their genuineness up to 1839, but it was then overthrown. The late Mr Thomas Watts of the British Museum—a most admirable bibliographer and ‘expert’—destroyed the illusion. ‘Manuscript copies of three numbers,’ as recorded in the *Book of Days*, ‘are bound up in the same volume; and from a scrutiny of the paper, the ink, the handwriting, the type (which he recognised as belonging to the Caslon foundry), the literary style, the spelling, the blunders in fact and in date, and the corrections, Mr Watts came to a conclusion that the so-called *English Mercurie* was printed in the latter half of the last century’—about 1766. They are, in fact, but clumsy forgeries. The ancient Romans had their *Acta Diurna* (proceedings of the day), which were published by authority, and contained an account of the business in the public assemblies and law-courts, with a list of births, marriages, and deaths. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the proceedings of the senate (*Acta Senatus*) were published, but the custom was prohibited by Augustus. *Acta Diurna*, containing more general intelligence of passing events, appear to have been common both during the republic and under the emperors; of one of these, the following specimen is given by Petronius:

On the 26th of July, 30 boys and 40 girls were born at Trimalchi’s estate, at Cuma.

At the same time, a slave was put to death for uttering disrespectful words against his lord.

The same day, a fire broke out in Pompey’s gardens, which began in the night, in the steward’s apartment.

In modern times, nothing similar appears to have been known before the latter end of the fifteenth century, when small news-sheets, in the form of letters, were printed in Augsburg, Vienna, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg. The Venetian government, in the year 1563, during a war with the Turks, was in the habit of communicating to the public, by means of written sheets, the military and commercial information received. These sheets were read in a particular place to those desirous to learn the news, who paid for this privilege a coin called *gazzetta*—a name which, by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself in Italy and France, and passed over into England. The Venetian government, after some time, allowed these *Notizie Scritte* to be printed, and they had a wide circulation.

About the same time, offices were established in France, at the suggestion of the father of the celebrated Montaigne, for making the wants of individuals known to each other. The advertisements received at these offices were sometimes pasted on walls in public places, in order to attract more attention, and were thence called *affiches*. This led in time to a systematic and periodical publication of advertisements in sheets; and these sheets were termed *affiches*, in consequence of their contents having been originally fixed up as placards.

In the reign of James I. packets of news were occasionally published in the shape of small quarto pamphlets. The earliest, entitled *News out of Holland*, was issued in 1619. Others were entitled *Newes from Italy, Hungary, &c.* as they happened to refer to the transactions of those respective countries, and generally purported to be translations from the Low Dutch. In the year 1622, when the Thirty Years’ War and the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus excited curiosity, these occasional pamphlets were converted into a regular weekly publication, the editor of which was Nathaniel Butter. He had associates in the work—namely, Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheppard, Bartholomew Donner, and Edward Alldc. All these names appear in the imprints to the early numbers of the *Weekly News*, first published on the 23d of May 1622. Butter was most probably the author and writer of the paper, and his name is found connected with newspapers as late as the year 1640. The printed sheet was then, and long afterwards, a small and meagre chronicle.



J. R. S. J. M.

C. Roberts sc.



THE sixty-four years comprehended in this period produced some great names; but, considering the mighty events which then agitated the country, and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the Commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, had, even before her death, begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society: a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers, rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I. a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the Civil War and the Protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realised his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II. was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which, added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy. Milton produced his long-cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast; Butler, his inimitable burlesque of *Hudibras*; and Dryden, his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In history and polite literature, we have Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period, too, Bunyan composed his inimitable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life, and a miserably defective education. The world has never been, for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society; and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages.

POETS.

JOHN TAYLOR, 'THE WATER POET.'

One of the most voluminous of city rhymsters and chroniclers was JOHN TAYLOR (*circa* 1580–1654), a London waterman, who styled himself 'The King's Majesty's Water Poet.' Taylor was a native of Gloucester, and having served an apprenticeship to a waterman in London, continued to ply on the Thames, besides keeping a public-house. The most memorable incident in his career was travelling on foot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' He took with him, however, a servant on horseback, who carried some provisions and provender, and having met Ben Jonson at Leith, he received from Ben a present of 'a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England.' Of this journey, Taylor wrote an account, entitled *The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the Moneyless Perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet, &c.* 1618. This tract is partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, the following is a favourable specimen:

The Border Lands of England and Scotland.

Eight miles from Carlisle runs a little river,
Which England's bounds from Scotland's grounds do sever.

Without horse, bridge, or boat I o'er did get;
On foot I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.
I being come to this long-looked-for land,
Did mark, re-mark, note, re-note, viewed and scanned;
And I saw nothing that could change my will,
But that I thought myself in England still.
The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,
There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;
There I saw sky above, and earth below,
And as in England there the sun did shew;
The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
And many a cottage yielded good Scotch ale.
This county, Annandale, in former times,
Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes:

For Cumberland and it, both kingdoms' borders,
 Were ever ordered by their own disorders,
 Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,
 Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;
 And many times he that had wealth to-night,
 Was by the morrow morning beggared quite.
 Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,
 That all these Borders were quite spoiled and wasted;
 Confusion, hurly-burly, reigned and revelled;
 The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;
 All memorable monuments defaced,
 All places of defence o'erthrown and razed;
 That whoso then did in the Borders dwell,
 Lived little happier than those in hell.
 But since the all-disposing God of heaven
 Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,
 Blest peace and plenty on them both have showered;
 Exile and hanging hath the thieves devoured,
 That now each subject may securely sleep,
 His sheep and neat, the black, the white, doth keep.
 For now these crowns are both in one combined,
 Those former Borders that each one confined,
 Appears to me, as I do understand,
 To be almost the centre of the land;
 This was a blessed Heaven-expounded riddle,
 To thrust great kingdoms' skirts into the middle.
 Long may the instrumental cause survive!
 From him and his succession still derive
 True heirs unto his virtues and his throne,
 That these two kingdoms ever may be one!

Of Taylor's prose narrative, the most interesting portion is an account of a great deer-hunt which he witnessed at the 'Brae of Mar,' at which were present the Earls of Mar, Moray, Buchan, Enzie, with their countesses, Lord Erskine, Sir William Murray of Abercairney, 'and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers.'

A Deer-hunt in Braemar.

Once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, for their pleasure, do come into these Highland countries to hunt, when they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlander, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish, and in former times were those people which were called 'the Red-shanks.' Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece, stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their head, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck, and thus are they attired. Now, their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes.

My good lord of Mar having put me into that shape [dressed him in the Highland costume], I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit [now Castletown]. It was built by king Malcolm Canmore for a hunting-house: it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such-like creatures.

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *lonchards*. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits

turning and winding, with a great variety of cheer—as venison; baked, sodden, roast and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercaillies, and termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent [Alicant], with most potent aquavite. . . .

Our camp consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven or eight miles' compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds—two, three, or four hundred in a herd—to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the tinchel, do bring down the deer. . . . Then, after we had stayed three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay. Then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that, with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous.

Various journeys and voyages were made by Taylor, and duly described by him in short occasional tracts. In 1630, he made a collection of these pieces: *All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water Poet; being Sixty and Three in Number*. He continued, however, to write during more than twenty years after this period, and ultimately his works consisted of not less than 138 separate publications. Taylor was a staunch royalist and orthodox churchman, abjuring all sectaries and schismatics. There is nothing in his works, as Southey remarks, which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but there is a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633) was of noble birth, though chiefly known as a pious country clergyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

His father was descended from the earls of Pembroke, and lived in Montgomery Castle, Wales, where the poet was born. His elder brother was the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George was educated at Cambridge, and in the year 1619 was chosen orator for the university. Herbert was the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr Donne; and Lord Bacon is said to have entertained such a high regard for his learning and judgment, that he submitted his works to him before publication. The poet was also in favour with King James, who gave him a sinecure office worth £120 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. 'With this,' says Izaak Walton, 'and his annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of his orator-ship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes

and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the king were there ; but then, he never failed.' The death of the king and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and he entered into sacred orders. In 1626, he was appointed prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, county of Huntingdon (the church of which he repaired and decorated), and in 1630 he was made rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he passed the remainder of his life. After describing the poet's marriage on the third day after his first interview with the lady, old Izaak Walton relates, with characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a matrimonial scene preparatory to their removal to Bemerton : 'The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit [he had probably never done duty regularly at Layton Ecclesia], he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her : "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners ; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.'

Herbert discharged his clerical duties with saint-like zeal and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died in February 1632-3. His principal production is entitled *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so well received, that Walton says twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years after the first impression. The lines on Virtue—

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright—

are the best in the collection ; but even in them we find, what mars all the poetry of Herbert, ridiculous conceits or coarse unpleasant similes. His taste was very inferior to his genius. The most sacred subject could not repress his love of fantastic imagery, or keep him for half-a-dozen verses in a serious and natural strain. Herbert was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol ; and indications of this may be found in his poems, which have sometimes a musical flow and harmonious cadence. It may be safely said, however, that Herbert's poetry alone would not have preserved his name, and that he is indebted for the reputation he enjoys to his excellent and amiable character, embalmed in the pages of good old Walton ; to his prose work, the *Country Parson* ; and to the warm and fervent piety which gave a charm to his life, and breathes through all his writings.

Virtue.

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
Thy music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Religion.

All may of thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

Stanzas.—Called by Herbert 'The Pulley.'

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'pour on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed ; then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
When almost all was out, God made a stay ;
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary ; that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'

Matin Hymn.

I cannot ope mine eyes
But Thou art ready there to catch,
My mourning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts—and richly—to serve Thee ;
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know ;
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman shew ;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of Time, care's balm and bay :
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face *thou art*,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The workdays are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death : but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

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

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his ;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation
And did unbinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence :
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !

Mortification.

How soon doth Man decay !
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way ;
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
Makes them not dead :
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company ;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of Death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes ;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak ;
A chair or litter shews the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The writings of FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644) are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cupbearer to Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I. ; and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces—*Job Militant*, *Sion's Elegies*, the *History of Queen Esther*, *Argalus and Parthenia*, the *Morning Muse*, the *Feast of Worms*, and the *Divine Emblems*. The last were published in 1645, and were so popular that Phillips, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments.' The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the *Divine Emblems*, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found

in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who, had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the *Pia Desideria* of this author copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's *Night Thoughts*.

Stanzas.

As when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and there a gillyflower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the briar, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair ;
At length a rose-bud—passing all the rest—
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

The Shortness of Life.

And what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour ;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-aged day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit !—how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy : here's nothing worth a smile.

Mors Tua.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast ?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast ?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live ?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give ?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan ?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.

So fair is man, that death—a parting blast—
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last ;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death ;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
So rich is man, that—all his debts being paid—
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid ;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow :
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long ?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich,
nor young.

The Vanity of the World.

False world, thou ly'st ; thou canst not lend
The least delight :
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight :
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night :
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven ; fond earth, thou boasts ; false world,
thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure ;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure ;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her :
There's none can want where thou supply'st :
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts ; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say ?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay :
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play :
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure ;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :
Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st
With man ; vain man ! that thou rely'st
On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash ?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

Delight in God only.

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth :
She is my Maker's creature ; therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food ;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air : her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonic notes delight me :
 But what 's the air or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store :
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee ?
 Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure :
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
 What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
 The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly glowworms, if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;
 Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet—sadness :
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness ;
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
 And having 'Thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

Decay of Life.

The day grows old, the low-pitched lamp hath made
 No less than treble shade,
 And the descending damp doth now prepare
 To uncurl bright Titan's hair ;
 Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
 Her purples, fringed with gold,
 To clothe his evening glory, when the alarms
 Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh ;
 The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slippery streams :
 The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests :
 The boxbill ousel, and the dappled thrush,
 Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

DR HENRY KING.

DR HENRY KING (1592-1669), who was chaplain to James I. and did honour to the church preferment which was bestowed upon him, was best known as a religious poet. He was the author of *Sermons*, 1621-65 ; and of poems, elegies,

&c. 1657. His language and imagery are chaste and refined. Of his lighter verse, the following song may suffice :

Song.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
 Which, like growing fountains, rise
 To drown their banks : grief's sullen brooks
 Would better flow in furrowed looks ;
 Thy lovely face was never meant
 To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
 Which else portend a lasting rain ;
 Lest the clouds which settle there,
 Prolong my winter all the year,
 And thy example others make
 In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood :
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

The Dirge.

What is the existence of man's life,
 But open war, or slumbered strife ;
 When sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements ;
 And never feels a perfect peace
 Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
 And each loose passion of the mind
 Is like a furious gust of wind,
 Which beats his bark with many a wave,
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
 Is moralised in age and youth ;
 Where all the comforts he can share,
 As wandering as his fancies are ;
 Till in a mist of dark decay,
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
 The sunset, as it moves about ;
 And shadows out in lines of night
 The subtle stages of Time's flight ;
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
 His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
 Which doth short joys, long woes, include ;
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have damped the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison; his limbs were incarcerated within stone walls and iron bars, but his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a freshness and natural vivacity in the poetry of Wither, that renders his early works a 'perpetual feast.' We cannot say that it is a feast 'where no crude surfeit reigns,' for he is often harsh, obscure, and affected; but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects, and true poetical feeling and expression. Wither was a native of Hampshire, and received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford. He first appeared as an author in the year 1613, when he published a satire, entitled *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed his fine poem, the *Shepherds' Hunting*. When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the Civil War, Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament. He rose to the rank of a major, and in 1642, was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller. During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists, and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother-bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one, if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times. He was afterwards one of Cromwell's majors-general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestered estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was stripped of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He published various treatises, satires, and poems during this period, though he was treated with great rigour. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2d of May 1667.

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions, written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans, or become embroiled in the struggles of the Civil War. A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1622, with the title, *Mistress of Philarete*; his *Shepherds' Hunting*, being certain eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633. His *Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, quickened with Metrical Illustrations*, made their appearance in 1635. His satirical and controversial works were numerous, but are now forgotten. Some authors of our own day—Southey in par-

ticular—have helped to popularise Wither, by frequent quotation and eulogy; but Mr Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets*, was the first to point out 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.' His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His *Address to Poetry*, the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme, and superior to most of the effusions of that period. The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and which, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison, is one of the richest offerings that have yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poesy. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated.

The Companionship of the Muse.

From the *Shepherds' Hunting*.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
 Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
 And the vapours that do breathe
 From the earth's gross womb beneath,
 Seem they not with their black steams
 To pollute the sun's bright beams,
 And yet vanish into air,
 Leaving it, unblemished, fair?
 So, my Willy, shall it be
 With detraction's breath and thee:
 It shall never rise so high
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapours from each rotten vale;
 Poesy so sometime drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains;
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light:
 But so much her power may do,
 That she can dissolve them too.
 If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing she gets power;
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She's affronted still the more:
 Till she to the high'st hath passed,
 Then she rests with fame at last:
 Let nought, therefore, thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight;
 For, if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I'd climb;
 There begin again, and fly
 Till I reached eternity.
 But, alas! my muse is slow;
 For thy page she flags too low:
 Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipt of late:
 And poor I, her fortune rueing,
 Am myself put up a-mewing:
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I'll fly where I never did:
 And though for her sake I'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double:
 I should love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do.

For, though banished from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the spring-tide yields,
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chant their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But remembrance, poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief :
 She 's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre envy's evil will.
 (Whence she would be driven, too,
 Were 't in mortal's power to do.)
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow :
 Makes the desolate place
 To her presence be a grace ;
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw,
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height,
 Through the meanest object's sight ;
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling.
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness,
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The dull loneliness, the black shade,
 That these hanging vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves ;
 This black den which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss :
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight :
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Walled about with disrespect.
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent :
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive
 thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born,
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee !
 Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness,
 If I love not thy maddest fits
 Above all their greatest wits.
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn
 What makes knaves and fools of them.

Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
 Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;
 And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
 From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
 Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
 From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss ;
 None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
 Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss :
 Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little sign I would do so ;
 Why, then, should I this robbery delay ?
 Oh ! she may wake, and therewith angry grow !
 Well, if she do, I 'll back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

The Steadfast Shepherd.

Hence away, thou Syren ; leave me.
 Pish ! unclasp these wanton arms ;
 Sugared words can ne'er deceive me—
 Though thou prove a thousand charms.
 Fie, fie, forbear ;
 No common snare

Can ever my affection chain :
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I 'm no slave to such as you be ;
 Neither shall that snowy breast,
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest ;
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty's ray

To some more soon enamoured swain :
 Those common wiles,
 Of sighs and smiles,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty ;
 Turn away thy tempting eye ;
 Shew not me a painted beauty ;
 These impostures I defy :

My spirit loathes
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain :
 I love her so
 Whose look swears *no*,
 That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every breast are worn ;
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 From their never-touched thorn ?
 I can go rest
 On her sweet breast,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train ;
 Then stay thy tongue ;
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestowed on me in vain.

He 's a fool that basely dallies
 Where each peasant mates with him :
 Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
 Whilst there 's noble hills to climb ?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are scared with frowns,
 I know the best can but disdain :
 And those I 'll prove,
 So will thy love
 Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
 Where each lustful lad may woo ;
 Give me her whose unlady beauty
 Buzzards dare not soar unto :

She, she it is
Affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain;
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me;
Seek no more to work my harms;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

Christmas.

So now is come our joyfulest feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown Sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabour;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country-folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.

There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let 's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang Sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you 'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound;
Anon they 'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the nobby.
Some youths will now a-mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW is believed to be the author of the tragedy of *Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry*, 1613. Though wanting in dramatic interest and spirit, there is a vein of fine sentiment and feeling in this forgotten drama. The following chorus, in act the fourth, possesses a generous and noble simplicity:

Revenge of Injuries.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scornning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
 To scorn to owe a duty over-long ;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
 To scorn to lie ; to scorn to do a wrong ;
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
 Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;
 Do we his body from our fury save,
 And let our hate prevail against our mind ?
 What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
 Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
 She would to Herod then have paid her love,
 And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
 To fix her thoughts all injury above
 Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
 Long famous life to her had been allowed.

BISHOP CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET (1582-1635) was the son of a man who, though only a gardener, must have possessed superior qualities, as he obtained the hearty commendations, in verse, of Ben Jonson. The son was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and having taken orders, he became successively bishop of Oxford and bishop of Norwich. The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet, and his never-failing vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, by whom he was raised to the mitre. His habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the anecdotes which have been related of him. Meeting a ballad-singer one market-day at Abingdon, and the man complaining that he could get no custom, the jolly doctor put off his gown, and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear full voice, he presently vended the stock of ballads. One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed : 'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' The bishop and his chaplain, Dr Lushington, it is said, would sometimes repair to the wine-cellar together, and Corbet used to put off his episcopal hood, saying : 'There lies the doctor ;' then he put off his gown, saying : 'There lies the bishop ;' then the toast went round : 'Here's to thee, Corbet ;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.' Jivialities like these seem more like the feats of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop : but Corbet had higher qualities ; his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents procured him deserved esteem and respect. His poems were first collected and published in 1647. They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a *Journey to France*, written in a light easy strain of descriptive humour. The *Farewell to the Fairies* is equally lively, and more poetical.

To Vincent Corbet, his Son.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
 But all shall say I wish thee well :
 I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
 Both bodily and ghostly health ;
 Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,
 So much of either may undo thee.
 I wish thee learning not for show,
 Enough for to instruct and know ;
 Not such as gentlemen require
 To prate at table or at fire.
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
 Thy father's fortunes and his places.
 I wish thee friends, and one at court,
 Not to build on, but support ;
 To keep thee not in doing many
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
 Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
 And, when thy soul and body part,
 As innocent as now thou art.

From the 'Journey to France.'

I went from England into France,
 Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
 Nor yet to ride nor fence :
 Nor did I go like one of those
 That do return with half a nose
 They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
 Much like John Dory* in the song,
 Upon a holy tide.
 I on an ambling nag did get—
 I trust he is not paid for yet—
 And spurred him on each side.

And to Saint Denis fast we came,
 To see the sights of Notre Dame—
 The man that shews them snuffles—
 Where who is apt for to believe,
 May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
 And eke her old pantofles ;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
 That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
 When in the inn she lay :
 Yet all the world knows that 's a fable,
 For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
 Upon a lock of hay.

There is one of the cross's nails,
 Which, who so sees, his bonnet veils,
 And, if he will, may kneel.
 Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so ;
 Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
 It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
 When Judas led them forth, did use ;
 It weighs my weight downright :
 But, to believe it, you must think
 The Jews did put a candle in 't,
 And then 'twas very light.

* This alludes to one of the most celebrated of the old English ballads. It was the favourite performance of the English minstrels, as lately as the reign of Charles II. : and Dryden alludes to it as to the most hackneyed song of the time :

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
 These will appear such chits in story,
 'Twill turn all politics to jests,
 To be repeated like *John Dory*,
 When fiddlers sing at feasts.
 RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose :
 Another's head, but not his toes,
 His elbow and his thumb.
 But when that we had seen the rags,
 We went to th' inn and took our nags,
 And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine ;
 'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
 'Tis Europe's greatest town.
 How strong it is, I need not tell it,
 For all the world may easily smell it,
 That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
 The palace and great gallery,
 The Place Royal doth excel :
 The new bridge, and the statues there,
 At Notre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
 The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' University ;
 And, for old clothes, the Frippery,
 The house the queen did build,
 Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
 Dead corpse in four-and-twenty hours,
 And there the king was killed :

The Bastile, and Saint Denis Street,
 The Shafflenist, like London Fleet,
 The arsenal no toy.

But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
 Go to the court and see the king,
 Oh, 'tis a hopeful boy.*

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
 Reverenced for much wit at 's years,
 Nor must you think it much ;
 For he with little switch doth play,
 And make fine dirty pies of clay,
 Oh, never king made such !

Farewell to the Fairies.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
 Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
 The fairies lost command ;
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land ;
 And all your children sprung from thence
 Are now grown Puritans ;
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
 You merry were and glad,
 So little care of sleep or sloth
 These pretty ladies had ;
 When Tom came home from labour,
 Or Cis to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their tabour,
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
 Of theirs, which yet remain,
 Were footed in Queen Mary's days
 On many a grassy plain ;

* Louis XIII.

But since of late Elizabeth,
 And later, James came in,
 They never danced on any heath
 As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
 Were of the old profession,
 Their songs were Ave-Maries,
 Their dances were procession :
 But now, alas ! they all are dead,
 Or gone beyond the seas ;
 Or farther for religion fled,
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
 They never could endure,
 And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punished sure ;
 It was a just and Christian deed,
 To pinch such black and blue :
 Oh, how the commonwealth doth need
 Such justices as you !

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1645) had all the vices of the metaphysical school, excepting its occasional and frequently studied licentiousness. He tells us himself (in his preface), that 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition.' And of a pure attachment, he says finely, that 'when Love builds upon the rock of Chastity, it may safely condemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind ; since Time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruined before that be demolished.' Habington's life presents few incidents, though he came of a plotting family. His father was implicated in Babington's conspiracy ; his uncle suffered death for his share in the same transaction. The poet's mother atoned, in some measure, for these disloyal intrigues ; for she is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle, which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated at St Omer's, but declined to become a Jesuit. He married Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under the name of Castara. His collected poems—also entitled *Castara*—were published in 1634 (second edition, 1635) ; the volume consisting of the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy Man*. These titles include each several copies of verses, and the same design was afterwards adopted by Cowley. The short life of the poet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. His poetry is of the same unruffled description—placid, tender, and often elegant, but studded with conceits to shew his wit and fancy. When he talks of meadows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of mutual love being able to purify the air of an infected city, and of a luxurious feast being so rich that heaven must have rained showers of sweetmeats, as if

Heaven were
 Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

we are astonished to find one who could ridicule the 'madness of quaint oaths,' and the 'fine

rhetoric of clothes,' in the gallants of his day, and whose sentiments on love were so pure and noble, fall into such absurd and tasteless puerilities.

Epistle to a Friend.

Addressed 'to his noblest friend, J. C. Esq.'

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold—
After a due oath ministered—the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those German towns even puzzle me to spell.
The cross or prosperous fate of princes they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France? Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,
And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy;
And, by the aid of leisure, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade—
Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,
Kind nature's housewifery—contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to enthral
The world to his great master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: Honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
Endangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bend us toward earth, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
O' th' town make us to think, where now we are,
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

Description of Castara.

Like the violet which, alone,
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed;
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.
Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent:
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft Honour splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

THOMAS CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW (1589–1639) was the representative of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who, to personal accomplishments, rank, and education, united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and cultivated. Their influence may be seen even in Cowley and Dryden: Carew and Waller were perhaps the best of the class; Rochester was undoubtedly the most debased. Their visions of fame were in general bounded by the circle of the court and the nobility. To live in future generations, or to sound the depths of the human heart, seems not to have entered into their contemplations. A loyal panegyric was the *epic strain* of their ambition: a 'rosy cheek or coral lip' formed their ordinary theme. The court applauded; the lady was flattered or appeased by the compliment; and the poet was praised for his wit and gallantry; while all the time the *heart* had as little to do with the poetical homage thus tendered and accepted, as with the cold abstractions and 'rare poesies' on wax or ivory. A foul taint of immorality and irreligion often lurked under the flowery surface, and insidiously made itself known and felt. Carew sometimes went beyond this strain of heartless frivolity, and is graceful in sentiment as well as style—'piling up stones of lustre from the brook;' but he was capable of far higher things; and in him, as in Suckling, we see only glimpses of a genius which might have been ripened into permanent and beneficial excellence. Carew was descended from an ancient Gloucestershire family. He was educated at Oxford, then travelled abroad, and on his return obtained the notice and patronage of Charles I. He was appointed gentleman of the privy-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to

the king. His after-life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, and accomplished—without reflection; and in a strain of loose revelry which, according to Clarendon, the poet deeply repented in his latter days. 'He died,' says the state historian, 'with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire.'

The poems of Carew are short and occasional. His longest is a mask, written by command of the king, entitled *Calum Britannicum*. It is partly in prose; and the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age. The short amatory pieces and songs of Carew were exceedingly popular, and are now the only productions of his which are read. They are often indelicate, but rich in expression. Thirty or forty years later, he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court-poets after the Restoration; but at the time he wrote, the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not wholly exhausted. The 'genial and warm tints' of the elder muse still coloured the landscape, and were reflected back in some measure by Carew. He abounded, however, in tasteless conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, he says:

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin!

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

The Compliment.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers—
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polished ivory are.

Song.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he 's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Approach of Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost

Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;
 But the warm sun thaws the beumbed earth,
 And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee ;
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
 Now all things smile.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1641) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy, and exuberance of animal spirits, that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of strong passion. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems.' His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society, enabled him to give interest to trifles, and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer-day—

Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

He dreamed of enjoyment, not of fame. The father of Suckling was secretary of state and comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I. He died in 1627, while his son was pursuing his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. Thus emancipated from all restraint, with an immense fortune, Suckling set off on his travels. He afterwards joined an auxiliary army of 6000 raised in England, and commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, to act under the king of Sweden. Suckling served in several sieges and battles, and on his return in 1632, became celebrated for his wit, gallantry, and munificence at the court of Charles I. He was also considered the best bowler and card-player in England ; and his sisters, it is said, distressed and alarmed at his passion for gambling, came one day to the Piccadilly bowling-green, 'crying for the fear he should lose all their portions.' Fortune, however, would not seem to have deserted the poet ; for when Charles I. took up arms against the parliament, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horsemen, richly equipped and maintained at his own expense, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000. This gaudy regiment formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland ; but no sooner had they come within sight of the Scots army at Dunse, than they turned and fled. Suckling was no worse than the rest, but he was made the subject of numerous lampoons and satires. A rival wit and poet, Sir John Mennes or Mennis (1591-1671), who was successively a military and naval commander, and author of several pieces in a poetical miscellany entitled *Musarum Deliciae*, 1656, indited a ballad on the retreat at Dunse, which is worth copying, as one of the liveliest and most successful of political ballads.

Sir John Suckling's Campaign.

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
 To Scotland for to ride-a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,
 To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
 With half so gay a bravado,
 Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a
 book
 He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
 So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
 And as he passed by, they began to cry :
 'Sir John, why will you go fight-a ?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on ;
 His heart would not relent-a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?
 Or why should he repent-a ?

The king (God bless him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a ;
 The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollo and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Weart-a ;
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
 And all prepared to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent ; they asked what he meant ;
 He swore he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a,
 But Sir John did swear he would not come there,
 To be killed the very first man-a . . .

But now there is peace, he's returned to increas :
 His money, which lately he spent-a ;
 But his honour lost must lie still in the dust ;
 At Berwick away it went-a.

Suckling continued steadfast to the royal cause, even when it seemed desperate. He joined in a scheme to promote the escape of Strafford from the Tower ; but the plot being detected, he fled to France, and died shortly afterwards—certainly before 1642. A romantic story is told of his death. Having been robbed by his valet, the treacherous domestic is represented as having put an open razor—one account says a penknife, another a nail—in his master's boot, which being drawn hastily on, an artery was divided, and fever and death ensued. Aubrey states that Suckling took poison at Paris, and, unfortunately, family tradition confirms the statement*—a sad termination to the life of the splendid cavalier-poet !

The works of Suckling consist of miscellaneous poems, four plays—possessing no vivid dramatic interest—a short prose treatise on *Religion by Reason*, and a small collection of letters written in a studied artificial style. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. With the freedom of a cavalier, Suckling has greater purity of expression than most of his contemporaries. His sentiments are sometimes too voluptuous, but are rarely coarse ; and there is so much elasticity and vivacity in his verses, that he never becomes tedious. His *Ballad upon a Wedding* is inimitable for witty levity and choice beauty of expression. It has

* Memoir of Suckling, prefixed to his works by Rev. Alfred Suckling, 1836. Pope, in his *Conversations with Spence*, relates the romantic version of Suckling's death, saying it might be proved from letters in Lord Oxford's collection. It seems highly improbable.

touches of graphic description and liveliness equal to the pictures of Chaucer. One well-known verse has never been exceeded :

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out, &c.

Song.—'Tis now, since I sat down before.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart—
Time strangely spent !—a year, and more ;
And still I did my part :

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise ;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes ;

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in ;
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief ?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

'March, march,' quoth I ; 'the word straight give ;
Let's lose no time, but leave her ;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

'To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide ;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.'

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh, things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we—thou know'st—do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine—
His beard no bigger, though, than thine—
Walked on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
The king, God bless him ! 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids o' the town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale¹
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.* . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get :
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit. . . .

Passion o' me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride :
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there denied.

¹ Whitsun-ales were festive assemblies of the people of whole parishes at Whitsunday.

* Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, has taken this image from Suckling, and spoiled it in the theft :

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out.

Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, Herrick had not skill to steal with taste. Wycherley also *purlained* Herrick's simile for one of his plays. The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sun dances upon that morning.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Heaths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick ?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride :
But that he must not know :
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.*

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together ;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me ;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie ;
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658) was another accomplished cavalier poet. He was well descended, being the son of Sir William Lovelace, knight. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards presented at court. Anthony Wood describes him at the age of sixteen 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld ; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.' Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights, and the government settled. The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Lovelace was thrown into prison for his boldness. He was liberated on heavy bail, but spent his fortune in fruitless efforts to succour the royal cause. He afterwards served in the French army, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Returning in 1648, he was again imprisoned. To beguile the time of his confinement, he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta : Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. &c.* The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' Miss Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *Lux Casta*. This was an unfortunate attachment ; for the lady, hearing that Lovelace died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another person. From this time the course of the poet was downward. The ascendant party did, indeed, release his person, when the death of the king had left them the less to fear from their opponents ; but Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken cavalier was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that, oppressed with want and melancholy, the gallant Lovelace fell into a consumption. Wood relates that he became 'very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity,

* The wedding thus immortalised was that of Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, with Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery.

went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, in one of which, situated in a miserable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in 1658. What a contrast to the gay and splendid scenes of his youth! Aubrey confirms the statement of Wood as to the reverse of fortune; but recent inquiries have rather tended to throw discredit on those pictures of the extreme misery of the poet. Destitute, however, he no doubt was, 'fallen from his high estate,' though not perhaps so low as to die an example of abject poverty and misery. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in some of his verses and sentiments that charm the reader, as much as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair. In general, however, they are affected, obscure, and harsh. His taste was perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and nature, may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait of Charles I.:

See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others shew
To this—o' the height of all the wheel—below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

Lord Byron has been censured for a line in his *Bride of Abydos*, in which he says of his heroine:

The mind, the *music* breathing from her face.

The noble poet vindicates the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. He does not seem to have been aware—as was pointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges—that Lovelace first employed the same illustration, in a song of Orpheus, lamenting the death of his wife:

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

Song.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

The Rose.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

Song.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

To Althea, from prison.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613–1658) was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and poetical conceit. His father was rector of a parish in Leicestershire. After completing his studies at Cambridge, the poet joined the royal army when the civil war broke out. He was the loudest and most strenuous poet of the cause, and distinguished himself by a fierce satire on the Scots in 1647. Two lines of this truculent party tirade present a conceit at which our countrymen may now smile:

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his
doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

In 1655, the poet was seized at Norwich, and put in prison. He petitioned the Protector, stating that he was induced to believe that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confinement was the narrowness of his estate; for none stood committed whose estate could bail them. 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'who have no acres to be my hostage;' and he ingeniously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is its own punishment. Cromwell released the poor poet, who died three years afterwards in London. Independently of his strong and biting satires, which were the cause of his popularity while living, Cleveland wrote some love-verses containing genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected metaphors and fancies. He carried gallantry to an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making all nature—sun and shade—do homage to his mistress.

On Phillis, Walking before Sunrise.

The sluggish Morn as yet undressed,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees—like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Ranked on each side with loyal duty—
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopped,
Or age with crutches underpropped,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs played
Unto their voluntaries, made
The wakened earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice:
The flowers, called out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.

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The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramped the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks,
The trembling leaves through which he played,
Dappling the walk with light and shade—
Like lattice-windows—give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good-night in him:
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashioned day.

But what new-fashioned palsy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and—lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caused a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring—
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

In an *Elegy on the Archbishop of Canterbury* (Laud), Cleveland has some good lines.

How could success such villainies applaud?
The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud.
The twins of public rage adjudged to die
For treasons they should act by prophecy.
The facts were done before the laws were made,
The trump turned up after the game was played.
Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
No churchman can be innocent and high;
'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

A pastoral romance, entitled *Thealma and Clearchus*, was published by Izaak Walton in 1683, with a title-page stating it to have been 'written long since' by JOHN CHALKHILL, Esq. an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser. Walton tells us of the author, 'that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' *Thealma and Clearchus* was reprinted by Mr Singer, who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself. A critic in the *Retrospective Review*,* after investigating the circumstances, and comparing the *Thealma* with the acknowledged productions of Walton, comes to the same conclusion. Sir John Hawkins, the editor of Walton, seeks to overturn the hypothesis of Singer, by the following statement: 'Unfortunately, John Chalkhill's tomb of black marble is still to be seen on the walls of Winchester Cathedral, by which it appears he died in May 1679, at the age of eighty. Walton's preface speaks of him as dead in May 1678; but

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iv. page 230. The article appears to have been written by Sir Egerton Brydges, who contributed largely to that work.

as the book was not published till 1683, when Walton was ninety years old, it is probably an error of memory.' The tomb in Winchester cannot be that of the author of *Thealma*, unless Walton committed a further error in styling Chalkhill an 'acquaintant and friend' of Spenser. Spenser died in 1599, the very year in which John Chalkhill, interred in Winchester Cathedral, must have been born. We should be happy to think that the *Thealma* was the composition of Walton, thus adding another laurel to his venerable brow; but the internal evidence seems to us to be wholly against such a supposition. The poetry is of a cast far too high for the muse of Izaak, which dwelt only by the side of trouting streams and among quiet meadows. The *nom de plume* of Chalkhill must also have been an old one with Walton, if he wrote *Thealma*; for, thirty years before its publication, he had inserted in his *Complete Angler* two songs, signed 'Jo. Chalkhill.' The disguise is altogether very unlike Izaak Walton, then ninety years of age, and remarkable for his unassuming worth, probity, and piety. We have no doubt, therefore, that *Thealma* is a genuine poem of the days of Charles or James I. The scene of this pastoral is laid in Arcadia, and the author, like the ancient poets, describes the Golden Age and all its charms, which were succeeded by an Age of Iron, on the introduction of ambition, avarice, and tyranny. The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters are deficient in individuality. It must be read, like the *Faery Queen*, for its romantic descriptions, and its occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's *Lycidas*, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line.

The Witch's Cave.

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art; she need not knock;
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual Night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of Ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went.
The ground was strewed with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mixed with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
This, Art had made of rubies, clustered so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seemed to grow;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature;
Their rich attire so differing; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest decked,
Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.

Orandra to her charms was stepped aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-eyed.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitched his ears, and bleared his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him. . . .

Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, ushered in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face;
So voiced, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sat such a princely majesty as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Rolled up and down, not settling anywhere.
Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflamed him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashioned in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fixed upon
His loved Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.

The Priestess of Diana.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being: so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute. . . .
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be
The image of Diana: on their knee
They tendered their devotions; with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps,
Buckled together with a silver clasp,
And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crowned with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight,
Drawn from their 'broidered quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fastened to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, laced with ribanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fired before: he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT—THOMAS RANDOLPH.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643) was one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons of the Muses, and of his works Jonson remarked: 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man.' Cartwright was a favourite with his contemporaries, who loved him living, and deplored his early death. This poet was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had squandered away a patrimonial estate. In 1638, after

completing his education at Oxford, Cartwright entered into holy orders. He was a zealous royalist, and was imprisoned by the parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642. In 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics. At this time, the poet is said to have studied sixteen hours a day! Towards the close of the same year, Cartwright caught a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, then prevalent at Oxford, and died December 23, 1643. The king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for Cartwright's death; and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time. It is difficult to conceive, from the perusal of Cartwright's poems, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation. His pieces are mostly short, occasional productions, addresses to ladies and noblemen, or to his brother-poets Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy. His youthful virtues, his learning, loyalty, and admiration of genius, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his worth and talents. Cartwright must have cultivated poetry in his youth: he was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above seems to prove that he had then been busy with his pen. He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best effusions, in which he thus eulogises Jonson's dramatic powers:

But thou still puts true passion on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting, fair.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1634) published a collection of miscellaneous poems, in addition to five dramatic pieces. He was born at Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was early distinguished for his talents, which procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson and the other wits of the day. Ben enrolled him among his adopted sons; but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was destroyed by his death at the age of twenty-nine. A monument was erected to his memory by Sir Christopher Hatton. We subjoin short extracts—the first two from Cartwright's poems, the remainder by Randolph.

To a Lady Veiled.

So Love appeared, when, breaking out his way
From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
Newly awaked out of the bud, so shews
The half-seen, half-hid glory of the rose,
As you do through your veils; and I may swear,
Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there.
So Truth lay under fables, that the eye
Might reverence the mystery, not descry;
Light being so proportioned, that no more
Was seen, but what might cause men to adore:
Thus is your dress so ordered, so contrived,
As 'tis but only poetry revived.
Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods
And twigs at last did shoot up into gods;

Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face,
May I not pay a reverence to the place?
So, under water, glimmering stars appear,
As those—but nearer stars—your eyes do here;
So deities darkened sit, that we may find
A better way to see them in our mind.
No bold Ixion, then, be here allowed,
Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud.
Methinks the first age comes again, and we
See a retrieval of simplicity.
Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
Hoods her, and makes her shew even veiled as you.
Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear,
Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear!
O fear ye no assaults from bolder men;
When they assail, be this your armour then.
A silken helmet may defend those parts
Where softer kisses are the only darts!

A Valadiction.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And Nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view again:
So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

To My Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he!*

To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-glass.

Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;

* When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the 'Last Supper,' in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him: 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows.'—*Southey's 'Doctor,' chap. 97, and Wordsworth's 'Lines on a Portrait.'*

A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
 Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star ;
 A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
 Wherein both roses kindly meet ;
 A cherry lip that would entice
 Even gods to kiss at any price ;
 You think no beauty is so rare
 That with your shadow might compare ;
 That your reflection is alone
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas ! your glass doth lie,
 And you are much deceived ; for I
 A beauty know of richer grace—
 Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
 Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
 And leave to lay your blame on me :
 If me your real substance move,
 When you so much your shadow love,
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Look on her own bright majesty ;
 Which, had you once but gazed upon,
 You could, except yourself, love none :
 What, then, you cannot love, let me ;
 That face I can, you cannot see.
 'Now you have what to love,' you'll say,
 'What then is left for me, I pray ?'
 My face, sweet heart, if it please thee ;
 That which you can, I cannot see :
 So either love shall gain his due,
 Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW, a religious poet, whose devotional strains and 'lyric raptures' evince the highest genius, was the son of a preacher at the Temple Church, London. The date of his birth is not known ; but in 1632 he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was afterwards at Peterhouse, and obtained a Fellowship in 1637. He lived for the greater part of several years in St Mary's Church, near Peterhouse, engaged chiefly in religious offices and writing devotional poetry ; and as the preface to his works informs us, 'like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day.' He is said to have been an eloquent and powerful preacher. Being ejected from his fellowship for non-compliance with the rules of the parliamentary army, he removed to France, and became a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith. Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then at Paris, and was recommended by her majesty to the dignitaries of the church in Italy. He became secretary to one of the cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. In this situation, Crashaw died about the year 1650. Cowley honoured his memory with

The meed of a melodious tear.

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess great freedom, force, and beauty. He translated part of the *Sospetto d'Herode* from the Italian of Marino ; and passages of Crashaw's version are not unworthy of Milton, who had evidently seen the work. He thus describes the abode of Satan :

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
 There, where one centre reconciles all things,
 The world's profound heart pants ; there placed is
 Mischief's old master ; close about him clings
 A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
 His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome strings

Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . .

Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb ;
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
 Which like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim
 Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain ;
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
 Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
 He tossed his troubled eyes—embers that glow
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell ;
 With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
 Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

While at Cambridge, Crashaw published, in 1634, a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which occurs the well-known conceit relative to the sacred miracle of water being turned into wine :

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.
 ['The modest water saw its God and blushed.']

In 1646 appeared his English poems, *Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro*. The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which Crashaw occasionally addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, with all the passionate earnestness and fervour of a lover. He had an extravagant admiration of the mystic writings of St Theresa, founder of the Carmelites, which seems to have had a bad effect on his own taste, naturally prone to carry any favourite object, feeling, or passion to excess. In these flights into the third heavens, 'with all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw luxuriates among

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
 And many a mystic thing
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring ;
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a name.

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical style of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits. The latter pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his peculiar case strong predisposing causes. But, amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is seldom tedious. His imagination was copious and varied. He had, as Coleridge has remarked, a 'power and opulence of invention,' and his versification is sometimes highly musical. With more taste and judgment—which riper years might have produced—Crashaw would have outstripped most of his contemporaries, even Cowley. No poet of his day is so rich in 'barbaric pearl and gold,' the genuine ore of poetry. It is deeply to be regretted that his life had not been longer, more calm and fortunate—realising his own exquisite lines :

A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending and descending, Crashaw had little time or relish for earthly love. He has, however, left a copy of verses, entitled *Wishes to a Supposed Mistress*, in which are some fine thoughts. Remembering Sir Philip Sidney and his *Arcadia*, Crashaw desires his fair one to possess

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

We quote two similes, the first reminding us of a passage in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*, and the second of one of Shakspeare's best sonnets :

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day ;
His tender top not fully spread ;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to shew
His swelling glories, Auster spied him ;
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.

The felicity and copiousness of Crashaw's language are, however, best seen from his translations ; and we subjoin entire his version of *Music's Duel*, from the Latin of Strada. It is seldom that so sweet and luxurious a strain of pure description and sentiment greets us in our poetical pilgrimage :

Music's Duel.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master ; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood—
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she—
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs ; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good :
The man perceived his rival, and her art,
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet prelude

Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch ; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each
string

A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance ; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together ; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-span note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being reared
In controverting warbles, evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles ; he amazed,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;
The high-perched treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands. This lesson too
She gives them back : her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast ;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripened ears
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to the name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing—
Most divine service—whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise ;
And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind—striving to get out—
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the flegged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opens the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride

On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note ;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse
bird ;

Her little soul is ravished, and so poured
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the musician's face : ' Yet, once again,
Mistress, I come. Now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy.'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :
The sweet-lipped sisters musically frightened,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look
higher ;

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries ;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup :
The humorous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace ; thus doth he invoke
Sweetness by all her names : thus, bravely thus—
Fraught with a fury so harmonious—
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies ;
Whose flourish—meteor-like—doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares ;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravished soul he dare not tell
But whisper to the world : thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul—snatched out at his
ears

By a strong ecstasy—through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven ; and seat it there on high,
In the empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this ;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas ! in vain ! for while—sweet soul—she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies :
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have—
That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave !

Temperance, or the Cheap Physician.

Hark, hither, reader ! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ;
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit ;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed
Nor choked with what she should be dressed ;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine ;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil, is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride ;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day ?
Wouldst see a man, whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony ?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age ? Wouldst see December smile ?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring ?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers ;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away :
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see ?
Hark, hither ! and thyself be he.

Lines on a Prayer-book sent to Mrs R.

Lo ! here a little volume, but large book
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite),
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all—
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small ;
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armoury of light :
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.

But oh ! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong ;
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son.

From 'Hymn to the Name of Jesus.'

Come, lovely name ! life of our hope !
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretched
hands !
Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth !
The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turned to eyes ;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name ! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience :
Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
O see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears !
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope—
Love's eastern windows—all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn !
Oh, dawn at last, long-looked-for day !
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are sucked from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day !
Unfold thy fair conceptions ; and display
The birth of our bright joys. . . .
Sweet name ! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell ;
A thousand hills of frankincense ;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping !
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping !
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart !
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave glorious chase
To persecutions ; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave !

On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.

Little, alas ! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers ?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee ? fair purple doors, of love's devising ;
The ruby windows which enriched the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-throned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning :
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name !
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee ;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas ! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
Majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

DR WILLIAM STRODE.

This accomplished divine (whose scattered poetical pieces deserve collection) was born near Plympton, Devonshire, about 1598. He studied at Christchurch, Oxford, took orders in 1621, and was installed canon of Christchurch in 1638. He died April 10, 1644.

Answer to 'The Lover's Melancholy.'

Return, my joys ! and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing,
A jolly spleen, an inward feast ;
A causeless laugh without a jest ;
A face which gladness doth anoint ;
An arm for joy, flung out of joint ;
A sprightly gait that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint ;
A heart that's lighter than the air ;
An eye still dancing in its sphere ;
Strong mirth which nothing shall control ;
A body nimbler than a soul ;
Free wandering thoughts not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing choose,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone :
These life itself doth feed upon.
Men take no care but only to be jolly ;
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

Answer.

My love and I for kisses played :
She would keep stakes—I was content ;
But when I won, she would be paid ;
This made me ask her what she meant.
'Pray, since I see,' quoth she, 'your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses ; give me mine again.'

ROBERT HERRICK.

One of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets was ROBERT HERRICK, born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and having entered into holy orders, was presented by Charles I. in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. After about twenty years' residence in this rural parish, Herrick was ejected from his living by the storms of the civil war, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces.' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them in much the same way as Crabbe portrayed the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast in early life, as a 'wild amphibious race,' rude 'almost as salvages,' and 'churlish as the seas.' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character :

Born I was to meet with age,
And to walk life's pilgrimage ;
Much, I know, of time is spent ;
Tell I can't what 's resident.
Howsoever, cares adieu !
I'll have nought to say to you ;
But I'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine and crowned with flowers.

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. About the time that he lost his vicarage, Herrick appears to have published his works. His *Noble Numbers*, or *Pious Pieces*, are dated 1647 ; his *Hesperides*, or the *Works, both Humane and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esquire*, in 1648. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned by the poet ; and there are certainly many pieces in the second volume which would not become one ministering at the altar, or belonging to the sacred profession. Herrick lived in Westminster, and was supported or assisted by the wealthy royalists. He associated with the jovial spirits of the age. He 'quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, 'thrive in frenzy,' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his fellow-computators in sallies of wild wit and high imaginations. The recollection of these 'brave translunary scenes' of the poets inspired the muse of Herrick in the following strain :

Ah Ben !
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend ;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

After the Restoration, Herrick was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage. How he was received by the 'rude salvages' of Dean Prior, or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the metropolis, to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded. He was now about seventy years of age, and was probably tired of canary sack and tavern jollities. He had an undoubted taste for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works, and the fondness with which he dwells on old English festivals and rural customs. Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors :

For these my unbaptised rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That 's not inlaid with thee, O Lord !
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine ;
But if, 'mongst all, thou findest one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

The poet would better have evinced the sincerity and depth of his contrition by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or not reprinting them ; but the vanity of the author probably triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. Gaiety was the natural element of Herrick. His muse was a goddess fair and free, that did not move happily in serious numbers. The time of the poet's death was long unknown ; but the parish register shews that he was interred at Dean Prior, on the 15th of October 1674.

The poetical works of Herrick lay neglected for many years after his death. They are now again in esteem, especially his shorter lyrics, some of which have been set to music, and are sung and quoted by all lovers of song. His verses, *Cherry Ripe*, and *Gather the Rose-buds while ye may*—though the sentiment and many of the expressions of the latter are taken from Spenser—possess a delicious mixture of playful fancy and natural feeling. Those *To Blossoms*, *To Daffodils*, and *To Primroses*, have a tinge of pathos that wins its way to the heart. They abound, like all Herrick's poems, in lively imagery and conceits ; but the pensive moral feeling predominates, and we feel that the poet's smiles might as well be tears. Shakspeare and Jonson had scattered such delicate fancies and snatches of lyrical melody among their plays and masks—Milton's *Comus* and the *Arcades* had also been published—Carew and Suckling were before him—Herrick was, therefore, not without models of the highest excellence in this species of composition. There is, however, in his songs and anacreontics, an enforced gaiety and natural tenderness, that shew he wrote chiefly from the impulses of his own cheerful and happy nature. The select beauty and picturesqueness of Herrick's language, when he is in his happiest vein, is worthy of his fine conceptions ; and his versification is harmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody, that echoes nature by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short, and sometimes fantastic ; but the notes long linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory. One or two words, such as

'gather the rose-buds,' call up a summer landscape, with youth, beauty, flowers, and music. This is, and ever must be, true poetry.

To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:

We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Cherry Ripe.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully shew
All the year where cherries grow.

The Kiss—A Dialogue.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal-bed:

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor.—And stills the bride, too, when she cries:

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies: now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
Chor.—And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor.—And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare colourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.—Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the Virgins, to make much of their Time.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Twelfth-night, or King and Queen.

Now, now the mirth comes,*
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here
Beside, we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's-wool;¹
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

* Amongst the sports proper to Twelfth-night in England, was the partition of a cake with a bean and pea in it: the individuals who got the bean and pea were respectively king and queen for the evening.

¹ A drink of warm ale, with roasted apples and spices in it. The term is a corruption from the Celtic.

The Bellman.

Along the dark and silent night,
 With my lantern and my light,
 And the tinkling of my bell,
 Thus I walk, and thus I tell :
 Death and dreadfulness call on
 To the general session ;
 To whose dismal bar, we there
 All accounts must come to clear.
 Scores of sins we've made here, many ;
 Wiped out few—God knows if any !
 Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
 To make payment while I call.
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;
 By the clock 'tis almost one.

Julia.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing did I say,
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where ;
 Then spake I to my girl,
 To part her lips, and shew me there
 The quarrelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
 I bade him not go seek ;
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

Upon Julia's Recovery.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
 Ye roses almost withered ;
 New strength and newer purple get
 Each here declining violet ;
 O primroses, let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye ;
 And to all flowers allied in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret and cream commingled ;
 And these her lips do now appear
 As beams of coral, but more clear.

The Bag of the Bee.

About the sweet bag of a bee,
 Two Cupids fell at odds ;
 And whose the pretty prize should be,
 They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them ;
 And taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
 She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

Upon a Child that Died.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood,
 Who as soon fell fast asleep,
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her !

Epitaph upon a Child.

Virgins promised, when I died,
 That they would each primrose-tide
 Duly morn and evening come,
 And with flowers dress my tomb :
 Having promised, pay your debts,
 Maids, and here strew violets.

A Thanksgiving for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weatherproof ;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry.
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who hither come, and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall,
 And kitchen small ;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unblead.
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee.
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent :
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth ;
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land :
 All this, and better, dost Thou send
 Me for this end :
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly Thine :
 But the acceptance—that must be,
 O Lord, by Thee.

To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew ?
 Alas ! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind ;
 Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warped as we,
 Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this ?
No, no ; this sorrow shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read :
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

To find God.

Weigh me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
Shew me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This if thou canst, then shew me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

To Corinna, to go a-Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air ;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair ;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you ;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.
Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street,* each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,

* Herrick here alludes to the multitudes which were to be seen roaming in the fields on May morning ; he afterwards refers to the appearance of the towns and villages bedecked with evergreens.

Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked ; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, whose life occupies an important space in the history of the stage, preceding and after the Restoration, wrote a heroic poem entitled *Gondibert*, and some copies of miscellaneous verses. Davenant, or D'Avenant—for so he wrote his name—was born in February 1605-6, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford. There is a scandalous story, that he was the natural son of Shakspeare, who was in the habit of stopping at the *Crown Tavern*—kept by the elder Davenant—on his journeys between London and Stratford. This story was related to Pope by Betterton the player ; but it seems to rest on no authority but idle tradition. Young Davenant is said to have admired Shakspeare above all other poets, and 'one of the first essays of his muse,' when a mere boy, was an Ode to Shakspeare, which was afterwards included in a volume entitled *Madagascar and other Poems*, 1638. It opens in the following strain :

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon, for each flower—
As it ne'er knew a sun or shower—
Hangs there the pensive head.

It is to be regretted—for the sake of Davenant, as well as of the world—that the great dramatist did not live to guide the taste and foster the genius of his youthful admirer, whose life presented some

strange adventures. He was entered at Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree; he then became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was in the service of the poet, Lord Brooke. About the year 1628, Davenant began to write for the stage; and in 1637, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed laureate. He was afterwards manager of Drury Lane, but entering into the commotions and intrigues of the civil war, he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. He afterwards escaped to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, Davenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists, that he was knighted for his skill and bravery. On the decline of the king's affairs, he returned to France, and wrote part of his *Gondibert*. His next step was to sail for Virginia as a colonial projector; but the vessel was captured by one of the parliamentary ships-of-war, and Davenant was lodged in prison at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In 1650, he was removed to the Tower, preparatory to his being tried by the High Commission Court. His life was considered in danger, but he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed in his behalf; and as Davenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant, after the Restoration, we would gladly believe the statement to be true. Such incidents give a peculiar grace and relief to the sternness and bitterness of party conflicts. 'At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict, to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across, from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist political adversaries to drink of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities.* Milton and Davenant must have felt in this manner when they waived their political differences in honour of genius and poesy. When the author of *Gondibert* obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre, and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt. After the Restoration, he again basked in royal favour, and having engaged the services of some highly accomplished actors, he continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, April 7, 1668.

The poem of *Gondibert* (1651), though regarded by Davenant's friends and admirers—Cowley and Waller being of the number—as a great and durable monument of genius, is now almost utterly forgotten. The plot is romantic, but defective in interest; and its extreme length—about six thousand lines—and the description of versification in which it is written—the long four-lined stanza, with alternate rhymes, copied by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*—render the poem languid and tedious. The critics have been strangely at variance with each other as to its merits, but to general readers the poem may be said to be unknown. Davenant prefixed a long and elaborate preface to his poem, which is highly creditable to him for judgment, taste, and feeling, and may be

considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his plays. His worship of Shakspeare continued unabated to the last, though he was mainly instrumental, by his masks and scenery, in driving the elder bard from the stage. Dryden, in his preface to the *Tempest*, states, that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, 'who,' he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakspeare's—a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire.'

To the Queen,

Entertained at night by the Countess of Anglesey.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injured sphere;
And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Song.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings:
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Description of the Virgin Birtha.—From 'Gondibert.'

To Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets, the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

* Macaulay's *Essays*.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her ;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks ; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her
eyes. . . .

Beneath a myrtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought ;
Fond maids ! who love with mind's fine stuff would
mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind ;
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers from the Eternal Mind,
And in short vision only are enjoyed.

As eagles, then, when nearest heaven they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow ;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below ;

So now she yields ; him she an angel deemed
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear ;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seemed,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith ; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heavenly quire.

' If I do love,' said she, ' that love, O Heaven !
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me ;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree ?

' And you, my altered mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and revered here,
Chide not such kindness as you once called love,
When you as mortal as my father were.'

This said, her soul into her breast retires !
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchored hope in fleeting streams.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times. Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to stamp his name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a national reputation ; the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the *Paradise Lost* into the world. Cowley was born in London in the year 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable stationer in Cheapside, who, dying in August 1618, left £140 each to his six children, and to the unborn infant, the poet. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster ; and in his eighteenth year he was elected of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he afterwards obtained

a fellowship. Cowley 'lisp'd in numbers.' In 1633, in his fifteenth year, appeared *Poetical Blossoms by A. C.* with a portrait of Cowley prefixed, dated '13,' the age of the young poet when the portrait was taken. A copy of Spenser used to lie in his mother's parlour, with which he was infinitely delighted, and which helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the first two lines in his *Miscellanies* :

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own ?

Cowley, being a royalist, was ejected from Cambridge, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He went with the queen-mother to France, where he remained twelve years. He was sent on various embassies, and deciphered the correspondence of Charles and his queen, which, for some years, took up all his days, and two or three nights every week. At last the Restoration came, with all its hopes and fears. England looked for happy days, and loyalty for its reward, but in both cases the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment. Cowley expected to be made master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were overlooked. In his youth, he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage ; and a dramatic production, the *Cutter of Coleman Street*, which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the jollity and debauchery of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at court. It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire into the country. He had only just passed his fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And, indeed, he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers.' He thus happily refers to his wish for retirement :

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep !
In a weak boat trust not the deep ;
Placed beneath envy—above envying rise ;
Pity great men—great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark !
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound ;
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

Cowley obtained, through Lord St Albans, and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum—a decent provision for his retirement. The poet finally settled at Chertsey, on the banks of the Thames, where his house still remains. Here he cultivated his fields, his garden, and his plants ; he wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty. He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whom he rivalled occasionally

in ease and elegance, and in commemorating the charms of a country life; and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful *bonhomie* and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. The style of these discourses is pure, natural, and lively. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letter-writing, and that he and Mr M. Clifford had a large collection of his letters, but they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published. This is much to be regretted. The private letters of a distinguished author are generally read with as much interest as his works, and Cowper and others owe much of their fame to such confidential disclosures of their habits, opinions, and daily life. Cowley was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace. He had attained the long-wished object of his studious youth and busy manhood; the woods and fields at length inclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades. But happiness was still distant. He had quitted the 'monster London;' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Zoar of his dreams. The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation. The people of the country, he found, were not a whit better or more innocent than those of the town. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours. Dr Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, has published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. His retirement extended over a period of only seven years. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and was seized with a cold, which, being neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. This is the account of his biographer Sprat, but Pope, in his conversations with Spence, said of Cowley: 'His death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean.' Cowley died on the 28th of July 1667. His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the abbey. 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his majesty declared that Mr Cowley had not left a better man behind him.' From the will of the poet, it appears that he made his brother his sole heir and executor, and left legacies to his relatives and friends amounting to £420, exclusive of his share in the Duke of York's theatre. The 'little Zoar' at Chertsey had not been saddened by any fear of poverty, and Cowley to the last retained his fellowship in Trinity College.

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four

parts—*Miscellanies*; the *Mistress, or Love Verses*; *Pindaric Odes*; and the *Davideis, a Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David*. The character of his genius is well expressed by Pope:

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

Cowper has also drawn a sketch of Cowley in his *Task*, in which he laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.' The manners of the court and the age inspired Cowley with a portion of gallantry, but he seems to have had no deep or permanent passion. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Percie Shafton. 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love;' and it is evident that he himself composed his *Mistress* as a sort of taskwork. There is so much of this *wit-writing* in Cowley's poetry, that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion. His anacreontic pieces are the happiest of his poems; in them he is easy, lively, and full of spirit. They are redolent of joy and youth, and of images of natural and poetic beauty, that touch the feelings as well as the fancy. His *Pindaric Odes*, though deformed by metaphysical conceits, though they do not roll the full flood of Pindar's un navigable song, though we admit that even the art of Gray was higher, yet contain some noble lines and illustrations. The best pieces of his *Miscellanies*, next to the *Anacreontics*, are his lines on the death of his college-companion, Hervey, and his elegy on the religious poet Crashaw, which are tender and imaginative. The *Davideis* is tedious and unfinished, but we have extracted a specimen to shew how well Cowley could sometimes write in the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem.

On the Death of Mr Crashaw.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou—though spells and charms with-
stand—
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy
land. . . .

How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! Thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother-church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.

Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief ;
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief !
 And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
 His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong ; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right ;
 And I myself a Catholic will be,
 So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
 Hail, bard triumphant ! and some care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below,
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
 Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
 Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires ;
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies !

Heaven and Hell.—From the 'Davidic's.'

Sleep on ! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
 For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony ;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
 There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light ;
 Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
 Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find :
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless
 space.

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
 No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there.
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide ;
 Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
 But an eternal NOW does always last.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
 Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
 Gold which above more influence has than he—
 Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
 And infant winds their tender voices try ;
 Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves ;
 Beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
 Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
 And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
 There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
 Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow :
 No bound controls the unwearied space but hell,
 Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place ;
 No dawning morn does her kind red display ;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the
 day ;

No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
 Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.
 Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
 Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains :
 Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
 Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights ;
 But down like lightning which him struck he
 came,

And roared at his first plunge into the flame.
 Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there ;
 With dropping lights thick shone the singed air . . .
 A dreadful silence filled the hollow place,
 Doubling the native terror of hell's face ;
 Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
 So loudly raged, crept softly by the shore ;
 No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known,
 The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

To Pyrrha.

In imitation of Horace's Ode, lib. i. od. 5.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind ?
 To what heart-ravished lover
 Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And, with large bounty, open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet ?

Ah, simple youth ! how oft will he
 Of thy changed faith complain !
 And his own fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain ;
 Of so chameleon-like an hue,
 That still their colour changes with it too !

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The blackness of the skies ;
 Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
 And see the billows rise !
 Poor unexperienced he,
 Who ne'er, alas, had been before at sea !

He enjoys thy calm sunshine now,
 And no breath stirring hears ;
 In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy he,
 To whom thou untried dost shine !
 But there's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Anacroncics ;

Or some copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of
 Anacreon.

Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The plants suck in the earth, and are,
 With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
 The sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun—and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less—
 Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.
 They drink and dance by their own light ;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there, for why
 Should every creature drink but I ;
 Why, men of morals, tell me why ?

The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine,
 And let us cheerfully a while,
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 Crowned with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?
 To-day is ours ; we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish at least with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow ;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

The Grasshopper.

Happy insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—
 Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!—
 Sate with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

From 'The Resurrection.'

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
 Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted
 quire,
 All hand in hand do decently advance,
 And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance!
 While the dance lasts, how long so'er it be,
 My music's voice shall bear it company,
 Till all gentle notes be drowned
 In the last trumpet's dreadful sound,
 That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
 Untune the universal string;
 Then all the wide-extended sky,
 And all the harmonious worlds on high,
 And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
 And he himself shall see in one fire shine
 Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands
 divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
 And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
 And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice
 Could not whilst they lived awake,
 This mightier sound shall make,
 When dead, to arise,
 And open tombs, and open eyes.
 To the long sluggards of five thousand years,
 This mightier sound shall wake its hearers' ears;
 Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
 Back to their ancient home;
 Some from birds, from fishes some,
 Some from earth, and some from seas,
 Some from beasts, and some from trees,
 Some descend from clouds on high,
 Some from metals upwards fly;
 And, when the attending soul naked and shivering
 stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their hands,

As dispersed soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
 Haste to their colours all.
 Unhappy most, like tortured men,
 Their joints new set to be new racked again.
 To mountains they for shelter pray;
 The mountains shake, and run about no less confused
 than they.

The Chronicle, a Ballad.

Margarita first possessed,
 If I remember well, my breast—
 Margarita first of all;
 But when a while the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.
 Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catherine.
 Beauteous Catherine gave place—
 Though loath and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart—
 'To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began:
 Alternately they swayed;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
 Long, alas! should I have been
 Under that iron-sceptered queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me.
 But soon those pleasures fled;
 For the gracious princess died
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
 Judith held the sovereign power.
 Wondrous beautiful her face;
 But so weak and small her wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
 Armed with a resistless flame,
 And th' artillery of her eye,
 Whilst she proudly marched about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed
 Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
 To whom ensued a vacancy.
 Thousand worse passions then possessed
 The interregnum of my breast:
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary next began,
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
 And then a pretty 'Thomasine,
 And then another Catherine,
 And then a long 'et cetera.'

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines :

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries ;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid ;
I more voluminous should grow—
Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell—
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Hleonorā, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign !

Lord Bacon.—From 'Ode to the Royal Society.'

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last ;
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too ;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea :
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And we're unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
Of low affliction and high happiness ;
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight ?

From the Elegy 'On the Death of Mr William Hervey.'

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possessed.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that ? Ah me ! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan ?
O thou hast left me all alone !

Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee !
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.

Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie ;

Alas, my treasure's gone ! why do I stay ?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth ;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.

None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew
Whom the kind youth preferred to me ;
And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights ?
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge—our dear Cambridge !—say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two ?

I henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade ;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid !

The Wish.

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah ! yet ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me !

O fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
O fields ! O woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heaven, did always choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She live, and embracing die !
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

Epitaph on the Living Author.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth he asks, survey :
Is he not dead, indeed ?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed !'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round ;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695) was author of a volume of poems 'published by a friend' in 1651, and entitled *Olor Iscanus; a collection of some select Poems and Translations, by Mr Henry Vaughan, Silurist*. Vaughan, it appears, called himself a Silurist from being resident in the rocky region of Wales inhabited of old by the Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons. He wrote also *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, in two parts, 1650-55; *Flores Solitudinis*, 1654; *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678, &c. The poems of Vaughan evince considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with a gloomy sectarianism, and marred by crabbed rhymes. Campbell scarcely does justice to Vaughan in styling him 'one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit,' though he admits that he has 'some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild-flowers on a barren heath.' As a sacred poet, Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. He was born in Brecknockshire, and had a dash of Celtic enthusiasm. He first followed the profession of the law, but afterwards adopted that of a physician. He does not seem to have attained to a competence in either, for he complains much of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets :

As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

In his latter days, Vaughan grew deeply serious and devout, and published his *Sacred Poems*, which contain his happiest effusions. The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction :

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,
Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read !

Early Rising and Prayer.

From *Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems*.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun :
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sunrise ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

The Rainbow.—From the same.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry ;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intente looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair ;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

The Story of Endymion.

Written after reading M. Gombauld's romance of *Endymion*.*

I've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
The amours and courtship of the silent queen ;
Her stolen descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heaven, then with a lover ;
With *Latmos*' louder rescue, and (alas !) *!*
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass ;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage ; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave ; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts ; and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits ; what dark groves and ill-shaped guard
Ismena led thee through ; with thy proud flight
O'er *Periades*, and deep-musing night

* John Ogier de Gombauld, a French poet. An English translation of his *Endymion*, by Richard Hurst, was published in 1637.

Near fair Eurotas' banks ; what solemn green
 The neighbour shades wear ; and what forms are seen
 In their large bowers ; with that sad path and seat
 Which none but light-heeled nymphs and fairies beat ;
 Their solitary life, and how exempt
 From common frailty—the severe contempt
 They have of man—their privilege to live
 A tree or fountain, and in that relieve
 What ages they consume : with the sad vale
 Of Diophania ; and the mournful tale
 Of the bleeding, vocal myrtle : these and more,
 Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
 To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
 From thy first majesty, or ought at all
 Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
 Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
 Of style or matter ; just as I have known
 Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
 Derived her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
 To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
 Her streams in louder accents, adding still
 More noise and waters to her channel, till
 At last, swollen with increase, she glides along
 The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
 Of frothy billows, and in one great name
 Swallows the tributary brooks' drowned fame.
 Nor are they mere inventions, for we
 In the same piece find scattered philosophy,
 And hidden, dispersed truths, that folded lie
 In the dark shades of deep allegory,
 So neatly weaved, like arras, they descry
 Fables with truth, fancy with history.
 So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
 Cast that commended mixture wished of old,
 Which shall these contemplations render far
 Less mutable, and lasting as their star ;
 And while there is a people, or a sun,
 Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

Timber.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
 Passed o'er thy head ; many light hearts and wings
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

THOMAS STANLEY.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678), the editor of *Æschylus*, and author of a *History of Philosophy*, published a volume of verse in 1651. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, of Camberlow-Green, in Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford ; spent part of his youth in travelling ; and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated, are remarkable for a rich style of thought and expression, though deformed to some extent by the conceits of his age.

The Tomb.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
 By thy disdain,
 And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
 To some old tomb am borne,
 Thy fetters must their power bequeath
 To those of death ;
 Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
 Like monumental fires within an urn :

Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
 There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come
 To see my tomb,
 Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
 And (as a victor) proud,
 To view the spoils thy beauty made,
 Press near my shade,
 Lest thy too cruel breath or name
 Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
 And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,
 His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
 Conceal my dust,
 Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
 Dumb and forgotten, lie,
 The pride of all thy victory
 Will sleep with me ;
 And they who should attest thy glory,
 Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
 Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
 Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

The Loss.

Yet ere I go,
 Dislainful Beauty, thou shalt be
 So wretched as to know
 What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
 As time or Fortune could not rust ;
 So firm, that lovers might
 Have read thy story in my dust,

And crowned thy name
 With laurel verdant as thy youth,
 Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
 Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost ;
 For all true lovers, when they find
 That my just aims were crost,
 Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
 Any oblation on thy shrine,
 But such as would betray
 Thy faith to faiths as false as thine.

Yet, if thou choose
 On such thy freedom to bestow,
 Affection may excuse,
 For love from sympathy doth flow.

The Deposition.

Though when I loved thee thou wert fair,
 Thou art no longer so :
 Those glories, all the pride they wear
 Unto opinion owe.
 Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine,
 And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
 Do now with mine expire ;
 Thy brightest graces fade and die
 At once with my desire.
 Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
 Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
 To be implored or wooed ;
 Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
 The wealth my love bestowed ;
 And thy despised disdain too late shall find
 That none are fair but who are kind.

Europa among the Flowers.

In a note to Moschus, Stanley translates the following from Marini, in which the Italian poet imitates the second idyll of Moschus.

Along the mead Europa walks,
To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
Greedy by dying to decide,
Begs she would her green thread of life,
As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot oppressed,
Doth from that touch enamoured rise,
But, losing straight what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies—
The meadow's painted rainbow—seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
A richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
Because neglected, discontent ;
The morning furnished her with tears ;
Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
Seems his own beauty to admire ;
In water not so clear before,
As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
A privilege above the rest,
Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives,
In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy raised,
Awaked by this approaching morn,
And viewed her purple light amazed,
Though his, alas ! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
But for their kind death humbly call,
Courtng her hand, like martyrs proud,
By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdains
Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
The bashful glory of the plains,
Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
Raised on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
A purple robe, a golden crown.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1668) was the son of the chief-baron of exchequer in Ireland, and was born at Dublin, but educated at Oxford, then the chief resort of all the poetical and high-spirited cavaliers. Denham was wild and dissolute in his youth, and squandered great part of his patrimony at the gaming-table. He was made governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I.; and after the monarch had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham, who was furnished with nine several ciphers for the purpose. Charles had a respect for literature as well as the arts; and Milton records of him that he made Shakspeare's plays the closet-companion of his solitude. It would appear, however, that the king wished to keep poetry apart from state affairs; for he told Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way; but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better.' The poet stood corrected, and bridled in his muse. In 1639, he succeeded to his father's estate, and returned again to the gaming-table. In 1648, he was employed to convey the Duke of York to France, and resided in that country some time. His estate was sold by the Long Parliament; but the Restoration revived his fallen dignity and fortunes. He was made surveyor of the king's buildings, and a Knight of the Bath. In domestic life, the poet does not seem to have been happy. He had freed himself from his early excesses and follies, but an unfortunate marriage darkened his closing years, which were unhappily visited by insanity. He recovered, to receive the congratulations of Butler, his fellow-poet, and to commemorate the death of Cowley in one of his happiest effusions.

Cooper's Hill, the poem by which Denham is now best known, was first published in 1642, but afterwards corrected and enlarged. It consists of between three and four hundred lines, written in the heroic couplet. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions, suggested by the objects around—the river Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede. The view from Cooper's Hill is rich and luxuriant, but the muse of Denham was more reflective than descriptive. Dr Johnson assigns to this poet the praise of being 'the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality

on this point with *Cooper's Hill*, but Jonson could not have written with such correctness, nor with such pointed expression, as Denham. The versification of this poet is generally smooth and flowing, but he had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the old dramatists, or the poets of the Elizabethan period. He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained the approbation of Johnson far above his deserts. Denham could not, like his contemporary, Chamberlayne, have described the beauty of a summer morning :

The Morning hath not lost her virgin blush ;
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe.

How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swim ;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air !
Here Nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with
woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.*

Chamberlayne is comparatively unknown, and has never been included in any edition of the poets, yet every reader of taste or sensibility must feel that the above picture far transcends the cold sketches of Denham, and is imbued with a poetical spirit to which he was a stranger. 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre, than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers, was impossible ; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors : and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease ;

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who called themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England.† Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which has heretofore been assigned to him. The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrenees, finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams ; and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the wild imaginations and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him. In reading him, we feel that we are descending into a different scene—the romance is over, and we must be content with smoothness, regularity, and order.

* Chamberlayne's *Love's Victory*.
† Southey's *Life of Cowper*.

The Thames and Windsor Forest.—From 'Cooper's Hill.'

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays ;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance
hold,

Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.

*O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without overflowing, full. . . .*

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames !
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

The four lines printed in *italics* have been praised by every critic from Dryden to the present day.

The Reformation—Monks and Puritans.

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays.
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much
more ;

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.

And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrifice, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplation dwell ;
And like the block unmoved lay ; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone ?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day ?

Denham had just and enlightened notions of the duty of a translator. 'It is not his business alone,' he says, 'to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy ; and poesy is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added in the translation, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum* ; there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' Hence, in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his translation of *Pastor Fido*, our poet says :

On Poetical Translations.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
*They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.*

The last two lines are very happily conceived and expressed. Denham wrote a tragedy, the *Sophy*, which is but a tame commonplace plot of Turkish jealousy, treachery, and murder. Occasionally, there is a vigorous thought or line, as when the envious king asks Haly :

Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation ?

The other replies :

Ay, sir ; but that's forgotten :
Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last
year.

This sentiment was too truly felt by many of the cavaliers in the days of Charles II. We subjoin part of Denham's elegy on the death of Cowley, in which it will be seen that the poet forgot that Shakspeare was buried on the banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster Abbey, and that both he and Fletcher died long ere time had 'blasted their bays.'

On Mr Abraham Cowley.

His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets.

Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved ;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades ;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires :
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays ;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have :
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators :
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate ;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece ;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to th' other seemed too much ;
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

Song to Morpheus.—From the 'Sophy,' Act V.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down ;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas ! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe ?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619-1689) describes himself in the title-page to his works as 'of Shaftesbury, in the county of Dorset.' The poet practised as a physician at Shaftesbury; but he appears to have wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he was present among the royalists at the battle of Newbury. His circumstances must have been far from flourishing, as, like Vaughan, he complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and states that he was debarred from the society of the wits of his day. The works of Chamberlayne consist of two poems—*Love's Victory*, a tragi-comedy, published in 1658; and *Pharonnida*, a *Heroic Poem*, published in 1659. The scene of the first is laid in Sicily; and that of *Pharonnida* is also partly in Sicily, but chiefly in Greece. With no court connection, no light or witty copies of verses to float him into popularity, relying solely on his two long and comparatively unattractive works—to appreciate which, through all the windings of romantic love, plots, escapes, and adventures, more time is required than the author's busy age could afford—we need hardly wonder that Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten, till Campbell, in his *Specimens of the Poets*, in 1819, by quoting largely from *Pharonnida*, and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of sentiment, and tenderness of description, which lay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volume of Chamberlayne. We cannot, however, suppose that the works of this poet can ever be popular; his beauties are marred by infelicity of execution; though not deficient in the genius of a poet, he had little of the skill of the artist. The heroic couplet then wandered at will, sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. The sense was not compressed by the form of the verse, or by any correct rules of metrical harmony. Chamberlayne also laboured under the disadvantage of his story being long and intricate, and his style such—from the prolonged tenderness and pathos of his scenes—as could not be appreciated except on a careful and attentive perusal. Denham was patent to all—short, sententious, and perspicuous.

The dissatisfaction of the poet with his obscure and neglected situation, depressed by poverty, breaks out in the following passage, descriptive of a rich simpleton :

How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
In a few dirty acres swaddled, must
Be mounted, in Opinion's empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their centre, and to that
Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age,
The noble soldier sits, whilst, in his cell,
The scholar stews his catholic brains for food.
The traveller returned, and poor may go
A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end
His journey in an hospital; few being
So generous to relieve, where virtue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth, which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else

Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain :
But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive.

The following description of a dream is finely executed, and seems to have suggested, or at least bears a close resemblance to, the splendid opening lines of Dryden's *Religio Laici* :

A Prophetic Dream.

A strong prophetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind
On vain fantastic wings, at length did find
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity
Led into supernatural light, whose rays
As much transcended reason's, as the day's
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
Terrestrial thoughts—like its original
In heaven, pure and immaculate—a fit
Companion for those bright angels' wit
Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' the microcosm, about which is hurled
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin
Those threads of time upon whose strength rely
The ponderous burdens of mortality.
An adamant world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this—framed to endure
The shock of doomsday's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton and the earlier poets, was fond of describing the charms of morning. We have copied one passage in the previous notice of Denham; and numerous brief sketches are interspersed throughout Chamberlayne's works. For example :

Where every bough
Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude wings bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Received from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says, with singular beauty of expression :

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kissed them into heat.

In a grave narrative passage of *Pharonnida*, he stops to note the beauties of the morning :

The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night; the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

Unhappy Love.—From 'Pharonnida.'

'Is't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
Or is't the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honoured births; the envied fate
Of princes off these burdens find from state,

When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
 A negative, make a free happy choice.
 And here she sighed; then with some drops, distilled
 From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled
 The crystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
 Dropped down, she thus recalls again: 'But ne'er,
 Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
 My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
 So much of all those blessings, which their birth
 Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
 Contracting all her curses, cannot make
 A storm of danger loud enough to shake
 Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
 To make the horror of my suffering worse,
 Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
 From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell
 In an eternal stain—my honoured name
 With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
 My reputation spot—affection be
 Termed uncommanded lust—sharp poverty,
 That weed that kills the gentle flower of love,
 As the result of all these ills, may prove
 My greatest misery—unless to find
 Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
 Would I esteem this mercenary band,
 As those far more malignant powers that stand,
 Armed with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
 Fancy directs; but let those souls obey
 Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
 Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
 Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
 That now benights them. Love! with pity hear
 Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
 Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
 To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
 Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687) was a courtly and amatory poet. His poems have all the smoothness and polish of modern verse, and hence a high, perhaps too high, rank has been claimed for him as one of the first refiners and improvers of poetical diction. One cause of Waller's refinement was doubtless his early and familiar intercourse with the court and nobility. He wrote for the world of fashion and of taste—consigning

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade—

and he wrote in the same strain till he was upwards of fourscore! His life has more romance than his poetry. Waller was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3500 per annum. His mother was of the Hampdens of Buckinghamshire, and the poet was cousin to the patriot Hampden, and also related to Oliver Cromwell. His mother was a royalist in feeling, and used to lecture Cromwell for his share in the death of Charles I. Her son, the poet, was either a Roundhead or a royalist, as the time served. He entered parliament and wrote his first poem when he was eighteen. At twenty-five, he married a rich heiress of London, who died the same year, and the poet immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. To this proud and peerless fair one, Waller dedicated the better portion of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. Lady Dorothea, however, was inexorable, and bestowed her hand, in her twenty-second year, on the Earl

of Sunderland. It is said that, meeting her long afterwards, when she was far advanced in years, the lady asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then,' replied the ungallant poet. The incident affords a key to Waller's character. He was easy, witty, and accomplished, but cold and selfish; destitute alike of high principle and deep feeling. As a member of parliament, Waller distinguished himself on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying ship-money. His speech, on delivering the impeachment, was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day. Shortly afterwards, however, Waller joined in a plot to surprise the city militia, and let in the king's forces, for which he was tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £10,000. His conduct on this occasion was mean and abject. At the expiration of his imprisonment, the poet went abroad, and resided, amidst much splendour and hospitality, in France. He returned during the Protectorate, and when Cromwell died, Waller celebrated the event in one of his most vigorous and impressive poems. The image of the Commonwealth, though reared by no common hands, soon fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the Panegyric on Cromwell, and the king himself—who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy—is said to have told him of the disparity. 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed Waller, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.' In the first parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for the town of Hastings, and he served for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. Bishop Burnet says he was the delight of the House of Commons. At the accession of James II. in 1685, the venerable poet, then eighty years of age, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall. The mad career of James, in seeking to subvert the national church and constitution, was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer: 'He will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand.' The editors of Chandler's Debates and the Parliamentary History ascribe to Waller a remarkable speech against standing armies, delivered in the House of Commons in 1685; but according to Lord Macaulay, this speech was really made by Windham, member for Salisbury. 'It was with some concern,' adds the historian, 'that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honourable to him.' Feeling his long-protracted life drawing to a close, Waller purchased a small property at Coleshill, saying: 'He would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.' The wish was not fulfilled; he died at Beaconsfield, on the 21st of October 1687; and in the churchyard of that place—where also rest the ashes of Edmund Burke—a monument has been erected to his memory.

The first collection of Waller's poems was made by himself, and published in the year 1664. It went through numerous editions in his lifetime; and in 1690 a second collection was made of such pieces as he had produced in his latter years. In a poetical dedication to Lady Harley, prefixed to

this edition, and written by Elijah Fenton, Waller is styled

Maker and model of melodious verse.

This eulogium seems to embody the opinion of Waller's contemporaries, and it was afterwards confirmed by Dryden and Pope, who had not sufficiently studied the excellent models of versification furnished by the old poets, and their rich poetical diction. The smoothness of his versification, his good sense, and uniform elegance, rendered him popular with critics as with the multitude; while his prominence as a public man, for so many years, would increase curiosity as to his works. His poems are chiefly short and incidental, but he wrote a poem on Divine Love, in six cantos. Cowley had written his *Davidis*, and recommended sacred subjects as adapted for poetry; but neither he nor Waller succeeded in this new and higher walk of the muse. Such an employment of their talents was graceful and becoming in advanced life, but their fame must ever rest on their light, airy, and occasional poems, dictated by that gallantry, adulation, and play of fancy which characterised the cavalier poets.

On Love.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women—born to be controlled—
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud,
Who first the generous steed oppressed,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppressed
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled

The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do shew
Like moving mountains topped with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.

Ah! Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

From 'A Panegyric to my Lord Protector.'

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known. . . .

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without
noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse!
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
But there, my lord, we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside:
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

The British Navy.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

At Penshurst.

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely
feign

Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung,¹ that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs²
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on
her.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

¹ Sir Philip Sidney.

² Tunbridge Wells.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone,
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so would flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Song.—Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that 's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Old Age and Death.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more:
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON.

Above all the poets of this age, and, in the whole range of English poetry, inferior only to Shakspeare, was JOHN MILTON, born in London, December 9, 1608. His grandfather has been traced to a certain Richard Milton of Stanton St John, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, who was a zealous Catholic, and in the year 1601 was twice fined in the sum of £60, for absenting himself from the parish church, and refusing to conform or submit.* His son, John, the poet's father, nevertheless, embraced the Protestant faith, and was disinherited by his bigoted parent. He established himself in London as a scrivener—one who draws legal contracts, and places money at interest. The firmness and the sufferings of

* See *Life of Milton*, by Professor David Masson—an able work, evincing great research, and containing original information.

the father for conscience' sake tintured the early feelings and sentiments of the son, who was a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom. The paternal example may also have had some effect on the poet's taste and accomplishments. The elder Milton was distinguished as a musical composer, and the son was well skilled in the same soothing and delightful art. The variety and harmony of his versification may, no doubt, be partly traced to the same source. Coleridge styles Milton a musical, not a picturesque poet. The saying, however, is more pointed than correct. In the most musical passages of Milton—as the lyrics in *Comus*—the pictures presented to the mind are as distinct and vivid as the paintings of Titian or Raphael. Milton was educated with great care. He had a private tutor, a Puritan divine, a Scotsman named Thomas Young, and when about the age of twelve he was sent to St Paul's School, London, whence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, being admitted a pensioner in February 1624-5. He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, and jealous of constraint or control. He complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the muse, as Robert Hall, a century and a half afterwards, attributed his first attack of insanity to the flatness of the scenery, and the want of woods in that part of England. Milton was designed for the church, but he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing.' At this time, in his twenty-first year, he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, any one verse of which was sufficient to shew that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry. In 1632, he retired from the university, having taken his degree of M.A. and went to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, studying classical literature, and here he wrote his *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The *Arcades* formed part of a mask, presented to the Countess-dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near Horton, by some noble persons of her family. *Comus*, also a mask, was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician—who taught music in the family—wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation. *Comus* is better entitled to the appellation of a *moral* mask than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to 'moralise the song' with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. *Comus* was first published in 1637, not by its

author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says: 'Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' *Lycidas* was also published the same year. This exquisite poem is a monody on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Milton's descriptive poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are generally referred to the same happy period of his life; but from the cast of the imagery, we suspect they were sketched at St Paul's School or at college, when he walked the 'studious cloisters pale,' amidst 'storied windows' and 'pealing anthems.' In 1638, the poet left the paternal roof, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy, returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris. His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits,' and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition. The statuesque grace and beauty of some of Milton's poetical creations—the figures of Adam and Eve, the angel Raphael, and parts of *Paradise Regained*—were probably suggested by his study of the works of art in Florence and Rome. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the verge of the Vatican; and on his return to his native country, he engaged in controversy against the prelates and the royalists, and vindicated, with characteristic ardour, the utmost freedom of thought and expression. His prose works are noticed in another part of this volume. In 1643, Milton went to the country, and married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a high cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was probably known, as Mr Powell had, many years before, borrowed £500 from his father. He brought his wife to London; but in the short period of a month, the studious habits and philosophical seclusion of the republican poet proved so distasteful to the cavalier's fair daughter, that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and refused to return. Milton resolved to repudiate her, and published some treatises on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses, which allowed of divorcement for uncleanness, was not adultery only, but uncleanness of the mind as well as the body. This dangerous doctrine he maintained through life; but the year after her desertion—when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by soliciting the hand of another lady—his erring and repentant wife fell on her knees before him, 'submissive in distress,' and Milton, like his own Adam, was 'fondly overcome with female charm.' He also behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the Civil War involved them in ruin. In 1649, Milton was appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the council of state. His salary was about £300 per annum, which was afterwards reduced one half, when the duties were shared, first with Philip Meadows, and afterwards with the excellent Andrew Marvell. He served Cromwell when Cromwell had thrown off the mask and assumed all but the name of king; and it is to be regretted that the poet did not, like his friend Bradshaw, disclaim this new and usurped tyranny, though dignified by a master-mind. He was

probably hurried along by the stormy tide of events, till he could not well recede.

For ten years, Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his *Defensio Populi*—he was willing and proud to make the sacrifice—and by the close of the year 1652, he was totally blind, 'dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time. In November 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a child was born to them in October 1657, which died, and in February 1658 the mother also died. The poet consecrated to her memory one of his simple, but solemn and touching sonnets:

Sonnet on his Deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger, but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell, as has been said, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued. *Paradise Lost* was begun about 1658, when the division of the secretaryship gave him greater leisure; it was completed in 1665, as we learn from Ellwood the Quaker, who visited Milton at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the plague, then raging in the metropolis. He had then married a third time. In his helpless state, he stood in need of female assistance and society, and he requested a medical friend, Dr Paget, to recommend him a wife. Paget recommended his own cousin, Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a respectable yeoman residing at Wisaston, near Nantwich in Cheshire. They were married, as recent inquiries have ascertained, in 1663, the lady being then little more than twenty-four years of age. She had no issue by Milton, whom she survived fifty-three years. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. The copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms: an immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition—each edition to consist of 1500 copies—and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678, when the poet was no more, and his widow sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that, in the comparatively short period of two years, the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of *Paradise Lost*

had been sold in the first two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality. In eleven years from the date of its publication, 3000 copies had been sold; and a modern critic has expressed a doubt whether *Paradise Lost*, published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand! The fall of man was a theme suited to the serious part of the community in that age, independently of the claims of a work of genius. The Puritans had not yet wholly died out—their beatific visions were not quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty and sanctified, must have appeared the epic strains of Milton! The blank verse of *Paradise Lost* was, however, a stumbling-block to the reading public. So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published, Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.' In 1671 the poet published his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The severe simplicity and the restricted plan of these poems have rendered them less popular than *Comus* or *Paradise Lost*; but they exhibit the intensity and force of Milton's genius: they were 'the ebb of a mighty tide.' The survey of Greece and Rome in *Paradise Regained*, and the poet's description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich and exuberant as anything in *Paradise Lost*; while his brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness, in the same poem, is perhaps the most strikingly dramatic and effective passage of the kind in all his works. The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. It is pleasing to reflect that Poverty, in her worst shape, never entered his dwelling, irradiated by visions of Paradise; and that, though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle in his house in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—a small house rated at 'four hearths'—on Sunday the 8th of November 1674. By his first rash and ill-assorted marriage, Milton left three daughters, whom, it is said, he taught to read and pronounce several languages, though they only understood their native tongue. He complained that the children were 'undutiful and unkind' to him; and they were all living apart from their illustrious parent for some years before his death. His widow inherited a fortune of about £1000, of which she gave £100 to each of his daughters.*

Milton's early poems have much of the manner of Spenser, particularly his *Lycidas*. In *Comus* there are various traces of Fletcher, Shakspeare, and other poets. Dryden, in his preface to the *Fables*, says: 'Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original.' Browne, Fletcher, Burton, and Drummond also assisted: Milton, as has been happily remarked, was a great collector of sweets from these wild-flowers. Single words,

epithets, and images he freely borrowed, but they were so combined and improved by his own splendid and absorbing imagination, as not to detract from his originality. His imperial fancy, as was said of Burke, laid all art and nature under tribute, yet never lost its 'own original brightness.' Milton's diction is peculiarly rich and pictorial in effect. In force and dignity, he towers over all his contemporaries. He is of no class of poets; 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' The style of Milton's verse was moulded on classic models, chiefly the Greek tragedians; but his musical taste, his love of Italian literature, and the lofty and solemn cast of his own mind, gave strength and harmony to the whole. His minor poems alone would have rendered his name immortal, but there still wanted his great epic to complete the measure of his fame and the glory of his country.

Paradise Lost, or the fall of man, had long been familiar to Milton as a subject for poetry. He at first intended it as a drama, and two draughts of his scheme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. His genius, however, was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem. His *Samson*, though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character. His multifarious learning and uniform dignity of manner would have been too weighty for dialogue; whereas in the epic form, his erudition was well employed in episode and illustration. He was perhaps too profuse of learned illustration, yet there is something very striking and imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities. They are generally sonorous and musical. 'The subject of *Paradise Lost*,' says Campbell, 'was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity. The theme was in its nature connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history; and amidst these circumstances, Milton saw that the fables of paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions, thus connecting and reconciling the co-existence of fable and truth, and thus identifying his fallen angels with the deities of "gay religions full of pomp and gold," he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition.' The first two books of *Paradise Lost* are remarkable for their grandeur and sublimity. The delineation of Satan and the fallen angels 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,' and their assembled deliberations in the infernal council, are astonishing efforts of human genius—'their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception.' At a time when the common superstition of the country presented the Spirit of Evil in the most low and debasing shapes, Milton invested him with colossal strength and majesty, with unconquerable pride and daring, with passion and remorse, sorrow and tears—'the archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured.' Pope has censured the dialogues in heaven as too metaphysical, and every reader feels that they are prolix, and, in some instances, unnecessary and unbecoming.

* Their acknowledgments of the sums received from the widow still exist, and fac-similes of them have been engraved. Anne, the eldest daughter, was unable to write, and makes her mark. The second, Mary, was barely able to trace the letters, in a very rude manner, and she misspells her name *Millton*. The third, Deborah, makes a tolerably distinct signature. Their education must have been very defective.

The taste of Milton, and that of the age in which his mind was formed, inclined towards argumentative speech and theology, and this at times overpowered his poetical imagination. It has also been objected that there is a want of human interest in the poem. This objection, however, is *not* felt. The poet has drawn the characters of Adam and Eve with such surpassing art and beauty, and has invested their residence in Paradise with such an accumulation of charms, that our sympathy with them is strong and unbroken; it accompanies them in their life of innocence, their daily employment among fruits and flowers, their purity, affection, and piety, and it continues after the ruins of the Fall. More perfect and entire sympathy could not be excited by any living agents. In these tender and descriptive scenes, the force and occasional stiffness of Milton's style, and the march of his stately sonorous verse, are tempered and modulated with exquisite skill. The allegorical figures of Sin and Death have been found fault with: 'they will not bear exact criticism,' says Hallam, 'yet we do not wish them away.' They appear to us to be among the grandest of Milton's conceptions—terrific, repulsive, yet sublime, and sternly *moral* in their effects. Who but must entertain disgust and hatred at sin thus portrayed? The battle of the angels in the sixth book is perhaps open to censure. The material machinery is out of place in heaven, and seems to violate even poetical probability. The reader is sensible how the combat must end, and wishes that the whole had been more veiled and obscure. 'The martial demons,' remarks Campbell, 'who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.' The discourses of the angel Raphael, and the vision of Michael in the last two books—leading the reader gently and slowly, as it were, from the empyrean heights down to earth—have a tranquil dignity of tone and pathos that are deeply touching and impressive. The Christian poet triumphs and predominates at the close.

Hymn on the Nativity.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made.
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so),
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And, with your ninefold harmony,
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die ;
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
 day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds out
 brake :
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
 throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
 The Old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures mourn with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälím
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice battered god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ;
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
 maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

Song on May Morning.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing !
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Sonnet 'On his Blindness.'

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : ' God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

When the Assault was intended to the City.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

*On the late Massacre in Piemont.**

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way
 Early, may fly the Babylonian woe.

Scene from 'Comus.'—The Lady loquitur.

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith ; white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings ;
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity !

* In 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piedmont to embrace Popery, or quit their country. All who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre. Those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which nearly £40,000 were collected.—WARTON.

I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove :
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
 I'll venture ; for my new enlivened spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence :
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

The Spirit's Epilogue in 'Comus.'

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring ;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew ;

And drenches with Elysian dew—
List, mortals, if your ears be true—
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done;
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

L' Allegro.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy;

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sages sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'n'ing how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleas-
ures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junksies eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,
That ten days' labourers could not end,
Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And cropful out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem ;
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she—in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain—
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,

With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation :
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night ;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song :
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes ; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Mæusæus from his bowler !
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not tricked and frowned as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced cüire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

From 'Lycidas.'

Yet once more, O ye laurels! and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high laws appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs dancel, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild-thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's car.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Pheebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

Satan's Address to the Sun.

From *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. 32.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice ; and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard,
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks ?
 How due !—yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,
 I 'dained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received ;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged : what burden then ?
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition ! Yet why not ?—some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou, then, or what to
 accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed ; since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe :
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable !—which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 Oh, then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but my submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vanities
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall ; only supreme
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope ; and with hope, farewell fear ;
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,

By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long and this new world shall know.

Assembling of the Fallen Angels.

From the same, Book i. 522.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue : but he, his wanted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard ; that proud honour claimed
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving : with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,
 With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat ;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
 Advanced in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear, and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose. . . . He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
 Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel : but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather—
 Far other once beheld in bliss—condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered : as when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,

Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed ; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

The Garden of Eden.

From the same, Book iv. 131.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and overhead uprew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of statelike view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
That landscape ; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a
league,
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Morning Hymn in Paradise.

From the same, Book v. 153.

' These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end !
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move

In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !'

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flowers ; where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces ; or they led the vine
To wed her elm ; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

Evening in Paradise.

From the same, Book iv. 598.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : ' Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :
'My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?'

To whom our general ancestor replied :
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were
none,

That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.'

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower ; it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use ; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower ;
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and
wrought

Mosaic ; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem : other creatures here,

Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
Such was their awe of Man. . . .

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole : 'Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employed
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

Expulsion from Paradise.

From the same, Book xi. 263 ; Book xii. 526.

He added not ; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire :

'O unexpected stroke ; worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?'

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild :
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine :
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed :
'Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us ; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring ;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes ; all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known : and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries ;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance ; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appeared; under this tree
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talked:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.' . . .

Now, too nigh

The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The cherubim descended; on the ground,
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

Satan's Survey of Greece.

From *Paradise Regained*, Book iv. 237.

Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream: within the walls, then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand; and various-measured verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own:
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Welded at will that fierce democratic,

Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe:
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight:
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL is better known as a prose writer than a poet, and is still more celebrated as a patriotic member of parliament. He was associated with Milton in friendship and in public service. Marvell was born in the village of Winestead, in Lincolnshire, March 2, 1620-21. His father was rector of Winestead, which living he resigned in 1624, for the readership of Trinity Church, Hull. A romantic story is related of the elder Marvell, and of the circumstances attending his death. A young lady from the opposite side of the Humber had visited him on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children. She was to return next day, and though the weather proved tempestuous, the lady insisted on fulfilling the promise she had made to her mother. Mr Marvell accompanied her; but having a presentiment of danger, he threw his cane ashore from the boat, saying to the spectators, that, in case he should perish, the cane was to be given to his son, with the injunction, that he should remember his father. His fears were but too truly verified; the boat went down in the storm, and the party perished. The mother of the young lady, it is added, provided for the orphan child of the deceased minister, and at her death left him her fortune. Young Marvell was educated at Cambridge, and travelled abroad for some time. He was afterwards secretary to the embassy at Constantinople. A letter from Milton to Secretary Bradshaw was, in 1823, discovered in the State Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin secretary, he being a good scholar, and lately engaged by General Fairfax to give instructions in the languages to his daughter. The letter is dated February 1652-3. Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657. Shortly before the Restoration, he was elected member of parliament for his native city. He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected. He maintained a close correspondence with his constituents, and his letters fill four hundred printed pages. His constituents, in return, occasionally sent him a stout cask of ale. Marvell is supposed to have been the last English member who received wages from his constituents.* Charles II. delighted in

* The ancient wages of a burgher, for serving in parliament, were 2s. a day; those of a knight for the shire, 4s. They were reduced to this certain sum the 16th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September 1645, in which the former stipulated to serve without 'any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burghers of the town. The excitement of the Civil War had increased the desire of many to sit in parliament.

his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court, and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member for Hull resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton! The story adds—but the whole seems highly improbable—that when the treasurer was gone, Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea! The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died on the 18th of August 1678, from a tertian ague, unskillfully treated by an ignorant, obstinate doctor (Morton's; *Pyretologia*, 1692). The town of Hull voted a sum of money to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered, and forbade the votive tribute.

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but being written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of date with the circumstances that produced them. In 1672, he attacked Dr (afterwards Bishop) Parker, in a piece entitled *The Rehearsal Transposed*. In this production he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man.' One of Marvell's treatises, *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*, was considered so formidable, that a reward was offered for the discovery of the author and printer. Among the first, if not the very first, traces of that vein of sportive humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, which was afterwards carried to perfection by Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Swift, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though often coarse and personal. His poetry is elegant rather than forcible: it was an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist, but not a substantive ground of honour and distinction. Only a good and amiable man could have written his verses on *The Emigrants in the Bermudas*, so full of tenderness and pathos. His poem on *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, is also finely conceived and expressed.

The Emigrants in the Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unspied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
'What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shews.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.*

The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deadlands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he: 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so

* This piece of Marvell's, particularly the last verse, seems to have been in the mind of Moore when he composed his fine lyric, the *Canadian Boat-song*.

As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say ? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land !

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid,
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

The Death of Cromwell.

From 'A Poem on the Death of His Late Highness, the Lord Protector.'

He without noise still travelled to his end,
As silent suns to meet the night descend ;
The stars that for him fought, had only power
Left to determine now his fatal hour,
Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To choose it worthy of his glories past.
No part of time but bare his mark away
Of honour—all the year was Cromwell's day !
But this of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him victor crowned,
When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
He marched, and through deep Severn, ending
war :
What day should him eternise but the same
That had before immortalised his name ?
That so whoe'er would at his death have joyed
In their own griefs might find themselves employed.
But those that sadly his departure grieved,
Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved.
And the last minute his victorious ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast :
Here ended all his mortal toils ; he laid
And slept in peace under the laurel shade. . . .
I saw him dead : a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes ;

Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed ;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along—
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man !
O human glory vain ! O death ! O wings !
O worthless world ! O transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still, though dead, greater than death, he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens death he yet will live again !

*A Whimsical Satire on Holland.**

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand ;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead ;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell ;
'This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore :
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris ;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away ;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles ;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played ;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To shew them what's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil ;
The earth and water play at level-coil.
The fish oft times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest ;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau ;
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled heeren changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings ;
For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands :
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dike-grave, unperceived invades
The power, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades ;
But, for less envy, some joined states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers :
For these half-anders, half-wet, and half-dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.
'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order ; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
The apostles were so many fishermen ?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptise.

* Holland was the enemy of the Commonwealth, and protector of the exiled king ; therefore odious to Marvell.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

It is rarely that a pasquinade, written to satirise living characters or systems, outlives its own age; and where such is the case, we may well conclude that there is something remarkable in the work, if not in its author. Such a work is *Hudibras*, a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth. Distinguished for felicity of versification and a profusion of wit never excelled in our literature, this poem still retains its place amongst the classic productions of the English muse, although seldom, perhaps, read through at once, for which, indeed, its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. SAMUEL BUTLER was born in 1612 at Strensham, Worcestershire. His father was a farmer, possessing a small estate of his own; of the class of English yeomen. The poet, having received some education at the grammar-school of Worcester, removed to Cambridge, probably with the design of prosecuting his studies there; but, as he is ascertained to have never matriculated, it is supposed that the limited circumstances of his parents had deprived him of the advantages, which he would have enjoyed, of an academical career. On this, as on all other parts of Butler's life, there rests great obscurity. It appears that he spent some years of his youth in performing the duties of clerk to a justice of the peace in his native district, and that in this situation he found means of cultivating his mind. His talents may be presumed to have interested some of his friends and neighbours in his behalf, for he is afterwards found in the family of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of a library, and the advantage of conversation with the celebrated Selden, who often employed the poet as his amanuensis and transcriber. He appears to have had ample leisure for study, and he amused himself, it is said, with music and painting, enjoying the friendship of Samuel Cooper, the popular miniature painter. So far Butler's youth must be considered fortunate, rather than otherwise. He is next found in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Bedfordshire gentleman, whom it is supposed he served in the capacity of tutor. Luke was one of Cromwell's officers—scoutmaster for Bedfordshire—and was probably marked by the well-known peculiarities of his party. The situation could not be a very agreeable one to a man whose disposition was so much towards wit and humour, even though those qualities had not made their owner a royalist, which in such an age they could scarcely fail to do. Daily exposed to association with persons whose character, from antagonism to his own, he could not but dislike, it is not surprising that the now mature muse of Butler should have conceived the design of a general satire on the sectarian party. Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Puritans. The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had only to substitute the extravagances of a political and religious fanaticism for those of chivalry. Luke himself is understood to be depicted in Sir Hudibras, and for this Butler has been accused of a breach of the laws of hospitality: we have no facts to rebut the

charge; but it may in candour be allowed to remain in doubt, until we know something more precise as to the circumstances attending the connection of the poet with his patron.

The Restoration threw a faint and brief sunshine over the life of Butler. He was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbery, president of the principality of Wales; and when the Wardenship of the Marches was revived, the earl made his secretary steward of Ludlow Castle. The poet, now fifty years of age, seemed to add to his security for the future by marrying a widow named Herbert, who was of good family and fortune; but this prospect proved delusive, in consequence of the failure of parties on whom the lady's fortune depended. It was now that Butler appeared as an author. The first part of *Hudibras* was published in 1663, and immediately became popular. Its wit, so suited to the taste of the time, and the breadth of the satiric pictures which it presented, each of which had scores of prototypes within the recollection of all men then living, could not fail to give it extensive currency. By the Earl of Dorset, an accomplished friend of letters, it was introduced to the notice of the court; and the king is said to have had pleasure in reading and quoting it. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third fourteen years later. But though the poet and his work were the praise of all ranks, from royalty downwards, he was himself little benefited by it. What emoluments he derived from his stewardship, or whether he derived any emolument from it at all, does not appear; but according to all contemporary evidence, the latter part of his life was spent in poverty and obscurity in London. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but he never obtained it. The king, it is said, ordered him a present of three hundred guineas, but the statement has received no proof. He was favoured with an interview by the Duke of Buckingham, who, however, seeing two court-ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back, so that Butler had to depart disappointed. Such are the only circumstances related as checking a twenty years' life of obscure misery which befell the most brilliant comic genius that perhaps our country has ever produced. Butler died in 1680, in Rose Street, Covent Garden—the street in which Dryden was waylaid and beaten—and was interred in St Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, the expense of his funeral being defrayed by his friend Mr Longueville.

Hudibras is not only the best burlesque poem written against the Puritans of that age, so fertile in satire, but is the best burlesque in the English language. The same amount of learning, wit, shrewdness, ingenious and deep thought, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery, has never been comprised in the same limits. The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out 'a-colonelling' with his squire Ralph, is of course copied from Cervantes: but the filling-up of the story is original. *Don Quixote* presents us with a wide range of adventures, which interest the imagination and the feelings. There is a freshness and a romance about the Spanish hero, and a tone of high honour and chivalry, which Butler did not attempt to imitate. His object was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to debase

them by low and vulgar associations. It must be confessed that in many of their proceedings there was scope for sarcasm. Their affected dress, language, and manners, their absurd and fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other subjects beneath the dignity of public notice, were fair subjects for the satirical poet. Their religious enthusiasm also led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the kingdom, the Puritans were little guided by considerations of prudence, policy, or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit

That New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.

The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by the royalists, their opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the Puritans had merged into the more sober and discreet English dissenters. The plot or action of *Hudibras* is limited and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which he could hang his satirical portraits and allusions. The first cantos were written early, when the Civil War commenced, but we are immediately conveyed to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The bare idea of a Presbyterian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to redress superstition and correct abuses, has an air of ridicule, and this is kept up by the dialogues between the parties, which are highly witty and ludicrous; by their attack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonment in the stocks; the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady.

The love of *Hudibras* is almost as rich as that of Falstaff, and he argues in the same manner for the utmost freedom, men having, he says, nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the stratagems of the fair. He moralises as follows :

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them : It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own ;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.

The poem was left unfinished, but more of it would hardly have been read even in the days of Charles. There is, in fact, a *plethora* of wit in *Hudibras*, and a condensation of thought and style which becomes oppressive and tiresome. The faculties of the reader cannot be kept in a state of constant tension; and after perusing some thirty or forty pages, he is fain to relinquish

the task, and seek out for the simplicity of nature. Some of the short burlesque descriptions are inimitable. For example, of Morning :

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Of Night :

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes ;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight—
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade—
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light ;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrowed lustre ;
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.

Many of the lines and similes in *Hudibras* are completely identified with the language, and can never be separated from it. Such are the opening lines of Part II. canto iii. :

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat ;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight ;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Or where the knight remarks, respecting the importance of money :

For what in worth is anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring.

Butler says of his brother-poets :

Those that write in rhyme, still make
The one verse for the other's sake ;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

There are a few such compelled rhymes in *Hudibras*, but the number is astonishingly small.

Accomplishments of Hudibras.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why :
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood ;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade :
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant :

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle :
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout ;
Some hold the one, and some the other :
But howsoever they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a fool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such :
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it ;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do ;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word. . . .

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He 'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man 's no horse ;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He 'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talked like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect :
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did
gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large :
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit ;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em,
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

Religion of Hudibras.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended ;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite ;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for ;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin ;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Personal Appearance of Hudibras.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile ;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mixed with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;

With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government ;
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall ;
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow ;
 Of rule as sullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordelier ;
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom with resolution ;
 To oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pulled and torn ;
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,
 Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred ;
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as monarchy should last ;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state ;
 Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow. . . .

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for *his* use,
 Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
 To old king Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own ;
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood ;
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise ;
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stoutly on defence on 't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
 And till th' were stormed and beaten
 out,

Ne'er left the fortified redoubt ;
 And though knights-errant, as some think,
 Of old, did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough deserts vast,
 And regions desolate they passed,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they grazed, there 's not one word
 Of their provision on record ;
 Which made some confidently write
 They had no stomachs but to fight.
 'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingal ;
 On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights dined ;
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
 In which he carried as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat ;
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digressed,

As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
 ' His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both ;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack :
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorned to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face.
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appeared with courage bolder
 Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder :
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age ;
 And therefore waited on him so
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do :
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting, or for drugging :
 When it had stabbed or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, would not care :
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure,
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.*

Miscellaneous Thoughts.—From Butler's Remains.

The truest characters of ignorance
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.
 All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
 The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
 Is forced for every carat to abate
 As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
 For wretched mortals to possess ;
 For could it hold inviolate
 Against those cruelties of fate
 Which all felicities below
 By rigid laws are subject to,
 It would become a bliss too high
 For perishing mortality ;
 Translate to earth the joys above ;
 For nothing goes to heaven but love.
 All love at first, like generous wine,
 Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
 For when 'tis settled on the lee,
 And from the impurer matter free,
 Becomes the richer still the older,
 And proves the pleasanter the colder.

* An allusion to Cromwell. There was a tradition that the Protector's father had a brewery in Huntingdon, which was carried on successfully after his death by his widow. It is certain that the premises occupied by the family had previously been employed as a brewery. The father, Robert Cromwell, was a country gentleman of good estate, younger son of a knight.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year ;
So when their glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to shew
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

To his Mistress.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.
In its own ashes it designed
For ever to have lain ;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

CHARLES COTTON.

The name of CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) calls up a number of agreeable associations. It is best known from its piscatory and affectionate union with that of good old Izaak Walton ; but Cotton was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. His father, Sir George Cotton, died in 1658, leaving the poet an estate at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove, so celebrated in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated several works from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. In his fortieth year, he obtained a captain's commission in the army ; and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a year. It does not appear, however, that Cotton ever got out of his difficulties. The lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends, amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indelicate ; but he wrote also some copies of verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, *A Journey to Ireland*, seems to have anticipated, as Campbell remarks, the manner of Anstey in the *New Bath Guide*. As a poet, Cotton may be ranked with Andrew Marvell.

The New Year.

Hark ! the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself 's not far ;
And see ! where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.

With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy ;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seemed but now.
His reversed face may shew distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past ;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye ;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.

Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born ?
Plague on 't ! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof ;
Or, at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too ;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good :
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall ;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort :
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best :
Mirth always should good-fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet ;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

Invitation to Izaak Walton.

In his eighty-third year, Walton professed a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into a country then difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton, and, doubtless, to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove. To this journey he seems to have been invited by Cotton in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his poems in 1689, and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr Izaak Walton.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here :

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam ;
A warm, but not a scorching sun ;
A southern gale to curl the stream ;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey ;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme ;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

A Welsh Guide.

The sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine overnight ;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up 's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed ;
With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked ;
But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice,
And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice ;
Which having turned off, I then call to pay,
And packing my navls, whipt to horse, and away.
A guide I had got who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales :
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is ;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges ;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest ;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades ;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades ;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-galled withal ;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall ;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll
spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair ;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail ;
Now, such as the beast was, even such was the
rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider ;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat ;
Ev'n such was my guide and his beast ; let them
pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

The Retirement.

Stanzas Irregulars, to Mr Izaak Walton.

Farewell, thou busy world ! and may
We never meet again ;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice do reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !
How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord, what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !
What peace, what unanimity !
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation !

Oh, how happy here 's our leisure !
Oh, how innocent our pleasure !
Oh, ye valleys ! Oh, ye mountains !
Oh, ye groves and crystal fountains !
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none !
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam !
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty ;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learned, industriously to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot shew ;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compared with thine ;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare ;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority ;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh, my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
And from the vales, to view the noble heights above !
Oh, my beloved caves ! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat ;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take !

How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord, would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place—
Which most men in discourse disgrace—
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

The reign of Charles II. was a period fraught with evil and danger to all the sober restraints, the decencies, and home-bred virtues of domestic life. Poetry suffered in the general deterioration, and Pope has said, that

In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1634-1685), was the nephew and godson of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. He travelled abroad during the Civil War, and returned at the time of the Restoration, when he was made captain of the band of pensioners, and subsequently Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. Roscommon, like Denham, was addicted to gambling; but he cultivated his taste for literature, and produced a poetical *Essay on Translated Verse*, a translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and some other minor pieces. He planned, in conjunction with Dryden, a scheme for refining our language and fixing its standard; but, while meditating on this and similar topics connected with literature, the arbitrary measures of James II. caused public alarm and commotion. Roscommon, dreading the result, prepared to retire to Rome, saying, it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked. An attack of gout prevented the poet's departure. He died, and was buried (January 21, 1684-5) in Westminster Abbey. 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Iræ* :

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

The only work of Roscommon's which may be said to elevate him above mediocrity, is his *Essay on Translated Verse*, in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham. It was published in 1681; and it is worthy of remark, that Roscommon notices the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*—published only four years before—for its sublimity. Dryden has heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise, and Pope has said that 'every author's merit was his own.' Posterity has not confirmed these judgments.

Roscommon stands on the same ground with Denham—elegant and sensible, but cold and unimpassioned. We shall subjoin a few passages from his *Essay on Translated Verse* :

The Modest Muse.

With how much ease is a young maid betrayed—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.

He that brings fulsome objects to my view—
As many old have done, and many new—
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse, with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

Caution against False Pride.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.
But few—O few! souls pre-ordained by fate,
The race of gods, have reached that envied height.
No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride—of all others the most dangerous fault—
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

How many ages since has Virgil writ!
 How few are they who understand him yet!
 Approach his altars with religious fear;
 No vulgar deity inhabits there.
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
 Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
 Muse!

An Author must Feel what he Writes.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compelled by want to prostitute the pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares;
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse;
 'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse;
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
 No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel transport them when they write.

On the Day of Judgment.

Version of the *Dies Iræ*.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
 Behold the pale offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
 The sacred mystic book be read,
 To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
 He makes each secret sin be known,
 And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
 To save my last important stake,
 When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
 Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
 In storms of guilty terror tossed. . . .

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
 My God, my Father, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
 Who rise to a reviving death.
 Thou great Creator of mankind,
 Let guilty man compassion find!

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), is known principally from his having—to use the figurative language of Johnson—'blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,' and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Like most of the courtiers of the day, Rochester travelled in France and Italy. He was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery. In the heat of an engagement, he went to carry a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character forsook Rochester in England, for he was accused of betraying cowardice in street-quarrels, and he refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham. In the profligate court of Charles, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, and his having been *five years* in a state of inebriety, are circumstances well known and partly admitted by himself. It is remarkable, however, that his domestic letters shew him in a different light—'tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son.' His repentance itself says something for the natural character of the unfortunate profligate: to judge from the memoir left by Dr Burnet, who was his lordship's spiritual guide on his death-bed, it was sincere and unreserved. We may, therefore, with some confidence, set down Rochester as one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency, than of external corrupting circumstances. It may fairly be said of him, 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.' His poems consist of slight effusions, thrown off without labour. Many of them are so very licentious as to be unfit for publication; but in one of these, he has given *in one line* a happy character of Charles II.:

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

His songs are sweet and musical. Rochester wrote a poem *Upon Nothing*, which is merely a string of puns and conceits. It opens, however, with a fine image:

Nothing! thou elder brother even to shade,
 That hadst a being ere the world was made,
 And, well fixed, art alone of ending not afraid.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin;
 'Tis not for pity that I move;
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 Or learn you mine of loving.
 But whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquished die with pleasure.

Constancy—A Song.

I cannot change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn ;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try ;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, killed with grief, Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall ;
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

Song.

Too late, alas ! I must confess,
 You need not arts to move me ;
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a tender story.

Song.

My dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When, with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can warm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

A few specimens of Rochester's letters to his wife and son are subjoined :

I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well ; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can be ; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy ; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me ; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it ; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury ; in the meantime, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr Morgan I have sent in this errand, because he

plays the rogue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured ; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town ; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts ; but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected ; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually be performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any further ; only, dear wife, I am your humble servant,
 ROCHESTER.

MY WIFE—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more ; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply ; you may therefore secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me ; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth ; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part ; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of your humble servant,
 ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury some time next week.

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shewn in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough ; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever ; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me ; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers.
 ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me, though seldom, and I wish heartily you would behave yourself so as that I might shew how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you.
 ROCHESTER.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II.—as witty and gallant as Rochester, as fine a poet, and a better man. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became

such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments, that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and morals, were squandered away at court; but latterly the poet redeemed himself, became a constant attender of parliament, in which he had a seat, opposed the arbitrary measures of James II. and assisted to bring about the Revolution. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and created her Countess of Dorchester—a circumstance which probably quickened the poet's zeal against the court. 'I hate ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley; 'and as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'—alluding to the Princess Mary, married to the Prince of Orange. Sir Charles wrote plays and poems, which were extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham eulogised the *witchcraft* of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' His songs are light and graceful, with a more studied and felicitous diction than is seen in most of the court-poets. One of the finest, *Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit*, has been often printed as the composition of the Scottish patriot, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session;* the verses occur in Sedley's play, *The Mulberry Garden*, 1668. Sedley's conversation was highly prized, and he lived on, delighting all his friends, till past his sixtieth year. As he says of one of his own heroines, he

Bloomed in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Song.

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

* The error may have arisen from the circumstance that Allan Ramsay published the song, without the author's name, in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1724. Ramsay made several alterations—for example:

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

Song.

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

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemea,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

Song.

Phyllis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harmless bee can feed,
And not impair the flower.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine
As doth thy beauty now.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I'm richer than before!

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (1624-1673), was specially distinguished for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the Commonwealth, and for her indefatigable pursuit of literature. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle, and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The marquis took up his residence at Antwerp, till the troubles were over, and there his lady wrote and published (1653) a volume, entitled *Poems and Fancies*. The marquis assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole has ridiculed in his *Royal and Noble Authors*; and so indefatigable were the noble pair, that they filled nearly twelve volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, philosophical fancies, &c. 'It pleased God,' she said, 'to command his servant Nature, to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth.' In her dresses the duchess was as peculiar as in her books. 'I took great delight,' she confesses, 'in attiring myself in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself.' Of these we learn something from Secretary Pepys. 'Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body.' Pepys afterwards saw her in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running after her! The duchess wrote the life of her husband the duke, a work which Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough. It is interesting from the complete devotion of the writer to her husband (whom she ranks above Julius Cæsar), and from the picture it presents of antiquated gallantry, chivalrous loyalty, and pure affection. Loving and flattering one another, the duke and duchess lived on in their eccentric magnificent way for many years; and when both were gone, a stately monument in Westminster Abbey bore record that there lay 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess,' adding, in language written by the duchess, which Addison admired, 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.' The most popular of the duchess's poetical effusions is entitled *The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land*. It often echoes the imagery of Shakspeare, but has some fine lines, descriptive of the elfish queen:

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbs in beauty shew.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

Mirth and Melancholy is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

MRS KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631-1664) was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a *Discourse on Friendship*. Her poetical name of *Orinda* was highly popular with her contemporaries. This amiable lady was the wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan.

Against Pleasure—an Ode.

There's no such thing as pleasure here;
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being then in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloyed,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,
'T would be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame,
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant Shame?
The experienced prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure—'It is mad.'

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, and whose masculine satire has never been excelled, was born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. His father, Erasmus Driden (the poet first spelled the name with a *y*), was a strict Puritan, of an ancient family, long established in Northamptonshire, and possessed of a small estate, Blakesley—worth about £60 per annum—which the poet inherited. He was the eldest of fourteen children. His

mother was Mary, daughter of the Rev. H. Pickering, rector of Aldwinckle All Saints. Dryden was educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first acknowledged publication was a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, 1649. Next year he wrote some commendatory verses prefixed to the poems of John Hoddesdon; but his most important and promising early production was a set of *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Cromwell (1659), which possess a certain ripeness of style and versification that foretold future excellence. In all Waller's poem on the same subject, there is nothing equal to such verses as the following :

(6)

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

(18)

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

When monarchy was restored, Dryden went over with the tuneful throng who welcomed in Charles II. He had done with the Puritans, and he wrote poetical addresses to the king and the lord chancellor: *Astræa Redux* (1660); a *Panegyric*, addressed to the king on his coronation (1661); *To Lord Chancellor Clarendon* (1662). The amusements of the drama revived after the Restoration, and Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. His numerous dramas will be afterwards noticed. In December 1663, he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match was an unhappy one; the lady's conduct had not been free from reproach, and her temper was violent. The poet afterwards revenged himself by constantly inveighing against matrimony. In his play of the *Spanish Friar*, he most unpolitely states that 'woman was made from the dross and refuse of a man;' upon which his antagonist, Jeremy Collier, remarks, with some humour and smartness, 'I did not know before that a man's dross lay in his ribs; I believe it sometimes lies higher.' All Dryden's plays are marked with licentiousness, that vice of the age, which he fostered, rather than attempted to check. In 1667, he published a long poem, *Annus Mirabilis*, being an account of the great events of the previous twelve months, 1665-6—the Dutch War, the Plague, and the Fire of London. This poem abounds in vigorous, picturesque description. Dryden's next work (published in 1668) was an *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, in which he vindicates the use of rhyme in tragedy. The style of his prose was easy, natural, and graceful. The poet undertook to write for the king's players no less than three plays a year, for which he was to receive one share and a quarter in the profits of the theatre—said to be about £300 per annum. He was afterwards made poet-laureate and royal historiographer, with a salary of £100 each office, and with the laureateship was the usual tierce of wine. It appears that, in 1684, four years of the laureate pension were due, and the poet wrote to Lord Rochester, First Lord of the Treasury, supplicating some payment to account, or 'some small employment in the Customs or Excise.' A

certain portion of the arrear was paid, and a pension of £100 per annum was granted to him in addition to his salary as laureate and historiographer. Dryden went on manufacturing his rhyming plays, in accordance with the vitiated French taste which then prevailed. He got involved in controversies and quarrels, chiefly at the instigation of Rochester, who set up a wretched rhymester, Elkanah Settle, in opposition to Dryden. The great poet was also successfully ridiculed by Buckingham in his *Rehearsal*. In November 1681, Dryden published the satire of *Absalom and Achitophel*, written in the style of a scriptural narrative, the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries to whom the author assigned places in his poem. The Duke of Monmouth was Absalom; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Achitophel; while the Duke of Buckingham was drawn under the character of Zimri. The success of this bold political satire—the most vigorous and elastic, the most finely versified, varied, and beautiful, which the English language can boast—was almost unprecedented. Dryden was now placed above all his poetical contemporaries. Shortly afterwards (March 1682), he continued the feeling against Shaftesbury in a poem called *The Medal, a Satire against Sedition*. The attacks of a rival poet, Shadwell, drew another vigorous satire from Dryden, *Mac-Flecknoe* (October 1682). A month afterwards, a second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* was published, but the body of the poem was written by Nahum Tate. Dryden contributed about two hundred lines, containing highly wrought characters of Settle and Shadwell, under the names of Doeg and Og. 'His antagonists,' says Scott, 'came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage; but the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point.' In the same year was published Dryden's *Religio Laici*, a poem written to defend the Church of England against the dissenters, yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion. The opening of this poem is singularly solemn and majestic :

Reason and Religion.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Dryden's doubts about religion were dispelled by his embracing the Roman Catholic faith. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the court of James II. and gladly exclaimed :

Good life be now my task—my doubts are done.

His pension was at first stopped by James, but it was resumed. Mr Bell, one of the late editors of Dryden, has stated that the pension was

resumed while the poet was still a Protestant, in 1685-6: 'the defence of the Duchess of York's paper, in which Dryden for the first time espoused the doctrines of the Church of Rome, appeared late in 1686.' We regret to find that this defence cannot be maintained. Dryden's pension was restored by letters-patent on the 4th of March 1685-6, but 'his apostasy,' says Lord Macaulay, 'had been the talk of the town at least six weeks before. See Evelyn's *Diary*, January 19, 1685-6.' And certainly, in Evelyn's *Diary* of the date specified, is an entry alluding to the talk that Dryden and his sons had gone over to the Romish Church, by which Evelyn thought the church would gain no great credit. The poet's change of religion happening at a time when it suited his interests to become a Catholic, was looked upon with suspicion. The candour evinced by Dr Johnson on this subject, and the patient inquiry of Sir Walter Scott, may be noted. We may lament the fall of the great poet, but his conduct is not necessarily open to the charge of sordid and unprincipled selfishness. He brought up his family, and died in his new belief. The first public fruits of Dryden's change of creed were his allegorical poem of the *Hind and Panther* (April 1687), in which the main argument of the Roman Church—all that has or can be said for tradition and authority—is fully stated. 'The wit in the *Hind and Panther*,' says Hallam, 'is sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning is sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in verse.' The hind is the Church of Rome; the panther, the Church of England. The Independents, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sects are represented as bears, hares, boars, &c. The Calvinists are strongly but coarsely caricatured:

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famished face—
Never was so deformed a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,*
Close clapped for shame, but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

The obloquy and censure which Dryden's change of religion entailed upon him, is glanced at in the *Hind and Panther*, with more depth of feeling than he usually evinced:

If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride!
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice!
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

He had previously, in the same poem, alluded to the weight of ancient witness or tradition, which

had prevailed over private reason; and his feelings were strongly excited:

But, gracious God! how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed,
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!

The Revolution in 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices. But the want of independent income seems only to have stimulated his faculties, and his latter unendowed years produced the noblest of his works. Besides several plays, he gave to the world, in 1692, versions of Juvenal and Persius, in which he was aided by his sons; and a translation of Virgil, published in 1697, but the work of nearly three years. This is considered the least happy of all his great works. Dryden was deficient in sensibility, while Virgil excels in tenderness and in a calm and serene dignity. This laborious undertaking brought the poet a sum of about £1200. His publisher, Tonson, endeavoured in vain to get the poet to inscribe the translation to King William, and failing in this, he took care to make the engraver 'aggravate the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance.' The immortal *Ode to St Cecilia*, commonly called *Alexander's Feast*, was Dryden's next work (1697); and it is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions. 'No one has ever qualified his admiration of this noble poem.' In 1700, Dryden published his *Fables*, 7500 verses, more or less, as the contract with Tonson bears, being a partial delivery to account of 10,000 verses, which he agreed to furnish for the sum of 250 guineas, to be made up to £300 upon publication of a second edition. The poet was then in his sixty-eighth year, but his fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, or a river that expands in breadth, and fertilises a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulfed in the ocean. The *Fables* are imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer, and afford the finest specimens of Dryden's happy versification. No narrative poems in the language have been more generally admired or read. They shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May 1700. A subscription was made for a public funeral; and his remains, after being embalmed, and lying in state twelve days, were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden has been very fortunate in his critics, annotators, and biographers. His life by Johnson is the most carefully written, the most eloquent and discriminating, of all the *Lives of the Poets*. Malone collected and edited his essays and other prose writings. Sir Walter Scott wrote a copious life of the poet, and edited a complete edition of his works, the whole extending to eighteen volumes. A late edition (1870) has been ably and carefully edited by Mr W. D. Christie.

* An allusion, no doubt, to the Geneva gown.

It has become the fashion to print the works of some of our poets in the order in which they were written, not as arranged and published by themselves. Cowper and Burns have been presented in this shape, and the consequence is, that light ephemeral trifles, or personal sallies, are thrust in between the more durable memorials of genius, disturbing their symmetry and effect. In the case of Dryden, however, such a chronological survey would be instructive; for between the *Annus Mirabilis* and the *Ode to St Cecilia* or the *Fables*, through the plays and poems, how varied is the range in style and taste! It is like the progress of Spenser's 'Good Knight,' through labyrinths of uncertainty, fantastic conceits, flowery vice, and unnatural splendour, to the sober daylight of truth, virtue, and reason. Dryden never attained to finished excellence in composition. His genius was debased by the false taste of the age, and his mind vitiated by its bad morals. He mangled the natural delicacy and simplicity of Shakspeare's *Tempest*; and where even Chaucer is pure, Dryden is impure. 'This great high-priest of all the nine,' remarks Campbell, 'was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of "Eloisa" fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draught of her passion.' But if Dryden was deficient in the higher emotions of love and tenderness, their absence is partly atoned for in his late works, by wide surveys of nature and mankind, by elevated reasoning and declamation, and by the hearty individuality of his satire. The 'brave negligence' of his versification, and his 'long resounding line,' have an indescribable charm. His style is like his own panther, of the 'spotted kind,' and its faults and virtues lie equally mixed; but it is beloved in spite of spots and blemishes, and pleases longer than the verse of Pope, which, like the milk-white hind, is 'immortal and unchanged.' The satirical portraits of Pope, excepting those of Addison, Atossa, and Lord Hervey, are feeble compared with those of Dryden, whom he acknowledged to be his master and instructor in versification. Dryden, with his tried and homely materials, and bold pencil, was true to nature; his sketches are still fresh as a Van Dyck or Rembrandt. His language was genuine English. He was sometimes *Gallicised* by the prevailing taste of the day; but he felt that this was a license to be sparingly used. 'If too many foreign words are poured in upon us,' said he, 'it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.' In better times, and with more careful culture, Dryden's genius would have avoided the vulgar descents which he seldom escaped, except in his most finished passages and his choicest lyrical odes. As it is, his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven. The natural freedom and magnificence of his verse it would be vain to eulogise.

Character of Shaftesbury.

From *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;*
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
'To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state:
'To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin †
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.—From the same.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;

* The proposition of Dryden, that great wit is allied to madness, will not bear the test of scrutiny. It has been successfully combated by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. 'The greatest wits,' says Lamb, 'will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them.' Shaftesbury's restlessness was owing to his ambition and his vanity; to a want of judgment and principle, not to an excess of wit.

† The Abbethdin (so spelt by Dryden) was president of the Jewish judicature, literally father (*ab*) of the house of judgment (*beth-din*).—CHRISTIE.

So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate ;
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel :
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth.—From the same.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire ;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promised land ;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage :
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !
Thee, Saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless :
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name :
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise ;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight ;
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree ;
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate ;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill—
For human good depends on human will—
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent ;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies !
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared, when fortune called him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the example of declining age ;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now as when on Jordan's sand,
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand !

The Hind and the Panther.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged ;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die. . . .
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey !
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.

Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak ;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to shew her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped halfway down, nor lower fell ;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.

*Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew.**

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest ;
Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace ;
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss :
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse ;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of poesy were given ;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there :
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good ;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood ;
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind !
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind.
Return to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial
kind. . . .

O gracious God ! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy !
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love !
Oh wretched we ! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age—
Nay, added fat pollutions of our own—
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage ?
What can we say to excuse our second fall ?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all ;
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled ;
Her wit was more than man ; her innocence a child. . . .

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations underground ;

* Daughter of Dr Henry Killigrew, a prebendary of Westminster. She died of small-pox in 1685, aged twenty-five. A volume of her poems was published after her death.

When in the valley of Jehoshaphat
The judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And there the last assigns keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to shew,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

Satire on Shadwell.—From 'Mac-Flecknoe.'

All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe¹ found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried: "Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell,² alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology !'

From the Epistle 'To my dear Friend, Mr Congreve, on his Comedy called the Double Dealer.'

O that your brows my laurel had sustained !
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned :
The father had descended for the son ;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose :
But now, not I, but poetry is cursed ;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.³
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy—thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made,
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.

¹ Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and a well-known poetaster and dramatist, who died in 1678.

² Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic author, was a rival of Dryden, both in politics and poetry. His scenes of low comedy evince considerable talent in the style of Ben Jonson, whom he also resembled in his person and habits.

³ Thomas Shadwell and Thomas Rymer, editor of the *Federa*.

Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion ; this your native store ;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much ; she could not give him more.

Maintain your post : that's all the fame you need ;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence ;
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend !
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you :
And take for tribute what these lines express :
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

*On Milton.**

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in lofiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go ;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

The Swallow.—From the Hind and Panther.

The swallow, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold ;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine :
This merry chorister had long possessed
Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turned up the wrong side of the year ;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow :
Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew ;
When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven and warmer climes,
Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
And, called in common council, vote a flight.
The day was named, the next that should be fair ;
All to the general rendezvous repair ;
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves
in air.

Who but the swallow now triumphs alone ?
The canopy of heaven is all her own :
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers, to refresh their wings.

Dreams.—From 'The Cock and the Fox,' modernised from Chaucer.

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :¹
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad :
Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;

* Printed under a portrait of Milton prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, folio, 1688.

¹ Perhaps a misprint, as suggested by Leigh Hunt, for
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.

And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music—A Song in Honour of St Cecilia's Day, 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.

Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
'Revenge, revenge!' Timotheus cries;
'See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Theodore and Honoria.—From Boccace.

Of all the cities in Roman lands,
 The chief, and most renowned, Ravenna stands,
 Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
 And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
 But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
 With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
 The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
 And all in feats of chivalry excelled.
 This noble youth to madness loved a dame
 Of high degree ; Honoria was her name ;
 Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a kind,
 Proud of her birth—for equal she had none—
 The rest she scorned, but hated him alone.
 His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained ;
 For she, the more he loved, the more disdained.
 He lived with all the pomp he could devise,
 At tilts and tournaments obtained the prize,
 But found no favour in his lady's eyes :
 Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
 Turned all to poison that he did or said :
 Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offered vows, could move ;
 The work went backward ; and the more he strove
 T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
 Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
 For who would die to gratify a foe ?
 His generous mind disdained so mean a fate ;
 That passed, his next endeavour was to hate.
 But vainer that relief than all the rest ;
 The less he hoped, with more desire possessed ;
 Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
 Change was the next, but change deceived his care ;
 He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
 As men by fasting starve the untamed disease :
 But present love required a present ease.
 Looking, he feels alone his famished eyes,
 Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
 Wasting at once his life and his estate.
 His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain ?
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :
 This means they long proposed, but little gained,
 Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtained.
 Hard you may think it was to give consent,
 But struggling with his own desires he went,
 With large expense, and with a pompous train,
 Provided as to visit France or Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
 But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short ;
 Confined within the purlieus of the court,
 Three miles he went, no farther could retreat ;
 His travels ended at his country-seat :
 To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay.
 The spring was in the prime ; the neighbouring
 grove
 Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
 Music unbought, that ministered delight
 To morning walks, and lulled his cares by night :

There he discharged his friends, but not the expense
 Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
 He lived as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge ;
 With house and heart still open to receive ;
 As well content as love would give him leave :
 He would have lived more free ; but many a guest,
 Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.

It happened one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed ;
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On every side surrounded by the wood :
 Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find ;
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed ;
 The winds within the quivering branches played,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made.
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
 He wandered on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :
 The day already half his race had run,
 And summoned him to due repast at noon,
 But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
 More than a mile immersed within the wood,
 At once the wind was laid ; the whispering sound
 Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rocked the ground :
 With deeper brown the grove was overspread ;
 A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled ;
 Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh
 Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye.
 Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself—and whole ;
 Not long : for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid,
 And filled with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
 With briars and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood ;
 From thence the noise, which now, approaching
 near,
 With more distinguished notes invades his ear ;
 He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
 With hair dishevelled, issuing through the shade ;
 Stripped of her clothes, and even those parts revealed
 Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed.
 Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
 With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn ;
 Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
 And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued :
 Oft they came up, and pinched her tender side ;
 ' Mercy, O mercy, Heaven ! ' she ran, and cried ;
 When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold
 again,

Then sprung she forth, they followed her again.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
 High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase ;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were filled,
 And in his hands a naked sword he held :
 He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vowed revenge on her devoted head.
 As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action roused his manly mind ;
 Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarmed, resolved to give her aid.
 A sapling pine he wrenched from out the ground,
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.
 Thus furnished for offence, he crossed the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
 Thus in imperious tone forbade the war :
 ' Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief ;
 But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way :

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betrayed,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.'

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed;
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet armed with inborn worth: 'Whate'er,' said he,
'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;'
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:

'Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget;
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I loved this haughty maid;
Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answered with disdain:
She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain.
Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell.

'Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepenting sin she died,
Doomed to the same bad place is punished for her
pride;

Because she deemed I well deserved to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were
cast,

And this irrevocable sentence passed:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renewed to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doomed to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her opened back or tender side,
And tear that hardened heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a
feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain.'

This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfilled their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue;
Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
'Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustained her hate,
So many years is she condemned by Fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.'

Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstart fresh, already closed the wound,
And unconcerned for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:

The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanished from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wished to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend,
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolved within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspired from Heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor palled his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
'What you have often counselled, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduced to bounds by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honor, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next, for that 's the appointed day.'

Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolved, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
A feast prepared with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordained was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contrived to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blackened, rolled the thunder, groaned the ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
And griped her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in
blood.

Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to
speed.

She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent—
A guest unbidden—to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordained for punish-
ment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest.
The women shrieked, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid;
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandished at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And withered all their strength before he strook:

' Back, on your lives ! let be,' said he, ' my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destined way ;
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against the eternal doom of Providence :
 Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed :
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.'
 At this the former tale again he told
 With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold :
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warned a second time,
 But bore each other back : some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much-lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
 And now the infernal minister advanced,
 Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
 Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, the offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other stared,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared ;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
 The fright was general ; but the female band—
 A helpless train—in more confusion stand :
 With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ;
 For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case
 their own.
 So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
 They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
 On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
 But most the proud Honoria feared the event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
 And the same fate to the same sin assigned ;
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear ;
 Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer :
 The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around ;
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground ;
 When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
 Nor stayed the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stayed,
 But followed, as before, the flying maid :
 The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurred :
 The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light,
 And Nature stood recovered of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remained behind,
 And horror heavy sat on every mind.
 Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
 But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
 Some deep designs ; which, when Honoria viewed,
 The fresh impulse her former fright renewed ;
 She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
 And him the grisly ghost that spurred the infernal
 steed :
 The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
 Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
 Regardless passed her o'er ; nor graced with kind
 adieu ;
 That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
 The downfall of her empire she divined,
 And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
 Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
 Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
 And of the sight obscene so lately viewed.
 None dost arraign the righteous doom she bore ;
 Even they who pitied most, yet blamed her more ;
 The parallel they needed not to name,
 But in the dead they damned the living dame.
 At every little noise she looked behind,
 For still the knight was present to her mind :

And anxious oft she started on the way,
 And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for
 his prey.

Returned, she took her bed with little rest,
 But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast :
 Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again ;
 The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
 And the same dreams returned with double pain.
 Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap
 She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
 And feared, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
 Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;
 Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed ;
 Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed.
 Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
 Her soul forethought the fiend would change his
 game,
 And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
 And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the
 plain.

This dreadful image so possessed her mind,
 That, desperate any succour else to find,
 She ceased all farther hope ; and now began
 To make reflection on the unhappy man,
 Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved ;
 Proof to disdain, and not to be removed :
 Of all the men respected and admired ;
 Of all the dames, except herself, desired :
 Why not of her ? preferred above the rest
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed ?
 So had another been, where he his vows addressed.
 This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
 That, once disdaining, she might be disdained.
 The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed ;
 Fear of her life by hellish hounds assailed :
 He took a lowering leave ; but who can tell
 What outward hate might inward love conceal ?
 Her sex's arts she knew ; and why not then
 Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?
 Here hope began to dawn ; resolved to try,
 She fixed on this her utmost remedy :
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, beloved above the rest ;
 Secure of her, the secret she confessed ;
 And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled ;
 She with no winding turns the truth concealed,
 But put the woman off, and stood revealed :
 With faults confessed, commissioned her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe ;
 The welcome message made, was soon received ;
 'Twas what he wished, and hoped, but scarce believed ;
 Fate seemed a fair occasion to present ;
 He knew the sex, and feared she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remained to gain her friends (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare) ;
 But she with such a zeal the cause embraced
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste),
 The father, mother, and the kin beside,
 Were overborne by fury of the tide ;
 With full consent of all, she changed her state ;
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warned, the rest beware ;
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;
 And that one hunting, which the devil designed
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Enjoyment of the Present Hour.

From the twenty-ninth ode of the Third Book of Horace.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of Fortune's power :

The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered
honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour!

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Southey has said that the age from Dryden to Pope is the worst age of English poetry. In this interval—which was but short, for Dryden bore fruit to the last, and Pope was early in blossom—there were about twenty poets, most of whom might be blotted from our literature, without being missed or regretted. The names of Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Hughes, Blackmore, Fenton, Yalden, Hammond, Savage, &c. have been preserved by Dr Johnson, but they excite no poetical associations. Their works present a dead-level of tame and uninteresting mediocrity. The artificial taste introduced in the reign of Charles II. to the exclusion of the romantic spirit which animated

the previous reign, sunk at last into a mere collocation of certain phrases and images, of which each repetition was more weak than the last. Pope revived the national spirit by his polished satire and splendid versification; but the true poetical feeling lay dormant till Thomson's *Seasons* and Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* spoke to the heart of the people, and recalled the public taste from art to nature.

Of the artificial poets of this age, JOHN PHILIPS (1676–1708) evinced considerable talent in his *Splendid Shilling*, a parody on the style of Milton. He was the son of Dr Philips, archdeacon of Salop. Philips wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim (1705), and another on Cider, the latter in imitation of the *Georgics*. This was published in 1708, Tonson the publisher purchasing the copyright for forty guineas. Philips was an avowed imitator of Milton, but regretted that, like his own Abdiel, the great poet had not been 'faithful found.'

But he—however let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learned to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent—
Mean follower.

The notion that Philips was able, by whatever he might write, to blast the fame of Milton, is one of those preposterous conceits which even able men will sometimes entertain.

The Splendid Shilling.

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall¹ repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a vorder size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton—versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale—when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the Avonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;

¹ Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear : a chilly sweat beflows
My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell !—
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men !—Behind him
stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued : if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable ; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils :
Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake ;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain ; awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,

Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued—what will not time subdue !—
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks !—
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shattered
oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming ! horrors seize
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears ;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray ;
(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable ; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET (1667–1703) was the son of a clergyman, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, and himself a minister of the Church of England. He obtained the rectory of Malden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment ; but the bishop of London considered, unjustly, his poem, the *Choice*, as conveying an immoral sentiment, and rejected the poetical candidate. Detained in London by this unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught the small-pox, and died. His works consist of occasional poems and some *Pindaric Essays*, the latter evidently copied from Cowley. The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered—we can hardly say read—is the *Choice*. Dr Johnson remarks that no composition in our language has been oftener perused ; and Southey asks why Pomfret's *Choice* is the most popular poem in the English language. To the latter observation, Campbell makes a quaint reply : ' It might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London Bridge is built of Parian marble.' It is difficult in the present day, when the English muse has awakened to so much higher a strain of thought and expression, and a large body of poetry, full of passion, natural description, and emotion, lies between us and the times of Pomfret, to conceive that the *Choice* could ever have been a very popular poem. It is tame and commonplace. The idea, however, of a country retirement, a private seat, with a wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered ease and happiness, is so grateful and agreeable to the mind of man, especially in large cities, that we can hardly forbear liking a poem that recalls so beloved an image to our recollection. Swift and Pope, in their exquisite imitation of Horace (*Sat.* Book ii. 6), have drawn a similar picture ; and Thomson and Cowper, by their descriptions of rural life, have completely obliterated from the public mind the feeble draft of Pomfret.

Extract from 'The Choice.'

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
 That I might choose my method how to live;
 And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
 Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
 Better, if on a rising-ground it stood;
 On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
 It should within no other things contain
 But what are useful, necessary, plain;
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
 A little garden grateful to the eye,
 And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
 At the end of which a silent study placed,
 Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
 Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
 In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel—
 His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well:
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise;
 For sure no minutes bring us more content
 Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
 I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteelly, but not great;
 As much as I could moderately spend;
 A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine;
 And all that objects of true pity were,
 Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;
 For that our Maker has too largely given
 Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
 A frugal plenty should my table spread;
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
 Enough to satisfy, and something more,
 To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

EARL OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1637-8—1705-6), wrote little, but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. In the first Dutch war, 1665, when Earl of Buckhurst, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and was said to have written or finished a song—his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior—the night before the naval engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. The circumstance of such a lively, easy-flowing song, consisting of eleven stanzas, having been written on board ship, on the eve of an engagement, was justly held to be a fine instance of courage and gallantry. But when Pepys's *Diary* was published, it was found that the song existed six

months before the great sea-fight. Prior's story was an embellishment. Dorset was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II. and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord-chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's *Hudibras* to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible; but when a man like Prior writes of them, 'there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age.

Song.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

Song.

'Written at sea, by the late Earl of Dorset, in the First Dutch War.' (Lintot's *Miscellany*, 1712.)

To all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write;
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or by wind:
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
 The tide shall bring them twice a day.
 With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold;
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they used of old:
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
 With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree;
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind?
 With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
 With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main;
 Or else at serious ombre play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play:
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
 With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note,
 As if it sighed with each man's care
 For being so remote:
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were played.
 With a fa, &c.

In justice, you can not refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa la, la, la, la.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1649—1720—21), was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the privy council of James II. but *acquiesced* in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He lived in great state in a magnificent house he had built in St James's Park, of which he has given a long description—dwelling with delight on its gardens, terrace, park, and canal, and the rows of goodly elms and limes through which he approached his mansion. This

stately residence was purchased by George III. and taken down by George IV. to make way for the present royal palace, which still bears the name of Buckingham. The noble poet continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an *Essay on Satire*, which Dryden is reported, but erroneously, to have revised. His principal work, however, is his *Essay on Poetry*, which was published anonymously in 1682; the second edition, enlarged in 1691, received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. This poem was retouched by Pope, and in return some of the last lines of Buckingham were devoted to the praise of the young poet of *Windsor Forest*. The *Essay on Poetry* is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. It is of the style of Denham and Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains little true poetry—less than any of Dryden's prose essays.

Extract from the 'Essay on Poetry.'

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
 No writing lifts exalted man so high
 As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
 And, if well finished, nothing shines so much.
 But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
 True wit is everlasting like the sun,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
 Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole;
 Without a genius, too, for that's the soul:
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of nature moves the world about;
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
 Even something of divine, and more than wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn,
 Describing all men, but described by none. . . .

First, then, of songs, which now so much abound,
 Without his song no fop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon which he draws
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
 Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shewn
 In one small ring, and brings the value down:
 So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
 Yet when can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transposed, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall. . . .

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful proved,
 And cures, because the remedy is loved.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things oft said before.
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.

Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be, as the subject, rough ;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed.
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only business was to rail ;
 But human frailty, nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satire from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down ;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown ;
 So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. . . .

By painful steps at last we labour up
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
 The epic poets so divinely shew,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense ;
 A work of such inestimable worth,
 There are but two the world has yet brought forth—
 Homer and Virgil ; with what sacred awe
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw !
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest
 Of men, or rather as a two-legged beast,
 So these gigantic souls, amazed, we find
 As much above the rest of human-kind !
 Nature's whole strength united ! endless fame
 And universal shouts attend their name !
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Hymn to my Redeemer.

By GEORGE SANDYS, the accomplished traveller, translator of Ovid, and author of *Metrical Paraphrases of the Psalms, the Book of Job, &c.* 1636. This hymn was hung by Sandys as an offering on the sepulchre of Christ.

Saviour of mankind—man—Emmanuel,
 Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell,
 The first-fruits of the grave ; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live,
 O strengthen Thou my faith ! correct my will,
 That mine may thine obey ! Protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul, sealed with thy seal !—so in the hour
 When Thou, whose body sanctified this tomb,
 Unjustly judged, a glorious judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known, and entertained for thine !

From Sandys' Version of the Nineteenth Psalm.

God's glory the vast heavens proclaim,
 The firmament His mighty frame ;
 Day unto day, and night to night,
 The wonders of His works recite.
 To these nor speech nor words belong,
 Yet understood without a tongue.
 The globe of earth they compass round,
 Through all the world disperse their sound.
 There is the sun's pavilion set,
 Who from his rosy cabinet,
 Like a fresh bridegroom shews his face,
 And as a giant runs his race.

The Old Man's Wish.

This song, by Dr WALTER POPE (died in 1714), was first published in 1685. It was imitated in Latin by VINCENT BOURNE (1697-1747), usher in Westminster School, who was affectionately remembered by Cowper and other pupils.

If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a country town :

May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 Grow wiser and better as my strength wears
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look,
 With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that lived in the ages before ;
 With a dish of roast-mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine
 To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
 May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
 And when I am dead may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when
 mellow,
 'He's gone and han't left behind him his fellow ;
 For he governed his passions with an absolute
 sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.'

Colin's Complaint.—By NICHOLAS ROWE.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 'Alas, silly swain that I was !'
 Thus sadly complaining he cried ;
 'When first I beheld that fair face
 'Twere better by far I had died.
 She talked, and I blessed the dear tongue ;
 When she smiled 'twas a pleasure too great :
 I listened and cried when she sung,
 "Was nightingale ever so sweet ?"

'How foolish was I to believe
 She could dote on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town.
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant could prove,
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love.

'What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my temple have crowned?
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around ?
 Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain ;
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
 Thy false one inclines to a swain
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear—
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

' If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymph of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

' Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day ;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talked of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.'

The Blind Boy.—By COLLEY CIBBER.

O say what is that thing called light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy,
 What are the blessings of the sight—
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see ;
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But, sure, with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

SCOTTISH POETS.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

The celebrated JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), had some taste for literature. He wrote a few copies of verses, irregular in style, but occasionally happy and vigorous in expression, and characteristic of that daring, romantic spirit he displayed both as Covenanter and cavalier. The following is the most popular of his effusions :

Ballad—I'll Never Love Thee More.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thine heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
 My thoughts did ever more disdain
 A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch
 To gain or lose it all !

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe.
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou kick, or vex me sore,
 As that thou set me up a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to vie with me ;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 And go on such a score,
 I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword ;
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

Lines written by Montrose after sentence of death was passed upon him.

Let them bestow on every air¹ a limb,
 Then open all my veins, that I may swim
 To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake ;
 Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
 Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air :
 Lord ! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
 I'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
 And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the just !

ROBERT SEMPILL.

The Semples of Beltrees were a poetical family, and one piece by ROBERT SEMPILL (1595-1659) evinces a talent for humorous description. Allan Ramsay, and afterwards Burns, copied the style and form of verse in Sempill's poem, *The Piper of Kilbarchan* :

Kilbarchan now may say ' Alas !'
 For she hath lost her game and grace,
 Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace ;
 But what remead ?
 For no man can supply his place—
 Hab Simson's dead !

Now who shall play, ' The Day it daws,'
 Or ' Hunts up,' when the cock he craws ?
 Or who can for our kirk-town cause
 Stand us in stead ?
 On bagpipes now naebod blaws
 Sin' Habbie's dead.

Sempill wrote other pieces, which have not been preserved. He was a royalist, and fought on the side of Charles I.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

WILLIAM CLELAND (*circa* 1661-1689) wrote a Hudibrastic satire on the Jacobite army known as the ' Highland Host,' in 1678. He was author

¹ Every point of the compass (Gaelic *aird*, a cardinal point).

also of a wild, fanciful piece, *Hallo, my Fancy*. Cleland commanded the Covenanting forces, and fell in the moment of victory at Dunkeld. The poems of this gallant young officer were not published till 1697. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has stated that Colonel Cleland was father of a certain Major Cleland, the friend of Pope, whose name is signed to a letter prefixed to the *Dunciad*; but this is an error; the Covenanting officer was only twelve or thirteen years of age when Major Cleland was born.

The Highland Host.

But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie¹ standarts;
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaids,
And good blue bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe,²
Adorned with a tobacco pipe;
With dirk, and snap-work,³ and snuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strict observers say,
A tass-horn filled with usquebae;
A slashed-cut coat beneath their plaids,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can afford—
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It's marvellous how in such weather,
O'er hill and moss they came together;
How in such storms they came so far;
The reason is they're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect.⁴ . . .
Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honesty they're clean;
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harp.
For a misobliging word
She'll durk her neighbour o'er the board;
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth, her *nainsel* lives by theft.

From 'Hallo, my Fancy.'

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve!
And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt
water,
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a
matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved
How things are done;
And where the bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man i' the moon!
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so
lightly;
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton,
I'll mount Phoebus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing;
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? . . .

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
Stay, stay at home with me;
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty
soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be
poring;
For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing:
Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to
me.

Some of the interesting ballads and fragments in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* belong to this period. One of these is *Gilderoy* (that is, the Red Lad), a Highland freebooter, who was executed in 1636. He was a noted cateran or robber, but a dashing one like Captain Macheath, with roses in his shoon, silken hose, and fine garters. There is one true touch of feeling in the ballad. Alluding to the scene of Gilderoy's death on the scaffold, the heroine, who laments his fate, says:

I never loved to see the face
That gazed on Gilderoy.

Another ballad entitled *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament*, is about the same date:

Balow,¹ my babe, lie still and sleep;
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.

One of the finest of these poetical relics (for which, Professor Aytoun says, there is evidence to shew that it was composed before 1566) we print entire:

¹ *Balow*, a lullaby; probably from the French *bas, là le loup*, be still, the wolf is coming.

¹ Having unequal threads or different colours. ² A fold, a lap. ³ Pistol. ⁴ The Highlanders at an early period wore linen shirts smeared with wax or tar.

*Waly, Waly.*¹

O waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly by yon burnside,
 Where I and my love were wont to gae!
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly gin my love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head,
 Or wherefore should I kaim my hair;
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair?

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the trec?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 For of my life I am wearie?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramosie.

But had I wissed before I kissed,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had locked my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

We should perhaps include among the poetical productions of this time the translation of the Psalms which is still sung in the Scottish Presbyterian churches. A version was made in 1643 by a Puritanical versifier, FRANCIS ROUSE (1579-1659), which was revised and adopted as now in use. The fine old version of the Hundredth Psalm, however, was in use, words and music, so early as 1565.

D R A M A T I S T S.

JASPER MAYNE.

Two comedies, illustrative of city manners in the time of Charles I. were produced by JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672). The first of these, *The City Madam* (1639), is one of the best of our early comedies—humorous, but not indelicate; the second, entitled *The Amorous War*, is a tragicomedy, published in 1648. Mayne was a native of Devonshire, educated for the church, and afterwards archdeacon of Chichester, and chaplain in ordinary to King Charles II. He was a humorist,

¹ *Waly*, expressive of lamentation (Ang.-Sax. *wa-la*, from *wa*, woe, and *la*, oh!).

and has been compared even to Dean Swift,* though little remains to justify the comparison. Besides his plays, he wrote occasional poems, and translated Lucian's *Dialogues*. The Puritans, of course, found no favour with this dramatic divine.

A Puritanical Waiting-maid.

AURELIA. BANESWRIGHT.

Aurelia. Oh, Mr Baneswright, are you come? My woman

Was in her preaching fit; she only wanted
 A table's end.

Baneswright. Why, what's the matter?

Aur. Never

Poor lady had such unbred holiness
 About her person; I am never drest
 Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
 The lawfulness of curling-irons before
 She'll crisp me in a morning. I must shew
 Texts for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
 Where jewels are commanded? Or what lady
 I' the primitive times wore robes of pearl or rubies?
 She will urge councils for her little ruff,
 Called in Northamptonshire; and her whole service
 Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

Bane. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
 However she be otherwise, when she had
 A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
 A serviceable sinner.

Aur. She can't preserve

The gift for which I took her; but as though
 She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make
 The acts and monuments in sweetmeats; quinces,
 Arraigned and burnt at a stake; all my banquets
 Are persecutions; Diocletian's days
 Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.

Bane. Madam, she is far gone.

Aur. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.

Bane. Indeed!

Aur. She works religious petticoats; for flowers
 She'll make church histories. Her needle doth
 So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
 My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
 And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
 All my apparel will be quoted by
 Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
 To see a lady that has a parrot; my woman,
 While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
 And now it can speak nought but Knox's works;
 So there's a parrot lost.

DAVENANT AND DRYDEN.

The civil war was for a time fatal to the dramatic Muse. In 1642, the nation was convulsed with the elements of discord, and in the same month that the sword was drawn, the theatres were closed. On the 2d of September, the Long Parliament issued an ordinance, 'suppressing public stage-plays throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.' An infraction of this ordinance took place in 1644, when some players were apprehended for performing Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*—an ominous title for a drama at that period. Another ordinance was issued in 1647, and a third in the following year, when the House of Commons appointed a provost-marshal,

* A practical joke is related of him. One of his servants waiting upon him with attention in his last illness, was told by his master that if he would look in one of his chests, after his death, he would find something that would make him drink. The man redoubled his attentions; and after the master's death, on examining the chest, found that his legacy was a red herring!

for the purpose of suppressing plays and seizing ballad-singers. Parties of strolling actors occasionally performed in the country; but there were no regular theatrical performances in London, till Davenant brought out his opera, the *Siege of Rhodes*, in the year 1656. Two years afterwards, he removed to the Cockpit Theatre, Drury Lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration. A strong partiality for the drama existed in the nation, which all the storms of the civil war, and the zeal of the Puritans, had not been able to crush or subdue. At the restoration of the monarchy, the drama was also restored, and with new lustre, though less decency. Two theatres were licensed in the metropolis, one under the direction of Sir William Davenant, whose performers were, in compliment to the Duke of York, named the Duke's Company. The other establishment was managed by Thomas Killigrew, a well-known wit and courtier, whose company took the name of the King's Servants. Davenant effected two great improvements in theatrical representation—the regular introduction of actresses, or female players, and the use of movable scenery and appropriate decorations. Females had performed on the stage previous to the Restoration, and considerable splendour and variety of scenery had been exhibited in the court masks and revels. Neither, however, had been familiar to the public, and they now formed a great attraction to the two patent theatres. Unfortunately, these powerful auxiliaries were not brought in aid of the good old dramas of the age of Elizabeth and James. Instead of adding grace and splendour to the creations of Shakspeare and Jonson, they were lavished to support a new and degenerate dramatic taste, which Charles II. had brought with him from the continent. Rhyming or heroic plays had long been fashionable in France, and were dignified by the genius of Corneille and Racine. They had little truth of colouring or natural passion, but dealt exclusively with personages in high life and of transcendent virtue or ambition; with fierce combats and splendid processions; with superhuman love and beauty; and with long dialogues alternately formed of metaphysical subtlety and the most extravagant and bombastic expression. 'Blank verse,' says Dryden, 'is acknowledged to be *too low for a poem*, nay, more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy!' Accordingly, the heroic plays were all in rhyme, set off not only with superb dresses and decorations, but with 'the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the furthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.' The comedies were degenerate in a different way. They were framed after the model of the Spanish stage, and adapted to the taste of the king, as exhibiting a variety of complicated intrigues, successful disguises, and constantly shifting scenes and adventures. The old native English virtues of sincerity, conjugal fidelity, and prudence were held up to constant ridicule, as if amusement could only be obtained by obliterating the moral feelings. Dryden ascribes the licentiousness of the stage to the example of the king. Part, however, must be assigned to the earlier comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and part to the ascetic puritanism and denial of all public amusements during the time of the Commonwealth. If the Puritans had contented themselves with regulating and purifying

the theatres, they would have conferred a benefit on the nation; but, by shutting them up entirely, and denouncing all public recreations, they provoked a counteraction in the taste and manners of the people. The over-austerity of one period led naturally to the shameless degeneracy of the succeeding period; and deeply is it to be deplored that the great talents of Dryden were the most instrumental in extending and prolonging this deprivation of the national taste.

The operas and comedies of Sir William Davenant were the first pieces brought out on the stage after the Restoration. He wrote twenty-five in all; but, notwithstanding the partial revival of the old dramatists, none of Davenant's productions continue to be read. 'His last work,' says Southey, 'was his worst; it was an alteration of the *Tempest*, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed it is that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase, and vulgarise, and pollute such a poem as the *Tempest*.' The marvel is enhanced when we consider that Dryden writes of their joint labour with evident complacency, at the same time that his prologue to the adapted play contains the following just and beautiful character of his great predecessor:

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakspeare's honoured dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakspeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher, *wit*; to labouring Jonson, *art*;
He, monarch-like, gave these his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanished on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's *Tempest* first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
*But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.*

Dryden was in the full tide of his theatrical popularity when Davenant died, in 1668. The great poet commenced writing for the stage in 1662-3, when he produced his *Wild Gallant*, which was followed next year by the *Rival Ladies*, the serious parts of which are in rhyme. He then joined Sir Robert Howard in composing the *Indian Queen*, a rhyming heroic play, brought out in 1663-4 with a splendour never before seen in England upon a public stage. A continuation of this piece was shortly afterwards written by Dryden, entitled the *Indian Emperor*, and both were received with great applause. All the defects of his style, and many of the choicest specimens of his smooth and easy versification, are to be found in these inflated tragedies. In 1666-7 was represented his *Maiden Queen*, a tragi-comedy; and shortly afterwards the *Tempest*. These were followed by two comedies copied from the French of Molière and Corneille; by the *Royal Martyr*, another furious tragedy, and by his *Conquest of Granada*, in two parts (1672), in which he concentrated the wild magnificence, incongruous splendour, and absurd fable that run through all his heroic plays, mixed up with

occasional gleams of true genius. The extravagance and unbounded popularity of the heroic drama, now at its height, prompted the Duke of Buckingham to compose a lively and amusing farce, in ridicule of Dryden and the prevailing taste of the public, which was produced in 1671, under the title of the *Rehearsal*. The success of the *Rehearsal* was unbounded; 'the very popularity of the plays ridiculed, aiding,' as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'the effect of the satire, since everybody had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied.' The *Rehearsal* is a clever travesty, and it was well timed. A fatal blow was struck at the rhyming plays, and at the rant and fustian to which they gave birth. Dryden now resorted to comedy, and produced *Marriage à-la-Mode* and the *Assignment*. In 1673, he constructed a dramatic poem, the *State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man*, out of the great epic of Milton, destroying, of course, nearly all that is sublime, simple, and pure in the original. His next play, *Aurengzebe* (1675), was also 'heroic,' stilted, and unnatural; but this was the last great literary sin of Dryden. He was now engaged in his immortal satires and fables, and he abandoned henceforward the false and glittering taste which had so long deluded him. His *All for Love* and *Troilus and Cressida* are able adaptations from Shakspeare in blank verse. The *Spanish Friar* is a good comedy, remarkable for its happy union of two plots, and its delineation of comic character. His principal remaining plays are *Don Sebastian* (1690), *Amphitryon* (1690), *Cleomenes* (1692), and *Love Triumphant* (1694). *Don Sebastian* is his highest effort in dramatic composition, and though deformed, like all his other plays, by scenes of spurious and licentious comedy, it contains passages that approach closely to Shakspeare. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax is a masterly copy from the similar scene between Brutus and Cassius. In the altercation between Ventidius and Antony in *All for Love*, he has also challenged comparison with the great poet, and seems to have been inspired to new vigour by the competition. This latter triumph in the genius of Dryden was completed by his *Ode to St Cecilia*, and the *Fables*, published together in the spring of 1700, a few weeks before his death—thus realising a saying of his own Sebastian:

A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.

Dryden's plays have fallen completely into oblivion. He could reason powerfully in verse, and had the command of rich stores of language, information, and imagery. Strong energetic characters and passions he could portray with considerable success, but he had not art or judgment to construct an interesting or consistent drama, or to preserve himself from extravagance and absurdity. The female character and softer passions seem to have been entirely beyond his reach. His love is always licentiousness—his tenderness a mere trick of the stage. Like Voltaire, he probably never drew a tear from reader or spectator. His merit consists in a sort of Eastern magnificence of style, and in the richness of his versification. The bowl and dagger—glory, ambition, lust, and crime—are the staple materials of his tragedy, and lead occasionally to poetical grandeur and brilliancy of fancy. His

comedy is, with scarce an exception, false to nature, improbable and ill-arranged, and offensive equally to taste and morality.

Before presenting a scene from Dryden, we shall string together a few of those similes or detached sentiments which relieve the great mass of his turgid dramatic verse:

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose care so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.
Conquest of Granada, Part II.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppressed,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears.
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears;
The storm that caused your fright is past and done.
Ibid. Part I.

That friendship which from withered love doth shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refined:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind;
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.
Ibid. Part II.

So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer,
In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer.
When, with her cestus girt,
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To every eye a goddess is confest;
By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast.
Ibid. Part I.

Love various minds does variously aspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Tyrannic Love.

Savage Freedom.

No man has more contempt than I of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
Conquest of Granada, Part I.

Love and Beauty.

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I've loved away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.

Spanish Friar.

Midnight Repose.

All things are hushed, as Nature's self lay dead ;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat ;
Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.
Three days I promised to attend my doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come ;
'Tis sure the noise of a tumultuous fight ;

[*Noise within.*

They break the truce, and sally out by night.

Indian Emperor.

Wordsworth has remarked that the above lines on midnight, once highly celebrated, are 'vague, bombastic, and senseless.' Their charm consists in their melody.

Tears.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew !
Conquest of Granada, Part II.

Mankind.

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain ;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.

All for Love.

Man is but man ; unconstant still, and various ;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly this present hour ;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft ; and where's our Egypt then ?
Who would trust chance ? since all men have the
seeds

Of good and ill, which should work upward first.

Cleomenes.

Picture of Life.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
Lies worse ; and while it says, 'We shall be blest
With some new joys,' cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
—'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new :
Each day's a mistress unenjoyed before ;
Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

Aurengzebe.

Fear of Death.

BERENICE. ST CATHERINE.

Berenice. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity

Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die :
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate ?

St Catherine. The wisest and the best some fear
may show,

And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

Ber. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round :
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back :
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap ; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again.
So I at once

Both heavenly faith and human fear obey ;

And feel before me in an unknown way.

For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,

Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

Tyrannic Love.

Scene between Mark Antony and Ventidius, his general.

Dryden says he preferred this scene to anything which he had written of that kind. It occurs in the first act of *All for Love*, a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and avowedly written in imitation of Shakspeare. *All for Love* was the only play Dryden ever wrote for himself; the rest, he says, were given to the people. It will be observed that this scene, as also that between Dorax and Sebastian, is copied from the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*.

Antony. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I'll
keep it

With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I raised the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward

To be trod out by Cæsar ?

Ventidius. [*Aside.*] On my soul

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful !

Ant. Count thy gains,

Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this ?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starved thy wanting age.

Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him !

So now the tempest tears him by the roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou
shadow of an emperor ;

The place thou pressest on thy mother-earth

Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes ; then Octavia—

For Cleopatra will not live to see it—

Octavia then will have thee all her own,

And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar.

Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,

To see his rival of the universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
on't.

Give me some music ; look that it be sad ;

I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,

And burst myself with sighing.

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy

I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature ;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all ;

Live in a shady forest's silvan scene ;

Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,

I lean my head upon the mossy bark,

And look just of a piece, as I grew from it ;

My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,

Hang o'er my hoary face ; a murm'ring brook

Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks I fancy

Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,

And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on

And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image ; more ; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
[Stands before him.]

Ant. [Starting up.] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learned that answer? Who am I!
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor; this is no common dew;
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh unto my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he
weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine— Nay, father—
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory.
The conquering soldier, and with unfehl wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony—
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it.
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
The wish of nations, and the willing world,

Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from
me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings.
And like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost, then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you, too, when time shall
serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius!
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue
in 'em:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised
aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I'm besieged.
Vent. There's but one way shut up. How came I
hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax.
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence

On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you powers,

To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!

Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already—called me traitor—

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I need not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to've led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;

Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;

I said it in my rage; pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature.

Ant. But Cleopatra—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou
mayst;

Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind
word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.

Vent. And will you leave this—

Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,

And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.

And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe

Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,

For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier!

Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

Scene between Dorax and Sebastian.

Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, is defeated in battle, and taken prisoner by the Moors. He is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonzo of Alcazar. The train being dismissed, Dorax takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner. (*Act IV. last scene.*)

Dorax. Now, do you know me?

Sebastian. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;

But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs

And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.

A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,

Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriended us both.

Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:

How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,

Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage coined
The unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant?

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision,
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell;
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing;
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycephants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped, and censured,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begged before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by
Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmannered, scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I named
him;

That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daubed; or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me:
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all the advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own—
For Violante's vows were mine before—
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?

Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I loved!

Dor. Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Seb. He durst: nay, more, desired and begged with
tears,

To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dared

To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now, by this honoured order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it.
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urged to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injured thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debased me down to thee:
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence;
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:

Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now, draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience, Heaven!

Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me; now, 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:

Fight, or be perjured now; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be
thanked: [Drawing.

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,

More gladly enters not the lists of love.
 Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
 Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
 And say his master and his friend revenged him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
 Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
 When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
 And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet
 o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
 I pr'ythee, let me hedge one moment more
 Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
 Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
 Whose death, next thine, I wished.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never
 know.

But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
 Which found, will torture thee: he died in fight:
 Fought next my person; as in concert fought:
 Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
 Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
 And on his naked side received my wound:
 Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
 But rolled his falling body cross their way,
 And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
 Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love.
 I knew you both; and, durst I say, as Heaven
 Foreknew among the shining angel host
 Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
 And so had I been favoured, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
 Confess he justly was preferred to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
 My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
 Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquired by such a death!
 I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
 My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
 His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
 Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life:
 It suited better with my life than his
 So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
 Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
 The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
 And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit—
 For I will have it from thy very mouth—
 That better he deserved my love than thou.

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must
 grant,

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
 Henriquez had your love with more desert:
 For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
 Through all the mazes of the bloody field
 Hunted your sacred life; which that I missed,
 Was the propitious error of my fate,
 Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle
 name;

Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
 Speak; didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak?
 Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
 No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
 Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
 Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
 In that blest age I was the man you named;
 Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
 And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.
Dor. I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst
 repent;
 Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst:
 Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred;
 And I too little, who provoked thy crime.

Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your good-
 ness;

It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
 Half-drowned in tears before; spare my confusion:
 For pity, spare, and say not first you erred.
 For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
 To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

[Falls at his feet.
 Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
 'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
 But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[Taking him up.
 Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
 Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;

Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
 Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
 Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
 Effect the consummation of his love:
 So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
 A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven
 blessed me?

I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
 What, in one moment to be reconciled
 To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
 But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
 For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
 Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
 Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;

[Embracing him.
 And all our quarrels be but such as these,
 Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
 Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.

Dor. What! my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo?
 Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak;
 And if I could,
 Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
 Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
 This vast profusion, this extravagance
 Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
 It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.
 Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away:
 With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
 But let my love and friend be ever mine.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Where Dryden failed, one of his young contem-
 poraries succeeded. The tones of domestic tragedy
 and the deepest distress were sounded, with a
 power and intenseness of feeling never surpassed,
 by the unfortunate THOMAS OTWAY—a brilliant
 name associated with the most melancholy history.
 Otway was born at Trotting, in Sussex, March 3,
 1651, the son of a clergyman. He was educated
 first at Winchester School, and afterwards at
 Oxford, but left college without taking his degree.
 In 1672, he made his appearance as an actor on
 the London stage. To this profession his talents
 were ill adapted, but he probably acquired a
 knowledge of dramatic art, which was serviceable
 to him when he began to write for the theatre.
 He produced three tragedies, *Alcibiades*, *Don
 Carlos*, and *Titus and Berenice*, which were suc-
 cessfully performed; but Otway was always in
 poverty. In 1677, the Earl of Plymouth procured
 him an appointment as a cornet of dragoons, and

the poet went with his regiment to Flanders. He was soon cashiered, in consequence of his irregularities, and returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680, he produced *Caius Marcius* and the *Orphan*, tragedies; in 1681, the *Soldier's Fortune*; and in 1682, *Venice Preserved*. The short eventful life of Otway, checkered by want and extravagance, was prematurely closed April 14, 1685. One of his biographers relates that the immediate cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. According to another account, he died of fever, occasioned by fatigue, or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the immediate cause of his death, he was at the time in circumstances of great poverty.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two tragedies, the *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*; but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules. His talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival, at least,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare: more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Mominia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' This is excessive praise. The plot of the *Orphan*, from its inherent indelicacy and painful associations, has driven that play from the theatres; but *Venice Preserved* is still one of the most popular and effective tragedies. The stern plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade, to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. The pathetic and harrowing plot is well managed, and deepens towards the close; and the genius of Otway shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair. The versification of these dramas is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are occasional redundancies and inflated expressions, which a more correct taste would have expunged; yet, even in propriety of style and character, how much does this young and careless poet excel the great master Dryden!

Scene from 'Venice Preserved.'

Scene—St Mark's. Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!

Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!

My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er

Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember—for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness—when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courtied, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me

To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety: entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed, you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,

At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rife me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live

To bate thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee;

For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers
I once was happy!

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus treat you me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because—though hopeless e'er to win your nature—
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But 's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Dudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say. [Exit.]

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. . . .

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belvidera. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!

Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed
thee?

Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee

Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich.
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

Jaf. O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad—
As suddenly we shall be—to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,

I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you
made her!

Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more. [Exeunt.]

Parting.

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
The Orphan.

Picture of a Witch.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
I asked her of the way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister.

Description of Morning.

Wished Morning's come; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.

The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Killing a Boar.

Forth from the thicket rushed another boar,
So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised on high;
They seemed a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

NATHANIEL LEE.

Another tragic poet of this period was NATHANIEL LEE, who possessed no small portion of the fire of genius, though unfortunately 'near allied' to madness. Lee was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, and received a classical education, first at Westminster School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was four years in Bedlam from wild insanity; but recovering his reason, resumed his labours as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting Dryden in the composition of two pieces, *Ædipus* and *the Duke of Guise*. The unfortunate poet was in his latter days supported by charity: he died in London, and was buried in St Clement's Church, April 6, 1692, aged thirty-seven. The best of Lee's tragedies are the *Rival Queens*, or *Alexander the Great*, *Mithridates*, *Theodosius*, and *Lucius Junius Brutus*. In praising *Alexander*, Dryden alludes to the power of his friend in moving the passions, and counsels him to despise those critics who condemn

The too much vigour of his youthful muse.

We have here indicated the source both of Lee's strength and of his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion, he excels Dryden; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy—a defect which was heightened in his late productions by his mental malady. The author was aware of his weakness. 'It has often been observed against me,' he says in his dedication of *Theodosius*, 'that I abound in *ungoverned fancy*; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of a quarry.' He wanted discretion to temper his tropical genius, and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order; yet among his wild ardour and martial enthusiasm are very soft and graceful lines. Dryden himself has no finer image than the following:

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Or this declaration of love:

I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise

Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way,
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

The heroic style of Lee—verging upon rodomontade—may be seen in such lines as the following, descriptive of Junius Brutus throwing off his disguise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin:

As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars;
So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter:
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern
That lights my genius down to the foundation.
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
And then the thunder of his ruin follows.

Self-murder.

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wildered travellers, without a guide;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Theodosius.

JOHN CROWNE.

JOHN CROWNE was a native of Nova Scotia, son of an Independent minister. Coming to England, he was some time gentleman-usher to an old lady, afterwards an author by profession. He died in obscurity about 1703. Crowne was patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. Between 1661 and 1698, he wrote seventeen pieces, two of which—namely, the tragedy of *Thyestes*, and the comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*—evinced considerable talent. The former is, indeed, founded on a repulsive classical story. Atreus invites his banished brother, Thyestes, to the court of Argos, and there at a banquet sets before him the mangled limbs and blood of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement, with the fears and misgivings which follow, are vividly described:

Extract from Thyestes.

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thyestes. O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
I feel my loved, long looked-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travelled toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,

Whither for sacred pleasures they retire :
 Sacred, because you are the work of gods ;
 Your lofty looks boast your divine descent ;
 And the proud city which lies at your feet,
 And would give place to nothing but to you,
 Owns her original is short of yours.
 And now a thousand objects more ride fast
 On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs :
 And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts !

Philisthenes. O joyful sound !

Thy. But with them Atreus too——

Phil. What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
 And now retires ?

Thy. Return with me, my son,
 And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
 And faithful desert, and well-seated caves ;
 Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
 And never seek revenge ; no villainay
 Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.

Pen. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud ?

Thy. I talk of Atreus.

Pen. What are these to him ?

Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.

Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your
 mind.

Thy. The gods for all our safety put them there.

Return, return with me.

Pen. Against our oaths ?

I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.

Thy. Here are no gods ; they've left this dire abode.

Pen. True race of Tantalus ! who parent-like
 Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
 His hell and yours differ alone in this :
 When he would catch at joys, they fly from him ;
 When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

Thy. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
 Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a great man !
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please ;
 Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
 With any powerful thing but Time alone :
 My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
 And creep by me as by a slumbering friend ;
 Till, with ease glutt'd, to my bed I steal,
 As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
 Oh, wretched he who, called abroad by power,
 To know himself can never find an hour !
 Strange to himself, but to all others known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses none ;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
 And himself loses ere himself he knows.

Passions.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
 And by your passions I read all your natures,
 Though you at other times can keep them dark.

Love in Women.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed ;
 Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
 Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
 In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

Inconstancy of the Multitude.

I'll not such favour to rebellion shew,
 To wear a crown the people do bestow ;
 Who, when their giddy violence is past,
 Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last ;
 And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
 And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
 Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
 Only to make a sound to last for ages.

THOMAS SHADWELL—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE—
 WILLIAM WYCHERLEY—MRS APHRA BEHN.

A more popular rival and enemy of Dryden was THOMAS SHADWELL (1640—1692), who also wrote seventeen plays, chiefly comedies, in which he affected to follow Ben Jonson. Shadwell, though chiefly known now as the Mac-Flecknoe of Dryden's satire, possessed no inconsiderable comic power. His pictures of society are too coarse for quotation, but they are often true and well drawn. When the Revolution threw Dryden and other excessive royalists into the shade, Shadwell was promoted to the office of poet-laureate.—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (circa 1636—1689) gave a more sprightly air to the comic drama by his *Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, a play which contains the first runnings of that vein of lively humour and witty dialogue which were afterwards displayed by Congreve and Farquhar. Sir George was a gay libertine, and whilst taking leave of a festive party one evening at his house in Ratisbon—where he resided as British plenipotentiary—he fell down the stairs and killed himself.—The greatest of the comic dramatists was WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, where his father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies—*Love in a Wood* (1672), the *Gentleman Dancing-master* (1673), the *Country Wife* (1675), and the *Plain Dealer* (1677). His name stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the *Country Wife*. Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his Mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died eleven days afterwards, January 1, 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly inurned' in their own corruption and profligacy. Leigh Hunt thinks some of the detached *Maxims and Reflections* written by Wycherley in his old age not unworthy of his reputation. One he considers to be a noble observation. 'The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.'—A female Wycherley appeared in MRS APHRA

BEHN (1642—1689), celebrated in her day under the name of Astræa :

The stage how loosely does Astræa tread !

POPE.

The comedies of Mrs Behn are grossly indelicate ; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote—besides various novels and poems—not one is now generally read or remembered. The history of Mrs Behn is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II. ; and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham.

Extract from Wycherley's ' Plain Dealer.'

MANLY and LORD PLAUSIBLE.

Manly. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decourms, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies ! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another ; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plausible. Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate ; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings ; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

Plaus. What, will you be singular then ? like nobody ? follow, love, and esteem nobody ?

Man. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody ; court and kiss everybody ; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

Man. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus. Such as I ! Heavens defend me ! upon my honour—

Man. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid ?

Plaus. No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing ; I speak well of all mankind.

Man. I thought so : but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction ; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it ; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve ; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself : for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person ; but if I did

say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs ; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me ; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned ; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me ; cowards, whilst they brag ; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's ; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses ; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

[*Manly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*

Freeman. You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord ! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth ! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me : I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.*

Song.

In Mrs Behn's *Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge.*

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shew'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled :
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty ;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee :
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity :
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

PROSE LITERATURE.

The productions of this period, possessing much of the nervous force and originality of the preceding era, make a nearer approach to that correctness and precision which have since been attained in English composition. We have already adverted to some of the great names by which the period is illustrated ; and we may here note the formation of the Royal Society of London in 1662, for the promotion of mathematical and physical science. There had previously been associations and clubs of a similar character, but they were small and obscure. The incorporation by royal charter of a body of scientific men and students of nature in England was a significant and memorable event. Following so soon after the

* Burns has versified part of this sentiment :

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

restoration of Charles, it might seem to verify the couplet of Dryden :

For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.

The Civil War naturally directed the minds of philosophical men to the subject of government, in which it seemed desirable that some fixed fundamental principles should be arrived at, as a means of preventing future contests of the like nature. Neither at that time nor since has it been found possible to lay down a theory of government to which all nations would subscribe ; but some political works produced at this period narrowed the debatable ground. The *Leviathan* of Hobbes was the most distinguished work on the monarchical side of the question ; while Harrington's *Oceana*, published during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and some of the treatises of Milton, are the best works in favour of republican institutions.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

JOHN SELDEN.

One of the most learned writers, and at the same time conspicuous political characters of the time, was JOHN SELDEN, born December 16, 1584, of a respectable family at Sabington, near Tering, in Sussex. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, and published in the Latin language, between 1607 and 1610, several historical and antiquarian works relative to his native country. These acquired for him, besides considerable reputation, the esteem and friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose *Polyolbion* he furnished notes. By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' His largest English work, *A Treatise on Titles of Honour*, was published in 1614, and still continues a standard authority respecting the degrees of nobility and gentry in England, and the origin of such distinctions in other countries. In 1617 his fame was greatly extended, both at home and on the continent, by the publication of a Latin work on the idolatry of the Syrians, and more especially on the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his next production, *A History of Tithes* (1618), by leaning to the side of those who question the divine right of the church to that tax, he gave great offence to the clergy, at whose instigation the king summoned the author to his presence and reprimanded him. He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable High Commission Court, who extracted from him a written declaration of regret for what he had done, without, however, any retractation of his opinion. Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder. During the subsequent part of his life, Selden evinced but little respect for his clerical contemporaries, whose conduct he deemed arrogant and oppressive. Nor did he long want an opportunity of shewing that civil tyranny was as little to his taste as ecclesiastical ; for being consulted by the parliament in 1621, on occasion of the dispute with James concerning their powers and privileges, he spoke so freely on the popular side, and took so prominent a part in drawing up the spirited protestation of

parliament, that he suffered a short confinement in consequence of the royal displeasure. As a member of parliament, both in this and in the subsequent reign, Selden continued to defend the liberty of the people, insomuch that on one occasion he was committed to the Tower on a charge of sedition. In 1640, when the Long Parliament met, he was unanimously elected one of the representatives of Oxford University ; but though still opposing the abuses and oppressions of which the people complained, he was averse to extreme measures, and desirous to prevent the power of the sword from falling into the hands of either party. Finding his exertions to ward off a civil war unavailing, he seems to have withdrawn himself as much as possible from public life. While in parliament, he constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed great service to both universities. In 1643 he was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. Meanwhile his political occupations were not allowed to divert his mind altogether from literary pursuits. Besides an account, published in 1628, of the celebrated Arundelian marbles, which had been brought from Greece the previous year,* he gave to the world various works on legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly those of the Jewish nation ; and also an elaborate Latin treatise in support of the right of British dominion over the circumjacent seas. This last work appeared in 1635, and found great favour with all parties. A defence of it against a Dutch writer was the last publication before the death of Selden, which took place November 30, 1654. His friend, Archbishop Usher, preached his funeral sermon, and his valuable library was added by his executors to the Bodleian at Oxford. In 1689, a collection of his sayings, entitled *Table-talk*, was published by his amanuensis, who states that he enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his master's discourse, and was in the habit of committing faithfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him.' It is more by his *Table-talk* than by the works published in his lifetime, that Selden is now generally known as a writer ; for though he was a man of great talent and learning, his style was deficient in ease and grace, and the class of subjects he selected was little suited to the popular taste. The following eulogy of him by Clarendon shews how highly Selden was respected even by his opponents : 'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing ; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was a zealous patron of the fine arts, sent agents into Italy and Greece to collect and transmit to England interesting remains of antiquity. Among other relics so procured were the above-mentioned marbles, brought by Mr (afterwards Sir William) Petty from Smyrna, and on which were found certain Greek inscriptions—including that called the Parian Chronicle, from its being supposed to have been made in the Isle of Paros, about 263 years before Christ. This Chronicle, by furnishing the dates of many events in ancient history, proved of great use in chronological investigations.

obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourses, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known.'

Many of the sententious remarks in Selden's *Table-talk* are exceedingly acute; others are humorous; while some embody propositions which, though uttered in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained. As might be expected, there are satirical observations on the clergy, and indications of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Marriage, for example, he characterises as 'a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.' The following are extracts from the *Table-talk*:

Evil Speaking.

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil, my lord: 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

Humility.

1. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

2. There is *humilitas quædam in vitio* [a faulty excess of humility]. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

3. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But

that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Heresy.

It is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times, there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

Learning and Wisdom.

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Oracles.

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them: just as we have no fortune-tellers, nor wise men [wizards], when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them; and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the devil.

Dreams and Prophecies.

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger, or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

Sermons.

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis his scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

Libels.

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

Devils in the Head.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head—I wondered what he meant—and, just at that time, one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again; which he was very willing to. In the meantime, I got a card, and wrapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta; and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I made no

question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise.' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

We quote the following from the preface to Selden's *History of Tithes*:

Free Inquiry.

For the old sceptics that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet shewed the best way to search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest conclusions: they were indeed, questionless, too nice, and deceived themselves with the nimbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth. But, plainly, he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others, that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary.

MILTON.

MILTON began, at the commencement of the Civil War, to write against Episcopacy, and continued during the whole of the ensuing stormy period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king. His stern and inflexible principles, both in regard to religion and to civil government, are displayed in these treatises. The first, *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England*, was published in 1641, and the same year appeared a treatise, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, being a reply to Bishop Hall's *Humble Remonstrance* in favour of Episcopacy. A defence of Hall's *Remonstrance* having been published, Milton replied with *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence*, &c. (1641); and in the following year, *An Apology for Smectymnus*,* and *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, a more elaborate treatise in two books. In 1644 appeared the noblest of his prose works, his *Arcopagica*, a *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*; and a *Tractate of Education*. The same year produced his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning*

Divorce. Next year he followed up these heretical but ably written works with *Expositions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage*. Another celebrated work of Milton is a reply he published to the *Eikon Basilike*, under the title of *Eikonoclastes*,* a production to which reference will be found in the notice of Dr Gauden. Subsequently, he engaged in a controversy with the celebrated scholar Salmasius, or *De Saumaise*, who had published a defence of Charles I.; and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with astonishment. Salmasius triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy; while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Salmasius.

In 1659 appeared *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes, and Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church*. In 1660, on the very brink of the Restoration, the eager and fearless poet published *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth* (which was in the form of a letter to General Monk), and *Brief Notes upon a late Sermon tilled the Fear of God and the King*:

What I have spoken is the language of that which is called not amiss *the good old cause*. If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to, but with the prophet: 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen—which Thou suffer not who didst create mankind free, nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!—to be the last words of our expiring liberty.

The more genial labours of the muse succeeded to these fierce controversial and political struggles, and *Paradise Lost* was composed. In 1670, Milton published his *History of England*, down to the time of the Norman Conquest, in which he has inserted the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other chroniclers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of something true.' Two other prose works issued from his pen—a *Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the Best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery* (1673), and a collection of *Familiar Epistles in Latin* (1674). It had been conjectured, from passages in *Paradise Regained*, and from his treatise on *True Religion*, that Milton's theological opinions underwent a change in his advanced years; and the fact was made apparent by the discovery, in 1823, in the State-paper Office, of an elaborate work in Latin, a *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, which was translated by Dr Sumner, and published by authority of King George IV. In the beginning of this work, Milton explains his reasons for compiling it. 'I deemed it safest and most advisable,' he says, 'to compile for myself, by my own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the Word of God itself.' In this treatise, Milton avows and defends

* This word was composed of the initials of the names of five Puritan ministers: Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spenslow. The *w* in the last name was resolved into two *us*.

* *Eikon Basilike*, the Royal Image or Portraiture; *Eikonoclastes*, the Image-breaker.

Arian opinions, and supports not only his peculiar views on the subject of divorce, but the lawfulness of polygamy. It is the duty of believers, he says, to join themselves, if possible, to a church duly constituted; yet such as cannot do this conveniently or with full satisfaction of conscience, are not to be considered as excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the churches.

Milton's prose style is lofty, clear, vigorous, expressive, and frequently adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. Like many other productions of the age, it is, however, deficient in simplicity and smoothness—qualities the absence of which is in some degree attributable to his fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences. 'It is to be regretted,' says Lord Macaulay, 'that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The following extracts are taken respectively from *The Reason of Church Government, Tractate of Education*, and the *Areopagitica*. The first of them is peculiarly interesting, as an announcement of the poet's intention to attempt some great work.

Milton's Literary Musings.

After I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout—for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there—met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home; and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry

and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—that were a toilsome vanity; but to be an interpreter, and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art ought may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some—though most abuse—in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching

over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised awhile since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude; instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn panegories, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amonist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust

hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their pack-saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries.

Education.

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste: whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy—and those be such as are most obvious to the sense—they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatical flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of

learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes, not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtships, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderness and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying

of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser—whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas—describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? . . .

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church-revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferulaz to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered

without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlearned licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . .

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannised; when I have sat among their learned men—for that honour I had—and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. . . .

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means. . . .

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do, injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished

out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

The Reformation.

When I recall to mind, at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church; how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragraney of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.—*Of Reformation in England.*

Truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.—*Areopagitica.*

Expiration of the Roman Power in Britain.

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself; having borne chief sway in this island—though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection—if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty-two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much

belated, some of equal age, in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious, I suspend awhile. This we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed; in gross it may be true enough; in circumstance each man, as his judgment gives him, may reserve his faith or bestow it.—*History of England.*

THOMAS HOBBS.

No literary man excited more attention in the middle of the seventeenth century, and none of that age has exercised a more wide and permanent influence on the philosophical opinions of succeeding generations, than THOMAS HOBBS, born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588. His mother's alarm at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth, and was probably the cause of a constitutional timidity which possessed him through life. After studying for five years at Oxford, he travelled, in 1610, through France, Italy, and Germany, in the capacity of tutor to Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, with whom, on returning to England, he continued to reside as his secretary. At this time, he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. His pupil dying in 1628, Hobbes again visited Paris; but in 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of the young Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off, three years later, on a tour through France, Italy, and Savoy. At Pisa, he became intimate with Galileo the astronomer, and elsewhere held communication with other celebrated characters. After his return to England in 1637, he resided in the earl's family, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, in which, however, he was interrupted by the political contentions of the times. Being a zealous royalist, he found it necessary, in 1640, to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Descartes and other learned men, whom the patronage of Cardinal de Richelieu had at that time drawn together. While at Paris, he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle; and in 1647, he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, who then resided in the French capital. Previously to this time, he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession, with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England, by shewing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive*; when translated into English, in 1650, it was entitled *Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society*. This treatise is regarded as the most exact account of the author's political system: it contains many profound views, but is disfigured by fundamental and dangerous errors. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, published in 1651, under the title of *Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*. Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of

despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this latter doctrine, commonly known as the Selfish System of moral philosophy, Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the *Leviathan* and more particularly in his small *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1650. There appeared in the same year another work from his pen, entitled *De Corpore Politico*; or, *Of the Body Politic*. The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the *Leviathan*, as well as the offensive political views there maintained, occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the clergy. This led Charles to dissolve his connection with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped into England, where he never received any disturbance.' He again took up his abode with the Devonshire family, and became intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In 1654 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive *Letter upon Liberty and Necessity*; where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlety and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much agitated question. Indeed, he appears to have been the first who understood and expounded clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject, a long controversy between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry took place. Here he fought with the skill of a master; but in a mathematical dispute with Dr Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth, and obtained no increase of reputation. The fact is, that Hobbes had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly overestimated his knowledge. He supposed himself to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy, personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise. Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece, entitled *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford*, Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, *Due Correction for Mr Hobbes, or School-discipline for not Saying his Lessons Right*. Here his language to the philosopher is in the following unceremonious strain: 'It seems, Mr Hobbes, that you have a mind to say your lesson, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should hear you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt. What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin,' &c. 'Sir, those persons needed not a sight of your ears, but could tell by the voice what kind of creature brayed in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.' When Charles II. came to the throne, he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of £100; but notwithstanding this and

other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines. The *Leviathan* and *De Cive* were censured in parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies. Among the authors of these, the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, who, in 1676, published *A Brief View and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan*. In 1672, in his eighty-fifth year, Hobbes wrote his own life in Latin verse! He next appeared as a translator of Homer, having published a version of four books of the *Odyssey*, which was so well received, that, in 1675, he sent forth a translation of the remainder of that poem, and also of the whole *Iliad*. Here, according to Pope, 'Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful.' Nevertheless, the work became so popular, that three large editions were required within less than ten years. Hobbes was more successful as a translator in prose than in poetry; his version of the Greek historian Thucydides—which had appeared in 1629, and was the first work that he published—being still regarded as the best English translation of that author. Its faithfulness to the original is so great, that it frequently degenerates into servility. This work, he says, was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by shewing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles.' At Chatsworth, to which he retired in 1674, to spend the remainder of his days, Hobbes continued to compose various works, the principal of which, entitled *Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from 1640 to 1660*, was finished in 1679, but did not appear till after his death, which took place December 4, 1679, in his ninety-second year.

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learning and knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal.' It was a saying of Charles II. in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear, against whom the church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.' In his latter years, he became morose and impatient of contradiction, both by reason of his growing infirmities, and from indulging too much in solitude, by which his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men were greatly increased. He at no time read extensively: Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid were his favourite authors; and he used to say that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they.' Macaulay characterises the language of Hobbes as 'more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer.' Among his greatest philosophical errors are those of making no distinction between the intellectual and emotive faculties of man—of representing all human actions as the results of intellectual deliberation alone—and of in every case deriving just and benevolent actions from a cool survey of the advantages to self which may be expected to flow

from them. In short, he has given neither the moral nor the social sentiments a place in his scheme of human nature. The opponents of this selfish system have been numberless; nor is the controversy terminated even at the present day. The most eminent of those who have ranged themselves against Hobbes are Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Kames, Smith, Stewart, and Brown. Though he has been stigmatised as an atheist, the charge is groundless, as may be inferred from what he says in his *Treatise on Human Nature*.

Conceptions of the Deity.

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge naturally, do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal—that is to say, the first—Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and thus is it which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And this all that will consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

Pity and Indignation.

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing, therefore, men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good-fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

Emulation and Envy.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own

ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

Laughter.

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided—that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain-glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

Love of Knowledge.

Forasmuch as all knowledge beginneth from experience, therefore also new experience is the beginning of new knowledge, and the increase of experience the beginning of the increase of knowledge. Whatsoever, therefore, happeneth new to a man, giveth the matter of hope of knowing somewhat that he knew not before. And this hope and expectation of future knowledge from anything that happeneth new and strange, is that passion which we commonly call admiration; and the same considered as appetite, is called curiosity, which is appetite of knowledge. As in the discerning of faculties, man leaveth all community with beasts at the faculty of imposing names, so also doth he surmount their nature at this passion of curiosity. For when a beast seeth anything new and strange to him, he considereth it so far only as to discern whether it be likely to serve his turn or hurt him, and accordingly approacheth nearer to it, or fleeth from it: whereas man, who in most events remembereth in what manner they were caused and begun, looketh for the cause and beginning of everything that ariseth new unto him. And from this passion of admiration and curiosity, have arisen not only the invention of names, but also supposition of such causes of all things as they thought might produce them. And from this beginning is derived all philosophy, as astronomy from the admiration of the course of heaven;

natural philosophy from the strange effects of the elements and other bodies. And from the degrees of curiosity proceed also the degrees of knowledge amongst men; for, to a man in the chase of riches or authority—which in respect of knowledge are but sensuality—it is a diversity of little pleasure, whether it be the motion of the sun or the earth that maketh the day; or to enter into other contemplations of any strange accident otherwise than whether it conduce or not to the end he pursueth. Because curiosity is delight, therefore also novelty is so; but especially that novelty from which a man conceiveth an opinion, true or false, of bettering his own estate; for, in such case, they stand affected with the hope that all gamesters have while the cards are shuffling.

The Necessity of the Will.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can do if I will; but to say, I can will if I will, I take to be an absurd speech.

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free-will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature']—It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

On Precision in Language.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering

whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not ; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse ; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endowed with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err ; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

JAMES HARRINGTON.

JAMES HARRINGTON (1611–1677) was a native of Northamptonshire. He studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the celebrated Chillingworth. Afterwards, he went abroad for several years. While resident at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed many of those republican views which afterwards characterised his writings. Visiting Rome, he attracted some attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the pope's toe; conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the king of England, by saying, that, 'having had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.' During the Civil War, he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who, in 1647, nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. Except upon politics, the king was fond of Harrington's conversation; and the impression made on the latter by the royal condescension and familiarity was such, as to render him very desirous that a reconciliation between his majesty and the parliament might be effected, and to excite in him the most violent grief when the king was brought to the scaffold. He has, nevertheless, in his writings, placed Charles in an unfavourable light, and spoken of his execution as the consequence of a Divine judgment. During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the *Oceana*, which was published in 1656, and led to several controversies. This work is a political romance, illustrating the author's idea of a republic constituted so as to secure that general freedom of which he was so ardent an admirer. All power, he maintains, depends upon property—chiefly upon land. An agrarian law should fix the balance of lands; and the government should be 'established upon an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot.' After the publication of the *Oceana*, Harrington

continued to exert himself in diffusing his republican opinions, by founding a debating club, called the Rota, and holding conversations with visitors at his own house. This brought him under the suspicion of government soon after the Restoration, and, on pretence of treasonable practices, he was put into confinement, which lasted until an attack of mental derangement made it desirable that he should be given in charge to his friends.

SIR ROBERT FILMER.

A number of political treatises in favour of extreme or unlimited monarchical power were published at this time by SIR ROBERT FILMER (who died in 1688). The first of these seems to have appeared in 1646, and the latest (also the most celebrated) in 1680. The latter was entitled *Patriarcha*, and was written to prove that all government was derived from paternal authority, that the law of primogeniture was divine and immutable, and a hereditary monarchy the only form of government consonant with the will of God. This slavish doctrine was adopted by the university of Oxford in 1683! Filmer's work is a poor production, but his theory was answered by Algernon Sidney and Locke.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

ALGERNON SIDNEY (or Sydney)—*circa* 1621–1683—son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, is another memorable republican writer of this age. During his father's lieutenancy in Ireland, he served in the army against the rebels in that kingdom. In 1643, during the Civil War between the king and parliament, Sidney was permitted to return to England, where he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present at several engagements. He was likewise successively governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648, he was named a member of the court for trying the king, which, however, he did not attend, though apparently not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell gave offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office either under the Protector or his son Richard; but when the Long Parliament recovered power, he readily consented to act as one of the Council of State. At the time of the Restoration, he was engaged in a continental embassy; and apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, at the end of which his father, who was anxious to see him before leaving the world, procured his pardon from the king. After Sidney's return to England in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, which has subjected him to the censure of Hume and others, who hold that such conduct, after the royal pardon, was ungrateful. Probably Sidney himself regarded the pardon as rather a cessation of injustice than as an obligation to implicit submission for the future. A more serious charge against the memory of this patriot was first presented in Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, published nearly a century after his death. The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent war between France and England, their purpose being to preclude Charles II. from having the

command of the large funds which on such an occasion must have been intrusted to him, and which he might have used against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. The association was a strange one; but it never would have been held as a moral stain upon the patriots, if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of parliament. Lord Russell was not of the number, but the probabilities are that Sidney stooped to receive the money. He had made proposals to France in 1666 for an insurrection—which he thought might facilitate his cherished scheme of a republic—and the sum he then asked was 100,000 crowns, which the French monarch thought too much for an experiment. It is evident, as Lord Macaulay has argued, how little national feeling was then in England, when Charles II. was willing to become the deputy of France, and a man like Algernon Sidney would have been content to see England reduced to the condition of a French province, in the wild hope that a foreign despot would assist him to establish his darling republic. It appears from the correspondence of his sister, Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, that Algernon was violent and turbulent of temper and disposition. He took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endeavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and when that attempt failed, he joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection to accomplish the same object. This, as is well known, was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Chief-justice Jeffries. Although the only witness against him was an abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manuscripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrants was maintained, and a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge, and pronounce him guilty. Sidney was beheaded on the 7th of December 1683, glorying in his martyrdom for that 'old cause' in which he had been engaged from his youth.

Except some of his letters, the only published work of Algernon Sidney is *Discourses on Government*, which first appeared in 1698. The *Discourses* were written in reply to the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer, referred to above—a weak vindication of the doctrine that the first kings were fathers of families; that it was unnatural for the people to govern or to choose governors; and that positive laws do not infringe the natural and fatherly power of kings. This 'royal charter, granted to kings by God,' Sidney set himself to overturn, contending justly that Filmer had not used one argument that was not false, nor cited one author whom he did not pervert and abuse. Locke afterwards attacked the work of Filmer with greater weight of reasoning; but Sidney's *Discourses*, though somewhat diffuse in style, reflect honour on the literary

talents, no less than on the patriotism of their noble author. They fill a folio volume of 462 pages.

Liberty and Government.

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great, that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe that Bellarmine said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men, living [within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and, by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments; but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation, than that wisdom, valour, and justice which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroic Regna* [the Governments of the Heroes]; and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them, proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them; they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men; the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power,

and by their vices shewed themselves like to, or worse than others, who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason, than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shews the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice, and procuring the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

DR JOHN WILKINS.

DR JOHN WILKINS, bishop of Chester (1614-1672), was a native of Oxford, son of a goldsmith in that city. Having sided with the popular party during the Civil War, he received, when it proved victorious, the headship of Wadham College, Oxford. While in that situation, he was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II. under the title of the Royal Society. Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, Dr Wilkins was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham College, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative on those who held it; but three years afterwards, he removed to Cambridge, the headship of Trinity College having been presented to him during the brief government of Richard Cromwell. At the Restoration, he was ejected from this office; but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, the path of advancement did not long remain closed. Having gained the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, he was advanced, in 1668, to the see of Chester. Bishop Burnet says of Wilkins: 'He was a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul, as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the university of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in doing good.' Bishop Wilkins, like his friend and son-in-law Tillotson, and the other moderate churchmen of the day, was an object of violent censure to the high-church party; but fortunately he possessed, as Burnet further informs us, 'a courage which could stand against a current, and against all the reproaches with which

ill-natured clergymen studied to load him.' He wrote some theological and mathematical works; and in early life (1638), published *The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither*. In this ingenious but fanciful treatise, he supports the proposition, 'that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and, if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' He admits, that to be sure this feat has in the present state of human knowledge an air of utter impossibility; yet from this, it is argued, no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actually been accomplished. 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to another. It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Though it is evident that the possibility of any event whatsoever might be argued on the same grounds, they seem to have been quite satisfactory to Wilkins, who goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aerial journey. After disposing, by means of a tissue of absurd hypotheses, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body,' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months—he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey.

2. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.

The difficulty as to sleep is removed by means of the following ingenious supposition: 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' The necessary supply of food remains, however, to be provided for:

And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as

those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

The greatest difficulty of all is, By what conveyance are we *to get* to the moon?

How a Man may Fly to the Moon.

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer: 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

In 1640, Wilkins published a *Discourse concerning a New Planet: tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets*. This was one of the earliest defences of the Copernican system, as developed by Galileo in 1632. In 1641, Wilkins called attention to writing in cipher and by signals, in a work entitled *Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger: Shewing how a man may with privacy and speed communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance*. In 1668, he wrote a valuable treatise entitled *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language*, which was published by the Royal Society.

DR THOMAS SPRAT.

DR THOMAS SPRAT, bishop of Rochester (1636–1713), is praised by Dr Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Lord Macaulay also eulogises him as 'a very great master of our language, and possessed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian.' At Oxford he studied mathematics under Dr Wilkins, at whose house the philosophical inquirers used to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Wilkins led to his election as a member of the Royal Society soon after its incorporation; and in 1667 he published

the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. Previously to this he had been appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the *Rehearsal*. He was made also chaplain to the king. In these circumstances, ecclesiastical promotion could hardly fail to ensue; and accordingly, after several advancing steps, the see of Rochester was attained in 1684. Next year, he served the government by publishing an account of the Ryehouse Plot, written by the command of King James. For this work he found it expedient, after the Revolution, to print an apology; and having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his well-known attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692, however, he was brought into trouble by a false accusation of joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of James; but after a confinement of eleven days, he clearly proved his innocence. So strong was the impression made by this event upon his mind, that he ever afterwards distinguished the anniversary of his deliverance as a day of thanksgiving. Besides the works already mentioned, Sprat wrote some poems unworthy of his general talents—one on the death of the Protector, 1658, and a Pindaric Ode on the Plague of Athens, 1659. He published Cowley's Latin Poems, to which he prefixed a life of Cowley, also in Latin, but afterwards published in English and enlarged. He was author of a volume of *Sermons*, 1710, which have been justly admired: 'his language,' says Doddridge, 'is always beautiful.' Sprat is represented as being over-generous in his habits, but a popular, as well as able, divine.

View of the Divine Government afforded by Experimental Philosophy.

We are guilty of false interpretations of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward.

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetic visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking out the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God; because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affright the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them; because his long converse with all matters, times, and places, has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all.' He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations; because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of

their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinuate that the same infinite Wisdom which once showed itself that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders, that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not overreached. To deny that God directs the course of human things, is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men.

It is a dangerous mistake, into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world, if we do not discover in every turn of human actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honour of his government that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects: as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to punish or reward.

Let us, then, imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief, and rigour of trial, which by some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature, but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it, who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally minded—the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable?

By this, I hope, it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace, but the honour of experiments. And, therefore, I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre. This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others. There is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars, but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year [1666], this gloomy and ill-boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experi-

ments to arise, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows, and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession. For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times.

Cowley's Love of Retirement.

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would condemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill-manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which, from his very childhood, he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions.

I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

DR THOMAS BURNET.

DR THOMAS BURNET (1635-1715), brother of the more popular Bishop Burnet, master of the Charter-house in London, and an able scholar, acquired great celebrity by the publication of his

work, *Telluris Theoria Sacra* (1680-1689), of which he published an English translation in 1691, under the title of *The Sacred Theory of the Earth; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things*. The author's attention was attracted to the subject by the unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface, which seemed to indicate the globe to be the ruin of some more regular fabric. He says that in a journey across the Alps and Apennines, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following: The globe in its chaotic state was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocence of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging, caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon—woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined

fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth.'

Description of the Flood.

Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with a universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters. All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (Psalm xlii. 7): 'Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts: all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill-manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered all and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics (*Dion. Argonaut. l. i. v. 47*), when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity; and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds.

The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style of the author rises into a magnificence worthy of the sublimity of the theme, and he concludes with impressive and appropriate reflections on the transient nature of earthly things. The passage is aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over his globe.

The Final Conflagration of the Globe.

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into

it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah, xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace—and I know not where they can be else—it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (Rev. xv. 3)—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Hallelujah.

Figuring to himself the waters of the sea dried up, he thus grandly describes the appearance of

The Dry Bed of the Ocean.

That vast and prodigious cavity that runs quite round the globe, and reacheth, for aught we know, from pole to pole, and in many places is unsearchably deep—when I present this great gulf to my imagination, emptied of all its waters, naked and gaping at the sun, stretching its jaws from one end of the earth to another, it appears to me the most ghastly thing in nature. What hands or instruments could work a trench in the body of the earth of this vastness, and lay mountains and rocks on the side of it, as ramparts to inclose it?

But if we should suppose the ocean dry, and that we looked down from the top of some high cloud upon the empty shell, how horridly and barbarously would it look! And with what amazement should we see it under us like an open hell, or a wide bottomless pit! So deep, and hollow, and vast; so broken and confused; so every way deformed and monstrous. This would effectually awaken our imagination, and make us inquire and wonder how such a thing came in nature; from what causes, by what force or engines, could the earth be torn in this prodigious manner? Did they dig the sea with spades, and carry out the moulds in hand-baskets? Where are the entrails laid? And how did they cleave the rocks asunder? If as many pioneers as the army of Xerxes had been at work ever since the beginning of the world, they could not have made a ditch of this greatness. According to the proportions taken before in the second chapter, the cavity or capacity of the sea-channel will amount to no less than 4,639,090 cubical miles. Nor is it the greatness only, but that wild and multifarious confusion which we see in the parts and fashion of it, that makes it strange and unaccountable. It is another chaos in its kind; who can paint the scenes of it? Gulfs, and precipices, and cataracts, pits within pits, and rocks under rocks; broken mountains, and ragged islands, that look as if they had been countries pulled up by the roots, and planted in the sea.

Besides his *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, Burnet wrote a work entitled *Archæologiæ Philosophicæ Libri duo*, 1692, containing some heretical speculations—such as treating the Fall of Man as an allegory—in consequence of which he had to retire from the office of Clerk of the Closet to the king, and lived in the Charter-house till his death. Burnet also wrote treatises *On Christian Faith and Duties*, and *On the State of the Dead and Reviving*: in the latter he maintains the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

ROBERT BOYLE.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627-1691) was the most distinguished of those experimental philosophers who sprang up in England after the death of Bacon, and who shewed, by the successful application of his principles, how truly Bacon had pointed out the means of enlarging human knowledge. This eminent and amiable man was a son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of Lismore he was born. After studying at Eton College and Geneva, he travelled through Italy, and returned to England in 1644. Being in easy circumstances, and endowed with great energy and activity of mind, he applied himself to studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, and these continued to engage his attention throughout the remainder of his life. Weekly meetings were held at Oxford for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy,' first at the lodgings of Dr Wilkins,

and subsequently, for the most part, at the residence of Boyle. These scientific students, with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, under the title of the Royal Society. Boyle, after settling in London in 1668, was one of its most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's *Philosophical Transactions*. He died in 1691, and his works are voluminous enough to fill six quarto volumes. They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, particularly with respect to the mechanical and chemical properties of air. The latter subject was one in which he felt much interest; and by means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he succeeded in making many valuable pneumatic discoveries. He also published various works in defence of Christianity, and in explanation of the benefits resulting from the study of the Divine attributes as displayed in the material world. So earnest was Boyle in the cause of Christianity, that he not only devoted much time and money in contributing to its propagation in foreign parts, but, by a codicil to his will, made provision for the delivery of eight sermons yearly in London by some learned divine, 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.' We learn from his biographers, that in 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to adopt the clerical profession, in order that the church might have the support of those eminent abilities and virtues by which he was distinguished. Two considerations, however, induced him to withhold compliance. In the first place, he regarded himself as more likely to advance religion by his writings in the character of a layman, than if he were in the more interested position of one of the clergy—whose preaching there was a general tendency to look upon as the remunerated exercise of a profession. And, secondly, he felt the obligations, importance, and difficulties of the pastoral care to be so great, that he wanted the confidence to undertake it.

The titles of those works of Boyle which are most likely to attract the general reader are—*Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy*; *Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures*; *A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing*; *Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection*; *A Discourse of Things above Reason*; *A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and Power*; *A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things*; *The Christian Virtuoso, shewing that, by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a Man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian*; and *A Treatise of Seraphic Love*. He published, in 1665, *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects*, mostly written in early life, and which Swift has ridiculed in his *Meditation on a Broomstick*. The comparative want of taste and of sound judgment displayed in this portion of Boyle's writings, is doubtless to be ascribed to the immature age at which they were composed: his treatises on natural theology are valuable, though prolix and rambling in style.

The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true 'that God hath not left himself without witness,' even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals,

nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the law of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight.

Public and Private Life.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or a private life is preferable? But perhaps this may be much of the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen? that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them the more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good, than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private and shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and inclosed in a lantern; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger to be blown out.

Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another.

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue: for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colours, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but, as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable, but distasteful; whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye—which is sufficient to please, though not to charm it—do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but, when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty

itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrant of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquit [acquisition] of those that age cannot take away.

Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.

In the first place, it should be considered that those cavillers at the style of the Scriptures, that you and I have hitherto met with, do—for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew—judge of it by the translations, wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegance by being read in another tongue than that it was written in, especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing, as are those of the eastern and these western parts of the world. But of this I foresee an occasion of saying something hereafter; yet at present I must observe to you, that the style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books, by being judged of by translations; for the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book, has made them, in most places, render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of the passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the author's words, and also substitute other phrases instead of his, that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation. In translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English phrases, but only into Latin or English words, and have too often, besides, by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses, in the holy tongue, made many things appear less coherent, or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skilful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters be pardonable enough in them, as carrying much of its excuse in its cause, yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated.

For whereas the figures of rhetoric are wont, by orators, to be reduced to two comprehensive sorts, and one of those does so depend upon the sound and placing of the words—whence the Greek rhetoricians call such figures *schemata lexeos*—that, if they be altered, though the sense be retained, the figure may vanish; this sort of figures, I say, which comprises those that orators call *apanados antanaclasis*, and a multitude of others, are wont to be lost in such literal translations as are ours of the Bible, as I could easily shew by many instances, if I thought it requisite.

Besides, there are in Hebrew, as in other languages, certain appropriated graces, and a peculiar emphasis belonging to some expressions, which must necessarily be impaired by any translation, and are but too often quite

lost in those that adhere too scrupulously to the words of the original. And, as in a lovely face, though a painter may well enough express the cheeks, and the nose, and lips, yet there is often something of splendour and vivacity in the eyes, which no pencil can reach to equal; so in some choice composesures, though a skilful interpreter may happily enough render into his own language a great part of what he translates, yet there may well be some shining passages, some sparkling and emphatical expressions, that he cannot possibly represent to the life. And this consideration is more applicable to the Bible and its translations than to other books, for two particular reasons.

For, first, it is more difficult to translate the Hebrew of the Old Testament, than if that book were written in Syriac or Arabic, or some such other eastern language. Not that the holy tongue is much more difficult to be learned than others; but because in the other learned tongues we know there are commonly variety of books extant, whereby we may learn the various significations of the words and phrases; whereas the pure Hebrew being unhappily lost, except so much of it as remains in the Old Testament, out of whose books alone we can but very imperfectly frame a dictionary and a language, there are many words, especially the *hapax legomena*, and those that occur but seldom, of which we know but that one signification, or those few aceptions, wherein we find it used in those texts that we think we clearly understand. Whereas, if we consider the nature of the primitive tongue, whose words, being not numerous, are most of them equivocal enough, and do many of them abound with strangely different meanings; and if we consider, too, how likely it is that the numerous conquests of David, and the wisdom, prosperity, fleets, and various commerces of his son Solomon, did both enrich and spread the Hebrew language, it cannot but seem very probable, that the same word or phrase may have had divers other significations than interpreters have taken notice of, or we are now aware of: since we find in the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and other eastern tongues, that the Hebrew words and phrases—a little varied, according to the nature of those dialects—have other, and oftentimes very different significations, besides those that the modern interpreters of the Bible have ascribed to them. I say the modern, because the ancient versions before, or not long after, our Saviour's time, and especially that which we vulgarly call the Septuagint's, do frequently favour our conjecture, by rendering Hebrew words and phrases to senses very distant from those more received significations in our texts; when there appears no other so probable reason of their so rendering them, as their believing them capable of significations differing enough from those to which our later interpreters have thought fit to confine themselves. The use that I would make of this consideration may easily be conjectured—namely, that it is probable that many of those texts whose expressions, as they are rendered in our translations, seem flat or improper, or incoherent with the context, would appear much otherwise, if we were acquainted with all the significations of words and phrases that were known in the times when the Hebrew language flourished, and the sacred books were written; it being very likely, that among those various significations, some one or other would afford a better sense, and a more significant and sinewy expression, than we meet with in our translations; and perhaps would make such passages as seem flat or uncouth, appear eloquent and emphatical. . . .

My second is this, that we should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-book, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composesures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composesures, that though the holy men of God—as St Peter calls them—were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both

excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penman, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein, though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not only prophets, and kings, and priests being introduced speaking, but soldiers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons, from whom witty or eloquent things are not—especially when they speak *ex tempore*—to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to the Scripture any want of eloquence, that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to talk as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as it often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down indeed what they said, but what he thought fit that such persons on such occasions should have said. Whereas the penmen of the Scripture, as one of them truly professes, having not followed cunningly devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.

JOHN RAY.

JOHN RAY (1628-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley, in Essex, was an eminent naturalist. In the department of botany his works are more numerous than those of any other botanist except Linnæus, and entitle him to be ranked as one of the founders of the science. In company with his friend, Mr Willoughby, also celebrated as a naturalist, he visited several continental countries in 1663; and his love of natural history induced him to perambulate England and Scotland. The principal works in which the results of his studies and travels were given to the public, are—*Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France* (1673); and *Historia Plantarum Generalis* (A General History of Plants). The latter, consisting of two large folio volumes, which were published in 1686 and 1688, is a work of prodigious labour. As a cultivator of zoology and entomology also, Ray deserves to be mentioned with honour; and he further served the cause of science by editing and enlarging the posthumous works of his friend Willoughby on birds and fishes. His character as a naturalist is thus spoken of by the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne: 'Our countryman, the excellent Mr Ray, is the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.' Cuvier also gives him a high character as a naturalist. For the greater part of his popular fame, Ray is indebted to an admirable treatise

published in 1691, under the title of *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation*, which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several continental languages. One of his reasons for composing it is thus stated by himself: 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for, not being permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' Natural theology had previously been developed in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth; but Ray was the first to systematise and popularise the subject. Paley afterwards adopted it, and his *Natural Theology* (1802) has superseded the work of Ray, and also the treatises of Derham in the beginning of the eighteenth century.* But though written in a more pleasing style, and with greater fulness of information, Paley's excellent work is but an imitation of Ray's volume, and he has derived from it many of his most striking arguments and illustrations.

The Study of Nature Recommended.

Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material, I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether justle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsic imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.

God's Exhortation to Activity.

Methinks by all this provision for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretively speaks to him in

* Derham's works are—*Physico-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God, from his Works of Creation* (1713); and *Astro-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, from a Survey of the Heavens* (1714). The substance of both had been preached by the author in 1711 and 1712, in the capacity of lecturer on Boyle's foundation.

this manner: 'I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in thy labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them, of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures, dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit-trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salading; for delectable flowers, to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and evergreen shrubs and suffrutices; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts; and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with outhouses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception, and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *zoon politikon*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments; for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for my honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticoes and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c. of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct

thy course when thou shalt be out of all ken of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes before mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.'

I persuade myself, that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country-houses, with regular gardens, and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burdened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilised, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance, and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn-fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in wagons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun, at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians—instead of well-built houses, living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set endwise; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

All Things not Made for Man.

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man, and have no other use. For my part, I cannot believe that all the things in the world were so made for man, that they have no other use.

For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or of their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never yet taken notice of by man, and consequently of no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understandings, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, then, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. Now, some of them serve only to exercise our minds. Many others there be which might probably serve us to good purpose, whose uses are not discovered, nor are they ever like to be, without pains and industry. True it is, many of the greatest inventions have been accidentally stumbled upon, but not by men supine and careless, but busy and inquisitive. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still

in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.

Ray published, in 1672, a *Collection of English Proverbs*, and, in 1700, *A Persuasive to a Holy Life*. From a volume of his correspondence published by Derham, we extract the following affecting letter, written on his death-bed to Sir Hans Sloane:

'DEAR SIR—the best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man. God require your kindness expressed anyways toward me a hundred-fold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven. I am, Sir, eternally yours—JOHN RAY.'

THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

GEORGE SAVILLE, Marquis of Halifax (1630–1695), was a distinguished statesman, orator, and political writer. In the contests between the crown and the parliament after the restoration of Charles II. he was alternately in high favour with both parties as he supported or opposed the measures of each. To popery he was decidedly hostile, yet his attachment to the House of Stuart led him to speak and vote against the bill excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from the succession to the throne. For this he was elevated to the dignity of marquis, keeper of the privy seal, and president of the council. He retained his offices till his opposition to the proposed repeal of the Test Acts caused his dismissal. After the flight of James, Halifax was chosen speaker of the House of Lords, but he again lost favour, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. He was a Trimmer, as Lord Macaulay says, from principle, as well as from constitution: 'every faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure; and every faction when vanquished and persecuted found in him a protector.' His political tracts, according to the same authority, well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. They consist of short treatises, entitled *Advice to a Daughter*, *The Character of a Trimmer*, *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, *Letter to a Dissenter*, &c. The modern character of Halifax's style, no less than his logic and happy illustration, is remarkable. He might have contested the palm with Dryden as a master of English.

Importance of Laws.

All laws flow from that of nature, and where that is not the foundation, they may be legally imposed, but they will be lamely obeyed. By this nature is not meant that which fools and madmen misquote to justify their excesses. It is innocent and uncorrupted nature—that which disposes men to choose virtue without its being described, and which is so far from inspiring ill thoughts into us, that we take pains to suppress the good ones it infuses.

The civilised world has ever paid a willing subjection to laws. Even conquerors have done homage to them; as the Romans, who took patterns of good laws, even from those they had subdued, and at the same time that they triumphed over an enslaved people, the very laws of that place did not only remain safe, but became

victorious. Their new masters, instead of suppressing them, paid them more respect than they had from those who first made them; and by this wise method they arrived to such an admirable constitution of laws, that to this day they reign by them. This excellency of their triumphs still, and the world pays now an acknowledgment of their obedience to that mighty empire, though so many ages after it is dissolved. And by a later instance, the kings of France, who in practice use their laws pretty familiarly, yet think their picture is drawn with most advantage upon their seals when they are placed in the court of justice; and though the hieroglyphic is not there of so much use to the people as they could wish, yet it shews that no prince is so great as not to think fit—for his own credit at least—to give an outward when he refuses a real worship to the laws.

They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants whilst it cherishes and preserves them. Where they have their force, and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smiles and flourishes; but where they are darkened, and not suffered to shine out, it makes everything to wither and decay. They secure men not only against one another, but against themselves too. They are a sanctuary to which the crown has occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest, as well as a duty, to preserve them.

Political Agitation not always Hurtful.

Our government is like our climate. There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health unto them. They clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and, instead of refreshment, would be a disease unto us. There may be fresh gales of asserting liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away by them. These strugglings, which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do, by a natural agitation from the several parts, rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, comes to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised.

But whatever faults our government may have, or a discerning critic may find in it, when he looks upon it alone, let any other be set against it, and then it shews its comparative beauty. Let us look upon the most glittering outside of unbounded authority, and upon a nearer inquiry we shall find nothing but poor and miserable deformity within. Let us imagine a prince living in his kingdom as if in a great galley, his subjects tugging at the oar, laden with chains, and reduced to real rags, that they may gain him imaginary laurels. Let us represent him gazing among his flatterers, and receiving their false worship; like a child never contradicted, and therefore always cozened, or like a lady complimented only to be abused; condemned never to hear truth, and consequently never to do justice, wallowing in the soft bed of wanton and unbridled greatness; nor less odious to the instruments themselves than to the objects of his tyranny; blown up into an ambitious drowsy, never to be satisfied by the conquest of other people, or by the oppression of his own. By aiming to be more than a man, he falls lower than the meanest of them; a mistaken creature, swelled with panegyrics, and flattered out of his senses, and not only an incumbrance but a nuisance to mankind—a hardened and unrelenting soul; and, like some creatures that grow fat with poisons, he grows great by other men's miseries; an ambitious ape of the divine greatness; an unruly giant that would storm even heaven itself, but that his scaling-ladders are not long enough—in short, a wild and devouring creature in rich trappings, and with all his pride, no more than a whip in God Almighty's hand, to be thrown into the fire when the world has been sufficiently scourged with it. This

picture, laid in right colours, would not incite men to wish for such a government, but rather to acknowledge the happiness of our own, under which we enjoy all the privileges reasonable men can desire, and avoid all the miseries many others are subject to.

Party Nicknames—The Trimmer.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there has been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach. And the reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism, or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serves their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest, and end in blood; and the same word which at first makes the company merry, grows in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats. . . .

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifies no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happens there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even without endangering the passengers. Now, 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this comes to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

Truth and Moderation.

The want of practice, which repeals the other laws, has no influence upon the law of truth, because it has root in heaven and an intrinsic value in itself that can never be impaired. She shews her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but power full of truth has the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood, with all her impudence, has not enough to speak ill of her before her face. Such majesty she carries about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason. All the power upon the earth can never extinguish her. She has lived in all ages; and, let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen an opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retired indeed—nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her. With all that, she has eternity in her; she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions: That our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen: that our church is a trimmer, between the frenzy of Platonic visions and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams: that our laws are trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained: that true virtue has ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling between the two extremes: that even God Almighty himself is divided between His two great attributes—his mercy and justice. In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common-sense.

DR HENRY MORE.

One of the greatest of the English Platonists and metaphysicians of the seventeenth century was the amiable and learned DR HENRY MORE (1614-1687), a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. More devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment in the church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this recluse philosopher once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him as far as Whitehall, that he might kiss the king's hand on the occasion; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step further. Dr More published several works for the promotion of religion and virtue; his moral doctrines are admirable, but some of his views are strongly tinged with mysticism. He was one of those who held the opinion that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found. For such a theory, it is hardly necessary to remark, there is no good foundation, the account given of Pythagoras's travels into the East being of uncertain authority, and there being no evidence that he had any communication with the Hebrew prophets. Dr More was an enthusiastic and disinterested inquirer after truth, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. His works, though now little read, were extremely popular in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The most important are—*The Mystery of Godliness*, *The Mystery of Iniquity*, *A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul*, *Ethical and Metaphysical Manuals*, several treatises against atheism and idolatry, and a volume entitled *Platonica, or a Platonic Song of the Soul*, in four poems, 1642, afterwards published as *Philosophical Poems*, 1647. The first book or poem in the series is *Psychozoia*, or the Life of the Soul, his principal poetical work. 'His poetry,' says Thomas Campbell, 'is not like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.' We add two stanzas from the *Psychozoia*:

The Soul and Body.

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she's gone from hence,

Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Of the prose composition of Dr More, the subjoined is from his *Mystery of Godliness*:

Devout Contemplation of the Works of God.

Whether, therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not many, but one God, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

Nature of the Evidence of the Existence of God.

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise; which I shall illustrate by several examples: Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as *Optimo Maximo*, or *To agnosto Theo*, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out: Assuredly here have been some men that have done this. But the other, more nice than wise, should reply: Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some inexplicable and unperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman

urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Ful. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the *os styloides*, *ethoicles*, and what not. If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has gendered these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins, were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent; for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust; which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from such a fable as this, as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

HISTORIANS.

THOMAS MAY.

THOMAS MAY (*circa* 1594-1650), who, like Daniel, was both a poet and historian, published, in 1647, *The History of the Parliament of England, which began November 3, 1640, with a short and necessary View of some precedent Years*. The prefatory 'view' comprises characters of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I.; and the narrative closes with the battle of Newbury, 1643, at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. May was at one time countenanced by the court, but 'fell from his duty and all his former friends,' as Clarendon has expressed it, and became Secretary to the Long Parliament. It is to be regretted that his History is confined to so small a portion of the Civil War, for though the composition of the work is inelegant, it is marked by candour and fairness, and the author had access to the best sources of information on the side of the Parliament. The task, indeed, was a difficult one, for the Civil War divided, as May said, 'the understandings of men as well as their affections, in so high a degree that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit unless amongst men of the same side.' The picture which May draws of the social state

of the times seems more like what we conceive of the reign of Charles II. than that of the grave and decorous First Charles.

Court and Times of Charles I.

Profaneness too much abounded everywhere; and which is most strange, where there was no religion, yet there was superstition. Luxury in diet, and excess both in meat and drink, was crept into the kingdom in a high degree, not only in the quantity, but in the wanton curiosity. And in abuse of those good creatures which God had bestowed upon this plentiful land, they mixed the vices of divers nations, catching at everything that was new and foreign.

Non vulgo nota placebant
Gaudia, non usu plebejo trita voluptas.

PETR.

Old known delight
They scorn, and bare-worn pleasure slight.

As much pride and excess was in apparel, almost among all degrees of people, in new-fangled and various-fashioned attire; they not only imitated, but excelled their foreign patterns; and in fantastical gestures and behaviour, the petulance of most nations in Europe. The serious men groaned for a parliament; but the great statesmen plied it the harder, to complete that work they had begun, of setting up prerogative above all laws. The Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earl of Strafford for his service in that kind) was then labouring to oppress Ireland, of which he was deputy; and to begin that work in a conquered kingdom which was intended to be afterward wrought by degrees in England: and indeed he had gone very far and prosperously in those ways of tyranny, though very much to the endamaging and setting back of that newly established kingdom. He was a man of great parts, of a deep reach, subtle wit, of spirit and industry to carry on his business, and such a conscience as was fit for that work he was designed to. He understood the right way, and the liberty of his country, as well as any man; for which in former parliaments, he stood up stiffly, and seemed an excellent patriot. For those abilities he was soon taken off by the king, and raised in honour, to be employed in a contrary way, for enslaving of his country, which his ambition easily drew him to undertake. . . .

The court of England, during this long vacancy of parliaments, enjoyed itself in as much pleasure and splendour as ever any court did. The revels, triumphs, and princely pastimes were for those many years kept up at so great a height, that any stranger which travelled into England, would verily believe a kingdom that looked so cheerfully in the face could not be sick in any part.

May was the author of several plays and poems and translations, all forgotten excepting his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* (1627) and his Supplement to Lucan, carrying down the history of *Pharsalia* to the death of Cæsar, and forming, as Hallam has said, 'the first Latin poetry which England can vaunt.'

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

EDWARD HERBERT, baron of Cherbury, in Shropshire (1581-1648), was an eminent statesman and writer, and a brave and high-spirited man at a time when honourable feeling was rare at the English court. He was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, studied at Oxford, and acquired, both at home and on the continent, a high reputation for the almost Quixotic chivalry of his character. In 1616 he was sent as ambassador to Paris, at which place he published, in 1624, his celebrated

Latin work *De Veritate*, a treatise on truth as it is distinguished from revelation, from probability, from possibility, and from falsehood. In this work, the first in which deism was ever reduced to a system, the author maintains the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of natural religion. The enthusiasm as well as sincerity of his nature is exemplified in the following reference to this work :

Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words : ' O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book ; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I shall suppress it ! ' I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded ; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true ; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

In reprinting the work at London in 1645, Herbert added two tracts, *De Causis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici*, and soon afterwards he published another work entitled *De Religione Gentilium Errorumque apud eos Causis*, of which an English translation appeared in 1705, entitled *The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles, and Cause of their Errors Considered*. The treatise *De Veritate* was answered by the French philosopher Gassendi, and numerous replies appeared in England. Lord Herbert wrote a *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.* which was not printed till 1649, the year after his death. It is termed by Lord Orford ' a masterpiece of historic biography.' Herbert has, however, been accused of partiality to the tyrannical monarch, and of having produced rather a panegyric, or an apology, than a fair and judicious representation. As to style, the work is one of the best old specimens of historical composition. Lord Herbert is remarkable also as the earliest of our autobiographers. The memoirs which he left of his own life were first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764. Lord Herbert wrote *Occasional Verses*, published by his son in 1665.

Sir Thomas More's Resignation of the Great Seal.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place—which he had held two years and a half—did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which, though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life.

Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter—among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted—occasioned this strange counsel ; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health. Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, together with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audeley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand—an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen—and says : ' Madam, my lord is gone.' But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal ; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing ; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied : ' Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry ? '—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages, to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen—who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests—remaining astonished, he says : ' We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford ; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms.' But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than to be taken everywhere for current ; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended hereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.

LORD CLARENDON.

At the head of the historians of this period, combining disquisition with description, and the development of motives with the relation of events, generations of readers have agreed to place Lord Clarendon, the faithful though discarded minister of Charles II.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608–1674), the son of a private gentleman of good fortune in Wiltshire, studied for several years at Oxford with a view to the church, but in consequence of the death of two older brothers, was removed at the age of sixteen to London, where he diligently pursued the study of the law. While thus employed, he associated much with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Lord Falkland, Selden, Ben Jonson, Carew, Waller, Morley, Hales of Eton, and Chillingworth. From the conversation of these and other distinguished individuals—the characters of some of whom he has admirably sketched in his works—he considered himself

to have derived a great portion of his knowledge; and he declares that 'he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company.' Having entered parliament in 1640, he soon afterwards quitted the bar, and devoted himself to public affairs. At first he abstained from connecting himself with any political party; but eventually he joined the royalists, to whose principles he was inclined by nature, though not a decided partisan. In the struggles between Charles I. and the people, he was much consulted by the king, who, however, sometimes gave him annoyance by disregarding his advice. Many of the papers issued in the royal cause during the Civil War were the productions of Hyde. Charles, while holding his court at Oxford, nominated him chancellor of the exchequer, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Leaving the king in 1644, he accompanied Prince Charles to the west, and subsequently to Jersey, where he remained for two years after the prince's departure from that island, engaged in tranquil literary occupations, and especially in writing a history of the stormy events in which he had lately been an actor. His *Contemplations and Reflections upon the Psalms of David, applying those Devotions to the troubles of the Times*, written in Jersey in 1647, and published in folio in 1727, are full of historical and personal interest, and have never been sufficiently valued. In 1648, he joined the prince in Holland, and next year went as one of his ambassadors to Madrid, having first established his own wife and children at Antwerp. In Spain, the ambassadors were coldly received: after suffering much from neglect and poverty, they were ultimately ordered to quit the kingdom, which they did in 1651; Hyde retiring to his family at Antwerp, but afterwards, in the autumn of the same year, joining the exiled Charles at Paris. Thenceforth, Hyde continued to be of great service in managing the embarrassed pecuniary affairs of the court, in giving counsel to the king, and in preserving harmony among his adherents. At this time his own poverty was such, that he writes in 1652: 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;' and in the following year: 'I have not had a livre of my own for three months.' He was greatly annoyed by the indolence and extravagance of Charles, who, however, valued him highly, and manifested his approbation by raising him to the dignity of lord chancellor. This appointment by a king without a kingdom, besides serving to testify the royal favour, enabled the easy and indolent monarch to rid himself of clamorous applicants for future lucrative offices in England, by referring them to one who had greater ability to resist solicitations with firmness. Of the four confidential counsellors by whose advice Charles was almost exclusively directed after the death of Cromwell, Hyde 'bore the greatest share of business, and was believed to possess the greatest influence. The measures he recommended were tempered with sagacity, prudence, and moderation.' 'The chancellor was a witness of the Restoration; he was with Charles at Canterbury in his progress to London, followed his triumphal entry to the capital, and took his seat on the 1st of June (1660) as speaker of the House of Lords: he also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery.' In the same year his daughter became the wife of

the Duke of York, by which marriage Hyde was rendered a progenitor of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. At the coronation in 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred on him, along with a gift of £20,000 from the king. He enjoyed the office of chancellor till 1665, when, having incurred the popular odium by some of his measures, his haughty demeanour, and resistance to the growing power of the Commons, and also raised up many bitter enemies in the court by his opposition to the dissoluteness and extravagance which there prevailed, he resigned the great seal, by his majesty's command, and was soon afterwards compelled to withdraw from the kingdom. He retired to France, and occupied himself in completing his *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, begun in 1641, but first published at Oxford in 1702-4. This great work is written somewhat in the style of political memoirs, easy, copious, redundant of details, and careless in execution, except where the author delineated the characters of his great contemporaries, or dwelt on events in which he was strongly interested. He fails most signally in his description of battles, which are confused and almost unintelligible.* Clarendon's sentences are often long and involved, and his expression loose and incorrect—defects perhaps springing from his previous habits of public speaking, without early opportunities or peculiar taste for mere literary study. In the department of character-painting, Clarendon is unrivalled; his description of events has not the same graphic vigour as his portraits, and his authority as an historian is small indeed; but many incidents are related with a sober majesty and chastened beauty of expression that are rare in history. We see always a full and fertile mind—strong royalist prepossessions, but a high sense of national honour and a deep feeling of regard for the moral and material welfare of his country. His life of himself, and the continuation of the life, written subsequently to his history, are less interesting, and are more inaccurate in details. Among the other works of this great man are a reply to the *Leviathan* of Hobbes and an admirable *Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life, and why the One should be preferred before the Other*. The last is peculiarly valuable, as the production of a man who, to a sound and vigorous understanding, added rare knowledge of the world, and much experience of life, both active and retired. He strongly maintains the superiority of an active course, as having the greater tendency to promote not only the happiness and usefulness, but also the virtue of the individual. Man, says he, 'is not sent into the world only to have a being to breathe till nature extinguisheth that breath, and reduceth that miserable creature to the nothing he was before: he is sent upon an errand, and to do the business of life; he hath faculties given him to judge between good and evil, to cherish and foment the first motions he feels towards the one, and to subdue the first temptations to the other; he hath not acted his part in doing no harm; his duty is not only to do good and to be innocent himself, but to propagate virtue, and to make

* It is curious to find it stated by Sir Walter Scott, that 'the best general in the world (evidently the Duke of Wellington) has been heard to say that King James II. in his Memoirs writes of military matters more forcibly and intelligibly than any author he has perused.' See note to *Military Memoirs*, by John Gwynne, 1822.

others better than they would otherwise be. Indeed, an absence of folly is the first hopeful prologue towards the obtaining wisdom; yet he shall never be wise who knows not what folly is; nor, it may be, commendably and judiciously honest, without having taken some view of the quarters of iniquity; since true virtue pre-supposeth an election, a declining somewhat that is ill, as well as the choice of what is good.' The choice of a mode of life he thinks ought to be regulated by a consideration of the abilities of each individual who is about to commence his career; but he omits to add, that dispositions as well as talents ought always to be considered; since, however great a man's abilities may be, the want of steady energy and decision of character must operate as an insurmountable bar to success in the struggles of active life. Lord Clarendon's other miscellaneous works consist of a Vindication of himself from the Charge of Treason; Dialogues on the Want of Respect due to Age, and on Education; and essays on various subjects.

In the year 1811, a work of Lord Clarendon's which had till then remained in manuscript, was published under the title of *Religion and Policy, and the Countenance and Assistance they should give to each other; with a Survey of the Power and Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other Princes*. The principal object of the work is to shew the injury which religion has sustained by the pope's assumption of temporal authority, and that it is incumbent on Catholics living under Protestant governments to pay no regard to the papal authority, in opposition to their own sovereign.

Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was not intended for publication till the numerous public characters of whom it treats were no more. It was edited by Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, who made numerous alterations on the text, which, however, has now been correctly given, with the suppressed passages restored, in an edition in eight volumes, printed at Oxford in 1826. The Life and Continuation, also complete, were printed at Oxford in three volumes in 1827.

Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637.

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland, and others of the council, being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon, but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no words could be heard distinctly; and then a shower of stones, and sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the king; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour and disorder less than before. The chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot; which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, that was not at all attended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, broke the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them; and treated the bishop of Edinburgh, whom they looked upon as most active that way, so rudely, that with difficulty he got into a house, after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own, with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception which it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches of the city, but was entertained with the same hollaing and outcries, and threatening the men, whose office it was to read it, with the same bitter execrations against bishops and popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the council; but without conferring with them, or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the king, with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any. . . . And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court or in the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the council-board, but such a dispatch made into Scotland upon it, as expressed the king's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day, that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and—as heretofore in the case of St Paul, Acts xiii. 50, 'The Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women'—the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and, with all the reproaches imaginable, made war upon the bishops, as introducers of popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies; and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit; insomuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets, nor in any courts or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men, who did indeed govern the rabble, though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands; so that, by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

Character of Hampden.

Mr Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and licence, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had shewed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions, but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

Character of Lord Falkland.

In this unhappy battle [of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity:

Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy; so that, when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good

parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice to his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. . . .

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a Burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all

differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor—which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of—he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men—strangers to his nature and disposition—who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace; and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;' which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. . . .

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

Character of Charles I.

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which

restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting-days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the king said, 'that he deserved to be hanged;' and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent some one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

Execution of Montrose.

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and after a short space, was again brought in, and told by the chancellor, 'that he was, on the morrow, being the one-and-twentieth of May 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh cross, and there to be hanged on a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh toll-booth; and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial.' He desired 'that he might say somewhat to them,' but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation, and assured him 'that the judgment he was the next day to suffer was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards.' After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayers, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against ('Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them 'to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions.' He told them that 'they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people, and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to.' He told them 'he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have his picture hang in the king's bedchamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily

wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he had suffered.'

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present king, and prayed 'that they might not betray him as they had done his father.' When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said, 'he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the garter;' and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651.

When the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could, and did miraculously deliver him.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Careless, who had had a command of foot, about the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since

it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those inclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots—for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes—before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the meantime his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. . . .

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that

he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed; which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Careless, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him 'that the Lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together,' which the other easily did; and within a night or two, brought them into one place. Wilmot told the king 'that he had by very good-fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where, he was sure, he could conceal him, till he might contrive a full deliverance.' And so they two went together to Mr Lane's house, where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was

beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself.

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service; and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken, when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs Lane declaring 'that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free.' And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. . . .

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of a 'good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague;' and desired her cousin 'that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs.' A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to shew him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She pretended 'that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend.' When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish,

and desired the butler, who waited at the table, 'to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently.' The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, 'he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him 'not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr Norton, supped with them; and being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, 'how long his ague had been gone? and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good-nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him. . . .

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad: for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war. . . . The king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage. And he answered: 'As soon as he could get lading for his ship.' The other asked, 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?' In conclusion, he told him 'he should receive fifty pounds for his fare.' The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook

it; though he said 'he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned.' Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lynce, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. . . .

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. . . .

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her 'that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready.' She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her 'he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid.' His wife told him 'she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out.' The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed. . . .

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These

marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a Malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place, where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brightelmstone, a small fisher-town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

Character of Oliver Cromwell.

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth—though of a good family—without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistency, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. . . . Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of

discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was devoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE (1605-1676), an eminent lawyer, who wrote *Memorials of English Affairs* from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Restoration, was of principles opposite to those of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. Whitelocke was the legal adviser of Hampden during the prosecution of that celebrated patriot for refusing to pay ship-money. As a member of parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king at Oxford, he advocated pacific measures; and, being an enemy to arbitrary power both in church and state, he refused, in the Westminster Assembly for settling the form of church-government, to admit the assumed divine right of presbytery. Under

Cromwell he held several high appointments; and during the government of the Protector's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal. At the Restoration, he retired to his estate in Wiltshire, which continued to be his principal residence till his death in 1676. Whitelocke's *Memorials* not having been intended for publication, are almost wholly written in the form of a diary, and are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. In a posthumous volume of *Essays, Ecclesiastical and Civil*, he strongly advocates religious toleration.

BISHOP BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, was one of the most remarkable men of his age, equally active and equally eminent as an historian, a politician, and a theologian. He was a native of Edinburgh, born September 18, 1643. His father, a lawyer, was a royalist and an Episcopalian, and after the Restoration, was raised to the bench as a Scottish judge. His mother was a no less decided Presbyterian, being a sister of the famous Covenanting leader and republican, Johnston of Warriston, who was created a peer by Cromwell, and in the subsequent reign of Charles, was, by a mockery of legal forms and of justice, put to death. Young Gilbert Burnet adhered to the Episcopalian side of his house, but his divided parental allegiance in church matters probably first taught him the value of religious toleration. He was an M.A. of Aberdeen University before he was fourteen years of age, and he afterwards studied Hebrew under a learned rabbi in Holland. Entering the church, he was five years minister of Salton, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed to Glasgow as professor of divinity. Always zealous and ambitious, Burnet wrote pamphlets in favour of reconciling the churches, remedying abuses, and vindicating the authority and constitution of the church and state in Scotland. He was offered, but refused, a bishopric; and opposing the Scottish administration of Lauderdale, he removed to London, where he obtained the appointment of preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer at St Clement's. As a preacher, Burnet was highly popular. His appearance and action were commanding, his manner was frank and open, and he was a great master of extemporaneous eloquence. It was then customary for congregations admiring their ministers to express approbation of particular passages by a deep *hum*, and Burnet's hearers, it is said, used to hum so long and loud that he would, during the pause, sit down and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. The hour-glass was also used in the pulpit, and when the stated time for the sermon was exhausted, Burnet's *hummers* would encourage him to turn up the glass, and run off the sand once more. His reputation was raised still higher by the publication, in 1679, of the first volume of his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, of which the second volume appeared in 1681, and a supplementary volume in 1714. This able work is still the best history of the important period of which it treats. *Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*—the libertine peer and poet, whom Burnet had attended on his death-bed—appeared in 1680, and added to the impression of Burnet's talents and

piety. Such services seemed to call for church preferment, and Charles would have pressed a bishopric on the popular divine; but Burnet declined court favour. He even went the length of writing a strong remonstrance to the king on the errors of his government and his personal vices. Charles threw the letter into the fire; but when Burnet attended Lord William Russell to the scaffold, and wrote an account of the noble sufferer's last moments, the profligate monarch was so incensed that he discharged Burnet from his lectureship, and prohibited him from preaching at the Rolls Chapel. The divine, however, went on writing treatises and sermons in favour of toleration, and he compiled Lives of Sir Matthew Hale and Bishop Bedell (1682 and 1685). He next travelled in Switzerland and Italy, of which he wrote a narrative; and settling at the Hague in 1686, became one of the counsellors and adherents of the party of William of Orange. In the revolution of 1688, he was one of the chief actors, accompanying William to England in the capacity of chaplain. He was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. As a prelate, Burnet was distinguished for liberality and devoted attention to his duties. He was never indifferent, never idle, and besides discharging the duties of his see, and originating various schemes, he wrote his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, which is still a standard theological work. He died in 1715. Burnet left for publication the work by which he is now most popularly known, the *History of his Own Time*, giving an outline of the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth, and a full narrative of the succeeding period down to 1713. As he had, under various circumstances, personally known the conspicuous characters of a whole century, and penetrated most of the state secrets of a period nearly as long, he was able to relate events in his memoirs with a fulness and authority not inferior to Clarendon, and in a more easy, idiomatic style, though allowance must also in his case be made for the influence, unconsciously, of political and personal prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom with which he delivered his opinions and strictures would give offence in many quarters, Burnet left an injunction in his will that his History should not be published till six years after his death, so that it did not make its appearance till 1723, and even then some passages—now restored—were omitted by his sons. Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for numerous attacks on the reputation of the author, whose candour and veracity were loudly impeached. All the Tory and Jacobite pens of the age were pointed against the History. Swift, Dartmouth, Lansdowne, and numerous others, proclaimed it to be grossly partial and inaccurate. Pope and Arbuthnot ridiculed the egotistic style of Burnet, but Pope asserted that the humorous *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish*, were written during Burnet's lifetime, though not published before 1727. Hume and later historians continued the depreciatory attacks, and, indeed, they cannot yet be said to have ceased. Whoever writes of the period included in Burnet's History, or of its leading public characters, must consult that work; and it presents many points for assault on the part of those who differ from the theological and political views so broadly and complacently advanced by the author. Burnet

was a strong partisan, somewhat credulous, and a minute, garrulous describer of events, great and small. But he was emphatically an honest, generous, and good-natured man. He appealed to the God of truth that he had on all occasions in his work told the truth, and, however mistaken he may be on some points, he is justly entitled to the praise of having been a faithful chronicler. That he is a lively and interesting one, has never been disputed. His book is one of the few histories of which the reader never tires. It is a gallery of pictures—some overshaded, some too bright, but all lifelike. 'It seems,' as Horace Walpole says, 'as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard.' The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys may be considered as supplements to Burnet, completing part of the period over which he ranges.

Death and Character of Edward VI.

From the History of the Reformation.

In the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor: such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe. . . .

Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout

manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; O Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms: 'I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI. that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cramer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shewn. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

Character of Archbishop Leighton—Account of his Death.

From Burnet's *History of his Own Time*.

He was the son of Dr Leighton, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ *Zion's Plea against the Prelates*, for which he was condemned in the Star-chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son

Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself. He bore all sorts of ill-usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. And, though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way, and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the Church of England. From Scotland, his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others. And when he was a bishop, he choose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand: he had, indeed, a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. . . .

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above seventy, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold and with stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy.

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them. . . .

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him. So that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there. And the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death. So that his provision and journey failed both at once.

Character of Charles II.—From the same.

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him.

While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and

went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Rouvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not shewing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any

tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

The Czar Peter in England in 1698.—From the same.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country; on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscow. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or shewing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. [The Czar died in 1725.] So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

Character of William III.—From the same.

Thus lived and died William III. King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate

constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacency, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroic courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the

bad, and those who served well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe: for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he shewed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that, in the words of David, he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must shew whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

COUNT GRAMMONT.

In 1713 appeared a semi-historical work, relating to the court of Charles II.—the *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, translated into English in 1714, and still a popular English work. The best edition is that of 1811, which has copious notes, some of which are said to have been contributed by Sir Walter Scott. The author, ANTHONY HAMILTON (1646-1720), was related by birth to the noble Scotch family of Hamilton, and to the Irish ducal family of Ormond. His sister married Count Grammont, who arrived in England from France in 1662, and was one of the most brilliant and accomplished adventurers at Whitehall, 'the court of Paphos.' In his old age, it appears, the count dictated his memoirs to his brother-in-law, and the scandalous chronicle is allowed to be a truthful narrative. It exhibits the king and court in dishabille—and something more.

ARTHUR WILSON—SIR ANTHONY WELDON—
SIR RICHARD BAKER.

Some inferior historians, annalists, and antiquaries may here be noticed. They may be considered as the pioneers or camp-attendants of the regular acknowledged historians.

ARTHUR WILSON (1596-1652) was secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars; and afterwards became steward to the Earl of Warwick. He left in manuscript a work on *The Life and Reign of King James I.* which was published in 1653. A comedy of his, entitled *The Inconstant Lady*, was printed at Oxford, edited by Dr Bliss, in 1814. Arthur Wilson's work on the reign of James I. is termed by Heylin 'a most famous pasquil.'

A more unfavourable picture of the same period is given in the *Court and Character of King James, Written and Taken by Sir A. W. being an Eye and Ear Witness*, 1650. The writer, SIR ANTHONY WELDON, had been Clerk of the Kitchen to the king, and accompanied him to Scotland in 1617, but, writing a depreciatory account of Scotland, he was dismissed from office. He revenged himself by drawing up this sketch of the court and its monarch, in which a graphic, though overcharged description of James—his personal appearance, habits, oddities, &c.—is presented.

SIR RICHARD BAKER (1568-1645) was author of a *Chronicle* long popular in England, particularly among country gentlemen. Addison makes it the favourite book of Sir Roger de Coverley. Baker was knighted by James I. in 1603, and in 1620 became high-sheriff for Oxfordshire, in which he possessed considerable property. Afterwards, having imprudently engaged for the payment of debts contracted by his wife's family, he became insolvent, and spent several years in the Fleet Prison, where he died in 1645. While in durance, he wrote *Meditations and Disquisitions* on portions of Scripture, translated Balzac's *Letters* and Malvezzi's *Discourses on Tacitus*, and composed two pieces in defence of the theatre. His principal work, however, was that already referred to, entitled *A Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the Time of the Romans' Government unto*

the Death of King James. This work, which appeared in 1641, the author complacently declares to be 'collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known.' Notwithstanding such high pretensions, the *Chronicle* was afterwards proved by Thomas Blount, in *Animadversions* published in 1672, to contain many gross errors. The style of Baker, which is superior to his matter, is described in a letter written to him by his former college-friend, Sir Henry Wotton, as 'full of sweet raptures and of researching conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you, I know not how, with a certain equal facility.'

DUGDALE—ANTHONY À WOOD—ASHMOLE.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE (1605-1686) was highly distinguished for his knowledge of heraldry and antiquities. His work, entitled *The Baronage of England*, is esteemed as without a rival in its own department; and his *Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated* (1656) has been placed in the foremost rank of county histories. He published also a *History of St Paul's Cathedral*; and three volumes of a great work, entitled *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655-1673), intended to embrace the history of the monastic and other religious foundations which existed in England before the Reformation. Besides several other publications, Dugdale left a large collection of manuscripts, which are now to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at the Heralds' College.—ANTHONY À WOOD (1632-1695), a native of Oxford, was attached to similar pursuits. He published, in 1691, a well-known work, entitled *Athenæ Oxonienses*, being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those educated at the university of Cambridge. Wood appears to have been a diligent and careful collector, though frequently misled by narrow-minded prejudices and hastily formed opinions. He compiled also a work on the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, which was published only in Latin, the translation into that language being made by Dr Fell, bishop of Oxford.—ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617-1692), a famous antiquary and virtuoso, was a friend of Sir William Dugdale, whose daughter he married. In the earlier part of his life he was addicted to astrology and alchemy, but afterwards devoted his attention more exclusively to antiquities, heraldry, and the collection of coins and other rarities. His most celebrated work, entitled *The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*, was published in 1672. A collection of relics, books, and manuscripts, which he presented to the university of Oxford, constituted the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum.

AUBREY—RYMER.

JOHN AUBREY (1626-1700) studied at Oxford, and, while there, aided in the collection of materials for Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*; at a later period, he furnished valuable assistance to Anthony à Wood. His only published work is a collection of popular superstitions relative to dreams, portents, ghosts, witchcraft, &c. under

the title of *Miscellanies*. His manuscripts, of which many are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum and the library of the Royal Society, prove his researches to have been very extensive, and have furnished much useful information to later antiquaries. Aubrey has been too harshly censured by Gifford as a credulous fool; yet it must be admitted that his power of discrimination was small. His *Letters*, consisting chiefly of biographical facts, communicated to Anthony à Wood, were published in three volumes in 1813.

THOMAS RYMER (*circa* 1638–1713), appointed royal historiographer in 1692, published the *Fœdera*, a most valuable collection of public treaties and compacts, filling fifteen folio volumes, to which ROBERT SANDERSON (1660–1741) made a continuation, extending the work to twenty volumes (1704–1735). Rymer began his career as a dramatist and critic, but nothing can be worse in taste or judgment than his remarks on Shakspeare and other poets. 'I have thought,' he says, 'our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture,' and he speaks of 'that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem!'

THEOLOGICALS.

BISHOP ANDREWS.

In 1631, 'by his majesty's special commandment,' were published *Ninety-six Sermons* by DR LANCELOT ANDREWS or ANDREWES (1555–1626), bishop of Winchester, and a privy-councillor—a prelate who had the singular good fortune to enjoy the favour of three successive sovereigns, and whose death was mourned by the youthful muse of Milton. Andrews was the most learned divine of his day, excepting Usher, and was styled *Stella Prædicantium*—the star of preachers. When the Jesuit Bellarmin attacked King James's treatise on the *Rights of Kings*, the duty of defending the royal author devolved on Andrews, who acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of James, that he appointed him to the see of Chichester, and made him his almoner. As a prelate, Andrews was in favour of the high-church doctrines and ceremonial, of which Laud became the representative, but he was more noted for his learning, his wit, charity, and munificence.* His sermons are deformed by pedantry and conceit, but display a lively fancy and power of ingenious exposition and illustration. In patristic theology, or knowledge of the early Fathers of the church, Andrews was unrivalled in his day. The following extracts shew his peculiar style:

Angels and Men.

I. What are angels? Surely they are spirits, glorious spirits, heavenly spirits, immortal spirits. For their

* Bacon quotes some of the lively sayings of Andrews, and Walker relates the following anecdote of the popular prelate. Dr Neile, bishop of Durham, and Andrews were standing behind the king's chair at dinner, when James suddenly turned to them and said: 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?' Neile replied: 'God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' The king then addressed Andrews: 'Well, my lord, and what say you?' 'Sir,' replied Andrews, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The king answered: 'No puts-off, my lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it.'

nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place or abode, heavenly; for their duration or continuance, immortal.

And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himself? And what is Abraham? Let him answer himself; I am dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the rest; *dicens putredini*, &c. saying to rottenness, thou art my mother, and to the worms, ye are my brethren. They are spirits; now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of this seed of flesh? What but corruption, and rottenness, and worms. There is the substance of our bodies.

2. They glorious spirits; we vile bodies (bear with it, it is the Holy Ghost's own term, who shall change our vile bodies). And not only base and vile, but filthy and unclean: *ex immundo conceptum semine*, conceived of unclean seed: there is the metal. And the mould is no better, the womb wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, and unclean. There is our quality.

3. They heavenly spirits, angels of heaven: that is, their place of abode is in heaven above, ours is here below in the dust; *inter pulices, et culices, tineas, araneas, et vermes*; our place is here among fleas and flies, moths, and spiders, and crawling worms. There is our place of dwelling.

4. They are immortal spirits; that is their duration. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet, flesh, all flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flowers of the field (from April to June). The scythe cometh; nay, the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grass, which is short: nay, fading sooner than the flower of the grass, which is much shorter: nay, saith Job, rubbed in pieces more easily than any moth.

This we are to them if you lay us together; and if you weigh us upon the balance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself: there is our weight. And if you value us, man is but a thing of nought: there is our worth. *Hoc is omnis homo*; this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed: and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison; they are incomparably far better than the best of us.

Do Good.

I see there is a strange hatred and a bitter gainsaying everywhere stirred up against unpreaching prelates (as you term them) and pastors that feed themselves only: and they are well worthy. If I might see the same hatred begun among yourselves, I would think it sincere. But that I cannot see. For that which a slothful divine is in things spiritual, that is a rich man for himself and nobody else in things carnal: and they are not pointed at. But sure you have your harvest, as well as ours, and that a great harvest. Lift up your eyes, and see the streets round about you; the harvest is verily great, and the labourers few. Let us pray (both) that the Lord would thrust out labourers into both these harvests: that the treasures of knowledge being opened, they may have the bread of eternal life; and the treasures of well-doing being opened, they may have the bread of this life; and so they may want neither.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

JAMES USHER or USSHER, the celebrated archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, January 4, 1580 (O.S.), son to one of the clerks in Chancery. He would have devoted himself to law, had not the death of his father, whose wishes pointed to that profession, allowed him to follow his own inclination for theology. He succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother, reserving for himself only

a sufficiency for his maintenance at college and the purchase of books. In 1606 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, to the former of whom he communicated some valuable particulars about the ancient state of Ireland and the history of Dublin: these were afterwards inserted by Camden in his *Britannia*. For thirteen years subsequently to 1607, Usher filled the chair of Divinity in the university of Dublin, in performing the duties of which he confined his attention chiefly to the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics. At the convocation of the Irish clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national church, the articles drawn up on the occasion emanated chiefly from his pen; and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation in their broadest aspect, as well as by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and his known opinion that bishops were not a distinct order in the church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism. Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with his majesty, so fully cleared himself, that he was ere long appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1624 to the archbishopric of Armagh. During the political agitation of Charles's reign, Usher, in a treatise entitled *The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject*, maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. The Irish rebellion, in 1641, drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles. Subsequently, the Civil War caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Ryegate, where he died in 1656, at the age of seventy-five. Most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics; but the production for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work, entitled *Annales*, or 'Annals,' the first part of which was published in 1650, and the second in 1654. It is a chronological digest of universal history, from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespasian's reign. The author intended to add a third part, but died before accomplishing his design. In this work, which was received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and has been several times reprinted on the continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history; and down to the present time, his chronological system is that which is generally received. Usher conformed strictly to the Hebrew chronology in scriptural dates; the Septuagint version and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ greatly from it; 'and the most judicious inquirers into ancient history,' according to Hallam, 'have of late been coming to the opinion, that, with certain exceptions, there are no means of establishing an entire accuracy in dates before the Olympiads.' A posthumous work, which Usher left unfinished, was printed in 1660, under the title of *Chronologia Sacra*; it is considered a valuable production, as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as shewing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the *Annals*.

JOHN HALES.

JOHN HALES (1584-1656), surnamed 'the Ever-memorable,' is usually classed with Chillingworth, as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion. He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of the Greek language, of which he was appointed professor at Oxford in 1612. Six years afterwards, he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague; and on this occasion he attended the meetings of the famous Synod of Dort, the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley. Till this time, he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated; but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, urged before the synod, made him, according to his own expression, 'bid John Calvin good-night.' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention.' Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton College, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Saville as provost. Of this, after the defeat of the royal party, he was deprived for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or House of Lords. By cutting off the means of subsistence, his ejection reduced him to such straits, that at length he was under the necessity of selling the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £2500, for less than a third of that sum. This he did from a spirit of independence which refused to accept the pecuniary bounty liberally offered by his friends. Besides sermons and miscellanies—the former of which compose the chief portion of his works—he wrote a famous *Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics* (1628), in which the causes of religious disunion, and in particular the bad effects of episcopal ambition, are freely discussed. This tract having come to the hands of Archbishop Laud, who was an old acquaintance of the author, Hales addressed a letter in defence of it to the primate, who, having invited him to a conference, was so well satisfied, that he forced, though not without difficulty, a prebendal stall of Windsor on the acceptance of the needy but contented scholar. The learning, abilities, and amiable disposition of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms, not only by Clarendon, but by Bishop Pearson, Dr Heylin, Andrew Marvel, and Bishop Stillingfleet. He is styled by Anthony à Wood 'a walking library;' and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit, as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning, as ever yet conversed with books.*' His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others; and his disposition being liberal, obliging, and charitable, made him, in religious matters, a determined foe to intolerance, and, in society, a

* Preface to *The Golden Remains of the Ever-memorable Mr John Hales*, 1659.

highly agreeable companion. Lord Clarendon says that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions.' Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous.'

The style of his sermons is clear, simple, and in general correct; and the subjects are frequently illustrated with quotations from the ancient philosophers and Christian Fathers.* The subjoined extracts are from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion*:

Private Judgment in Religion.

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to contemn the advice and help of others, in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and indiscretion. I will not forbear to open unto you what I conceive to be the causes of this so general an error amongst men. First, peradventure the dregs of the Church of Rome are not yet sufficiently washed from the hearts of many men. We know it is the principal stay and supporter of that church, to suffer nothing to be inquired into which is once concluded by them. Look through Spain and Italy; they are not men, but beasts, and, Issachar-like, patiently couch down under every burden their superiors lay upon them. Secondly, a fault or two may be in our own ministry; thus, to advise men, as I have done, to search into the reasons and grounds of religion, opens a way to dispute and quarrel, and this might breed us some trouble and disquiet in our cures, more than we are willing to undergo; therefore, to purchase our own quiet, and to banish all contention, we are content to nourish this still humour in our hearers; as the Sybarites, to procure their ease, banished the smiths, because their trade was full of noise. In the meantime, we do not see that peace, which ariseth out of ignorance, is but a kind of sloth, or moral lethargy, seeming quiet because it hath no power to move. Again, maybe the portion of knowledge in the minister himself is not over-great; it may be, therefore, good policy for him to suppress all busy inquiry in his auditory, that so increase of knowledge in them might not at length discover some ignorance in him. Last of all, the fault may be in the people themselves, who, because they are loath to take pains—and search into the grounds of knowledge is evermore painful—are well content to take their ease, to gild their

vice with goodly names, and to call their sloth, modesty, and their neglect of inquiry, filial obedience. These reasons, beloved, or some of kin to these, may be the motives unto this easiness of the people, of entertaining their religion upon trust, and of the neglect of the inquiry into the grounds of it.

To return, therefore, and proceed in the refutation of this gross neglect in men of their own reason, and casting themselves upon other wits. Hath God given you eyes to see, and legs to support you, that so yourselves might lie still, or sleep, and require the use of other men's eyes and legs? That faculty of reason which is in every one of you, even in the meanest that hears me this day, next to the help of God, is your eyes to direct you, and your legs to support you, in your course of integrity and sanctity; you may no more refuse or neglect the use of it, and rest yourselves upon the use of other men's reason, than neglect your own, and call for the use of other men's eyes and legs. The man in the gospel, who had bought a farm, excuses himself from going to the marriage-supper, because himself would go and see it: but we have taken an easier course; we can buy our farm, and go to supper too, and that only by saving our pains to see it; we profess ourselves to have made a great purchase of heavenly doctrine, yet we refuse to see it and survey it ourselves, but trust to other men's eyes, and our surveyors: and wot you to what end? I know not, except it be that so we may with the better leisure go to the marriage-supper; that, with Haman, we may the more merrily go in to the banquet provided for us; that so we may the more freely betake ourselves to our pleasures, to our profits, to our trades, to our preferments and ambition. . . .

Would you see how ridiculously we abuse ourselves when we thus neglect our own knowledge, and securely hazard ourselves upon others' skill? Give me leave, then, to shew you a perfect pattern of it, and to report to you what I find in Seneca the philosopher, recorded of a gentleman in Rome, who, being purely ignorant, yet greatly desirous to seem learned, procured himself many servants, of which some he caused to study the poets, some the orators, some the historians, some the philosophers, and, in a strange kind of fancy, all their learning he verily thought to be his own, and persuaded himself that he knew all that his servants understood; yea, he grew to that height of madness in this kind, that, being weak in body and diseased in his feet, he provided himself of wrestlers and runners, and proclaimed games and races, and performed them by his servants; still applauding himself, as if himself had done them. Beloved, you are this man. When you neglect to try the spirits, to study the means of salvation yourselves, but content yourselves to take them upon trust, and repose yourselves altogether on the wit and knowledge of us that are your teachers, what is this in a manner but to account with yourselves, that our knowledge is yours, that you know all that we know, who are but your servants in Jesus Christ?

Reverence for Ancient Opinions.

Antiquity, what is it else—God only excepted—but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—time cannot make them more true. The circumstance, therefore, of time, in respect of truth and error, is merely impertinent.

Prevalence of an Opinion no Argument for its Truth.

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now,

* In the year 1765, an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who took the unwarrantable liberty of modernising the language according to his own taste. This, we learn from Boswell, met the strong disapprobation of Dr Johnson. 'An author's language, sir,' said he, 'is a characteristic part of his composition, and is also characteristic of the age in which he writes. Besides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.'

human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is, from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH (1602-1644), a famous polemic, was born at Oxford, and was distinguished as a student there. An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, brought upon him such a habit of doubting, that his opinions became unsettled on all subjects. A Jesuit named Fisher converted him to the Roman faith—his chief argument being the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith, to which character the Roman Catholic Church appeared to him to be best entitled. For some time after this, he studied at the Jesuits' College at Douay; but his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith. He was patronised by Laud. His change of creed drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work, entitled *The Religion of the Protestants a safe Way to Salvation*, published in 1637. This treatise, which has placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is considered a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant faith. The author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes; that no church is infallible; and that the Apostles' Creed embraces all the necessary points of faith. The Arminian opinions of Chillingworth brought upon him the charge of latitudinarianism; and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment on condition of subscribing the thirty-nine articles. His scruples having, however, been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury. During the Civil War, he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even acted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. He died in the succeeding year. Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine: 'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances, in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew.' Writing to a Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says: 'I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it.

Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.' In the same liberal and independent spirit are the following passages, extracted from his great work:

Against the Employment of Force in Religion.

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of St Paul, the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used—as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power, and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they—what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it in one place, and the oppression of it in a hundred? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure, of unity, but, peradventure, only of uniformity, in particular states and churches; but the immortalising the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world? And, therefore, what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the kingdom of Christ? But they that know there is a King of kings and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no king or state anything can be profitable which is unjust; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal happiness, out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any state from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed—which sort, I confess, may justly be punished as well as other faults—or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their reformation, I excuse them not.

Reason must be appealed to in Religious Discussions.

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being, indeed, a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

A collection of nine sermons preached by Chillingworth before Charles I. has been frequently printed. From one of these we select the

following animated expostulation with his noble hearers :

Against Dudling.

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion: after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say: 'They have not learned this from us;' or of the Mahometans, they will answer: 'We are not guilty of it.' Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of—for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?—before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

DR RALPH CUDWORTH.

DR RALPH CUDWORTH (1617-1688) is celebrated as a very learned divine and philosopher. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where, during the thirty years succeeding 1645, he held the office of Regius Professor of Hebrew. His

principal work, which is entitled *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, was published in 1678, and is designed as a refutation of the atheistical tenets which at that time were extensively held in England. It executes only a portion of his design—namely, the establishment of the following three propositions, which he regarded as the fundamentals or essentials of true religion: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding Being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And, lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' From this statement by Cudworth in his preface, the reader will observe that he maintained (in opposition to two of the leading doctrines of Hobbes), first, the existence of a natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice; and, secondly, the freedom of the human will. On the former point he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbism, in ascribing our consciousness of the natural difference of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion. As, however, he confines his attention in the *Intellectual System* to the first essential of true religion enumerated in the passage just quoted, ethical questions are in that work but incidentally and occasionally touched upon. In combating the atheists, he displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare degree of candour which prompts a controversialist to give a full statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to refute. This fairness brought upon him the reproach of insincerity; and by a contemporary Protestant theologian the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist, were freely applied to him. 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them'—'the common fate,' as Lord Shaftesbury remarks on this occasion, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors.' This clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher, who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme. He left, however, several manuscript works, one of which, entitled *A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, but only introductory in its character, was published in 1731 by Dr Chandler, bishop of Durham. His unprinted writings are now in the British Museum. Dugald Stewart observes, that 'the *Intellectual System* of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of *Immutable Morality*. The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes and of the Antinomians;* but the former

* The Antinomians were a class of English sectaries conspicuous during the confusion of the Civil War in England. Their designation is a Greek compound, signifying 'enemies of the law,' it being their opinion that exhortations to morality were unnecessary, as once to the elect, whom the divine grace would of itself lead to the practice of piety and virtue, and to the non-elect, whose salvation and virtuous conduct were, by the very circumstance of non-election, rendered impossible. Some of the Antinomian doctors carried their views so far as to maintain, 'that as the elect cannot fall from grace, nor forfeit the divine favour, so it

aspires to tear up by the roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy. It is a work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning; but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians. Of its faults—beside the general disposition of the author to discuss questions placed altogether beyond the reach of our faculties—the most prominent is the wild hypothesis of a *plastic nature*; or, in other words, “of a vital and spiritual, but unintelligent and necessary agent, created by the Deity for the execution of his purposes.” A Latin translation of this work was published by Mosheim at Jena in 1733. A few specimens of the original are subjoined:

God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable.

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. It was a truth, though abused by the sceptics, *akatalepton ti*, something incomprehensible in the essence of the lowest substances. For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things, as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend. Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and cannot penetrate into and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot

fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modo conformis*, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable, is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendour it dazzle our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulosæ stelle*—the small misty stars. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect—that is, no God. . . .

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstasy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner—namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

Difficulty of Convincing Interested Unbelievers.

As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not a *priori*, which is impossible and contradictory, but, by necessary inference, from principles altogether undeniable. For we can by no means

follows that the wicked actions they commit, and the violations of the divine law with which they are chargeable, are not really sinful, nor are to be considered as instances of their departing from the law of God; and that, consequently, they have no occasion either to confess their sins or to break them off by repentance.' Baxter and Tillotson were among the distinguished opponents of the tenets of this sect. (See Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, cent. xvii. chap. ii. sect. 23.) Cudworth, in his *Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, classes with the atheists of antiquity some of his contemporaries, who thought 'that God may command what is contrary to moral rules; that he has no inclination to the good of his creatures; that he may justly doom an innocent being to eternal torments; and that whatever God does will, for that reason is just, because he wills it.' But according to Sir James Mackintosh, Cudworth names only one book, published at Franeker (a town in Holland), in which this monstrous opinion is supported.

grant to the atheists that there is more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge or science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of ours, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of necessity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.

Creation.

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more; that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle, light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass or water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is indeed true that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation ought to prove that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification, to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply contradiction; and though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

DR RICHARD CUMBERLAND—ROBERT SANDERSON.

DR RICHARD CUMBERLAND (1632–1718), another learned and amiable divine of the Church of England, was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1691. He had published, in 1672, a Latin work, *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica*, &c.; or, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature; in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation, are investigated from the nature of things; and in which, also, the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This modest and erudite, but verbose production—of which two English translations have appeared—contains many sound, and at that time novel views on moral science, along with others of very doubtful soundness. The laws of nature he

deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man. He wrote also a learned *Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures, comprehending their Monies* (1686), and a translation of Sanchoiatho's *Phœnician History* (which was not published till 1720). In the performance of his episcopal duties he displayed a rare degree of activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by his friends on account of the great labour which he underwent, he replied: 'I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out.' He lived, however, to the advanced age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour that he successfully studied the Coptic language only three years before his death.

The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.

The fit measures of the tabernacle and temple, to the uses of the whole nation of the Jews, demonstrate God's early care to settle his people Israel, in the form of one entire national church, under Moses, Aaron, and the other priests, who were general officers for all Israel. The church in the wilderness, mentioned by St Stephen (Acts, vii. 38), was thus national, and is the first collective body of men called a church in the Scripture language, by a man full of the evangelical spirit.

Synagogues for particular neighbourhoods' convenience, in the public exercise of religion, were introduced long after, by the pious prudence of the national governors of the Jewish church and state, and accordingly were all subordinate to them. It is to be observed, also, that this limited place for public national worship was within their own nation, in the midst of their camp in the wilderness, in their own land in Canaan. No recourse from it to a foreign church by appeals, but all differences finally decided within their own nation, and therein all, even Aaron, although the high-priest, and elder brother to Moses, yet was subject to Moses, who was king in Jesurun. By these means, all schismatical setting up of one altar against another was prevented; national communion in solemn and decent piety, with perfect charity, was promoted; which being no shadows, but the most substantial concerns of religion, are to be preserved in the gospel times.

Hereby is more evidently proved the magnificence, symmetry, and beauty that was in the structure of the temple; and the liberal maintenance which God provided for the Levites his ministers. For if the cubit by me proposed determine the area both of the temple and of the priests' suburbs—as the Scripture sets them both out by cubits—they must be much longer; and if they were set out by so many shorter cubits—suppose cubits of eighteen inches—in such proportion as the squares of these different cubits bear to each other, by the nineteenth and twentieth proposition of Euclid's sixth book. But the square of these different cubits are in foot-measure, which is here more convenient, as 3, 82 to 2, 25; the bigger of which is near half as much more as the less. Therefore the areas of the temple, and of the priests' suburbs, are, according to my measure, near half as big again as they would be if determined by that shorter cubit.

Such greatness of the temple Solomon intimates to the king of Tyre to be requisite, as best suiting with the greatness of God (2 Chronicles, ii. 5). This reason, alleged by Solomon to a heathen, must be of moral or natural, and therefore perpetual force, continuing to evangelical times; and therefore intimating to us, that even now magnificent and stately buildings are useful means to signify what great and honourable thoughts we have of God, and design to promote in those that come to the places of his public worship. And from

God's liberal provision of land in the Levites' suburbs, besides other advantages, we are taught by St Paul, that even so those that preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Corinthians, ix. 14).

The fitness, safety, and honour of keeping to the use of such indifferent things as have been determined by law or custom, is clearly proved by the constancy of Israel's using those measures—although others might be assigned, as the Greek or Roman measures, to serve the same ends—from the time of Moses, and probably before, to the captivity and after. And this, notwithstanding they were used by the Egyptians and Canaanites, which altered not their nature in the least. And this instance proves undeniably that such indifferent practices, as the use of the measures, may be highly useful to the greatest moral duties, the public honour of God, and the preservation of justice among them.

ROBERT SANDERSON (1587-1663) was eight years Regius Professor of Divinity, with the canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, annexed. He was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors of 1642, but was restored after the Restoration, and made bishop of Lincoln. He was author of various works, one of which, *Logica Artis Compendium* (1615), was often reprinted, and has been characterised by Sir William Hamilton as 'the excellent work of an accomplished logician.' The *Sermons* of Sanderson are also admired for vigour and clearness of thought; and one of his theological treatises, *Nine Cases of Conscience Resolved* (1668-1674), is a standard work.

JOHN GAUDEN—BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

JOHN GAUDEN (1605-1662), an English prelate, was born at Mayfield, in Essex. He was educated at St John's College, Cambridge; and on the commencement of the Civil War, he complied with the Presbyterian party. He received several church preferments, but abandoned the Parliament when it proceeded against monarchy. When the army resolved to impeach and try the king, in 1648, he published *A Religious and Loyal Protestation* against their purposes and proceedings. But his grand service to that party consisted in his writing *Eikon Basilike*; or the *Portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings*, a work professing to emanate from the pen of Charles I. himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his latter days. There appears to have been an intention to publish this *Portraiture* before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people; but either from the difficulty of getting it printed, or some other cause, it did not make its appearance till several days after his majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary. 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity. Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cæsar.' So eagerly and universally was the book perused by the nation, that it passed through fifty editions in a single year. Milton, in his *Eikonoclastes*, alludes to the doubts which prevailed as to the authorship of the work, but at this time the real history was unknown. The first

disclosure took place in 1691, when there appeared in an Amsterdam edition of Milton's *Eikonoclastes*, a memorandum said to have been made by the Earl of Anglesey, in which that nobleman affirms he had been told by Charles II. and his brother that the *Eikon Basilike* was the production of Gauden. This report was confirmed in the following year by a circumstantial narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker. Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question; the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate *Vindication of King Charles the Martyr*, in 1693. For ten years subsequently, the literary war continued; but after this there ensued a long interval of repose. When Hume wrote his History, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced, that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction.' In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration. He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had performed to the royal cause. Some of these letters, containing *allusions* to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form; but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Eikon or Portraiture of his Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings. This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design; in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety.' Clarendon had before this learned the secret from his own intimate friend, Morley, bishop of Worcester, and had otherwise ample means of investigating its truth: and not only does he, in a letter to Gauden, fully acquiesce in the unpalatable statement, but, in his *History of the Rebellion*, written at the desire of Charles I. and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the *Eikon Basilike*. The troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester; a dignity, however, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in the same year. The controversy as to the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike* is by some still decided in favour of the king. Such is the conclusion arrived at in a work, entitled *Who wrote Eikon Basilike?* published in 1824, by the late Dr Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Southey in the *Quarterly Review* ranged himself on the same side. But the arguments of Malcolm Laing, Mr Todd, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr Hallam, added to the internal evidence, fully support Gauden's claim (acquiesced in by his royalist contemporaries) to be considered the author. The style is much too measured and rhetorical for that of Charles, who was a careless, confused, and inexact writer.

Events of the Civil War.

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsening my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when he pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number.

From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may oftentimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour, and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory.

I am sure the event or success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms.

Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of church and state; being such imaginary reasons for self-defence as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE, a divine of enlarged and liberal mind, who exercised considerable influence in his day, was a native of Shropshire, born in March 1609-10. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he became tutor. He was afterwards provost of King's College, and, according to Principal Tulloch, he was the teacher who, more than any other at Cambridge, 'impressed his own mode of thought both upon his colleagues in the university and the rising generation of students.' At the restoration of Charles II. Whichcote was removed from the provostship, but he retained a country rectory which he had received from his college, and in 1668 he was presented by Bishop Wilkins to the vicarage of St Lawrence Jewry, London, which he held till his death in 1683. The works of Whichcote consist of four volumes of *Discourses* and a series of *Moral and Religious Aphorisms*, all published after his death, and which, it is said, give but an imperfect idea of the power and influence he possessed as a living teacher. The leading principle of all his thought was the use

of reason in religion. 'To speak of natural light,' he says, 'of the use of reason in religion, is to do no disservice at all to grace; for God is acknowledged in both—in the former as laying the groundwork of His creation, in the latter as reviving and restoring it.'

THOMAS FULLER.

A distinguished place in the prose literature of this age is due to DR THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661), author of various works in practical divinity and history. Fuller was the son of a clergyman of the same name settled at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire: he and Dryden were thus natives of the same place. A quick intellect and uncommon powers of memory made him a scholar almost in his boyhood; his studies at Queen's College, Cambridge, were attended with the highest triumphs of the university, and on entering life as a preacher in that city, he acquired the greatest popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. In 1640, he published his *History of the Holy War*, and in 1642 his *Holy State*. On the breaking out of the Civil War, Fuller attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and he seems to have accompanied the army in active service for some years as chaplain to Lord Hopton. Even in these circumstances, his active mind busied itself in collecting materials for some of the works which he subsequently published. His company was at the same time much courted, on account of the extraordinary amount of intelligence which he had acquired, and a strain of lively humour which seems to have been quite irrepressible. The quaint and familiar nature of his mind disposed him to be less nice in the selection of materials, and also in their arrangement, than scholarly men generally are. He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom; and these he has wrought up in his work entitled *The Worthies of England*, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities. When the heat of the war was past, Fuller returned to London, and Cromwell having given him special permission to preach, he became lecturer at St Bride's Church. His *Church History of Britain* was given to the world in 1656, in one volume folio. Afterwards, he devoted himself to the preparation of his *Worthies*, which he did not complete till 1660, and which was not published till the year after his death. He had passed through various situations in the church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II. It was thought that he would have been made a bishop, if he had not been prematurely cut off by fever, a year after the Restoration. Fuller possessed great conversational powers, was kind and amiable in all the domestic relations of life. He was twice married; on the second occasion, to a sister of Viscount Baltinglass. As proofs of his wonderful memory, it is stated that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfare of London after once passing through it and back again. Such stories, however, must be received with

considerable allowance for exaggeration. Besides the works named above, Fuller wrote: *A Pisgah View of Palestine* (1650), *The Profane State* (1648), *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645), *Good Thoughts in Worse Times* (1649), and—the Restoration of Charles II. having come—*Mixed Contemplations in Better Times* (1660). His chief work, the *Worthies*, is rather a collection of brief memoranda than a regular composition. While a modern reader smiles at the vast quantity of gossip which it contains, he must also be sensible that it has preserved much curious information, which would have otherwise been lost. The eminent men whose lives he records are arranged by Fuller according to their native counties, of which he mentions also the natural productions, manufactures, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles. The style of all Fuller's works is extremely quaint and jocular; and in the power of drawing humorous comparisons, he is little, if at all, inferior to Butler himself. Fuller's *Holy* and *Profane States* contain admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoided; such as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the Good Master, and so on. In this and the other productions of Fuller there is a vast fund of sagacity and good sense; his conceits, as Charles Lamb says, are oftentimes 'deeply steeped in human feeling and passion.' Thus, he says: 'The Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders;' and negroes he characterises as 'the image of God cut in ebony.' And as smelling 'a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.' Indeed, Fuller's observations and maxims are generally expressed in language so pithy, that a large collection of admirable and striking maxims might easily be extracted from his pages. We shall give samples of these, after presenting the character which he has beautifully drawn of

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very

place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He mimics his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. . . .

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar—such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues—to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness—however privately charitable unto him—lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Burnley School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

Recreations.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

Spill not the morning, the quintessence of the day, in recreations; for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chieffy, trench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oftentimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by overheating themselves, they have rung their own passing-bell.

Books.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them—built merely for uniformity—are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the

laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

Education confined too much to Language.

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned: it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin; and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners.

'Tis a silly conceit that men without languages are also without understanding. It's apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Rules for Improving the Memory.

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio*, will abide there till *ejectio firma*, sickness, or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail over-night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party vowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure, there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace-books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a

tenter-hook caught his cloak: 'At whose suit?' said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

Marriage.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Miscellaneous Aphorisms.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

The Good Yeoman.—From 'The Holy State.'

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands, would surely

have pronounced the English yeomanry 'a fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone between greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table, you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no stragglings of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burned he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread.

Of Fuller's style of narrative in his *Worthies* we subjoin two short specimens:

Declension of Great Families.

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

Henry de Essex, Standard-bearer to Henry II.

It happened in the reign of this king there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animus et signum simul abiecit*—betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together,

occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Monford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

The latter passage has elicited an admirable critical note from Charles Lamb, which is well worth transcription:

The fine imagination of Fuller has done what might have been pronounced impossible. It has given an interest and a holy character to coward infamy. Nothing can be more beautiful than the concluding account of the last days and expiatory retirement of poor Henry de Essex. The address with which the whole of this little story is told is most consummate: the charm of it seems to consist in a perpetual balance of antithesis not too violently opposed, and the consequent activity of mind in which the reader is kept: 'Betwixt traitor and coward'—'baseness to do, boldness to deny'—'partly thrust, partly going, into a convent'—'betwixt shame and sanctity.' The reader by this artifice is taken into a kind of partnership with the writer; his judgment is exercised in settling the preponderance; he feels as if he were consulted as to the issue. But the modern historian flings at once the dead-weight of his own judgment into the scale, and settles the matter.

We may add that the phrase, not noticed by Lamb, of 'hid his head in a cowl,' is also figuratively striking, and seems to have been remembered by Sheridan, who used a similar expression—'to hide his head in a coronet.'

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The English Church at this time was honoured by the services of many able and profound theologians; men who had both studied and thought deeply, and possessed a vigorous and original character of intellect. The most eloquent and imaginative of all her divines was, however, JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667), who has been styled by some the *Shakspeare*, and by others the *Spenser*, of our theological literature. He seems to be closely allied, in the complexion of his taste and genius, to the poet of the *Fairy Queen*. He has not the unity and energy, or the profound mental philosophy, of the great dramatist; while he strongly resembles Spenser in his prolific fancy and diction, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages, he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy and the curious stores of his learning are dragged in, till both precision and propriety are sometimes lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest style of poetry, but generally he deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an

almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy. When presenting rules for morning meditation and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical.' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker;' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy. This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the Civil War—in which he was an anxious participator and sufferer—and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind.

Jeremy Taylor was a native of Cambridge—baptised on the 15th of August 1613—and descended of gentle, and even heroic blood. He was the lineal representative of Dr Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary; and his family had been one of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. The Taylors, however, had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. He put his son to college, as a sizar, in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, and given him the advantages of the Free Grammar-school. In 1630, Jeremy Taylor took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Caius College, and in 1634 having taken his degree of M.A. was ordained. He then removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St Paul's Cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, the friend of learning, if not of liberty. By Laud's assistance, Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford, which he enjoyed but for two years, after which he was vicar of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. In 1639, he married Phœbe Langdale, a female of whom we know nothing but her musical name, and that she bore three sons to her accomplished husband, and died three years after her marriage. The sons of Taylor also died before their father, clouding with melancholy and regret his late and troubled years. The turmoil of the Civil War now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor embarked his fortunes in the fate of the royalists. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a doctor of divinity; and at the command of Charles, he wrote a defence of Episcopacy, to which he was by principle and profession strongly attached. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, Jeremy Taylor was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in

conjunction with two learned and ecclesiastical friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall, county of Caermarthen. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity.

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor, and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons: and, but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.'

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, a discourse published in 1647, *shewing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting Differing Opinions*. By 'prophesying,' he means preaching or expounding. The work has been justly described as 'perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shews him furthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom.' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture—the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition—the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points—and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself; since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another—for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself—and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it; and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.' Milton, in his scheme of toleration, excludes all Roman Catholics—a trait of the persecuting character of his times; and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth, and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposes the confession of the Apostles' Creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians. The principles he advocates go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable to universal toleration, which he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such a desire or conviction. The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentative and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'curiously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy eternity.' He closes the work in the second edition

with the following interesting and instructive apologue, which he had found, he says, in the Jews' books:

'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.'

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs Joanna Bridges, said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I. and mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a schoolmaster; but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the Parliamentary party on the property of the royalists, are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed. Soon after the publication of the *Liberty of Prophesying*, he wrote in his Welsh retreat an *Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy*; and in 1650, *The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar*, a valuable and highly popular work. These were followed by his treatises of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *Twenty-seven Sermons for the Summer Half-year*, and other minor productions. He wrote also an excellent little manual of devotion, entitled the *Golden Grove*, so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron the Earl of Carbery, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest leisure hours. In the preface to this work, Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in church and state, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his *Course of Sermons for the Year*, and published some controversial tracts on the doctrine of *Original Sin*, respecting which his opinions were rather latitudinarian, inclining to the Pelagian heresy. He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended himself with warmth and spirit—the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired in 1658, fixing his residence at Portmore, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles

from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his *Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures*, the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works. His journey, however, was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April; on the 29th of May, Charles II. entered London in triumphal procession, to ascend the throne; and in August following, our author was appointed bishop of Down and Connor. The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; let us be thankful that it was the cause of the mitre descending on the head of at least one pure and pious churchman! Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the university of Dublin, and a member of the Irish privy-council. The see of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, 'on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.' These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity, though he was denounced and persecuted by a body of fierce Presbyterians. The few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. He died at Lisburn, of a fever, on the 13th of August 1667, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. A finer pattern of a Christian divine never perhaps existed. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained; his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour; while his commanding genius and energy in the cause of truth and virtue, render him worthy of everlasting affection and veneration. We have alluded to the general character and style of Jeremy Taylor's works. A late eminent scholar, Dr Parr, has eulogised his controversial writings: 'Fraught as they are,' he says, 'with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of England.' His *uncontroversial* writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. His peculiar tenets may be differently judged of by different sects. He was perhaps too prone to speculations in matters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blinded devoted adherent of the church. His mind loved to expatiate on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions—in his hands, irresistible as the flaming sword—as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand.*'

* *Via Intelligentie*, a sermon preached by Jeremy Taylor to the university of Dublin.

The Age of Reason and Discretion.

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by glids the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caiff spirit; he has run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually; to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood; they can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death.

The Pomp of Death.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels, and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

Marriage.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlers, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocency, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. . . . It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast: I will only shew it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome.

But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St Peter and St Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

The Progress of Sin.

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foragings, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. . . .

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but, in flying, bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death: so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

Sinful Pleasure.

Look upon pleasures not upon that side which is next the sun, or where they look beautifully, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed: for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass

gems and counterfeit imagery; but when thou hast rifled and discomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcase they discover; and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused.

The Skylark.

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

Useful Studies.

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies.* Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion: there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of the law; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Saviour, 'These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded.' But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, 'That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration,' than all other learnings of the world.

Comforting the Afflicted.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such

* Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or innoxious, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

Paradise Regained, Book iv.

a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows as the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment. This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

Real and Apparent Happiness.

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions: his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians slaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a caldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

Adversity.

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride

in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

Miseries of Man's Life.

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth, with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo, in Egypt, feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, spy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparation of mind.

A Calm Religious Life.

In all her [Lady Carbery's] religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the Fiscus, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more

than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel. So have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety.

On Death.

Nature calls us to meditate of death, by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead. . . .

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigour and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night,

having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change; and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

The Day of Judgment.

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety

of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates; all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!... The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder; any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ROBERT LEIGHTON (1611-1684) was the son of a Scottish physician, Dr Alexander Leighton, whose tyrannical and barbarous treatment by the Star-chamber of Charles I. forms a foul blot on the government of that monarch.* Robert Leighton was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards resided for some time at Douay, in France, where the acquaintance of some accomplished French students polished and liberalised his mind. In December 1641, he was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, and there he delivered the sermons composing his celebrated *Commentary on the First Epistle of St Peter*. His incumbency extended to February 1653, when he resigned his parish of Newbattle, and became Principal of the university of Edinburgh, which office he held till March 1662, when he was induced to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church, and accept preferment in the Church of England. He did this with reluctance, and chose at first the small and obscure diocese of Dunblane, where he officiated for about eight years. At Dunblane, Leighton's favourite walk is still pointed out, and it has been made the subject of an interesting little poetical work (*The Bishop's Walk*, by ORWELL, or the Rev. Walter C. Smith, Glasgow). Leighton left his library to Dunblane, and the greater part of it is still preserved. In 1670, he was made Archbishop of Glasgow, having accepted that appointment on condition that he should be assisted in his efforts to carry out such conciliatory measures as might include the Presbyterians. The selfishness and brutality of Sharp and Lauderdale, and the resolute determination of the Presbyterians to consent to no compromise, frustrated the pious wishes and designs of the archbishop, and he tendered his resignation, which the king, after some delay, accepted. He afterwards lived in retirement with a sister at Broadhurst, in Sussex, but being suddenly summoned to London, he died there, after a few days' illness, June 25, 1684. None of Archbishop Leighton's writings were published during his lifetime. They consist of the *Commentary on St Peter*; *Sermons*, preached at Newbattle; *Lectures and Addresses*, delivered in Latin before the university of Edinburgh; and *Spiritual Exercises, Letters*, &c. Various editions of the collected works have been published in England and America, the most complete being that edited by the Rev. W. West, Nairn (1869-70). Burnet has eulogised Leighton (to whom he was tenderly attached) as possessing 'the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal.' Other eminent divines are no less laudatory; and Coleridge regarded Leighton as best deserving, among all our learned theologians, 'the title of a spiritual divine.'

* The elder Leighton wrote an intemperate polemical work, an *Appeal to the Parliament*; or *Sion's Plea against the Prelacie* (1628), for which he was, two years afterwards, sentenced to be publicly whipped at Westminster and set in the pillory, to have one side of his nose slit, one ear cut off, and one side of his cheek branded with a hot iron; to have the whole of this repeated the next week at Cheapside, with the addition of 'S. S.' (sower of sedition) branded on his cheek, a fine of £10,000 to be paid, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet! The fine probably could not be paid, but the rest of the sentence was put in force. After eleven years' confinement, the sufferer was liberated by the Long Parliament.

In the first chapter of his *Commentary*, Leighton says:

'As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives, the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves unto it, and runs along with it.' In this single period, Coleridge says, we have 'religion, the spirit: the philosophy, the soul; and poetry, the body and drapery, united; Plato glorified by St Paul!'

Arise, Shine (Isaiah lx. 1).

The day of the Gospel is too precious that any of it should be spent in sleep, or idleness, or worthless business. Worthless business detains many of us. Arise, immortal souls, from moiling in the dust, and working in the clay like Egyptian captives! Address yourselves to more noble work. There is a Redeemer come, who will pay your ransom, and rescue you from such vile service, for more excellent employment. It is strange how the souls of Christians can so much forget their first original from Heaven, and their new hopes of returning thither, and the rich price of their redemption, and forgetting all these, dwell so low, and dote so much upon trifles. How is it that they hear not their well-beloved's voice crying, *Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away?* Though the eyes of true believers are so enlightened that they shall not sleep unto death, yet their spirits are often seized with a kind of drowsiness and slumber, and sometimes even when they should be of most activity. The time of Christ's check to his three disciples made it very sharp, though the words are mild: *What! could you not watch with me one hour?* Shake off, believing souls, that heavy humour. Arise, and satiate the eye of faith with the contemplation of Christ's beauty, and follow after him till you attain the place of full enjoyment. And you others, who never yet saw him, arise and admire his matchless excellency. The things you esteem great appear so but through ignorance of his greatness. His brightness, if you saw it, would obscure to you the greatest splendour of the world, as all those stars that never go down upon us, yet are swallowed up in the surpassing light of the sun when it arises. *Arise from the dead, and he shall give you light. Arise and work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work*, says our Saviour himself. Happy are they who rise early in the morning of their youth; for the day of life is very short, and the art of Christianity long and difficult. Is it not a grievous thing that men never consider why they came into the world till they be upon the point of going out again, nor think how to live till they be summoned to die? But most of all unhappy he who never wakens out of that pleasing dream of false happiness till he fall into eternal misery. Arise, then, betimes, and prevent that sad awakening!

Idle Curiosity and Useless Contention.

Wise men observe that there is an inbred curiosity in men to know things to come rather than things present, and the affairs of others rather than their own. Yea, we spend much of our time and discourse inquiring *what of this man?* and *what of the other?* inquiring of matters private or public, of church or of state; as if, forsooth, all were equally capable to consider of all things; this were to level all men's understandings, which is as absurd and unreasonable as to level all men's estates. Much time is spent in doing evil, much in doing nothing, and almost all in doing nothing to the purpose. Some call this diversion, but we may truly call it distraction; for,

certainly, when men are thus employed, they are not at home with themselves, but are like *the fool whose eyes are in the corners of the earth.*

It is true, a man may live in silence and solitude to little purpose, as Domitian, who shut himself up in his closet, and there caught flies. One may there be haunted with many noisome thoughts, and such had need to take the advice which was given to one of the ancients, who, being asked what he was doing, answered: 'I am conversing with myself,' it was replied to him: '*Vide sit cum bono viro*' (See it be with a good man). Such a man may be conversing with worse company than all the world, except he draw in what is better than himself and all the world, even God and his Spirit to converse with.

Some will say that although we be not concerned in the private affairs of others, or in matters of state, yet the affairs of the church are such as we ought not a little to concern ourselves in them. I shall only say that all truths are not alike clear, nor all duties alike weighty to all, and do not equally concern all persons. Christians may very well keep themselves within the compass of their own sphere. Many things about which men dispute very warmly are of remote relation and affinity to the great things of Christianity. Some truths are of so little evidence and importance, that he who errs in them charitably, meekly, and calmly, may be both a wiser man and a better Christian than he who is furiously, stormily, and uncharitably orthodox. If it be the mind of God that that order which from the primitive times has been in constant succession in this and other churches, do yet continue, what is that to thee or to me? If I had one of the loudest, as I have one of the lowest voices, yea, were it as loud as a trumpet, I would employ it to sound a retreat to all our unnatural and irreligious debates about religion, and to persuade men to follow the meek and lowly Jesus. There is great abatement of the inwards of religion when the debates about it pass to a scurf outside, and nothing is to be found within but a consuming fever of contention, which tendeth to utter ruin. If we have not charity towards our brethren, yet let us have some compassion towards our mother. But if this cannot be attained, I know nothing rather to be wished for, next to the silent shades of the grave, than a cottage in the wilderness. Ah, my beloved, the body of religion is torn, and the soul of it expires, while we are striving about the hem of its garment!

The Difficult Passages of Scripture.

Observe in general, how plain and easy, and how few are those things that are the rule of our life; no dark sentences to puzzle the understanding, nor large discourses and long periods to burden the memory. They are all plain: 'There is nothing wreathed nor distorted in them,' as Wisdom speaks of her instructions, Prov. viii. 8. And this gives check to a double folly amongst men, contrary the one to the other, but both agreeing in mistaking and wronging the word of God; the one is of those that despise the word, and that doctrine and preaching that is conformable to it, for its plainness and simplicity; the other of those that complain of its difficulty and darkness. As for the first, they certainly do not take the true end for which the word is designed, that it is the law of our life—and it is mainly requisite in laws, that they be both brief and clear—that it is our guide and light to happiness; and if that which ought to be our light, be darkness, how great will that darkness be!

It is true, but I am not now to insist on this point, that there are dark and deep passages in Scripture, for the exercise, yea, for the humbling, yea, for the amazing and astonishing of the sharpest-sighted readers. But this argues much the pride and vanity of men's minds, when they busy themselves only in those, and throw aside altogether the most necessary, which are therefore the easiest and plainest truths in it. As in nature, the commodities that are of greatest necessity, God hath made most

common and easiest to be had; so, in religion, such instructions as these now in our hands are given us to live and walk by: and in the search of things that are more obscure, and less useful, men evidence that they had rather be learned than holy, and have still more mind to the 'tree of knowledge' than the 'tree of life.' And in hearing of the word, are not they who are any whit more knowing than ordinary, still gaping after new notions, after something to add to the stock of their speculative and discoursing knowledge, loathing this daily manna, these profitable exhortations, and 'requiring meat for their lust?' There is an intemperance of the mind as well as of the mouth. You would think it, and, may be, not spare to call it a poor cold sermon that was made up of such plain precepts as these: 'Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king;' and yet, this is the language of God; it is his way, this foolish, despicable way by which he guides, and brings to heaven them that believe!

Again, we have others that are still complaining of the difficulty and darkness of the word of God and Divine truths; to say nothing of Rome's doctrine, who talks thus, in order to excuse her sacrilege of stealing away the word from the people of God (a senseless pretext though it were true; because the word is dark of itself, should it therefore be made darker, by locking it up in an unknown tongue?); but we speak of the common vulgar excuse, which the gross, ignorant profaneness of many seek to shroud under, that they are not learned, and cannot reach the doctrine of the Scriptures. There are deep mysteries there indeed: but what say you to these things, such rules as these: 'Honour all men?' &c. Are such as these riddles, that you cannot know their meaning? Rather, do not all understand them, and all neglect them? Why set you not on to do these? and then you should understand more. 'A good understanding have all they that do his commandments,' says the Psalmist, Psa. cxi. 10. As one* said well: 'The best way to understand the mysteries and high discourse in the beginning of St Paul's epistles, is, to begin at the practice of those rules and precepts that are in the latter end of them.' The way to attain to know more is to 'receive the truth in the love of it,' and to obey what you know. The truth is, such truths as these will leave you inexcusable, even the most ignorant of you. You cannot but know, you hear often, that you ought 'to love one another,' and 'to fear God,' &c. and yet you never apply yourselves in earnest to the practice of these things, as will appear to your own consciences, if they deal honestly with you in the particulars.

We subjoin a few more beautiful passages from Leighton's works:

The prophets had joy and comfort in the very hopes of the Redeemer to come, and in the belief of the things which any others had spoken, and which themselves spake concerning Him. And thus the true preachers of the gospel, though their ministerial gifts are for the use of others, yet that salvation which they preach they lay hold on and partake of themselves; as your boxes wherein perfumes are kept for garments and other uses are themselves perfumed by keeping them. . . . The sweet stream of their doctrine did, as a river, make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after-ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies, grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the Great Prophet himself whom they foretold to come, and recorded by his apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, his church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.

* Cardinal Pole, as pointed out by Mr West (Leighton's Works, vol. iii. 298). The saying is also quoted by Fuller.

All the light of philosophy, natural and moral, is not sufficient, yea, the very knowledge of the law, severed from Christ, serves not so to enlighten and renew the soul as to free it from the darkness or ignorance here spoken of; for our apostle (Peter) writes to Jews who knew the law, and were instructed in it before their conversion, yet he calls those times wherein Christ was unknown to them, the 'times of their ignorance.' Though the stars shine never so bright, and the moon with them in its full, yet they do not altogether make it day; still it is night till the sun appear.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He 'walks in an image,' as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.

He that looks on himself as a stranger, and is sensible of the darkness round about him in this wilderness, and also within him, will often put up that request with David, Psal. cxix. 19, 'I am a stranger on this earth; hide not thy commandments from me'—do not let me lose my way. And as we should use this argument to persuade God to look down upon us, so likewise to persuade ourselves to send up our hearts and desires to Him. What is the joy of our life, but the thoughts of that other life, our home, before us? And certainly he that lives much in these thoughts, set him where you will here, he is not much pleased or displeased; but if his father call him home, that word gives him his heart's desire.

DR ISAAC BARROW.

ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677) was the son of a linen-draper of London. At school he was more remarkable for a love of athletic exercises than for application to his books. He studied for the Church, and was made a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. But perceiving, at the time of the Commonwealth, that the ascendancy of theological and political opinions different from his own gave him little chance of preferment, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time, however, he resumed his theological pursuits, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, during which he visited France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany, and Holland. At the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; to which appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry

in Gresham College, London. Both these he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, towards the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton. He was subsequently appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1672 was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, who observed on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honours, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this final appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by fever in the forty-seventh year of his age. Barrow was distinguished by scrupulous integrity of character, by great candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and serenity of temper. His manners and external aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world; and he took no pains to improve his looks by attention to dress. On one occasion, when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his appearance on mounting the pulpit made so unfavourable an impression, that nearly the whole congregation immediately left the church. He was never married.

Of his powers and attainments as a mathematician—in which capacity he is accounted inferior to Sir Isaac Newton alone—Barrow has left evidence in a variety of treatises, nearly all of which are in Latin. It is, however, by his theological works that he is more generally known to the public. These, consisting of sermons—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments—and treatises on the Pope's Supremacy and the Unity of the Church—were published in three folio volumes a few years after his death. His sermons continue in high estimation for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence. 'As a writer,' says Dugald Stewart, 'he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterises his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, "puts forth but half its strength."' He composed with such care, that in general it was not till he had transcribed his sermons three or four times that their language satisfied him. The length of his discourses was excessive, seldom occupying less than an hour and a half in the delivery. It is recorded, that having occasion to preach a charity sermon before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half; and that when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied: 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long.' An excellent edition of Barrow's Theological Works, in nine volumes, edited by the Rev. A. Napier, with a Memoir by Dr Whewell of Trinity College, proceeded from the Cambridge University press in 1859.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour him, who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for him who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in him, who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from his goodness, nor can he ever fail to perform his promises? that we should render all due obedience to him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but, in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

If we further survey the laws and directions of our religion, with regard to the management of our souls and bodies, we shall also find that nothing could be

devised more worthy of us, more agreeable to reason, or more productive of our welfare. It obliges us to preserve unto our reason its natural prerogative and due empire; not to suffer the brutish part to usurp and domineer over us; not to be enslaved to bodily temper, or deluded by vain fancy, to commit that which is unworthy of, or mischievous to us. It enjoins us to have sober and moderate thoughts concerning ourselves, suitable to our total dependence on God, to our natural meanness, weakness, and sinful inclinations; and that we should not be puffed up with self-conceit, or vain confidence, in our wealth, honour, and prosperity. It directs us to compose our minds into a calm, serene, and cheerful state; that we should not easily be moved with anger, distracted with care or trouble, nor disturbed with any accident; but that we should learn to be content in every condition, and patiently bear all events that may happen to us. It commands us to restrain our appetites, to be temperate in our enjoyments; to abstain from all irregular pleasures which may corrupt our minds, impair our health, lessen our estate, stain our good name, or prejudice our repose. It doth not prohibit us the use of any creature that is innocent, convenient, or delightful; but indulgeth us a prudent and sober use of them, so as we are thankful to God, whose goodness bestows them. It orders us to sequester our minds from the fading glories, unstable possessions, and vanishing delights of this world; things which are unworthy the attention and affection of an immortal spirit; and that we should fix our thoughts, desires, and endeavours on heavenly and spiritual objects, which are infinitely pure, stable, and durable; not to love the world and the things therein, but to cast all our care on God's providence; not to trust in uncertain riches, but to have our treasure, our heart, hope, and conversation in heaven. And as our religion delivers a most excellent and perfect rule of life, so it chiefly requires from us a rational and spiritual service. The ritual observances it enjoins are in number few, in nature easy to perform, also very reasonable, decent, and useful; apt to instruct us in, and excite us to the practice of our duty. And our religion hath this further peculiar advantage, that it sets before us a living copy of good practice. Example yields the most compendious instruction, the most efficacious incitement to action; and never was there any example so perfect in itself, so fit for our imitation, as that of our blessed Saviour; intended by him to conduct us through all the parts of duty, especially in those most high and difficult ones, that of charity, self-denial, humility, and patience. His practice was suited to all degrees and capacities of men, and so tempered, that persons of all callings might easily follow him in the paths of righteousness, in the performance of all substantial duties towards God and man. It is also an example attended with the greatest obligations and inducements to follow it, whether we consider the great excellency and dignity of the person (who was the most holy Son of God), or our manifold relations to him, being our lord and master, our best friend and most gracious Redeemer; or the inestimable benefits we have received from him, even redemption from extreme misery, and being put into a capacity of the most perfect happiness; all which are so many potent arguments engaging us to imitate him.

Again, our religion doth not only fully acquaint us with our duty, but, which is another peculiar virtue thereof, it builds the same on the most solid foundation. Indeed, ancient philosophers have highly commended virtue, and earnestly recommended the practice of it; but the grounds on which they laid its praise, and the arguments used to enforce its practice, were very weak; and the principles from whence it was deduced, and the ends they proposed, were poor and mean, if compared with ours. But the Christian doctrine recommends goodness to us, not only as agreeable to man's imperfect and fallible reason, but as conformable to the perfect goodness, infallible wisdom, and most holy will of God;

and which is enjoined us, by this unquestionable authority, as our indispensable duty, and the only way to happiness. The principles from whence it directs our actions are love, reverence, and gratitude to God, goodwill to men, and a due regard to our own welfare. The ends which it prescribes are God's honour and the salvation of men; it excites us to the practice of virtue, by reminding us that we shall thereby resemble the supreme goodness, express our gratitude to our great benefactor, discharge our duty to our almighty lord and king; that we shall thereby avoid the wrath and displeasure of God, and certainly obtain his favour, mercy, and every blessing necessary for us; that we shall escape not only the terrors of conscience here, but future endless misery and torment; that we shall procure not only present comfort and peace of mind, but acquire crowns of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the firmest grounds on which virtue can subsist, and the most effectual motives to the embracing of it.

Another peculiar advantage of Christianity, and which no other law or doctrine could ever pretend to, is, that as it clearly teaches and strongly persuades us to so excellent a way of life, so it sufficiently enables us to practise it; without which, such is the frailty of our nature, that all instruction, exhortation, and encouragement would little avail. The Christian law is no dead letter, but hath a quickening spirit attending it. It sounds the ear and strikes the heart of him who sincerely embraces it. To all good men it is a sure guide, and safety from all evil. . . .

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons, and worthy the majesty and sincerity of divine truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king; its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience; as this you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril, for even your life and salvation depend thereon. Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture, such as plainly becomes the sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to us his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power, by works extraordinary and supernatural; and innumerable such hath God afforded in favour and countenance of our religion; as his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men; by such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it, and such as no other institution, except that of the Jews, which was a prelude to it, could ever reasonably pretend to. I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons, as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess, that the heavenly doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles, his completely holy and pure life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God, in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead, are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Saviour, on the gracious terms he has proposed. To love God with all our souls,

who is the maker of our beings, and to love our neighbours as ourselves, who bear his image, as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And, therefore, as the obtaining the love, favour, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and chastity, or greater dissuasives and discouragement from all kinds of sin, than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High, that we shall be inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, of life, and glory.

What is Wit?

First, it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way—such as reason teacheth and proveth things by—which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight therein. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for

their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

Wise Selection of Pleasures.

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsonely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

Grief Controlled by Wisdom.

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains incident to life, whether casual adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.

Honour to God.

God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience' sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural

expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject cannot better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by, with a cheerful diligence, observing his laws; for by so doing, he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefit; that he dreads his prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice, which will vindicate them; that he relies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a signification of our reverence towards God do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws, thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The goodness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine that teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath intrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus, he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasure or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practise this duty.

The Goodness of God.

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold his goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad towards the things about us, we may perceive ourselves inclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home, we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof, the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth, the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God—especially his transcendent goodness—are most conspicuously displayed—so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have

been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such-like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion—then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

Concord and Discord.

How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren—and so we are all at least by nature—to live together in unity. How that, as Solomon saith, better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance! how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with cholera, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour, and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briars, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consents in moderate temper, than—as it happens in diseases—agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigour of everything requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamour do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying: 'Be on earth peace, and good-will among men.'

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent Maker, gracious Lord, and merciful Preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity; grant us and his whole

church, and all his creation, to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

Industry.

By industry we understand a serious and steady application of mind, joined with a vigorous exercise of our active faculties, in prosecution of any reasonable, honest, useful design, in order to the accomplishment or attainment of some considerable good; as, for instance, a merchant is industrious who continueth intent and active in driving on his trade for acquiring wealth; a soldier is industrious who is watchful for occasion, and earnest in action towards obtaining the victory; and a scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study for getting knowledge.

Such, in general, I conceive to be the nature of industry, to the practice whereof the following considerations may induce:

1. We may consider that industry doth befit the constitution and frame of our nature, all the faculties of our soul and organs of our body being adapted in a congruity and tendency thereto: our hands are suited for work, our feet for travel, our senses to watch for occasion of pursuing good and eschewing evil, our reason to plod and contrive ways of employing the other parts and powers; all these, I say, are formed for action, and that not in a loose and gadding way, or in a slack and remiss degree, but in regard to determinate ends, with vigour requisite to attain them: and especially our appetites do prompt to industry, as inclining to things not attainable without it; according to that aphorism of the wise man: 'The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour;' that is, he is apt to desire things which he cannot attain without pains; and not enduring them, he for want thereof doth feel a deadly smart and anguish; whereof, in not being industrious, we defeat the intent of our Maker, we pervert his work and gifts, we forfeit the use and benefit of our faculties, we are bad husbands of nature's stock.

2. In consequence hereto, industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state. The labour of our mind in attentive meditation and study doth render it capable and patient of thinking upon any object or occasion, doth polish and refine it by use, doth enlarge it by accession of habits, doth quicken and rouse our spirits, dilating and diffusing them into their proper channels. The very labour of our body doth keep the organs of action sound and clean, discussing fogs and superfluous humours, opening passages, distributing nourishment, exciting vital heat; barring the use of it, no good constitution of soul or body can subsist; but a foul rust, a dull numbness, a resty listlessness, a heavy unwieldiness, must seize on us; our spirits will be stifled and choked, our hearts will grow faint and languid, our parts will flag and decay; the vigour of our mind, and the health of our body, will be much impaired.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle: if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid: if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use: in like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

DR ROBERT SOUTH.

DR ROBERT SOUTH (1633-1716), reputed as the *wittiest* of English divines, and a man of powerful though somewhat irregular talents, was the son of a London merchant, and born at Hackney. Having passed through a brilliant career of scholarship at Oxford, he was elected public orator of the university in 1660, and soon afterwards became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Clarendon. He held several valuable livings in the church, including the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire, where, it is recorded to his honour, he gave his curate the then unprecedented salary of a hundred pounds, and spent the remainder of his income in educating poor children, and improving the church and parsonage-house. South was the most enthusiastic of the ultra-loyal divines of the English Church at that period, and of course a zealous advocate of passive obedience and the divine right of sovereigns. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey in 1675, on the *Peculiar Care and Concern of Providence for the Protection and Defence of Kings*, he ascribes the 'absolute subjection' which men yield to royalty to 'a secret work of the divine power, investing sovereign princes with certain marks and rays of that divine image which overawes and controls the spirits of men, they know not how or why. And yet they feel themselves actually wrought upon and kept under by them, and that very frequently against their will. And this is that property which in kings we call majesty.' Of the old royalists, he says: 'I look upon the old Church of England royalists—which I take to be only another name for a man who prefers his conscience before his interest—to be the best Christians and the most meritorious subjects in the world; as having passed all those terrible tests and trials which conquering domineering malice could put them to, and carried their credit and their conscience clear and triumphant through and above them all, constantly firm and immovable by all that they felt, either from their professed enemies, or their false friends.' And in a sermon preached before Charles II. he speaks of his majesty's father as 'a blessed saint, the justness of whose government left his subjects at a loss for an occasion to rebel; a father to his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son!' During the encroachments on the church in the reign of James II. the loyalty of South caused him to remain quiet, 'and to use no other weapons but prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled.' But when the church was attacked by persons uninvested with 'marks and rays of the divine image,' he spared neither argument nor invective. The following sample of his declamation will illustrate this remark:

May the great, the just, and the eternal God judge between the Church of England and those men who have charged it with popery; who have called the nearest and truest copy of primitive Christianity, superstition; and the most detestable instances of schism and sacrilege, reformation; and, in a word, done all that they could, both from the pulpit and press, to divide, shake, and confound the purest and most apostolically reformed church in 'the Christian world: and all this, by the venomous gibberish of a few paltry phrases instilled

into the minds of the furious, whimsical, ungoverned multitude, who have ears to hear, without either heads or hearts to understand.

For I tell you again, that it was the treacherous cant and misapplication of those words—popery, superstition, reformation, tender conscience, persecution, moderation, and the like, as they have been used by a pack of designing hypocrites—who believed not one word of what they said, and laughed within themselves at those who did—that put this poor church into such a flame heretofore, as burnt it down to the ground, and will infallibly do the same to it again, if the providence of God and the prudence of man does not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries.

Against the Puritans, Independents, and Presbyterians, South was in the habit of pouring forth unbounded ridicule. He resolutely opposed even the slightest concessions to them on the part of the church, with the view of effecting an accommodation. His disposition was that of a persecutor, and made him utterly hostile to the Toleration Act, a measure of which he declares one consequence to be 'certain, obvious, and undeniable; and that is, the vast increase of sects and heresies among us, which, where all restraint is taken off, must of necessity grow to the highest pitch that the devil himself can raise such a Babel to; so that there shall not be one bold ringleading knave or fool who shall have the confidence to set up a new sect, but shall find proselytes enough to wear his name, and list themselves under his banner; of which the Quakers are a demonstration past dispute. And then, what a vast party of this poor deluded people must of necessity be drawn after these impostors!'

In 1693, South published *Animadversions on Sherlock's Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*. The violence and personality displayed by both parties on this occasion gave just offence to the friends of religion and the church; and at length, after the controversy had raged for some time, the king was induced by the bishops to put an end to it, by ordaining 'that all preachers should carefully avoid all new terms, and confine themselves to such ways of explication as have been commonly used in the church.'

Notwithstanding his intolerant and fiery temper, South was fully conscious of the nature of that Christian spirit in which a clergyman, above all others, ought to abound. The third of the following passages in his Sermons is but another proof of the trite observation, that men are too frequently unable to reduce to practice the virtuous principles which they really and honestly hold.

The Will for the Deed.

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I shewed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a

command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For, let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon expresses it—never fail to make themselves wings, and fly away. . . .

To descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in private charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man; so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James, ii. 15, 16): 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old rich professing vulpony, and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and, in answer to this, it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the inward, spiritual worship of the heart; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables; and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus, I say, you are like to be answered. In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats—who are so often harping on this string—to know, once for all, that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, nor their hog-sty worship; no, nor yet their parlour or their chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches. For he that commands us to *worship him in the spirit*, commands us also to *honour him with our substance*. And never pretend that thou hast a heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God, a sacrifice without a heart was accounted ominous, so, in the Christian worship of him, a heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account; according to which, a man may be well enough said—as the common word is—to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world.

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godliness in another case, and tell him that there is such a one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed as much the readier speaker of the two: 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all

my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want.' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then, answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that 'you could not come in a worse time; that nowadays money is very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.'

Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him up again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

Ill-natured and Good-natured Men.

A stanch resolved temper of mind, not suffering a man to sneak, fawn, cringe, and accommodate himself to all humours, though never so absurd and unreasonable, is commonly branded with, and exposed under the character of pride, morosity, and ill-nature: an ugly word, which you may from time to time observe many honest, worthy, inoffensive persons, and that of all sorts, ranks, and professions, strangely and unaccountably worried and run down by. And therefore I think I cannot do truth, justice, and common honesty better service, than by ripping up so malicious a cheat, to vindicate such as have suffered by it.

Certain it is that, amongst all the contrivances of malice, there is not a surer engine to pull men down in the good opinion of the world, and that in spite of the greatest worth and innocence, than this imputation of ill-nature; an engine which serves the ends and does the work of pique and envy both effectually and safely. Forasmuch as it is a loose and general charge upon a man, without alleging any particular reason for it from his life or actions; and consequently does the more mischief, because, as a word of course, it passes currently, and is seldom looked into or examined. And, therefore, as there is no way to prove a paradox or false proposition but to take it for granted, so, such as would stab any man's good name with the accusation of ill-nature, do very rarely descend to proofs or particulars. It is sufficient for their purpose that the word sounds odiously, and is believed easily; and that is enough to do any one's business with the generality of men, who seldom have so much judgment or charity as to hear the cause before they pronounce sentence.

But that we may proceed with greater truth, equity, and candour in this case, we will endeavour to find out the right sense and meaning of this terrible confounding word, ill-nature, by coming to particulars.

And here, first, is the person charged with it false or cruel, ungrateful or revengeful? is he shrewd and unjust in his dealings with others? does he regard no promises, and pay no debts? does he profess love, kindness, and respect to those whom, underhand, he does all the mischief to that possibly he can? is he unkind, rude, or niggardly to his friends? Has he shut up his heart and his hand towards the poor, and has no bowels of compassion for such as are in want and misery? is he insensible of kindnesses done him, and withal careless and backward to acknowledge or requite them? or, lastly, is he bitter and implacable in the prosecution of such as have wronged or abused him?

No; generally none of these ill things—which one would wonder at—are ever meant, or so much as thought of, in the charge of ill-nature; but, for the most part, the clean contrary qualities are readily acknowledged. Ay, but where and what kind of thing, then, is this strange occult quality, called ill-nature, which makes such a thundering noise against such as have the ill-luck to be taxed with it?

Why, the best account that I, or any one else, can give of it, is this: that there are many men in the

world who, without the least arrogance or self-conceit, have yet so just a value both for themselves and others, as to scorn to flatter, and gloze, to fall down and worship, to lick the spittle and kiss the feet of any proud, swelling, overgrown, domineering huff whatsoever. And such persons generally think it enough for them to shew their superiors respect without adoration, and civility without servitude.

Again, there are some who have a certain ill-natured stiffness (forsooth) in their tongue, so as not to be able to applaud and keep pace with this or that self-adoring vainglorious Thraso, while he is pluming and praising himself, and telling fulsome stories in his own commendation for three or four hours by the clock, and at the same time reviling and throwing dirt upon all mankind besides.

There is also a sort of odd ill-natured men, whom neither hopes nor fears, frowns nor favours, can prevail upon to have any of the cast, beggarly, forlorn nieces or kinswomen of any lord or grandee, spiritual or temporal, trumped upon them.

To which we may add another sort of obstinate ill-natured persons, who are not to be brought by any one's guilt or greatness to speak or write, or to swear or lie, as they are bidden, or to give up their own consciences in a compliment to those who have none themselves. . . .

And thus having given you some tolerable account of what the world calls ill-nature, and that both towards superiors and towards equals and inferiors—as it is easy and natural to know one contrary by the other—we may from hence take a true measure of what the world is observed to mean by the contrary character of good-nature, as it is generally bestowed.

And first, when great ones vouchsafe this endearing eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glavering, flattering parasite, or hanger-on; one who is a mere tool or instrument; a fellow fit to be sent upon any malicious errand; a setter, or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerate offices which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharpening, worthless scyophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh, and droll at him, as a weak empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness. And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature—and good-nature let it be—indeed so good, that according to the wise Italian proverb, it is even good for nothing.

Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good-fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good-nature to the pot and pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature overnight, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning.

The Pleasures of Amusement and Industry Compared.

Nor is that man less deceived that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that

could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.

Religion not Hostile to Pleasure.

That pleasure is man's chiefest good—because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure—is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such a one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of religion, nature and reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalise and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? to place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable under the character of unlawful? For certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a 'touch not, taste not,' can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure, that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less. Religion, therefore, intrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

Ingratitude an Incurable Vice.

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such a one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging.

Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such a one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life; but, when you have done, look to your own.

The greatest favours to such a one are but the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them; they neither soften nor win upon him; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person that it is kindness proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable; unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill-nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind, as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person but, if you look backward, and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow.

These extracts shew the racy, idiomatic style of South, and his homely, masculine vigour of thought, though but little tinged with pious earnestness. We subjoin one passage, fanciful in conception, but rising almost into the region of poetry.

Man Before the Fall.

The noblest faculty of man, the understanding, was before the Fall sublime, clear, and aspiring; and, as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion;

no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but was itself the prospect.

Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into a pitiful and controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, varieties, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing drafts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

DR WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

DR WILLIAM SHERLOCK, dean of St Paul's (1641-1707), was a divine of considerable reputation in his own times, chiefly as a writer against dissent and infidelity. His *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1691, led to a controversy with South, who had more wit though less Christian moderation than his opponent. Sherlock was for some time a nonjuror, but he at length took the oath of allegiance to William III.; and in 1691 was made dean of St Paul's. His *Practical Discourse Concerning Death*, which appeared in 1689, is one of the most popular theological works in the language. He also wrote discourses on a *Future Judgment* (1692) and on the *Divine Providence* (1694), in which he brought forward 'with irrefragable force,' says Southey, 'the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul and a future state.'

Life not too Short.

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the Flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is, and as we find it, I

dare undertake to convince those men who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer: for, 1st, The world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now, though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command, and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a jail and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough, owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

2dly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants; and but very few, in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors, who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago, were alive still, and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men, who have now taken their places, and make as great a show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three, or four, or five hundred years, the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And, therefore, I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and, when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates.

3dly, The world is very bad as it is; so bad, that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be, were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world as forty or fifty years cannot restrain men from the greatest villainies, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable, that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all; leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself, and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such a universal destruction, till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

Advantages of our Ignorance of the Time of Death.

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to complain of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but that we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For, 1st, Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know; for how would this chill your blood and spirits! How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do! and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No; half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say, suppose that; and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right: I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to shew them heaven and hell; but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice: now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenious spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of

another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die, and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age; that we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason, why we should 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures, to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

2dly, Though I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live till old age, yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this?

I observed to you before what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world, when we expect to live so long in it; that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die; and if the uncertain hopes of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes, might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

DR JOHN PEARSON.

Dr Wilkins was succeeded in the see of Chester by another very learned and estimable divine, Dr JOHN PEARSON (1613-1686), who had previously filled a divinity chair at Cambridge, and been Master of Trinity College in that university. He published, in 1659, *An Exposition of the Creed*, which has always been esteemed as a standard work in English divinity, remarkable equally for argument, methodical arrangement, and clearness and beauty of style. Bentley said Pearson's 'very dross was gold'—an extravagant compliment; but almost every critical writer has borne testimony to the high merits of Bishop Pearson's *Exposition*.

The Resurrection.

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the death of night:

this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is, notwithstanding, cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

JOHN TILLOTSON (1630-1694) was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, near Halifax, and was brought up to the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans. While studying at Cambridge, his early notions were considerably modified by the perusal of Chillingworth's *Religion of the Protestants*; and at the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, they had become so nearly allied to those of the Church of England, that he submitted to the law without hesitation, and accepted a curacy. He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the church. It was as lecturer in St Lawrence Church, Jewry, in the city of London, that his sermons first attracted general attention. The importance which he thus acquired he endeavoured to employ in favour of his old associates, the Nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring, like himself, within the pale of the establishment; but his efforts, though mainly, perhaps, prompted by benevolent feeling, led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile, Tillotson had married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, by which alliance he became connected with the celebrated Dr Wilkins, the second husband of his wife's mother. This led to his being intrusted with the publication of the works of that prelate after his decease. The moderate principles of Tillotson as a churchman, and his admirable character, raised him, after the Revolution, to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which situation he exerted himself to remove the abuses that had crept into the church, and, in particular, manifested a strong desire to abolish non-residence

among the clergy. These proceedings, and the liberality of some of his views, excited much enmity against him, and subjected him to considerable annoyance. He died about three years after being raised to the primacy, leaving his Sermons as the sole property with which he was able to endow his widow. On account of his great celebrity as a divine, they were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thousand five hundred guineas; and though now little read, they long continued the most popular of English sermons. The style of Tillotson is frequently careless and languid, his sentences tedious and unmusical, and his metaphors deficient in dignity; yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in his manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from the appearance of affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and amiable feeling, that, in spite of all defects, these Sermons must ever be valued by the admirers of practical religion and sound philosophy. Many passages might be quoted, in which important truths and admonitions are conveyed with admirable force and precision.

Advantages of Truth and Sincerity.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more

chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most commendous wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concernments of this world—if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Virtue and Vice Declared by the General Vote of Mankind.

God hath shewn us what is good by the general vote and consent of mankind. Not that all mankind do agree concerning virtue and vice; but that as to the greater duties of piety, justice, mercy, and the like, the exceptions are but few in comparison, and not enough to infringe a general consent. And of this I shall offer to you this threefold evidence:

I. That these virtues are generally praised and held in esteem by mankind, and the contrary vices generally reproved and evil spoken of. Now, to praise anything, is to give testimony to the goodness of it; and to censure anything, is to declare that we believe it to be evil. And if we consult the history of all ages, we shall

find that the things which are generally praised in the lives of men, and recommended to the imitation of posterity, are piety and devotion, gratitude and justice, humanity and charity; and that the contrary to these are marked with ignominy and reproach: the former are commended even in enemies, and the latter are branded even by those who had a kindness for the persons that were guilty of them; so constant hath mankind always been in the commendation of virtue and the censure of vice. Nay, we find not only those who are virtuous themselves giving their testimony and applause to virtue, but even those who are vicious; not out of love to goodness, but from the conviction of their own minds, and from a secret reverence they bear to the common consent and opinion of mankind. And this is a great testimony, because it is the testimony of an enemy, extorted by the mere light and force of truth.

And, on the contrary, nothing is more ordinary than for vice to reprove sin, and to hear men condemn the like or the same things in others which they allow in themselves. And this is a clear evidence that vice is generally condemned by mankind, that many men condemn it in themselves; and those who are so kind as to spare themselves, are very quick-sighted to spy a fault in anybody else, and will censure a bad action done by another, with as much freedom and impartiality as the most virtuous man in the world.

And to this consent of mankind about virtue and vice the Scripture frequently appeals. As when it commands us to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men; and by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;' intimating that there are some things so confessedly good, and owned to be such by so general a vote of mankind, that the worst of men have not the face to open their mouths against them. And it is made the character of a virtuous action if it be lovely and commendable, and of good report: Philip. iv. 8, 'Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;' intimating to us, that mankind do generally concur in the praise and commendation of what is virtuous.

2. Men do generally glory and stand upon their innocency when they do virtuously, but are ashamed and out of countenance when they do the contrary. Now, glory and shame are nothing else but an appeal to the judgment of others concerning the good or evil of our actions. There are, indeed, some such monsters as are impudent in their impieties, but these are but few in comparison. Generally, mankind is modest; the greatest part of those who do evil are apt to blush at their own faults, and to confess them in their countenance, which is an acknowledgment that they are not only guilty to themselves that they have done amiss, but that they are apprehensive that others think so; for guilt is a passion respecting ourselves, but shame regards others. Now, it is a sign of shame that men love to conceal their faults from others, and commit them secretly in the dark, and without witnesses, and are afraid even of a child or a fool; or if they be discovered in them, they are solicitous to excuse and extenuate them, and ready to lay the fault upon anybody else, or to transfer their guilt, or as much of it as they can, upon others. All which are certain tokens that men are not only naturally guilty to themselves when they commit a fault, but that they are sensible also what opinions others have of these things.

And, on the contrary, men are apt to stand upon their justification, and to glory when they have done well. The conscience of a man's own virtue and integrity lifts up his head, and gives him confidence before others, because he is satisfied they have a good opinion of his actions. What a good face does a man naturally set upon a good deed! And how does he sneak when he hath done wickedly, being sensible that he is condemned by others, as well as by himself!

No man is afraid of being upbraided for having dealt honestly or kindly with others, nor does he account it any calumny or reproach to have it reported of him that he is a sober and chaste man. No man blusheth when he meets a man with whom he hath kept his word and discharged his trust; but every man is apt to do so when he meets one with whom he has dealt dishonestly, or who knows some notorious crime by him.

3. Vice is generally forbidden and punished by human laws; but against the contrary virtues there never was any law. Some vices are so manifestly evil in themselves, or so mischievous to human society, that the laws of most nations have taken care to discountenance them by severe penalties. Scarce any nation was ever so barbarous as not to maintain and vindicate the honour of their gods and religion by public laws. Murder and adultery, rebellion and sedition, perjury and breach of trust, fraud and oppression, are vices severely prohibited by the laws of most nations—a clear indication what opinion the generality of mankind and the wisdom of nations have always had of these things.

But now, against the contrary virtues there never was any law. No man was ever impeached for 'living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world'—a plain acknowledgment that mankind always thought them good, and never were sensible of the inconvenience of them; for had they been so, they would have provided against them by laws. This St Paul takes notice of as a great commendation of the Christian virtues: 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, fidelity, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law;' the greatest evidence that could be given that these things are unquestionably good in the esteem of mankind, 'against such there is no law.' As if he had said: Turn over the law of Moses, search those of Athens and Sparta, and the twelve tables of the Romans, and those innumerable laws that have been added since, and you shall not in any of them find any of those virtues that I have mentioned condemned and forbidden—a clear evidence that mankind never took any exception against them, but are generally agreed about the goodness of them.

Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World.

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

Sin and Holiness.

A state of sin and holiness are not like two ways that are just parted by a line, so as a man may step out of the one full into the other; but they are like two ways that lead to very distant places, and consequently are at a good distance from one another; and the further a man hath travelled in the one, the further he is from the other; so that it requires time and pains to pass from one to the other.

Resolution Necessary in forsaking Vice.

He that is deeply engaged in vice, is like a man laid fast in a bog, who, by a faint and lazy struggling to get out, does but spend his strength to no purpose, and

sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is, by a resolute and vigorous effort to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not: like a coward driven up to a wall, who, in the extremity of distress and despair, will fight terribly, and perform wonders; or like a man lame of the gout, who, being assaulted by a present and terrible danger, forgets his disease, and will find his legs rather than lose his life.

The Moral Feelings Instinctive.

God hath discovered our duties to us by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propension and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them, evidently appears by this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as in those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind. A plain indication that the reason of mankind is prevented* by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity, of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than the merc propensions and inclinations of their nature; as, whether we ought to reverence the divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.

Spiritual Pride.

Nothing is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practice as well as knowledge of the Christian religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET (1635-1699) distinguished himself in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. His *Irenicum, a Weapon-salve for the Church's Wounds*, 1661, was considered by Burnet 'a masterpiece.' The title of his principal work is *Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion* (1662). His abilities and extensive learning caused him to be raised in 1689 to the dignity

of Bishop of Worcester. Towards the end of his life (1697) he published *A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, in which some passages in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally held to have come off victorious. So great was the bishop's chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. On these points, Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the reanimation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. But, as Stillingfleet remarked, there is no self-consciousness in matter, and mind, when united to it, is still independent. The general theological views of Stillingfleet leaned towards the Arminian section of the Church of England. During the reign of James II. he was the great defender of Protestantism. His works are chiefly argumentative; but his Sermons, published after his death, deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and the knowledge of human nature which they display.

True Wisdom.

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action, lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus: 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For, suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus bestowed on his highest favourite Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune

* The word 'prevented' is here used in the obsolete sense of 'anticipated.'—Ed.

into the depth of ruin. But on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of the bare act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs, leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master: 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind or corrupt or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more suspected. Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that 'simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for,' saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. . . .

'The path of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

BISHOP KEN.

THOMAS KEN (1637-1711) was a native of Little Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. He was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. In 1667, he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and there he wrote his *Morning and Evening Hymns*, which he sang daily himself, with the accompaniment of a lute. These hymns, or part of them are in every collection of sacred poetry and in the memory of almost every English child. Who has not repeated the opening lines?

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

Other poems, devotional and didactic, were written by Ken. In 1681, he published a *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*. In 1684, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having refused to sign the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. He afterwards declined to take the oath of allegiance to William III. and was deprived. He had then saved a sum of £700, and for this money Lord Weymouth allowed him £80 a year and residence at his mansion of Longleat, where Ken lived till his death. In his latter years, the bishop is described as travelling about the country, like Old Mortality, on an old white horse, collecting subscriptions for relief of the poor nonjurors. Ken's works, in 4 vols. were published by W. Hawkins, his executor, in 1721. Lives of him were written by Hawkins (1713), by the Rev. W. L. Bowles (1830), by J. T. Round (1838), and by Anderson (1853).

This list of eminent divines of the Anglican Church might easily be extended by notices of men eminent in their own day, and remarkable for erudition, but whose writings, chiefly of a polemical character, are now seldom read. Among these were the two POCOCKES, father and son, distinguished for their Oriental learning; ARCHBISHOP TENISON (1636-1715), who succeeded Tillotson in the primacy; and DR HENRY ALDRICH, Dean of Christ Church (1647-1710), who was an accomplished musician, as well as polemic and logician, and who added about forty fine anthems to our church-music. Oxford seems at this time to have been pre-eminently distinguished for its divines and scholars; and Lord Macaulay has remarked that it was chiefly in the university towns, or in London, that the celebrated clergy were congregated. The country clergy, without access to libraries, and travelling but little, in consequence of the imperfect means of locomotion, were a greatly inferior class—rude, unpolished, and prejudiced; such as the wits and dramatists loved to ridicule.

The increasing body of Nonconformists, or Protestant dissenters, had also some eminent names (to be hereafter noticed); and Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Flavel, and Bunyan, are still as well known as their more erudite brethren of the establishment.

GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, the originator of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for meditation and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his Journal, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all." This divine communication, as, in the warmth of his imagination, he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from heaven. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language: 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.' Afterwards he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.' He began about the year 1647 to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any

one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby, he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation. As an illustration of the rough usage which the patient Quaker experienced, we extract this narrative from his *Journal*:

Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (Justice Sawrey's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

In 1635, Fox returned to his native town, where he continued to preach, dispute, and hold conferences, till he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of this memorable interview, he gives an account in his *Journal*:

Interview with Oliver Cromwell.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to

turn people from darkness to light ; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed ; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say : 'Peace be in this house ;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him ; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth ; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against ; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely ; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough ; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him : 'That all Christendom, so called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said : 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other ;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it ; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart ; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out ; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said : 'Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places ; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

Fox had a brief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before the Protector's death, which we shall subjoin, adding Mr Carlyle's characteristic comment :

Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public.

'The same day, taking boat, I went down (up) to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I

met him riding into Hampton Court Park ; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (*whiff*) of death go forth against him.'—Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking this long while to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post ; honourably lay up his arms, and be gone to his rest—all eternity to rest in, George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree ; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think—perhaps, against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell Gwynne defender and two centuries of all-victorious cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George—'a waft of death go forth against him ; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.'

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he suffered frequent imprisonment, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. After reducing—with the assistance of his educated disciples, Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith—the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a more systematic and permanent form than that in which it had hitherto existed, he visited Ireland and the American plantations, employing in the latter nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He died in London in 1690, aged sixty-six.

That Fox was a sincere believer of what he preached, no doubt can be entertained ; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition towards his persecutors, is equally unquestionable. His integrity, also, was so remarkable that his word was taken as of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amounting to madness in the earlier stage of his career, led him into many extravagances, in which few members of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman troubled with king's evil. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Lichfield, exclaiming : 'Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield !' and, when no calamity followed this denouncement as expected, he found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there.

The writings of George Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his *Journal* ; the second, his *Epistles* ; the third, his *Doctrinal Pieces*.

WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718), the son of an English admiral, is celebrated not only as a distinguished writer on Quakerism, but as the founder of the state of Pennsylvania in North America. In his fifteenth year, while a student at Oxford, Penn embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends. He was expelled the university, and his father sent him abroad to travel on the continent. He returned at the end of two years, accomplished in all the graces of the fine gentleman and courtier. In a short time, however, the plague broke out in London, and William Penn's serious impressions were renewed. He ceased to frequent the court and to visit his gay friends, employing himself in the study of divinity. His father conceived that it was time he should again interfere. An estate in Ireland had been presented to the admiral by the king; it required superintendence, and William Penn was despatched to Dublin, furnished with letters to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond. Again the cloud passed off; Penn was a favourite in all circles, and he even served for a short time as a volunteer officer in the army. One day, however, in the city of Cork, he went to hear a sermon by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to in Oxford. The effect was irresistible: Penn became a Quaker for life. His father sent for him home, and finding him immovable in his resolution to adhere to the despised and persecuted sect, he turned him out of doors. William Penn now began to preach and write in defence of the new creed. He was committed to the Tower, but this only increased his ardour. During a confinement of eight months in 1668-9, he produced four treatises, the best of which, *No Cross, no Crown*, enjoyed great popularity. In 1670, shortly after his release, he was again taken up and tried by the city authorities. The jury sympathised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Grace-church Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light; but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate. An appeal was made to the Court of Common Pleas, and Penn was triumphant; thus vindicating the right of juries to judge of the value of evidence independent of the direction of the court. Admiral Penn died in 1670, having been reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will. The admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the government amounting to about £15,000. In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims, Charles II. granted to William Penn—who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic—a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He proposed to call his colony *Sylvania*, as it was covered with woods. The king suggested, in compliment to the admiral, that *Penn* should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named *Pennsylvania*. With the aid of Algernon Sidney, articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn. They were liberal and comprehensive, allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists. The governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered

into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm-tree, the Indian king being attended by his *sachems* or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, forms one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell. The governor having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and made other arrangements, returned to England. He landed in June 1684. For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II., Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches. He procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. Penn was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome. Even the pious and excellent Dr Tillotson was led to give credence to this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge. In our own day, an eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, has revived some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. Specific cases are adduced, but they rest on doubtful evidence, and seem to prove no more than that Penn, misled by a little vanity and self-importance, had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, and could not prevent those acts of cruelty and extortion which disgraced the miserable reign of the last of the Stuart monarchs. The uniform tenor of Penn's life was generous, self-sacrificing, and beneficent. After the Revolution, Penn's formal intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, he there exerted himself for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. His latter days were embittered by personal griefs and losses, and his mental vigour was prostrated by disease. He died in 1718.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn wrote *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life*, and *A Key, &c. to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries*. To George Fox's *Journal*, which was published in 1694, he prefixed *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers*. His works fill three volumes; and an excellent *Life of Penn* has been written by Mr Hepworth Dixon (1851, and much enlarged in 1872). The style of Penn's works is often harsh and incorrect, but his language is copious, and his enthusiasm occasionally renders him forcible and impressive. The first of the subjoined specimens is extracted from his *No Cross, no Crown*.

Against the Pride of Noble Birth.

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has

raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill-fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

'Oh,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!' But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. . . .

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not, by debasing one false quality, to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder: by no means; his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ, is to give aim to all, where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station, just as the apostle Paul, who, after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For, first, they have more power to do good; and, if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion, to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries; and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so, an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but, on the contrary, live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof, His hand is often seen, either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow, that among people of this rank, there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And, to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood, but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men. In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel; and it were much to be wished that our great people would set about to recover the ancient economy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their achievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame, than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

Penn's Advice to his Children.

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy: let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you serve them, which will debase your spirits, as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you; but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord: 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?' answers: 'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my *No Cross, no Crown*. There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples. Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people,

and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

The two great founders of Quakerism, as a respectable and considerable religious body in this country, were ROBERT BARCLAY and WILLIAM PENN. Both were gentlemen by birth and education, amiable and accomplished men, who sacrificed worldly honours, and suffered persecution for conscience' sake. Barclay was born at Gordonstown, in Morayshire, December 23, 1648. He was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards, his father, Colonel Barclay of Ury, in Kincardineshire, made open profession of the principles of Quakerism; and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines appeared in 1670, and bore the title of *Truth cleared of Calumnies*. It was a reply to a work published in Aberdeen. About this time (1672), Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeen clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a *Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to, and Expostulation with, the Inhabitants of Aberdeen*. Other controversial treatises followed: *A Catechism and Confession of Faith*, 1673; and *The Anarchy of the Ranters*, &c. 1674. His great work, originally written and published in Latin, appeared in 1676, and is entitled *An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &c.* The *Apology* of Barclay is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject, and it was therefore read with avidity both in Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. These circumstances, says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, put the minds, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children, to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an unmovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his

Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place, but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been or are prevalent among the Quakers, or, indeed, to consider it as anything more than the vehicle of such of his own views as, in his character of an apologist, he thought it desirable to state. The dedication of Barclay's *Apology* to King Charles II. has always been particularly admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its allusion to his majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be over-ruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' But this appeal had no effect in stopping persecution; for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he had visited in company with Fox and Penn, he was, in 1677, imprisoned along with many other Quakers, at Aberdeen, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Sharp. In prison he wrote a treatise on *Universal Love*. He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II.; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay, in a private conference with his majesty, urged James to make some concessions to the people. The death of this respectable and amiable person took place at his seat of Ury on the 3d of October 1690.

Against Titles of Honour.

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or to receive these titles of honour, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O King!' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, 'O King Agrippa,' &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called 'Your Grace,' appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling

good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them.

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness' and 'Your Grace' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors, and no otherwise, themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship'; they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of 'Majesty' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691) is justly esteemed the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines of this period. He was a native of Rowton, in Shropshire, and was educated chiefly at Wroxeter. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live.' In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley. From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor of Kidderminster, and was highly popular and useful. During the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, and accepted the office of chaplain in the army, in which capacity he was present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. He was disgusted

with the frequent and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to Kidderminster. Whilst there, whilst recovering from a severe illness, he wrote his work, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, 1653. When Cromwell assumed the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and, in a conference with the Protector, told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance. 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' After the Restoration, Baxter was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon. The Act of Uniformity, in 1662, drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he spent several years in peaceful study and literary labour. The Act of Indulgence, in 1672, enabled him to repair to London; but the subsequent persecution of the Nonconformists interfered with his ministerial duties. In 1685, he published a *Paraphrase on the New Testament*, a plain practical treatise, but certain passages in which were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Judge Jeffreys. When Baxter endeavoured to speak: 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the judge, 'dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing 'trade forty years ago, it had been happy.'

He was sentenced to pay 500 marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid. Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment, Baxter was set at liberty. He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and joy,' December 8, 1691. Baxter is said to have written no less than 168 separate works or publications! His practical treatises are still read and republished, especially his *Saints' Rest* and *Call to the Unconverted*, 1669. The latter was so popular, that 20,000 copies, it was said, were sold in one year. His *Reasons of the Christian Religion*, 1667, *Life of Faith*, 1670, *Christian Directory*, 1675, are also much prized theological works. His *Catholic Theology*, 1675, and *Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ*, 1681, embody the views and opinions of Baxter on religious subjects. In 1696, appeared *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, including an autobiography, entitled *A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times*, published by Baxter's friend, Matthew Sylvester, a Nonconformist divine. This work is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book of Dr Johnson. In our own day, it met with no less warm an admirer in Mr Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work,' adding: 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.' It is this *truthfulness* which gives so deep and permanent an interest to Baxter's life. We see what Mr Carlyle would call the *life of a real man*, ever in action or in self-retrospection; and as to what

was passing around him, Baxter was an acute observer as well as profound thinker.

A complete edition of Baxter's works, with a Life of the Author, by the Rev. W. Orme, was published in 1827, in twenty-three volumes. Also, his *Practical Works*, four volumes, 1838.

Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest*, I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Desire of Approbation.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility,

but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory, when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitdness and morosity.

Change in the Estimate of his Own and Other Men's Knowledge.

Heretofore, I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me—like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before—but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book—as *De Scientia Dei, De Providentia circa Malum, De Decretis, De Prædeterminatione, De Libertate Creaturæ, &c.*—I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

On the Credit due to History.

I am much more cautelous [cautious or wary] in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men; though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to

his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppress. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet, in these cases, I can freely believe history: 1. If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie: but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . . Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour, at least, should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false: and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity

with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports* and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the merridancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

Theological Controversies.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocal, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskillful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And

my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavours of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), the son of a tinker residing at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, is one of the most remarkable of English authors. He was taught in childhood to read and write, and afterwards, having resolved to follow his father's occupation, travelled for many years about the country in the usual gipsy-life of his profession. At this time he is represented to have been sunk in profligacy and wickedness; but, like many other religious enthusiasts, Bunyan exaggerated the depravity of his unregenerated condition, and his biographers have too literally taken him at his word. Ringing bells, dancing, and playing at hockey were included among his sinful propensities. He was also addicted to profane swearing; but on a woman remonstrating with him as to this vice, he at once abandoned it. His early marriage, at the age of nineteen, saved him from another species of wickedness. And as Macaulay has remarked, 'those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language, prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations; that his fervour exceeded his knowledge; and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind.' When a young man, Bunyan served in the army of the Parliament. After his first spiritual impulses had been awakened, he continued long hanging—to use his own figurative language—'as in a pair of scales, sometimes up and sometimes down; now in peace, and now again in terror.' By degrees his religious impressions acquired strength and permanence; till, after many doubts respecting his salvation, and the reality of his possession of faith—which last circumstance he was once on the eve of putting to the test by commanding some water-puddles to be dry—he at length attained a comfortable state of mind; and, having resolved to lead a moral and pious life, was, about the year 1655, baptised and admitted as a member of the Baptist congregation in Bedford. By the solicitation of the other members of that body, he was induced to become a preacher, though not without some modest reluctance on his part. After zealously preaching the gospel for five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. His sentence of condemnation to perpetual banishment was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half. During that long period he employed himself partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family. His library while in prison consisted but of two books, the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, with both of which his own productions shew him to have become familiar. Having been liberated through the benevolent endeavours of Dr Barlow, bishop

* James I. published a declaration permitting recreations on Sunday—as dancing, archery, May-games, morris-dances, &c. This was ordered to be read in churches. The act, however, was not enforced in the reign of James, but it was renewed by Charles I. The clergy who refused to read this edict or Book of Sports from the pulpit, were punished by suspension or expulsion.

of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. After that event, he was enabled, by the contributions of his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted large congregations during the remainder of his life. He frequently visited and preached to the Nonconformists in London, and when there in 1688, was cut off by fever in the sixty-first year of his age.

While in prison at Bedford, Bunyan, as we have said, composed several works; of these, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come* is the one which has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Ten editions were published between 1678 and 1685. The second part (now always printed with the first) appeared in 1684. The popularity of the work is almost unrivalled; it has gone through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. The object of this remarkable production, it is hardly necessary to say, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with nearly as much pleasure as fictions professedly written for their amusement. The work is, throughout, strongly imbued with the Calvinistic principles of the author, who, in relating the contentions of his hero with the powers of darkness, and the terrible visions by which he was so frequently appalled, has doubtless drawn largely from what he himself experienced under the influence of his own fervid imagination. A vein of latent sarcasm and humour also runs through the work, as Bunyan depicts his halting and time-serving characters—the worldly personages that cumber and obstruct the pilgrim on his way. Of the literary merits of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Mr Southey speaks in the following terms: 'His is a home-spun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shews, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative

powers.* By universal assent the inspired tinker is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory; yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry, lest the name should provoke a sneer! Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still read, though less extensively, is *The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul* (1682). The fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai, or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan's *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*—of which the most remarkable portions are given below—is an interesting though highly coloured narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other works are numerous, but inferior, and collected editions of the whole have often been reprinted. One of the best is that of 1853, in three volumes, edited by George Offor.

Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

* Life of Bunyan prefixed to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1831.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God: 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job, xxi. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that, though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to my end. This, also, I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be—not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both—yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me—

but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things—both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else—belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them—supposing they were the ministers of God—I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. . . .

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . .

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have

comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How, if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How, if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

The Golden City.—From 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from

this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out;' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs: 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: 'Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?' He answered: 'They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims: so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also shewed them there the King's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.'

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me: 'Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.'

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: 'You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.'

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: 'You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.'

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered: 'Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and

Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then—especially Christian—began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other: Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian: Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. . . .

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words: Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice—Oh! I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones: These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left—as it were to guard them through the upper regions—continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures,

still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: Where are the men? To whom it was answered: 'They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

DR JOHN OWEN.

DR JOHN OWEN (1616-1683), after studying at Oxford for the Church of England, became a Presbyterian, but finally joined the Independents. He was highly esteemed by the Long Parliament, and was frequently called upon to preach before them on public occasions. Cromwell, in particular, was so highly pleased with him, that, when going to Ireland, he insisted on Dr Owen accompanying him, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the College of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, Owen returned to his clerical duties in England, from which, however, he was again speedily called away by Cromwell, who took him in 1650 to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after, to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which offices he held till Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him a preferment in the church if he would conform; but this Dr Owen declined. The persecution of the Nonconformists repeatedly disposed him to

emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native country prevailed. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, the amiable dispositions and agreeable manners of Owen procured him much esteem from many eminent churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and, after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the recent persecution. He was a man of extensive learning, and most estimable character. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Among these are a collection of *Sermons, An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews, A Discourse of the Holy Spirit, and The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures.*

The style of Owen merits little praise. He wrote too rapidly and carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can't think how you like Dr Owen,' said he to a friend; 'I can't read him with any patience; I never read a page of Dr Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms. Sir, he is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud.' For moderation in controversy, Dr Owen was most honourably distinguished among the theological warriors of his age.

JOHN HOWE.

This able and amiable Nonconformist (1630-1705) was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was parish minister. He was educated at Cambridge, and was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. In 1652, he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His severe clerical duty is thus described: Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour! In 1656, Howe was selected by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one of his chaplains. As he had not coveted the office, he seems never to have liked it. The 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family as to religious matters made him despair of doing good in his office of chaplain, and he conscientiously opposed and preached against a doctrine which is thus stated by Mr Henry Rogers, the biographer of Howe:

Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court.

It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the 'special favourites' of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind, that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private con-

versation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard 'a person of note' preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of 'special favourites of Heaven' in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

Howe continued chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, he resided in the same capacity with Richard Cromwell. When Richard was set aside, the minister returned to Great Torrington, but was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He subsequently officiated as minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which have placed him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of England. He has been termed the 'Platonic Puritan.' The principal works of John Howe are his *Living Temple* (1676-1702), a treatise on *Delighting in God, The Blessedness of the Righteous, The Vanity of Man as Mortal, a Tractate on the Divine Presence, an Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity, and The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World* (1699). To the excellence of these works all theological writers and critics have borne testimony. Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and he said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions.' A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Dr Edmund Calamy, was published in 1724. Other editions followed, and the latest we have seen is one in three volumes, 8vo, 1848, with Life by Rev. J. P. Hewlett. The *Life and Character of John Howe, with an Analysis of his Writings*, by Henry Rogers, is a valuable work, and affords a good view of the state of religious parties and controversies in England from the time of the Commonwealth down to the death of Howe.

EDMUND CALAMY—JOHN FLAVEL—MATTHEW HENRY.

EDMUND CALAMY (1600-1666) was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, but had become a Nonconformist before settling in London as a preacher in 1639. A celebrated production against Episcopacy, called *Smectymnuus*, from the initials of the names of the writers, and in which Calamy was concerned, appeared in the following year. He was much in favour with the Presbyterian party; but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which terminated in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II. he subsequently received the offer of a bishopric; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties in the metropolis several years before his death. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of *The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress*, acquired much popularity.

JOHN FLAVEL (1627-1691) was a zealous preacher at Dartmouth, where he suffered severely for his nonconformity. In the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued. Among the Scottish peasantry, many of Flavel's works are popular.

MATTHEW HENRY (1662-1714) was the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned Nonconformist minister in Flintshire. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1685 he was chosen pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, where he officiated for twenty-five years. In 1711 he changed the scene of his labours to Hackney, where he continued till his death in 1714. Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his *Commentary on the Bible*, which he did not live to complete. It was originally printed in five volumes folio. The *Commentary on the Epistles* was added by various divines. Considered as a learned explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. Robert Hall, for the last two years of his life, read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's *Commentary*, a work which he had not before read consecutively, though he had long known and valued it. As he proceeded, he felt increasing interest and pleasure, greatly admiring the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Dr Chalmers was also a warm admirer of Henry, whose *Commentary* is still frequently republished. The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:

Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. To some, their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon; in a word, self—the unity in which the world's trinity centres—sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says: 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says: 'No—give it me.' God says: 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says: 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst—' 'Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem'—money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says: 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says: 'Cheat thy own father

if thou canst gain by it.' God says: 'Be charitable;' Mammon says: 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God says: 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says: 'Be careful for everything.' God says: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day;' Mammon says: 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD—THOMAS HALYBURTON—
THOMAS BOSTON.

There were several Scottish doctrinal writers and divines at this period whose works still enjoy considerable popularity, especially in the rural parishes, and constitute the favourite reading of old and serious persons. Among these we may mention SAMUEL RUTHERFORD (1600-1661), author of *The Trial and Triumph of Faith, Christ dying and drawing Sinners*, &c. Rutherford was a staunch defender of Presbyterianism, and one of his controversial works, *Lex Rex* (1644), written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. A volume of *Familiar Letters* by this divine, published after his death, evinces literary taste and power. He was one of the most learned of the Scottish clergy, and was successively Professor of Divinity in St Andrews (1639), Commissioner to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643-1647), and Principal of New College, St Andrews (1649).—THOMAS HALYBURTON (1674-1712) was Professor of Divinity in the University of St Andrews. He wrote *Natural Religion Insufficient*, an able reply to Lord Herbert's *De Veritate*, and *The Great Concern of Salvation*, and *Ten Sermons preached before and after the Celebration of the Lord's Supper*.—THOMAS BOSTON (1676-1732) was minister of Etrick, and a leading member of the church courts in opposition to patronage and tests. His *Fourfold State*, first printed in 1720, is still the most popular of religious books among rigid Presbyterians, and a course of *Sermons* by this divine is also highly prized. Boston was warmly engaged in what has been termed 'the great Marrow controversy,' which divided the Scottish Church. A book named *The Marrow of Modern Divinity* (1645), written by an English Puritan, Edward Fisher, was revived in Scotland by the more devout portion of the clergy, and being denounced by the ruling party in the Assembly, was adopted as a standard round which the popular ministers rallied. The peace of the church was long disturbed by this Marrow controversy. The works of the above divines, though tinged with what we may call a gloomy and unamiable theology, are marked by a racy vigour of thought and *unction*. As illustrations of at least one phase of national character and history, they deserve to be studied.

METAPHYSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

JOHN LOCKE.

England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was adorned by some illustrious philosophers, who, besides making important contributions to science, were distinguished by simplicity and moral excellence of character, and by

an ardent devotion to the interests of religion, virtue, and truth.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29, 1632, son of a small proprietor who served in the Parliamentary army. He received his elementary education at Westminster School, and completed his studies at Christ-church College, Oxford. In the latter city he resided from 1651 till 1664, during which period he became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he made considerable progress in the necessary studies, but found the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle to successful practice. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir William Swan, who was sent by Charles II. as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by the late Lord King. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher, will be surprised to find the following humorous description, which he gives to one of his friends, of some Christmas ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves.

Christmas Ceremonies at Cleves.

About one in the morning I went a-gossiping to our Lady. Think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high-altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet-play, and might have deserved pence apiece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers. I thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal-fire that was in the middle of the quire—this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night—but it was not dancing, but singing

they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.

In less than a year, Locke returned to Oxford, where he soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish Church, if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he, in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. An anecdote is told of him which shews the easy terms on which he stood with these noblemen. On an occasion when several of them were met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good-fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.' A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, celebrated as an able philosophical and moral writer in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpellier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating

the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. When Shaftesbury regained power for a brief season in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland, three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeopardy, from the connection which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1684, by a special order from Charles II. he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687, he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which—among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men—met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation. The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange. He was made a Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200 a year. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. While in Holland, he had written in Latin, *A Letter concerning Toleration*: this appeared at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional *Letters*. In 1690 was published his most celebrated work, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*. In the composition of this treatise, which his retirement in Holland afforded him leisure to finish, he had been engaged for eighteen years. His object in writing it is thus explained in the Prefatory Epistle to the Reader: 'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented.' In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found this matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. It hence happens, that of the four books of which the Essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. In the first book of his Essay, Locke treats of innate ideas. He denies altogether the doctrine of innate ideas or innate principles in the mind: 'God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant those innate notions in his mind, than that having given him reason, hands, and materials, he should build him bridges or houses.' And he argues

that the idea or sense of a God is so manifest from the visible marks of wisdom and power in creation, that no rational creature could, on reflection, miss the discovery of a Deity. In the second book, Locke follows up this principle or position by tracing the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, which he derives from sensation and reflection. His reasoning on the latter is somewhat indefinite. 'Duration is certainly no mode of thinking, yet the idea of duration is reckoned by Locke among those with which we are furnished by reflection. The same may perhaps be said as to his account of several other ideas, which cannot be deduced from external sensation, nor yet can be reckoned modifications or operations of the soul itself; such as number, power, existence' (*Hallam*). The third book of the Essay is on language and signs as instruments of truth; and the fourth book is intended to determine the nature, validity, and limits of the understanding. Of the importance of this great work in diffusing a just mode of thinking and inquiry, it is unnecessary to speak. Some passages may appear contradictory, 'but any person reading the Essay carefully through will,' says Mr Lewes, 'find all clear and coherent.'

The style of the work is simple, pure, and expressive; and, as it was designed for general perusal, there is a frequent employment of colloquial phraseology. Locke hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common-sense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury, 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.'

In 1690, Locke published two *Treatises on Civil Government*, in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' The chief of his other productions are—*Thoughts concerning Education* (1693), *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695), two *Vindications* of that work (1696), and an admirable tract *On the Conduct of the Understanding*, printed after the author's death. A theological controversy in which he engaged with Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, has already been mentioned in our account of that prelate. Many letters and miscellaneous pieces of Locke have been published, partly in the beginning of last century, and partly by Lord King in his *Life of the philosopher* (1829).

In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendancy, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries

which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence. By the Independent divines who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world. When free inquiry led him to milder dogmas, he retained the severe morality which was their honourable singularity, and which continues to distinguish their successors in those communities which have abandoned their rigorous opinions. His professional pursuits afterwards engaged him in the study of the physical sciences, at the moment when the spirit of experiment and observation was in its youthful fervour, and when a repugnance to scholastic subtleties was the ruling passion of the scientific world. At a more mature age, he was admitted into the society of great wits and ambitious politicians. During the remainder of his life, he was often a man of business, and always a man of the world, without much undisturbed leisure, and probably with that abated relish for merely abstract speculation which is the inevitable result of converse with society and experience in affairs. But his political connections agreeing with his early bias, made him a zealous advocate of liberty in opinion and in government; and he gradually limited his zeal and activity to the illustrations of such general principles as are the guardians of these great interests of human society. Almost all his writings, even his *Essay* itself, were occasional, and intended directly to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. The first *Letter on Toleration*, the most original perhaps of his works, was composed in Holland, in a retirement where he was forced to conceal himself from the tyranny which pursued him into a foreign land; and it was published in England in the year of the Revolution, to vindicate the *Toleration Act*, of which the author lamented the imperfection. On the continent, the principal works of Locke became extensively known through the medium of translation.

Immediately after the Revolution, employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill-health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coinage, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, the state of his health also obliged him to resign. The last years of his existence were spent at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, soothed by her attention the infirmities of his declining years. The death of this excellent man took place October 28, 1704, when he had attained the age of seventy-two.

Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst

men of equal education, there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiased indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the ground upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

Practice and Habit.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us further than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach, and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to shew that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, shewing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a

bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

Prejudices.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hinderance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this—that every man should let alone others' prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another: he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there, almost, that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hinderance of knowledge—for to such only I write—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose—unless he be self-condemned—that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined.

Injudicious Haste in Study.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and

therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety—which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge—but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

Pleasure and Pain.

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the

motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts—if I may so call it—run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

History.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquiries in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word, and then conclude; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

Disputation.

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

Liberty.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

Opposition to New Doctrines.

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and though it be not yet current by the public

stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

Duty of Preserving Health.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies—though with a design to render ourselves more useful—we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON holds, by universal consent, the highest rank among the natural philosophers of ancient or modern times. He was born, December 25, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate. From childhood, he manifested a strong inclination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. He received his early education at the Grammar-school of Grantham, and at the age of fifteen was summoned to take charge of the farm at home; but he was found unfit for business, and was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius. In 1661, he was admitted as a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge; became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In 1669, he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor; in 1671, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in parliament as member for the university; was appointed Warden of the Mint in 1695, became President of the Royal Society in 1703; and, two years afterwards, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton, the world is indebted for a variety of splendid discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among these, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system may be referred to as the most brilliant. The first step in the formation of the Newtonian system of philosophy was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The traditional story of the philosopher sitting in his garden one day, and being led by the fall of an apple to meditate on the law of gravitation, may be a mere myth—the apple may be as fabulous as the golden fruit of the Hesperides; but the train of thought which led to the discovery may have been suggested by some circumstance as trivial. He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines. When the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind, Newton is said to have been so agitated as to be unable to work out the problem. Mathematical calculation soon demonstrated the fact,

and placed it on an immovable basis. 'The whole material universe,' as Sir David Brewster says, 'was spread out before him; the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' What must have been the sensations of Newton when all these varied movements of the heavenly bodies were thus presented to his mind—and presented, let us remember, as the result of that law which he had himself discovered! The situation of Columbus when, after his long voyage, he first descried the shores of the new world he had so adventurously sailed to explore, was one of moral and intellectual grandeur. So was the position of Milton, when old, and blind, and poor, he had realised the dream of his youth, completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the situation of Newton was one still more transcendent. His feelings were perhaps the most strange—the most sublime—ever permitted to mortality. He had laid his hand on the key of Nature's secrets, and unlocked a mighty mystery—a mystery hidden from mankind for countless ages, and at that moment known only to himself. And in his joy at this vast discovery there was no room for fear or regret. The conqueror or explorer of a new country may sigh to think what sin and suffering may be introduced with civilisation, supplanting the ignorant innocence of the natives; but in this case nothing could result but fresh and astounding proofs of that divine wisdom and law of order which form the harmony of the universe.

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. To Newton we owe likewise extensive discoveries in optics, by which the aspect of that science was so entirely changed, that he may justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility. After pursuing his optical investigations during a period of thirty years, he gave to the world, in 1704, a detailed account of his discoveries in an admirable work entitled *Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light*. Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, this eminent man devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The prophetic books of Scripture were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in these studies we owe the composition of his *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St John*, published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. The whole manuscripts left by Sir Isaac were perused by Dr Pellet, by agreement with the executors, with the view of publishing such as were thought fit for the press: the report of that

gentleman, however, was, that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms was adapted for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and, contrary to Dr Pellet's opinion, the *Observations upon the Prophecies*, already mentioned, were likewise sent to the press. *An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture* (John, v. 7, and 1 Tim. iii. 16), also from the pen of Sir Isaac, first appeared in a perfect form in Dr Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. The timidity, no less than the profound humility, of this great man led him to shrink from any publication likely to lead to controversy, and perhaps the only defect in his noble nature was this morbidly sensitive and somewhat suspicious temperament. We subjoin a specimen of his remarks on

The Prophetic Language.

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows: Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for

the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; imbittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic—that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquests of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land-animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest, for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

A question with respect to Sir Isaac Newton excited much controversy in the literary world. During the last forty years of his life, the inventive powers of this great philosopher seemed to have lost their activity; he made no further discoveries, and, in his later scientific publications, imparted to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. In the article 'Newton' in the French *Biographie Universelle*, written by M.

Biot, a statement was for the first time advanced, that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity, which occurred in the years 1692 and 1693. That Newton's mind was much out of order at the period mentioned, appears to be satisfactorily proved. Mr Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, under date the 3d of February 1692-3, relates, in a passage which Brewster has published, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding, that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' Newton himself, writing on the 13th September 1693 to P'epys, secretary to the Admiralty, says: 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' Again, on the 16th of the same month, he writes to his friend Locke in the following remarkable manner:

SIR—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of Ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant—IS. NEWTON.

The answer of Locke is admirable for the gentle and affectionate spirit in which it is written:

SIR—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage both to you and all mankind will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I write it, yet since you have so opportunely given

me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.

To this Sir Isaac replied on the 5th of October :

SIR—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me further out of order, so that, when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a-night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant—
IS. NEWTON.

On the 26th September, Pepys wrote to a friend of his, at Cambridge, a Mr Millington, making inquiry about Newton's mental condition, as he had 'lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Millington answers on the 30th, that, two days previously, he had met Newton at Huntingdon; 'where,' says he, 'upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; and added, that it was a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together; which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

This conclusion is proved to have been the correct one. Sir David Brewster has examined the point at some length in his elaborate *Life of Newton*, 2 vols. 1855, and has established the fact that the great philosopher's illness was temporary. Sir David had access to the papers in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, Mrs Barton, and has thrown much light on the private character and social relations of Sir Isaac, besides describing his discoveries in fluxions, optics, and gravitation. Among the papers thus published for the first time, is the following account, by Sir Isaac, of his religious faith or belief:

Religious Belief of Sir Isaac Newton.

1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

6. All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright, he will intercede.

10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation: 'Here lies interred ISAAC NEWTON, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.' Newton died March 20, 1727.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

JAMES HOWELL.

JAMES HOWELL (1594-1666) was one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing miscellaneous writers in the early part of the seventeenth century. Born in Caermarthenshire, he received

his education at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in quest of employment. He was there appointed steward to a patent-glass manufactory, in which capacity he went abroad, to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his travels, which lasted three years, he visited many commercial towns in Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; and, being possessed of an acute and inquiring mind, laid up a store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages. His connection with the glass-company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman. After this he was sent to Spain (1622), as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on a charge of smuggling; but all hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624. His next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, as President of the North; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond to be one of their representatives in parliament. Three years afterwards, he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador. About the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed one of the Clerks of Council; but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony à Wood, 'and therefore running much into debt,' he was imprisoned in the Fleet, by order of a committee of parliament. Here he remained till after the king's death, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. At the Restoration, he became historiographer-royal, being the first who ever enjoyed that title; and he continued his literary avocations till his death in 1666. Of upwards of forty publications of this lively and sensible writer, none is now generally read except his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters*, which were published in four successive instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655. This work is considered to be the earliest specimen of epistolary literature in the language. The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; and though some of them are supposed to have been composed from memory while the author was in the Fleet Prison, the greater number seem to bear sufficient internal evidence of having been written at the times and places indicated. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his Letters abound, contribute to render the work one of permanent interest and value.

Letter from Venice.

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admir'dst city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage

is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galcasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sub-lunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nurriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear these say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range.

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm,

in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same
J. H.

VENICE, 25th June, 1621.

Letter from Rome.

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trastevere, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishoprics; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venissa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord-paramount of Sicily, Urbia, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandulfo his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass; and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words: '*Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum*' ['We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother']. If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The Bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul III. sent Charles III. twelve thousand foot and five hundred horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.; and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datany or despatching of bulls, the triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights, mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V. notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for he hath many nephews; and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a prætor and some choice citizens, which sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here—as in other places of Italy—under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here as the cynic held women to be—*malum necessarium*. . . .

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver.

Description of the Wine Countries.

Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are wine-countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and St Martin bears the bell, which is near the court. Now, as in Spain, so in all other wine-countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine; those kinds that our merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents, and Alicants: of this last there's little comes over right; therefore the vintners make Tent—which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white—to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabadavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.* They have an odd stone we call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drink in Spain called Alosa, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey; much of them take of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough

* The importation of wines from Portugal dates from the reign of Charles II. In 1703, the Methuen Treaty was entered into with Portugal, binding England to receive her produce at a rate of one-third less than on that of France. Port then became the most important wine for British use. Since the reduction of duty on French wines, the consumption of port has greatly declined.

to bear the sea for long voyages; some few Muscadelles and Malmsies are brought over in small casks; nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose colour by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, towards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontinac. In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines conclubable with those of Spain: one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume; and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine-countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't: the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometime used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brimstone in Rhenish—to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called stuming of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows; therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psalts or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachiara; for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of wines which grow now in the grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also,

there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua-vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t'other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa; and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

From another of Howell's works, entitled *Instructions for Foreign Travel*, published in 1642, and which, like his Letters, contains many acute and humorous observations on men and things, we extract the following passage on the

Tales of Travellers.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him: 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking: 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied: 'But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'

SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

The only other traveller of much note at this time was SIR THOMAS HERBERT, who, in 1626, set out on a journey to the East, and, after his return, published, in 1634, *A Relation of some Years Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the Territory of the Persian Monarchy, and some Parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent*. In the civil wars of England, Herbert sided with the Parliament, and, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration, he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits. In 1678, he wrote *Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.* Herbert died in 1682.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682) was a learned, desultory, but eloquent writer, fond of discussing abstruse and conjectural points, such as only a humorist can seriously concern himself with; and he displays throughout his works the mind rather of an amiable and eccentric scholar, than that of a man who takes an interest in the great concerns of humanity. Browne was born in London, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, proceeded to travel, first in Ireland, and subsequently in France, Italy, and Holland. He belonged to the medical profession, and having obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled finally as a practitioner at Norwich. His first work, entitled *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician), was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself; it immediately rendered him famous as a literary man. In this singular production he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on a variety of philosophical and fanciful questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of the work is bold and

poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, but frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His next publication, entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or treatise on Vulgar Errors, appeared in 1646. It is much more philosophical in its character than the *Religio Medici*, and is considered the most solid and useful of his productions. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel, will serve both to shew the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century: 'That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.' He treats also of the ring-finger; saluting upon sneezing; pigmies; the canicular or dog days; the picture of Moses with horns; the blackness of negroes; the river Nilus; gipsies; Methuselah; the food of John the Baptist; the cessation of oracles; Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke; the poverty of Belisarius; and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658, Browne published his *Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial; a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk*, a work not inferior in style to the *Religio Medici*. Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for solemnity and grandeur, probably unsurpassed in English literature. The occasion would hardly have called forth a work from any less meditative mind. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne then comments on that vast charnel-house, the earth.

'Nature,' he says, 'hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years*; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under

hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser conixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword'; or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt. 'Men,' he finely remarks, 'have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.' Among the beauties of expression in Browne, may be quoted the following eloquent definition: 'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature—they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.' This seems the essence of true philosophy. To the *Hydriotaphia* is appended a small treatise, called *The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered*. This is written in a similar style, and displays much of the author's whimsical fancy and propensity to laborious trifling. One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are

unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' This is fantastic, but it is the offspring of genius. Among Browne's posthumous pieces is a collection of aphorisms, entitled *Christian Morals*, to which Dr Johnson prefixed a life of the author. He left also various essays on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven. He was of a modest and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. His opinions were tinged with the credulity of his age. He believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.'

In the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the practice of employing Latin words with English terminations is carried to excess. Thus, speaking in his *Vulgar Errors* of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffuency, and amitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly conglaciate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation; that of milk, coagulation; and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incassation.' He uses abundantly such words as dilucidate, amplate, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscient, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical.

Those who are acquainted with Dr Johnson's style will at once perceive the resemblance, particularly in respect to the abundance of Latin words, which it bears to that of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the author of the *Rambler* acquired much of his fondness for pompous and sounding expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in varipus knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic*. He is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast*: the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye.' The same writer has pointed out the *entireness* of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. We may add the complete *originality* of his mind. He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity.

Oblivion.

What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though

puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and maddening vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who, acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias;¹ and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.²

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle³ must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,⁴ to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopol inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsist-

ences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids. Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Theristes is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known; or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time. Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox. Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep unto stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of

¹ That the world may last but six thousand years.

² Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

³ The character of death.

⁴ Gruteri *Inscriptiones Antiquae*.

omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising novities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature. . . .

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and well enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

Light the Shadow of God.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

Study of God's Works.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Ghosts.

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialized into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the inquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

Of Myself.

For my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on—for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. . . . The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

Charity.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caittif in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of

all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legaced among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE (1609-1676) not only acquired some reputation as a literary man, but is celebrated as one of the most upright judges that ever sat upon the English bench. Both in his studies and in the exercise of his profession he displayed uncommon industry, which was favoured by his acquaintance with Selden, who esteemed him so highly as to appoint him his executor. Hale was a judge both in the time of the Commonwealth and under Charles II.; he was appointed Chief-baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-justice of the King's Bench eleven years afterwards. In the former capacity, one of his most notable and least creditable acts was the condemnation of some persons accused of witchcraft at Bury St Edmunds in 1664. Amidst the immorality of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. His works are various, but relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistic; and his chief theological work, entitled *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*, retains considerable popularity. As a specimen of his style, we present part of a letter of advice to his children, written about the year 1662.

On Conversation.

DEAR CHILDREN—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter,

and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.' If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

I have little further to add at this time but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to require my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of

serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

JOHN EARLE.

JOHN EARLE (1601-1665), a native of York, bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was a very successful miscellaneous writer. He was a man of great learning and eloquence, extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and of such excellent moral and religious qualities, that—in the language of Walton—there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man ‘whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.’ He was at one period chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile during the Civil War, after being deprived of his whole property for his adherence to the royal cause. His principal work is entitled *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters*, published about 1628, and often reprinted; it is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an antiquary, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a clown. We shall give the last.

The Clown.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour’s contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire’s time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God’s blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn

sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah’s flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it is drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

PETER HEYLIN.

Among those clerical adherents of the king, who, like Bishop Earle, were despoiled of their goods by the parliament, was PETER HEYLIN (1600-1662), born near Oxford. This industrious writer, who figures at once as a geographer, a divine, a poet, and an historian, composed not fewer than thirty-seven publications, of which one of the most celebrated is his *Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World*, first printed in 1621. Among his other works are *A Help to English History* (1641), and *History of the Reformation* (1661). As an historian, he displays too much of the spirit of a partisan and bigot, and stands among the defenders of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. His works, though now almost forgotten, were much read in the seventeenth century, and portions of them may still be perused with pleasure. After the Restoration, his health suffered so much from disappointment at the neglect of his claims for preferment in the church, that he died soon after, in 1662. In a narrative which he published of a six weeks’ tour to France in 1625, he gives the following humorous description of

The French.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour’s conference you may endeavor him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* [‘under the seal of confession’]—when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Familiares est hominis omnia sibi remittere* [‘It is usual for men to overlook their own faults’], saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute’s pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their

heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word—for I have held him too long—he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished—I speak not of the peasant—but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have—as generally have all this nation—good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace: private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hothead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimentary. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

French Love of Dancing.

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought, by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing-days should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcases directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwise for Hercules. In this mixture of age and

condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.*

OWEN FELTHAM.

OWEN FELTHAM or FELLTHAM (*circa* 1610-1678), the author of a work of great popularity in its day, entitled *Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political*, is a writer of whose personal history little is known, except that he was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years in the house of the Earl of Thomond. The first part of his *Resolves* appeared in 1628; the second part in 1707, and in two years it had reached the twelfth edition. The work consists of essays moral and religious, in the sententious style of that period, and was perhaps suggested by Bacon's *Essays*. Mr Hallam has characterised Feltham as one of our worst writers in point of style. He is, indeed, often affected and obscure, but his essays have a fine vein of moral observation and reflection, with occasional picturesqueness of expression.

Moderation in Grief.

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

Limitation of Human Knowledge.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it invaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquiry; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

* Goldsmith, a century and a quarter after this period, finely illustrated the same national peculiarity:

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller.

Against Readiness to Take Offence.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

Against Detraction.

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent; so that, when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues, or, if those virtues be like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would shew that we loved what we commended, while the latter tells the world we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves more nobly virtuous than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbecoming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to the neighbour's errors, than in any way expose them.

Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly cultivated and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, the other is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be, yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the *Floralium*, and a very little time will change it to a wilderness, and turn that which was before a recreation for men into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare; and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions exposes himself to surprise, and to becoming a

prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary. The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter, and tear up everything good which grows within them. With the religious and well-disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least miscarriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable and false, or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform his part. Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy who from happiness is divided? To be united to God, we must be influenced by His goodness, and strive to imitate His perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the fairest fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

No Man can be Good to All.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

Meditation.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

COWLEY (1618-1667) holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age; indeed, he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Johnson has pointed out as remarkable the contrast between the simplicity of Cowley's prose, and the stiff formality and affectation of his poetry. 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' The prose works of Cowley extend to but sixty folio pages, and consist of *Essays*, which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of Myself, &c. He wrote also a *Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*, and a *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. In his *Essays*, Cowley's longing for peace and retirement is a frequently recurring theme. But he has also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire.

Of Myself.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.

Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant—for that was the state then of the English and the French courts—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and

honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect :

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it :

Thou neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar ;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, 'Take thy ease : ' I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness—a new misfortune to me—as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Nou ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped for her.

*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest ;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this—though he may be as guilty as if he really were, by intending and imagining to be so—but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then, and industry of mankind, is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it.

The Antiquity of Agriculture.

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; 'because,' says he, 'the Most High has created it.' We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all these great persons, who are too proud; now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it! We may talk what we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

Of Obscurity.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.
VIRG. I ÆN.

The common story of Demosthenes's confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: 'This is that Demosthenes,' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said: 'This is that Bucephalus,' or, 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that Alexander,' or, 'This is that Domitian;' and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the

body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in—for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit: this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *mula persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

The Danger of Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless, you say (which *but is arugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon)—but you say you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me—according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man—*cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate after-game; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus—who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person—to recommend to him, who had made so many rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.'

The sum of this is, that for the certain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered; nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle; after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and topgallants. A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of

quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me—arising out of the earth as I conceived—the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal, as I guessed, and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax queritur bello* ['We war for peace']; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written, in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God—for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision—that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly: 'What art thou?' And he said: 'I am called the North-west Principality, his highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said: 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the Commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector?'—And, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore—as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall—I desired him 'that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not,' said he, 'of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country.—And pray, countryman,' said he, very kindly and very flatteringly,

'for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and derides so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly—for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory—to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.'

IZAAK WALTON.

One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683), an English *worthy* of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His *Complete Angler* is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works, gives them a finer zest, and original flavour, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton was born in the town of Stafford. Of his education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony à Wood, he acquired a moderate competency, by following in London the occupation of a sempster or linendraper. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was *seven feet and a half long, and five wide*. Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts, and certainly Izaak Walton was not destitute of this intellectual

succedaneum. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak—for so he always wrote his name—removed to Fleet Street, where he had *one half of a shop*, the other half being occupied by a hosier. About the year 1632, he was married to Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connection probably introduced Walton to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.'

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a *Life of Dr Donne* prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present.' The memoir is circumstantial and deeply interesting. He next wrote a *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651), and edited his literary remains. In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington, from the Spanish, *The Heroe of Lorenzo*, to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his deceased friend, the translator, who had died the previous year. His principal production, *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, appeared in 1653; and four other editions of it were called for during his life—namely, in 1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676. Walton also wrote a *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662), a *Life of George Herbert* (1670), and a *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678). They are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the *Distempers of the Times*, 'written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetyeth year, he published the *Theatma and Clearchus* of Chalkhill, which we have previously noticed; and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

The *Complete Angler* of Walton is a production unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. A hunter and falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial

character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobald's, to see a hawk that a friend there *meows* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

The Singing Birds.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrushel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at *fault*—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is '*some-what like poetry: men must be born so.*' He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation

and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*' The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely dressed dish of fish, or a rich drink, he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.' The last condition would, in his ordinary mood, when not peculiarly solemn or earnest, be quite equivalent to any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling, as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Add to this the easy elegance of Walton's style, sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams. Not an hour of the fishing day is wasted or unimproved. The master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast at nine under a sycamore that shades them from the sun's heat. Old Piscator reads his admiring scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for their owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish which I'll repeat to you:

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be ;
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
 I with my angle would rejoice ;
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
 And then washed off by April showers ;
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest :
 Here give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of Princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan¹ and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
 There sit by him and eat my meat,
 There see the sun both rise and set,
 There bid good-morning to next day,
 There meditate my time away,
 And angle on ; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow :'

Come live with me, and be my love ;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days' (see *ante*, p. 103). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find 'a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion—he is learned in cookery—and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother-angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess' two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy painting is fresh as nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only speck upon the brightness of old Piscator's benevolence is one arising from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a *just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, the sea-gull, heron, &c. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty,* and are certainly curious enough. Painted flies seem not to have occurred to him, and the use of snails, worms, &c. induced no compunctious visitings. For taking pike he recommends a perch, *as the*

¹ Supposed to be the name of his dog.

* And angling, too, that solitary vice,
 Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says ;
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Don Juan, Canto xiii.

longest lived fish on a hook, and the poor frog is treated with elaborate and extravagant inhumanity :

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive : put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August ; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills ; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook ; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire ; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer.*

Modern taste and feeling would recoil from such experiments as these, and we may oppose to the aberrations of the venerable Walton the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth :

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

If this observation falls into the opposite extreme—seeing that it would, if rigidly interpreted, suppress field-sports and many of the luxuries and amusements of life—we must admit that it is an excess more amiable than that into which Piscator was led by his attachment to angling. Towards the conclusion of his work, Walton indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his counsels, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful, and animated.

Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache ; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy ; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs ; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck ; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature : let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear ; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh

rich ;' and it is true indeed : but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy : for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful ! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness ; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself ; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks ; and having observed them, and all the other finimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend : 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need !' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy ? No, doubtless ; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will ; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him : and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller ; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud ; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church ; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other ; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits ; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave ; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another ; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied : 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend knowing his temper, told him, 'if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's gospel, for he there says : 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at

last come to the kingdom of heaven ; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better ; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share ; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness ; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart : and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can : let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common ; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together ! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises ; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor ; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all ; for it is well said by Causin : 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health ; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not ; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich ; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them ; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart ; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar ! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good

directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

To the fifth edition of the *Complete Angler* was added a second part, by CHARLES COTTON, the poet, and translator of Montaigne. It consisted of instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream. Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Cotton, who had long been familiar with fly-fishing, and was an adopted son of Izaak Walton, produced a treatise valuable for its technical knowledge and accuracy. Walton's form of conveying instruction in dialogues is also preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace: Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shews him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. This building still remains, adding interest to the romantic and beautiful scenery on the banks of the river Dove, and recalling the memory of the venerable angler and his disciple, whose genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages, have silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

THOMAS ELLWOOD (1639-1713) was a humble but sincere Quaker—anxious to do good, and diligent to acquire knowledge. His father was as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn. He sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. To prevent the recurrence of this offence, he successively took from Thomas all his hats; but there remained another cause of offence; for, 'whenever I had occasion,' says Ellwood, 'to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say "you" to him, but "thou" or "thee," as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me—as he commonly did at such times—to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said: "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat." I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him: "Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him." Though

his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.'

But what has given a peculiar interest to Ellwood is his having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object of Ellwood in offering his services as a reader was, that he might, in return, obtain from Milton some assistance in his own studies. This was in 1662.

Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewin Street—as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue—not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home—I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English—who speak Anglice their Latin—that, with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases—as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar—in which I had once been very ready—that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read, than it was before to understand when read. But

'Labor omnia vincit improbus.'
Incessant pains the end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665). I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise lost*; but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there—which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London—he shewed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regain'd*, and, in a pleasant tone, said to me: 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Ellwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. Besides his *Autobiography*, he wrote numerous controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is *The Foundation of Tithes Shaken*, published in 1682; also, *Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments*, which appeared in 1705 and 1709.

JOHN DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, who contributed more than any other English author to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, performed also essential service of the same kind to our prose. Throwing off, still more than Cowley had done, those inversions and other forms of Latin idiom which abound in the pages of his most distinguished predecessors, Dryden speaks in the language of polite and well-educated society. Strength, ease, copiousness, variety, and animation, are the predominant qualities of his style. He excels also in pointed epigram and antithesis. 'Nothing is cold or languid,' as Johnson remarks; he overflows with happy illustration; but the haste with which he composed, and his inherent dislike to the labour of correction, are visible in the negligence and roughness of some of his sentences. On the whole, however, to Dryden may be assigned the palm of superiority, in his own generation, for graceful, as well as forcible and idiomatic English.

This great author has left no extensive work in prose; the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of Prefaces, Dedications, and Critical Essays. His long dedications are noted for the fulsome and unprincipled flattery in which he seems to have thought himself authorised by the practice of the age to indulge. The critical essays, though written with more carelessness than would now be tolerated in similar productions, embody many sound and valuable opinions on classic authors and subjects connected with polite literature. According to Johnson, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.' It opens with the following graphic and magnificent exordium:

A Sea-fight Heard at a Distance.

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war [June 3, 1665] when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe: while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy command of his Royal Highness [Duke of York, afterwards James II.] went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city.* So that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence. Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideus, and Neander to be in company together. . . . Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideus had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity, with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney—those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound, by little and little, went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

Scott is as enthusiastic as Johnson in his praise of Dryden's essays and prefaces. 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries.' It is recorded by Malone, that Dryden's prose writings were held in high estimation by Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction. Dryden himself acknowledged that he had made Tillotson his model. In this saying he must have referred to the easy modern style of the composition. In all other respects, the copy immensely surpasses the model. Besides his Prefaces and Essays, Dryden published two translations from the French—Bonhours' *Life of Francis Xavier* (1687), and Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting* (1695).

* The engagement took place off the coast near Lowestoft, in Suffolk. We took eighteen large Dutch ships, and destroyed fourteen others. The Dutch admiral, Opdam, was blown up, and he and all his crew perished.

The following finely-drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are from the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (1668):

Shakspeare.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.¹

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

¹ Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself—for his last plays were but his dotages—I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works, you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.—From 'Defence of the Epilogue,' &c. 1672.

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they

saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. . . .

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court, and in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern, first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Translations of the Ancient Poets.—From Preface to the Second Miscellany,' 1685.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own; so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you—if it be worth knowing—my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalephas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalephas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition. . . .

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest, indeed, but with a vast interval

betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his—I must once again say—is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are, indeed, remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough, at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and, instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences; for the method of the *Georgics* is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine *Æneids*. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius—I mean of his soul and genius—is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury [Hobbes]. This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius, who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of

necessity come to pass that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power: in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him; for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

Spenser and Milton.—From 'Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire,' 1693.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults

but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr Waller among the English.

As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegances of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme—which I have not now the leisure to examine—his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a poet.

On Lampoons.—From the Same.

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anyways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord [Dorset], pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have

wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular: I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore, I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are now living who are capable of this duty!* When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsome-ness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me.

History and Biography.—From 'The Life of Plutarch,'
1683.

It may now be expected that, having written the life of an historian, I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides, that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their

* The abuse of personal satires, or lampoons, as they were called, was carried to a prodigious extent in the days of Dryden, when every man of fashion was obliged to write verses; and those who had neither poetry nor wit, had recourse to ribaldry and libelling.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by shewing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concerns, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history, in general, are truth of matter, method, and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falsehood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions; if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history to inform us, disposition and perspicuity as the manner to inform us plainly; one is the being, the other the well-being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals; history, properly so called; and biographia, or the lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or annals, are—as I may so call them—naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, divested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politic observations, sentences, and orations, are avoided; in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind, the *Commentaries* of Cæsar are certainly the most admirable, and after him the *Annals* of Tacitus may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For, though he instructs everywhere by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of annals; though, outliving the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to annals; and therefore there is little further to be said concerning it; only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations—of which Tacitus is accused—but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader; that nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work; that neither partiality nor prejudice appear, but that truth may everywhere be sacred. . . .

Biographia, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferior to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and councils, and all other public affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependence on them, or connection to them. All things here are circumscribed and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein, likewise, must be less of variety, for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatic war; of which we could have no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferior to history and annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals, or even excels, both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together in a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed upon a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it, and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason, Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it; and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more capable of making a perfect work if he confine himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to a uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable error in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus, then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics; the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those

which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush, as it were, into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and, in one word, reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also, and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now, unity which is defined, is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biography, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus riding at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus playing on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but, on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him, than a battle fought wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.' Our author therefore needs no excuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear—I must confess it—very cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiom of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

Dryden was exceedingly sensitive to the criticisms of the paltry versifiers of his day. Among those who annoyed him was Elkanah Settle, a now forgotten rhymster, with whom he carried on a violent war of ridicule and abuse. The following is an amusing specimen of a criticism by Dryden on Settle's tragedy, called *The Empress of Morocco*, which was acted at court, and seems to have roused the jealousy and indignation of the critic:

To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet—

To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform,
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm.

Conform a smile to lightning, make a smile imitate lightning, and flattering lightning; lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must gild a storm. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to gild with smiles is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being backed with thunder. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to gild another part, and help by backing; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is gilding by conforming, smiling, lightning, backing, and thundering. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown.

The controversies in which Dryden was frequently engaged were not restrained within the bounds of legitimate discussion. The authors of those days descended to gross personalities. 'There was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'during the reign of Charles II. a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was imbittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonist.'

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699), a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, possesses a high reputation. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland in the reigns of Charles I. and II. Sir William was born in London. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor; but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to the French and Spanish languages. After travelling for six years on the continent, he went to reside with his father in Ireland, where he represented the county of Carlow in the parliament at Dublin in 1661. Removing, two years afterwards, to England, the introductions which he carried to the leading statesmen of the day speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of Western Europe was at this time in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis XIV. who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was for a time effectually checked. In the same year he received the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange,

afterwards William III. of England. The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, however, he, with some reluctance, consented to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary. That important and popular event took place in 1677. Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the appointment of Secretary of State, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure advised by Sir William was the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by Charles, and excited great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled factiousness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and, in 1681, finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, in Surrey—'the sweetest place,' he says, 'that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.' He has given a description of the garden at Moor Park in the second of his essays—that upon Gardening in the year 1685, which has been considered the best of his miscellaneous treatises. It is very pleasingly written, and abounds in interesting facts and short descriptions. In this essay, Temple vindicates the English climate, and relates a saying of Charles II. :

The English Climate.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country. 'Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said, he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds, and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all

such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and obscurity. There also resided one with whom Swift was indissolubly associated. Esther Johnson, immortalised as 'Stella,' was the daughter of Temple's house-keeper; she was seventeen years younger than Sir William's Irish secretary, and the latter became her instructor, her companion, and life-long friend. Yet never was genius more disastrous or friendship more fatal in its influence!

After the Revolution, King William sometimes visited Temple, in order to consult him about public affairs. His death took place in January 1698-9. Throughout his whole career, the conduct of Sir William Temple was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation; which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where the exercise of eminent courage and decision was required. His character as a patriot is therefore not one which calls for high admiration; though it ought to be remarked in his favour, that as he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, he probably acted with prudence in withdrawing from a field in which he would have only been mortified by failure, and done harm instead of good to the public. Being subject to frequent attacks of low spirits, he might have been disabled for action by the very emergencies which demanded the greatest mental energy and self-possession. But as an adviser, he was enlightened, safe, and sagacious. As a private character, Sir William was respectable and decorous: his temper, naturally haughty and unamiable, was generally kept under good regulation; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest production is *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, composed during his first retirement at Sheen, and which, compared with his *Essay on the Original and Nature of Government*, written about the same time, shews that he had much more ability as an observer and describer, than as a reasoner on what he saw. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote *Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning*; the *Gardens of Epicurus*; *Heroic Virtue*; *Poetry*;

Popular Discontents ; Health and Long Life. In these are to be found many sound and acute observations, expressed in the perspicuous and easy, but not very correct or precise language, for which he is noted. His memoirs and correspondence have been published by T. Peregrine Courtenay (2 vols. 1836).

Dr Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose : before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence ; but that he was the first who introduced the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Cowley, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden.

*Against Excessive Grief.**

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged ; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life ; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things ; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him ; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him ; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good ; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do ; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned ; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good ; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition ; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad ; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good which is better than that of most other men, or in which

the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge ; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world ; or, perhaps, because he would shew his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away ?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age ; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long ; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you ; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest : is this his fault or yours ? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world ? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away ? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem ? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide ; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest ; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say : 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do ? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied ?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions ; to temper our affections towards all things below ; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to

* Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate compliants, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and

not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family: therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life? . . .

Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Right of Private Judgment in Religion.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischiefs to a nation that use to usher in, or attend, the two great distempers of a state, civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men.

Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth; since the great and general end of all religion, next to men's happiness hereafter, is their happiness here; as appears by the commandments of God being the best and greatest moral and civil, as well as divine precepts, that have been given to a nation; and by the rewards

proposed to the piety of the Jews, throughout the Old Testament, which were the blessings of this life, as health, length of age, number of children, plenty, peace, or victory. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool, or madman, with a little more circumstance; though, perhaps, I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life: yet these are the common civilities, in religious argument, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to end in three words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first: That he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other great end of religion, which is our happiness here, has been generally agreed on by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as all their religions, which comes to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though, in the latter, that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity as every private man's life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace, and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

Sir William Temple's *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* gave occasion to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. The composition of it was suggested to him principally by a French work of Charles Perrault, on *The Age of Louis the Great*, in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the *grand monarque*, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. This doctrine excited a warm discussion in France, where the poet Boileau was among those by whom it was strenuously opposed. It was in behalf of the ancients that Sir William Temple also took the field. The first of the enemy's arguments which he controverts is the allegation, 'that we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and further than he.' To this he replies, that the ancients may have derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—namely the Chinese, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews. Among these nations, he remarks, 'were planted and cultivated mighty growths of astronomy, astrology, magic, geometry, natural philosophy, and ancient story; and from these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.' Here Temple manifests extreme ignorance and credulity in assuming as facts the veriest

fables of the ancients, particularly with respect to Orpheus, of whom he afterwards speaks in conjunction with that equally authentic personage, Arion, and in reference to whose musical powers he asks triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable music?' In the same credulous spirit, he affirms that 'the more ancient sages of Greece appear, by the characters remaining of them, to have been much greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. They were generally princes or lawgivers of their countries, or at least offered or invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several institutions of civil government. They were commonly excellent poets and great physicians: they were so learned in natural philosophy, that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts, and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain; not to mention the magical powers attributed to several of them to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of the people, to make plagues cease; which qualities, whether upon any ground of truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange height they were at, of common esteem and honour, in their own and succeeding ages.' The objection occurs to him, as one likely to be set up by the admirers of modern learning, that there is no evidence of the existence of books before those now either extant or on record. This, however, gives him no alarm: for it is very doubtful, he tells us, whether books, though they may be helps to knowledge, and serviceable in diffusing it, 'are necessary ones, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time'—as if any example could be adduced of science having flourished where tradition was the only mode of handing it down! His notice of astronomy is equally ludicrous: 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' says he, 'to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*'—a system which overturns the whole fabric of ancient astronomical science, though Temple declares with great simplicity that it 'has made no change in the conclusions of astronomy.' In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakspeare and Milton altogether out of view. How little he was qualified to judge of the comparative merits of ancient and modern authors, is evident not only from his total ignorance of the Greek language, but from the very limited knowledge of English literature evinced by his considering Sir Philip Sidney to be 'both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours or any other modern language.' He further declares, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.' Descartes and

Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past,' and these 'have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and others of the ancients.' Bacon, Newton, and Boyle are not regarded as philosophers at all. But the most unlucky blunder committed by Temple on this occasion was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris in support of the proposition, that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best.' These Epistles, says he, 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' Some critics, he admits, have asserted that they are not the production of Phalaris—who lived in Sicily more than five centuries before Christ—but of some writer in the declining age of Greek literature. In reply to these sceptics, he enumerates such transcendent excellences of the Epistles, that any man, he thinks, 'must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original.' The celebrity given to these Epistles by the publication of Temple's Essay, led to the appearance of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle as editor. Boyle, while preparing it for the press, got into a quarrel with the celebrated critic, Richard Bentley, a man deeply versed in Greek literature; on whom he inserted a bitter reflection in his preface. Bentley, in reply, demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, taking occasion at the same time to speak somewhat irreverently of Sir William Temple. Boyle, with the assistance of Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ-church doctors—who, indeed, were the real combatants—sent forth a reply, the plausibility of which seemed to give him the advantage; till Bentley, in a most triumphant rejoinder, exposed the gross ignorance which lay concealed under the wit and assumption of his opponents. To these parties, however, the controversy was not confined. Boyle and his friends were backed by the sarcastic powers, if not by the learning, of Pope, Swift, Garth, Middleton, and others. Swift, who came into the field on behalf of his patron, Sir William Temple, published on this occasion his famous *Battle of the Books*, and to the end of his life continued to speak of Bentley in the language of hatred and contempt. In the work just mentioned, Swift has ridiculed not only that scholar, but also his friend, the Rev. William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise, entitled *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, published in 1694. To some parts of that treatise Sir William wrote a reply, the following passage in which perhaps suggested the satirical account given long afterwards by Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, of the experimental researches of the projectors at Lagoda:

Schemes of Projectors.

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years—which is the date of our modern pretenders—I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences, on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal

medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamestome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; a universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit, or so much instruction; for there, these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, lord advocate under Charles II. and James II. (1636-1691), was a native of Dundee, son of Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, brother of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660, he published *Aretine; or the Serious Romance*. He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. Sir George was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in pure English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, which possess the same merits. These are entitled—*On Happiness; The Religious Stoic; Moral Gallantry; The Moral History of Frugality; and Reason*. In 1665, Sir George published at Edinburgh *A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment*, which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. Both are curious and pleasing works, and it is remarkable as illustrating the propensity of men to dwell in imagination on pleasures which they do not possess, that the writer who contended for solitude was a person busily employed in scenes of active life, the king's advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. The arguments of Evelyn are, however, unanswerable. He ought to be a wise and good man, indeed, that dares to live alone; for ambition and malice, lust and superstition, or torpid indolence, are in solitude as in their kingdom. The most busy may find time for occasional retirement from the world, while the highest virtues lose their efficacy from being unseen. Even the love of letters—the chief delight and attraction of a secluded life—palls upon the mind, and fails to render instruction, for 'not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies.' The

literary efforts of Sir George Mackenzie were but holiday recreations. His business was law. He was author of *Institute of the Law of Scotland*, and *Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal*; also *A Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland*, in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scots! An important historical production of his pen, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.* lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed till 1821. Sir George disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty which, as Lord Advocate, he was instrumental in perpetrating against the Covenanters. He is distinguished as the founder of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. At the Revolution, he retired to England, where his death took place in 1691.

Sir George Mackenzie was less successful in verse than in prose:

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life! pure like its air;
Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
And are at once secure and innocent.
No passion here but love: here is no wound
But that by which lovers their names confound
On banks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
They see those letters as themselves embrace.
Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
Displayed in Cælia, when she will be kind!
What a dull thing this lower world had been,
If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place,
Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our

neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet, if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

Fame.

I smile to see underling pretenders, and who live in a country scarce designed in the exactest maps, sweat and toil for so unmassy a reputation, that, when it is hammered out to the most stretching dimensions, will not yet reach the nearest towns of a neighbouring country; whereas, examine such as have but lately returned from travelling in most flourishing kingdoms, and though curiosity was their greatest errand, yet we will find that they scarce know who is chancellor or president in these places; and in the exactest histories we hear but few news of the famousst pleaders, divines, or physicians; and by soldiers these are undervalued as pedants, and these by them as madcaps, and both by philosophers as fools.

The True Path to Esteem.

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be revered and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expense of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous

person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706), a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions*, published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. *Terra; a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants*, appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals is another production of the venerable author. There has been printed, also, a volume of his *Miscellanies*. Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, where he resided during a great part of his life, attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The czar Peter was tenant of that mansion after the removal of Evelyn to another estate; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue. It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow.

Evelyn travelled abroad in 1646, and visited the magnificent scenery of the Alps, which he considered horrid and melancholy. Nature, he thought, had 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy'—so little, at that time, was wild picturesque scenery appreciated! The unromantic cavalier, throughout the greater part of his life, kept a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. This was published in 1818 (two volumes quarto), and proved to be a most valuable addition to our store of historical materials respecting the latter half of the seventeenth century. Evelyn chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without loss of dignity, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillow behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords. In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere

dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice exhibited by Charles. On one occasion he writes: 'I thence walked through St James's Park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between (the king) and Mrs Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynne]; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and (the king) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry for this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.' The following is a striking picture of the court of Charles II. on the Sunday preceding his death, February 6, 1685:

The Last Sunday of Charles II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day se'ennight I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

Of the following extracts from the *Diary*, the first is given in the original spelling:

The Great Fire in London.

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye city burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stir'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at great distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents

erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seem above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole city, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despair; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St

George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornhill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealtd; the ruines of the vaulted rooffe falling broken into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealtd; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabrik of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumtuons buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornhill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the city streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealtd and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one

have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Maty's proclamation also invited them.

A Fortunate Courtier not Envid.

Sept. 6 [1680].—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy, brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; and trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from clerk of the kitchen to that of the green cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs Trollope, who brings with her, besides a great sum, near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never

was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.*

Frost Fair on the Thames.

1683-4. 1st January. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

16th January. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tipling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

5th February. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.

March 7 [1685].—My daughter Mary [in the nineteenth year of her age] was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me, but God's holy will be done!

March 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should

* Sir Stephen Fox was the progenitor of the noble house of Holland, so remarkable for the line of distinguished statesmen which it has given to England.

determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace, as out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord. . . . What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O dear, sweet, and desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

Fashions in Dress.—From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.'

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor ceruello*—garments, says he, in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurers, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habit was little better

than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *saga*, differing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once we shall see the Venetian senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches.

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomimes with them.

Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, and by and by appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuffed out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two; now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-coats is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again. Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too: Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence. . . .

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking tother day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Becllam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderful to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blue, and well gummed satin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged, [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved. . . .

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautiful to me without it: but as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humour. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's fageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

Very different from the diary of good and grave John Evelyn is that of his friend SAMUEL PEPYS (1632-1703), who was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Though not undistinguished in his official career, Pepys would have been slightly remembered had he not left behind him, in short-hand, a diary

extending over above nine years—from January 1659–60 to May 1669—which being deciphered and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, gave the world a curious and faithful picture of the times, including almost every phase of public and social life, from the gaieties of the court to the pettiest details of domestic economy, business, and amusements. The character of Pepys himself, and his gradual rise in the world, with all his recorded foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities, as displayed in his daily intercourse with society of all classes, form a highly amusing and instructive study, quite dramatic in its lights and shades, and of never-failing interest. He had excellent opportunities for observation, and nothing appeared too minute for notice in his diary, while his system of short-hand writing gave him both facility and secrecy in recording his memoranda of passing events. Pepys was of humble origin, the son of a London tailor, who had retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, where he died. Samuel had a powerful and wealthy cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the first Earl of Sandwich, to whose good offices he owed his advancement. Having studied at the university of Cambridge as a sizar, Pepys, in his twenty-third year, married a young lady of fifteen, who had just left a convent, and had no fortune. The consequences of this imprudent step might have been serious had not Sir Edward Montagu afforded an asylum in his house to the youthful pair. When the patron sailed upon his expedition to the Sound, in 1658, he took Pepys with him; and on their return, the latter was employed as a clerk in one of the government offices—living, he says, ‘in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.’ The times, however, were stirring—the restoration of monarchy was at hand, and Pepys’s patron, Montagu, was employed to bring home Charles II. He took his cousin with him as secretary to the generals of the fleet; and when Montagu was rewarded for his loyal zeal and services with an earldom and public office, Pepys was appointed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. This situation he afterwards exchanged for the higher one of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held until the accession of William and Mary. He lived afterwards in a sort of dignified retirement, well earned by faithful public services, and by a useful and meritorious life.

The diary of Pepys can only be well understood or appreciated by longer extracts than our limits will permit. At the period of its commencement, his fortunes were at a low ebb; but after his voyage with Montagu, in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, ‘for which,’ he piously adds, ‘I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I come to sea, besides my house and goods.’ The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and admiration from a distance. On the 10th of July, he put on his first silk suit; and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks, with gold and silver buttons, &c.—are all carefully noted. His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded :

Mrs Pepys in a New Dress.

August 18.—Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, *The Loyall Subject*, where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke’s sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers’ means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archaus the General, came and drank with us.

19. (Lord’s Day.)—This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Of this gossiping complexion are most of Pepys’s entries. The severe morality and deeper feeling of Evelyn would have suppressed much of what his friend set down without comment or scruple, but the picture thus presented of the court, and of the manners of the time, would have been less lively and less true. We subjoin, almost at random, a few passages from Pepys’s faithful and minute chronicle :

Charles II. and the Queen in the Park.

Hearing that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed à la négligence, mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, [who] rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she ’light, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene’s presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another’s by one another’s heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taill, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

Mr Pepys sets up a Carriage.

November 5, 1668.—With Mr Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not

covered, at the widow's, that made Mr Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

30.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed, and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

December 2.—Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's play-house, and there saw *The Usurper*; a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queene's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

April 11, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now.

May 1.—Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being displeasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s. and pretty merry.

Mr Pepys tries to admire Hudibras.

December 26, 1662.—To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am

ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

February 6.—To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again, it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

November 28.—To Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

Mr Pepys at the Theatre.

March 2, 1667.—After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see *The Maiden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell Gwynne, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this both as a mad girl, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

October 5.—To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms: and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of *Flora Figarys*, which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

December 28.—To the King's house, and there saw *The Mad Couple*, which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day.

February 27, 1667-8.—With my wife to the King's house, to see *The Virgin Martyr*, the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported,

so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

Mr Pepys at Church.

May 26, 1667.—My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr Evelyn's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse.

August 18.—To Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. There dined with me Mr Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which, seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended.

Domestic Scene between Mr and Mrs Pepys.

May 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (Lord's day.)—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our

great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwig-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s.

Mr Pepys makes a Great Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons in defence of the Navy Board.

March 5, 1668.—I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar—namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Penn being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptable and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard. To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6.—Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was: 'Good-morrow, Mr Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-general did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he [the King] said: 'Mr Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;' and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-general. Everybody that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogies as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me.

Pepys, like Evelyn, records the daily devastation of the Great Fire, but with less minuteness. He

had, however, watched the poor people lingering about their houses and furniture until the fire touched them; and then running into boats, or clambering by the waterside from one pair of stairs to another; 'and among other things, the poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, and hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down.'

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616-1704) enjoyed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. great notoriety as a political writer. During the Civil War, he had fought as a Royalist soldier; being captured by the Parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to death, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. A poem ascribed to him, entitled *the Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists*, must have been written at this time. The following are a few of the stanzas:

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall shew
That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite. . . .

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser parts be mewed;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To company my solitude;
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though I'm mewed, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

L'Estrange was at length set free, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration. In 1663, he published a pamphlet, entitled *Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press*, for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also the sole privilege of printing and publishing news. In August 1663 appeared his newspaper, *The Public Intelligencer*. From this time, till a few years before his death, he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. As a controversialist, L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's *Fables*, Seneca's *Morals*,

Cicero's Offices, Erasmus's *Colloquies*, Quevedo's *Visions*, and the works of Josephus. In 1687, he published *A Brief History of the Times*, relating chiefly to the Popish Plot. The following is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the *Fables*:

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c. for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's master-pieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

The Popish Plot.

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloody Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholic and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within

his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses—with all formalities of sifting and examining—upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadful a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprise, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate; inso-much that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first haired out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

The fame of the author of *Hudibras* led to a general desire after his death for the publication of such literary remains as he might have left behind him. Two spurious compilations were issued (1715-1720), but out of fifty pieces thus thrust upon the world only three were genuine. At length, in 1759, two volumes of *Remains in Verse and Prose* were published from the original MSS. which Butler had left to his friend Longueville, and which had come into the possession of Mr R. Thyer, Manchester. The most interesting of these relics are *Characters*, in prose resembling in style those of Overbury, Earle, and Hall

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so

unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aônides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas;' for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit

wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an anti-Christian cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WALTER CHARLETON.

Another lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was DR WALTER CHARLETON (1619-1707), physician to Charles II. a friend of Hobbes, and for several years President of the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities; in which last department his most noted production is a treatise published in 1663, maintaining the Danish origin of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. The work, however, which seems to deserve more particularly our attention in this place is *A Brief Discourse concerning the different Wits of Men*, published by Dr Charleton in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively and accurate sketches of character which it contains, and because the author attributes the varieties of talent which are found among men to differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains. We shall give two of his happiest sketches.

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the City pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and condemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as

the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or, by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

In 1670, Dr Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's *Morals*.

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There is a group of ladies of the seventeenth century whose Memoirs and Letters are of very great interest.

LUCY HUTCHINSON (1620–1659) was a daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, and widow of Colonel John Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I. Mrs Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of her husband's life and of her own, which were first published by their descendant, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in 1806. Few books are more interesting than this biographical narrative, which, besides adding to our knowledge of the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, furnishes information as to the domestic life, the position of women in society, the state of education, manners, &c. all related in a frank, lively, and engaging style. The lady was a person of great spirit and talent, of strong feelings, and of unbounded devotion to her husband and his political views. Though concurring in the sentence which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the Restoration. He was afterwards included in the act of amnesty. In the debate on the treatment to be dealt to the regicides, Colonel Hutchinson, as his

faithful wife relates, shewed great address and firmness.

Col. Hutchinson Defends his Condemnation of Charles I.

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murder; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence! And made a most whining recantation; after which he retired, and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortune to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience. And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson: 'O colonel,' said he, 'did I ever imagine we could be brought to this! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

LADY FANSHAWE.

ANNE HARRISON FANSHAWE (1625–1679) was the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador from Charles II. to the court of Madrid in 1665. Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir E. Harris Nicholas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. The original is extant in the possession of J. G. Fanshawe of Parsons, Essex, and as the Memoirs are of historical and general interest, the work should be re-edited and correctly printed.

Lady Fanshawe sees a Ghost in Ireland.

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights—the first of which I was surprised by

being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, on the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched my father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England! and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much.

About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said: 'I wish you had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

A Domestic Scene, A.D. 1645.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him; he turned hastily and said: 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly

replied: 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that: but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The Letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature, though less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, alluded to in the notice of Algernon Sidney (*ante*, 338), leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis.

Lord Russell. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

Mr Attorney-general. Yes, a servant.

Lord Chief-justice. Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

Lord Russell. My wife is here, my lord, to do it.

And when the spectators, we are told, turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady, the daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, rising up to assist her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Russell,

after the condemnation of her husband, personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked: 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Her ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards, appeared that collection of her Letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

To Dr Fitzwilliam—On her Sorrow.

WOBORNE ABBEY, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concerns; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people—do it for me from such you know are so—also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel: 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.'

To the Earl of Galway—On Friendship.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind—the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant—are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so checked my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say as many years of pure and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing

of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words:

All we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half-way, and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART.

A translation of *Rabelais*,* partly executed in this period, and which still maintains its place as a faithful rendering of the sense and style of the original, is deserving of notice. The first three books of the *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel* were translated by SIR THOMAS URQUHART in 1653; two books were published in his lifetime; and PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX (1660–1718)—a Frenchman by birth, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished the work of Urquhart, and added the three remaining books translated by himself. This joint production was again published by JOHN OZELL (died in 1743), with corrections of the text of Urquhart and Motteux, and notes by a French editor, JACOB LE DUCHAT (1658–1735), who is said to have spent forty years in composing annotations on *Rabelais*.

* Francis Rabelais, born in 1483 at Chinon, in Touraine, was sometime a churchman, but ran away from his convent and studied medicine. He obtained the Pope's absolution for the breach of his monastic vows, and died curé or rector of Meudon, about 1553. In his satirical romance, *Rabelais*, under an allegorical veil, lashes the vices of his age, especially the vices of the clergy. His work is stained with grossness and buffoonery, which were perhaps necessary, as Coleridge argues, 'as an amulet against the monks and legates.'

SIR THOMAS URQUHART of Cromarty was a man of lively fancy, wit, and learning, but on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153d in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosia (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, 389 years before Christ! Sir Thomas was knighted by Charles I. and having proceeded with Charles II. into England, was present at the battle of Worcester, and there taken prisoner. He is said to have died of an inordinate fit of laughter, combined with the effect of 'flowing cups,' on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. Besides his excellent translation of Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry, (1650), *Epigrams, Divine and Moral* (1646); *Introduction to the Universal Language* (1653); *The Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than Diamonds inclosed in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno 1651.* This 'Jewel' is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party. It contains the adventures of the Admirable Crichton and other brave and eminent Scotsmen. The following is one of Sir Thomas's epigrams:

Take man from woman, all that she can shew,
Of her own proper, is nought else but wo.

NEWSPAPERS.

We have referred in a previous page (*ante*, 228) to the rise of newspapers. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and even later, intelligence of public events was chiefly conveyed by means of news-letters. 'To prepare such letters,' says Macaulay, 'became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The news-writer rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports; squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, if there was an interesting trial; nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke [Charles II. and the Duke of York] looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles, destined to enlighten some county town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time.'

At this period, there existed a censorship of the press. In 1637, the Star Chamber of Charles I. issued a decree prohibiting the printing of all books, pamphlets, &c. that were not specially licensed and authorised. The Long Parliament continued the restriction by an Order, dated June 14, 1643, which prompted the *Areopagitica* of Milton, published the following year. But the newspapers appear to have been unmolested. During the civil war, *Diurnals* and *Mercuries*, in small quarto, began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided. Nearly a score are said to have been started in

1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in the preface to his *Cosmography*, mentions that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented in the weekly newsbooks.' Accordingly, we find some papers, entitled *News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland*, and *Special Passages* from other places. As the contest proceeded, the impatience of the public for early intelligence led to the shortening of the intervals of publication; and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice in every week. Among these were the *French Intelligencer*, the *Dutch Spy*, the *Irish Mercury*, the *Scots Dove*, the *Parliament Kite*, and the *Secret Owl*. There were likewise weekly papers of a humorous character, such as *Mercurius Acheronticus*, or *News from Hell*; *Mercurius Democritus*, bringing wonderful news from the world in the moon; the *Laughing Mercury*, with perfect news from the antipodes; and *Mercurius Mastix*, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers. On one side was the *Weekly Discoverer*, and on the other, the *Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked*. So important an auxiliary was the press considered, that each of the rival armies carried a printer along with it.

The most conspicuous of the journalists and political writers of that period were MARCHMONT NEEDHAM (1620—1678), SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD (1615—1679), and SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, already noticed as author and translator (*ante*, 467). Needham was a servile politician. With his *Mercurius Britannicus* he supported the parliamentarians from 1643 to 1647; with his *Mercurius Pragmaticus* he defended the king and royalists from 1647 till 1649; and with his *Mercurius Politicus* he was the champion of the Independents and Commonwealth till the Restoration in 1660. Birkenhead was a consistent, unscrupulous royalist, with considerable talent for satire and ridicule. His *Mercurius Aulicus*, or Court Mercury, was the medium of communication between the court at Oxford and the country at large.

Cromwell, with characteristic magnanimity, abolished the office of licenser; but it was restored by the government of Charles II. in 1662. In 1663, L'Estrange was appointed licenser; and in August of that year, he started his *Public Intelligencer*, which was continued till November 1665, when the *Oxford Gazette* appeared. The court had retired to Oxford, in consequence of the plague in London, and when this malady had ceased and the court returned to the metropolis, the title of 'Oxford Gazette' was changed to that of *London Gazette*. L'Estrange afterwards defended the arbitrary measures of the court from 1679 to 1687 in his journal, *The Observer*. He had many rivals, but was never eclipsed, in ready wit or raillery, or as a purveyor of news. In his character of licenser, L'Estrange issued a 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news-books and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent, contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom: the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his

majesty's subjects unanimously.' The charge for inserting advertisements, as appears from the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, 1683, was then 'a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for renewing;' also in the *Observer Reformed*, it is announced that advertisements of *eight lines* are inserted for one shilling; and Morphew's *County Gentleman's Courant*, two years afterwards, says, that 'seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is *advanced to 2d. per line.*' The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; and a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, announces, that 'if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d. of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; *half of which being blank*, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.' And again, *Dawkes's News-letter*—'This letter will be done up on good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!' Between 1661 and 1688, it appears that no less than seventy newspapers were published—none oftener than twice a week, and some of them very short-lived. In 1709, the first morning paper appeared, under the title of the *Daily Courant*, and the discussion of political topics in newspapers is referred to this period. Hallam says: 'I find very little expression of political feelings till 1710, after the trial of Sacheverell and change of ministry. The *Daily Courant* and *Postman* then begin to attack the Jacobites, and the *Postboy* the Dissenters. But these newspapers were less important than the periodical sheets, such as the *Examiner* and *Medley*, which were solely devoted to party controversy.' Swift and Bolingbroke were among the writers for these periodical publications. The Tory ministers, in 1712, put a stamp-duty of a half-penny on every printed half-sheet, and a penny on a whole sheet, besides a duty of one shilling on every advertisement. Many of the papers were immediately stopped; 'all Grub Street is ruined by the Stamp Act,' said Swift; but the periodical press continued to do battle for popular rights, though subjected to restrictions and persecution. From the accession of George I. may be dated the publication of parliamentary reports,

though they were at first but general outlines, and the speakers were indicated by names drawn from Roman history. Even in 1740, Walpole was 'Tullius Cicero,' and Chesterfield 'Piso.' The real liberty of the press is of very recent date, the result of a long succession of struggles.

The first newspaper printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London Diurnal for their information and amusement. This was Needham's *Mercurius Politicus*, and the first number of the Scotch reprint appeared on the 26th of October 1653. In November of the following year, the establishment was transferred to Edinburgh, where this reprinting system was continued till the 11th of April 1660. About nine months afterwards appeared the *Mercurius Caledonius*, of which the ten numbers published contain some curious traits of the extravagant feeling of joy occasioned by the Restoration, along with many poor attempts at wit and cleverness.* It was succeeded by the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which continued about seven years. After this, there were only reprints of the English newspapers till 1699, when the *Edinburgh Gazette* was established.

In Ireland, the rebellion of 1641 called forth a news-sheet, entitled *Warranted Tidings from Ireland*. It was soon dropped; and it was not until 1685 that a regular newspaper, *The Dublin News-letter*, was published. This was followed by *Pue's Occurrences*, a small daily journal printed in Dublin, which was popular, and had vitality enough to exist for half a century.

* For example: 'March 1, 1661.—A Report from London of a new gallows, the supporters to be of stones, and beautified with statues of the three grand traitors, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton.'

'As our old laws are renewed, so likewise are our good honest customs; for nobility in streets are known by brave retinues of their relations; when, during the Captivity [the Commonwealth], a lord was scarcely to be distinguished from a commoner. Nay, the old hospitality returns; for that laudable custom of suppers, which was covenanted out with raisins and roasted cheese, is again in fashion; and where before a peevish nurse would have been seen tripping up-stairs and down-stairs, with a posset for the lord or the lady, you shall now see sturdy jackmen, groaning with the weight of sirloins of beef, and chargers loaden with wild-fowl and capon.'

'But of all our bontadoes and capriccios [on the day of the coronation of Charles II.], that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Tron adventurers [herb-women] was the most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her creels, baskets, creepies, forms, and other ingredients that composed her shop, but even her weather chair of state, where she used to dispense justice to her lang-kale vassals, which were all very orderly burnt, she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown spirit and vermilion majesty.'

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MATTHEW PRIOR.



ALEXANDER POPE



JOSEPH ADDISON



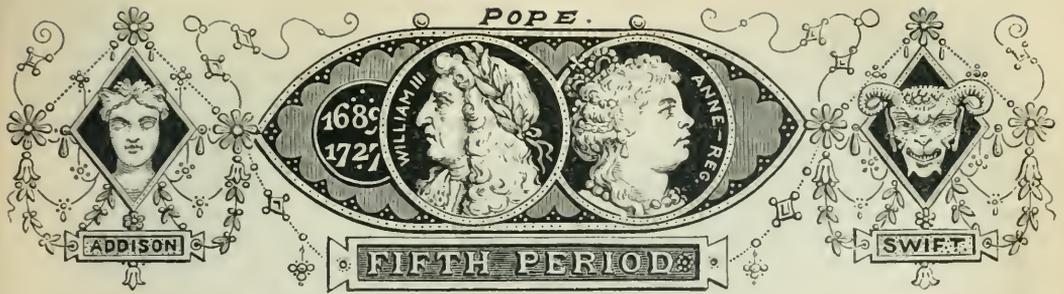
ALLAN RAMSAY.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

1771 del

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THE course of English literature was now becoming more correct, regular, and artificial, descending from Dryden, as from a new fountain of English thought, expression, and harmony, but losing in its progress some of the old native power and freedom. To be refined and critical, rather than original and inventive, was the ambition of our authors. The poets enjoyed a degree of worldly prosperity and importance in society that has too rarely blessed the general community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and other official situations, or were engaged in schemes of politics and ambition. The reigns of Queen Anne and George I. have been designated the Augustan age of English literature, but excepting in the amount of patronage extended to authors, this eulogy has not been confirmed by later generations. The writings preceding the Restoration and those of our own times are more original, more imaginative, and at the same time more natural. The poetry of this period, exquisite as much of it is in the works of Prior and Pope, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the elder poets. Where excellence is attained, it is seldom in the delineation of strong passion, and never in bold fertility of invention. Pope was at the head of this school of artificial life and manners. He was master of higher powers; he had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but it was not his favourite or ordinary walk. Others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the forms of classic mythology, or satirising without seeking to reform the fashionable follies of the day. Several authors, however, were, each in his own line, masters. Satire, conveyed in language forcible and copious, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The wit of Arbuthnot is not yet eclipsed. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing time was practised with unrivalled felicity by Steele and Addison; and with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may fairly be said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and what it has scarcely in any instance but that of Sheridan subsequently attained.

POETS.

WALSH—CHARLES MONTAGU.

Among the minor poets, contemporaries of Dryden, may be mentioned WILLIAM WALSH (1663–1708), who was popular as a critic and scholar, and author of some miscellaneous pieces

in prose and verse. These are now all forgotten, and Walsh is remembered only as the friend of Dryden and Pope. He directed the youthful studies of Pope, invited him to his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire—which county Walsh represented in parliament—and generally extended to the young poet a degree of favour and kindness which was generous and never forgotten. The great patron of poetry at this time was CHARLES MONTAGU, Earl of Halifax (1661–1715), who first distinguished himself by some verses on the death of Charles II. and by joining with Prior in a burlesque poem, *The City Mouse and the Country Mouse*, written in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. Becoming a member of the House of Commons, Montagu evinced a knowledge of public affairs and talents for business which soon raised him to honours and emoluments. He filled some of the highest offices of the state; in 1700 he was created Baron Halifax, and on the accession of George I. he was made Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and first commissioner of the Treasury. Halifax was, as Pope says, 'fed with soft dedication all day long.' Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Tickell, and numerous other authors, dedicated works to the literary statesman; Swift solicited his patronage, but was disappointed; Pope said Halifax was one of the first to favour him, but the poet afterwards satirised him in the character of Bufo; Addison—whom Halifax nobly patronised—incribed to him his best poetical production, *A Letter from Italy*. Thus Halifax continued the liberal patronage of literature begun in the previous reign by the Earl of Dorset; and the Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, 'vied with the chiefs of the Whig party,' as Macaulay remarks, 'in zeal for the encouragement of letters.' This fostering influence declined under the House of Hanover; but during the period now before us, the change was little felt.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of an English dean, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. His prose works constitute the chief source of his fame; but his muse proved the architect of his fortune, and led him first to distinction. From his character, station, and talents, no man of his day exercised a more extensive or beneficial influence on literature. He distinguished himself at Oxford by his Latin poetry, and appeared first in English verse by an address to Dryden, written in his twenty-second year. It opens thus:

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!

Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chilled his breast, and checked his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

The youthful poet's praise of his great master is confined to his translations, works which a modern eulogist would scarcely select as the peculiar glory of Dryden. Addison also contributed an Essay on Virgil's *Georgics*, prefixed to Dryden's translation. His remarks are brief, but finely and clearly written. At the same time, he translated the fourth *Georgic*, and it was published in Dryden's *Miscellany*, issued in 1693, with a warm commendation from the aged poet on the 'most ingenious Mr Addison of Oxford.' Next year, he ventured on a bolder flight—*An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, addressed to Mr H. S. (the famous Dr Henry Sacheverell), April 3, 1694. This *Account* is a poem of about 150 lines, containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, &c. We subjoin the lines on the author of the *Fairy Queen*, though, if we are to believe Spence, Addison had not then read the poet he ventured to criticise :

Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleased, at distance, all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

This subdued and frigid character of Spenser shews that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet. And, strange to say, he does not mention Shakspeare! His next production is equally tame and commonplace, but the theme was more congenial to his style: it is *A Poem to His Majesty, Presented to the Lord-keeper*. Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified by this compliment, and became one of the steadiest patrons of Addison. In 1699, he procured for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to make a tour in Italy. The government patronage was never better bestowed. The poet entered upon his travels, and resided abroad two years, writing from thence a poetical *Letter from Italy to Charles Lord Halifax*, 1701. This is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the 'heavenly figures' of Raphael, the river Tiber, and streams 'immortalised in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seem, as was justly remarked, 'to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.' There was also, as Goldsmith observed, a strain of political thinking in the *Letter*, that was then new to our poetry. He returned to England in 1703. The death of King William deprived him of his pension, and appeared to crush his hopes and expectations; but being afterwards engaged to celebrate in verse

the battle of Blenheim, Addison so gratified the lord-treasurer, Godolphin, by his 'gazette in rhyme,' that he was appointed a commissioner of appeals. This successful poem, *The Campaign*, was published in 1705, and the same year appeared the account of the poet's travels, entitled *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, &c. dedicated to Lord Somers. Early in 1706, Addison, by the recommendation of Lord Godolphin, was appointed Under Secretary of State, and about a twelve-month afterwards (March 4, 1706-7) his dramatic poem or opera, *Rosamond*, was produced at Drury Lane, but acted only for three nights. The story of fair Rosamond would seem well suited for dramatic representation; and in the bowers and shades of Woodstock, the poet had materials for scenic description and display. The genius of Addison, however, was not adapted to the drama; and his opera being confined in action, and written wholly in rhyme, possesses little to attract either readers or spectators. He wrote afterwards a comedy, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, which Steele brought out after the death of the author. This play contains a fund of quiet natural humour, but has not strength or breadth enough of character or action for the stage. In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison accompanied him as secretary, and was made keeper of records, with a salary of £300 a year. In the summer of that year he was elected M.P. for Cavan, and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently appears—occasionally as a debater in the Irish Parliament. He had also entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist. The *Tatler* was commenced by Steele on the 12th of April 1709; Addison's first contribution to it appeared on the 26th of May. By his papers in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, Addison left all his contemporaries far behind in this delightful department of literature. In these papers, he first displayed that chaste and delicate humour, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which now form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his *Vision of Mirza*, his *Reflections in Westminster Abbey*, and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination and deeper vein of feeling than his previous writings had at all indicated. In 1713, his tragedy of *Cato* was brought upon the stage. Pope thought the piece deficient in dramatic interest, and the world has confirmed his judgment; but he wrote a prologue for the tragedy in his happiest manner, and it was performed with almost unexampled success. Party-spirit ran high: the Whigs applauded the liberal sentiments in the play, and their cheers were echoed back by the Tories, to shew that they did not apply them as censures on themselves. After all the Whig enthusiasm, Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth the actor, who personated the character of Cato, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he said, of his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (a hit at the Duke of Marlborough). Poetical eulogiums were showered upon the author, Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Ambrose Philips being among the writers of these encomiastic verses. The queen expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her, but Addison had previously designed this honour for his friend Tickell;

and to avoid giving offence either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college at St Omer. 'Being,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired.' The unities of time and place have been preserved, and the action of the play is consequently much restricted. Cato abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, and contains passages of great dignity and sonorous diction; but the poet fails to unlock the sources of passion and natural emotion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness, of a noble antique statue. Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son, and he was united to her in 1716. The poet is said to have 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was reported to be as unhappy as Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard, and that both ladies awarded to their husbands the 'heraldry of hands, not hearts,' but in the case of Addison we have no direct trustworthy information on the subject. Addison received his highest political honour in 1717 when he was made secretary of state; but he held the office only for a short time. He wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his measures in parliament. He is also said to have been slow and fastidious in the discharge of the ordinary duties of office. When he held the situation of under-secretary, he was employed to send word to Prince George at Hanover of the death of the queen, and the vacancy of the throne; but the critical nicety of the author overpowered his official experience, and Addison was so distracted by the choice of expression, that the task was given to a clerk, who boasted of having done what was too hard for Addison. The vulgar love of wonder may have exaggerated the poet's inaptitude for business, but it is certain he was no orator. He retired from the principal secretaryship with a pension of £1500 per annum, and during his retirement, engaged himself in writing a work on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, which he did not live to complete. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was conscious that he should die at comparatively an early age. Two anecdotes are related of his death-bed. He sent, as Pope relates (but Pope is a very bad authority for any circumstance reflecting upon Addison, or indeed for any question of fact), a message by the Earl of Warwick to Gay, desiring to see him. Gay obeyed the summons; and Addison begged his forgiveness for an injury he had done him, for which, he said, he would recompense him if he recovered. The nature or extent of the injury he did not explain, but Gay supposed it referred to his having prevented some preferment designed for him by the court. At another time, he requested an interview with the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. 'I have sent for you,' he said, 'that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The event thus calmly anticipated took place in Holland House on the 17th of June 1719.

A minute or critical review of the daily life of Addison, and his intercourse with his literary associates, is calculated to diminish our reverence and affection. He appears to have been jealous and taciturn, until thawed by wine; and the fact of his putting an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money he had lent him—a fact which seems to rest on good authority—forms a disagreeable incident in his life. Though reserved in general society, his conversation was peculiarly fascinating among his friends, and he was highly popular with the public. With Swift he maintained throughout life, notwithstanding their political differences, a warm and cordial friendship. The quarrel between Addison and Pope is well known. Addison preferred Tickell's version of the first book of the *Iliad*, and sought to make the fortune of the translator. Pope resented this as a personal injury, and wrote his memorable satire on Atticus, in which some truth is mingled with bitterness and malignity. The charge that Addison could 'bear no rival near the throne' seems to have had some foundation in fact, but as respects Pope's insinuations against his illustrious contemporary, recent investigations have considerably shaken that poet's character for veracity. With all deductions from the idolatry of friends and the servility of flatterers, enough remains to establish Addison's title to the character of a good man and a sincere Christian. The uniform tendency of all his writings is his best and highest eulogium. No man can dissemble upon paper through years of literary exertion, or on topics calculated to disclose the nature of his tastes and feelings, and the qualities of his heart and temper. The display of these by Addison is so fascinating and unaffected, that the impression made by his writings, as has been finely remarked, is 'like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has been long estranged.'

A *Life of Addison*, in two volumes, by Lucy Aiken, published in 1843, contains several letters supplied by a descendant of Tickell. The most interesting of the letters were written by Addison during his early travels; and though brief, and careless, contain touches of his inimitable pen. He thus records his impressions of France:

The French People in 1699.

Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to shew it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of shewing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. . . .

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in

everything about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and loyalty are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people: for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavoured to make their fortunes in the army. The *belles-lettres* in particular seem to be but short-lived in France.

In acknowledging a present of a snuff-box, we see traces of the easy wit and playfulness of the *Spectator*: 'About three days ago, Mr Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You do not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity, that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr Dashwood. You know Mr Bayes recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude, that wit and tobacco are not inseparable; or, to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuiunque datum est habere Nasam.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.'

The same taste which led Addison, as we have seen, to censure as fulsome the wild and gorgeous genius of Spenser, made him look with indifference, if not aversion, on the splendid scenery of the Alps. 'I am just arrived at Geneva,' he says, 'by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa.'

The matured powers of Addison shew less of this tame prosaic feeling. The higher of his essays, and his criticism on the *Paradise Lost*, evince no insensibility to the nobler beauties of creation, or the sublime effusions of genius. His conceptions were enlarged, and his mind expanded, by that literary study and reflection from which his political ambition never divorced him, even in the busiest and most engrossing period of his life.

From the 'Letter from Italy.'

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;¹
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows. . . .

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. . . .

How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought?
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our frozen repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

Ode.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

¹ Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul ! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,*
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;

* The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in was the *Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord !" I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear :

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.
BURNS—*Letter to Dr Moore.*

For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'*

The Battle of Blenheim.—From 'The Campaign.'

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war ;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain ;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred ;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed ;
The day was come when Heav'n designed to shew
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way !
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control ;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host ;
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass ;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound ;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

* A fine passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part II. sec. 9) resembles this, and probably suggested it : 'There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion ; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres : for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it : for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers : it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'

The concluding simile of the angel has been much celebrated, and was so admired by the lord treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet by appointing him, in the place of Locke—who had been promoted—a commissioner of appeals.

From the Tragedy of Cato.

Act IV.—Scene 4.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Portius. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Portius. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him.

Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Portius. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of
Syphax.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.

Portius. When I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

Portius. Long may they keep asunder!

Lucius. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato. [meeting the corpse.]

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

Portius. behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.

Juba. Was ever man like this!

[*Aside.*]

Cato. Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son.

[*Aside.*]

Cato. What'er the Roman virtue has subdued.
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of late the work of ages.
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
Lucius. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

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Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say: 'I conquered Cato.'
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!

Lucius. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
What'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Juba. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success:

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Portius. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius* that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
Their sails already opening to the winds—
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there—
Who made the welfare of mankind his care—
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

Act V.—Scene 1.

[*CATO,* alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand
Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on
the table by him.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born at a place called Abbot Street, one mile from Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, on the 21st of July 1664. He was, as Swift told Stella, of mean birth; but fortunately a superior education was within his reach. His uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross, took the charge of bringing up his nephew, and he placed him at Westminster School. It is said he was afterwards taken home to assist in the business of the inn, and whilst there, was one day seen by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace. The earl generously undertook the care of his education; and in his eighteenth year, Prior was entered of St John's College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself during his academical career, and amongst other copies of verses, produced (1687), in conjunction with the Honourable Charles Montagu, the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. The Earl of Dorset did not forget the poet he had snatched from obscurity. He invited him to London, and obtained for him an appointment as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this capacity, Prior obtained the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. In 1697, he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a considerable sum of money by the lords-justices. Next year he was ambassador at the court of Versailles. Johnson relates that as the poet was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations: 'The monuments of my master's actions,' said he, 'are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' On his return to England the poet was appointed a Commissioner of Trade. In 1701, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends, the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a peculiarly bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was, that he had advised the partition treaty, in which treaty the poet himself had acted as agent. He evinced his patriotism, how-

ever, by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies (1706). When the Whig government was at length overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He returned to London in 1715. Queen Anne was then dead (August 1, 1714); and the Whigs being again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The accusation against him was, that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary, though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries. The Whigs were indignant at the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; but Prior only shared in the culpability of the government. The able but profligate Bolingbroke was the master-spirit that prompted the humiliating concession to France. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of *Alma*; and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St John's College, he continued his studies, and produced his *Solomon*, the most elaborate of his works. He had also recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems (1718), which was sold to subscribers for two guineas each copy, and which realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by the Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment. These, however, he did not long possess; for he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, being at the time in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's daughter, said Prior made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal. He is, however, described as having been fond of low company, and at the time of his death, was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre. To this worthless female and to his man-servant, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says: 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma: she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest effusions were devoted. The fairest and most high-born lady in the land might have envied such complimentary strains as the following:

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men—you know, child—the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

To Chloe was inscribed his *Henry and Emma*,

a poem upon the model of the *Nut-brown Maid*; but Prior, in discarding the rude simplicity of the original, sacrificed a great portion of its charm.

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles and subjects—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales. His longest poem, *Solomon*, is of a serious character, and was considered by its author to be his best production, in which opinion he is supported by Cowper. It is the most moral, and perhaps the most correctly written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that ‘charming ease’ with which Cowper says he embellished all his poems, added to the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. No poet ever possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good-humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in *Alma*, or into licentiousness, as in his tales. His expression was choice and studied, abounding in classical allusions and images—which were then the fashion of the day—but without any air of pedantry or constraint. Like Swift, he loved to versify the common occurrences of life, and relate his personal feelings and adventures. He had, however, no portion of the dean’s bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than railery and arch allusion. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, or evoking the higher passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim, that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

For My Own Monument.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt’s word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men’s are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great
fears,
In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int’rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv’st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

Epitaph Extempore.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

An Epitaph.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other’s ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday’s due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man’s defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man’s good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne’er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposited or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

*To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old, 1704, the
Author then Forty.*

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear ;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas ! when she shall hear
The lines some younger rival sends ;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it !)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

Abra's Love for Solomon.

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—did soonest haste
To grace my presence ; Abra went the last ;
Abra was ready ere I called her name ;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye ;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands—
For so the precept of the law commands—
Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils ; she trembled as she poured ;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face ; and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or
pain ?

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean ?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?
For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.'

Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke :
Her rising shame adorned the words it broke :

'If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care ;
O ! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne !
O ! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye !
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain ;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my wo recite,
If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight,
O ! witness earth beneath, and heaven above !
For can I hide it ? I am sick of love ;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called what is indeed despair.
'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will con-
trols

The inward bent and motion of our souls !
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at
noon ;

For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast ;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame—
For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came—
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power ;
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native South,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.' . . .

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid ! and oh, unhappy tale !
I saw her ; 'twas humanity ; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved ;
I called her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers—
For first I sought her but at looser hours—
The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat :
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast.
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand ;
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One shewed too much, and one too little skill ;

Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

Written in Mezeray's History of France.

Whate'er thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray
Or any monarch he has written?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down, from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambrai, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who played the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.*

The Thief and the Cordelier.—A Ballad.

To the tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but
began;
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the
post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no
more crossed.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out: 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'
Derry down, &c.

* Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his death, repeated the above when on a Border tour with Mr Lockhart. They met two beggars, old soldiers, one of whom recognised the baronet, and bade God bless him. 'The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and, planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.'

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the
priest;
'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'
'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'
Derry down, &c.

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.'
Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'
Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow!' our hero replied in a fright;
'He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of
to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly
trussed up,
For you surely to night shall in paradise sup.'
Derry down, &c.

'Alas!' quoth the 'squire, 'howe'er sumptuous the
treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'
Derry down, &c.

'That I would,' quoth the father, 'and thank you
to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit;
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste,
For this night by our order, is marked for a fast.'
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
'Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.'
Derry down, &c.

*Ode to a Lady: She refusing to Continue a Dispute
with me, and leaving me in the Argument.*

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumphs he might have
In being overcome by you!

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, how'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath so long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill, the backward reed
He sent, and as he fled he slew.

Theory of the Mind.—From 'Alma.'

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma¹ in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise:
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet—
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour;
For though these gimcracks were away—
Quare² would not swear, but Quare would say—
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces,
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clockwork, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;

¹ The mind.

² A noted watchmaker of the day.

But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on:
But, spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question;
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.¹

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON.

Two satirical poems by the Rev. JAMES BRAMSTON (*circa* 1694-1744), included in Dodsley's *Collection*, were much admired in their day. These are: *The Art of Politics; in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*, 1729; and *The Man of Taste; occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject*, 1731. Bramston also wrote an imitation of Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, entitled *The Crooked Sixpence*. In 1708, Bramston was admitted at Westminster School; in 1713, he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1725 he became vicar of Harting, in Sussex. His two principal poems are good imitations of the style of Young's and Pope's satires. The following is the conclusion of his *Art of Politics*:

Parliamentearing is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament.
Two good estates are gone—who'll take his word?
Oh, should his uncle die, he'll spend a third;
He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag-rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honour dine;
He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken tailors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat;
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

In *The Man of Taste* he thus ironically expatiates:

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice,
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason,
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. He was of English parentage—a fact

¹ An undertaker.

which he never forgot, conceiving that there was a great distinction (as he wrote to Pope) 'between the English gentry of Ireland and the savage old Irish.' His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, who lost his fortune through his zeal and activity for Charles I. during the Civil War. Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland; and Jonathan Swift, father of the celebrated author, was bred to the law in Dublin. He was steward to the society of the King's Inns, but died in great poverty before the birth of his distinguished son. Swift was supported by his uncle; and the circumstances of want and dependence with which he was early familiar, seem to have sunk deep into his haughty soul. 'Born a posthumous child,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and bred up an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born."' Swift was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, which he left in his twenty-first year—having only obtained his degree by special favour—and was received into the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. Here Swift met King William, and indulged hopes of preferment, which were never realised. In 1692, he repaired to Oxford, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A.; and shortly after obtaining this distinction, he resolved to quit the establishment of Temple, and take orders in the Irish Church. He procured the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, but was soon disgusted with the life of an obscure country clergyman with an income of £100 a year. He returned to Moor Park, the house of Sir William Temple, and threw up his living at Kilroot. Temple died in 1699, and the poet was glad to accompany Lord Berkeley to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain. From this nobleman he obtained the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathvegan; to which was afterwards added the prebend of Dunlavin, making his income only about £200 per annum. At Moor Park, Swift had (as stated in our notice of Temple) contracted an intimacy with Miss Esther Johnson, nominally the daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper; but her face, her position in the family, and Sir William's treatment of her, seemed to some to proclaim the fact that she was Temple's natural child. He left her £1000. She went, with a female friend, to reside in Ireland, to be near Swift, her early instructor, but they never were alone together.

In 1701, Swift became a political writer on the side of the Whigs, and on his visits to England, he associated with Addison, Steele, and Halifax. In 1704 was published his *Tale of a Tub*, the wildest and wittiest of all polemical or controversial works. In 1710, conceiving that he was neglected by the ministry, he quarrelled with the Whigs, and united with Harley and the Tory administration. He was received with open arms. 'I stand with the new people,' he writes to Stella, 'ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He carried with him shining weapons for party warfare—irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. From his new allies, he received, in 1713, the deanery of

St Patrick's. During his residence in England, he had engaged the affections of another young lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, who, under the name of Vanessa, rivalled Stella in poetical celebrity, and in personal misfortune. After the death of her father, this young lady and her sister retired to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Dublin. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led him to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached. Though, he said, he 'loved her better than his life a thousand millions of times,' he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and her reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, 'sighed for a gown of forty-four,' and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only checkered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

'The reason I write to you,' she says, 'is because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe that I cannot help telling you this and live.'

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella, to ascertain the nature of the connection between her and Swift; the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley Abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. 'As he entered the apartment,' to adopt the picturesque language of Scott in recording the

scene, 'the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview, is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.*

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie; they were married, it is said, in secrecy in the garden of the deanery, when on her part all but life had faded away. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct; the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might then have been lurking in his frame; and consciousness of the fact kept him single. Some years before Vanessa's death, a scene occurred which has been related by Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*. Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. 'Perceiving he did not follow us,' says Young, 'I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top." The same presentiment finds expression in his exquisite imitation of Horace (Book ii. Satire 6), made in conjunction with Pope:

I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

* The talents of Vanessa may be seen from her letters to Swift. They are further evinced in the following *Ode to Spring*, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment:

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadens blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprint their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence,
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose.

Swift was at first disliked in Ireland, but the *Drapier's Letters* and other works gave him unbounded popularity. His wish to serve Ireland was one of his ruling passions; yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her whole heart—he was more than king of the rabble. After various attacks of deafness and giddiness, his temper became ungovernable, and his reason gave way. Truly and beautifully has Scott said, 'the stage darkened ere the curtain fell.'

The sad story of his latter days melts and overawes the imagination. Fits of lunacy were succeeded by the *dementia* of old age. For three years he uttered only a few words and broken interjections. He would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, upon which he would sigh heavily. Babylon in ruins (to use a simile of Addison's) was not a more melancholy spectacle than this wreck of a mighty intellect! In speechless silence his spirit passed away, October 19, 1745. He was interred in St Patrick's Cathedral, amidst the tears and prayers of his countrymen. An inscription on his tomb, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty and his detestation of oppression.* 'The *sæva indignatio* of which he spoke as lacerating his heart,' says Thackeray, 'and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone, as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry, breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him.' Swift believed he *had* a right to be angry—angry against oppression, against triumphant wrong, corruption, and hypocrisy. 'Dost thou well to be angry?' was the question asked of the Hebrew prophet of old, and he answered: 'I do well.' So thought Swift, often self-deluded, mistaking hatred for duty, faction for patriotism; misled by passion, by egotism, and caprice.

Swift's fortune, amounting to about £10,000, he left chiefly to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

Gulliver's Travels and the *Tale of a Tub* must ever be the chief corner-stones of Swift's fame.

* Hic depositum est corpus JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. hujus ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator et imitare, si poteris strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem, &c.

The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition. He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention; transport as with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature—piercing quite through the deeds of men—and his matchless power of feigning reality, and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. He is often disgustingly coarse and gross in his style and subjects; but he is never licentious; his grossness is always repulsive, not seductive.

Swift's poetry is perfect, exactly as the old Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this 'visible diurnal sphere.' He is content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict its absurdities. In his too faithful representations, there is much to condemn and much to admire. Who has not felt the truth and humour of his *City Shower*, and his description of *Morning*? Or the liveliness of his *Grand Question Debated*, in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His most ambitious flight is his *Rhapsody on Poetry*, and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered:

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muses' lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stew's;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

Swift's Verses on his own Death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varying the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and common-place expressions. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears, and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical: it carries with it the strongest conviction of its sincerity and truth; and we see and feel—especially as years creep on—how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailty and weakness, was the misanthropic Dean of St Patrick's.

A Description of the Morning.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing shewed the ruddy morn's approach. . . .
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pored the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps begun to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A Description of a City Shower.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swilled more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

Baucis and Philemon.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.—Written about 1708.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night—
As authors of the legend write—
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent ;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain ;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried ;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet—what was wonderful—they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed :
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry : ' What art ?'
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims soon aware on 't,
'Told them their calling and their errant :
' Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints,' the hermits said ;
' No hurt shall come to you or yours ;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned :
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.'

The roof scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
Aloft began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slower after.

The chimney widened, and grew higher ;
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist ;
But with the up-side down, to shew
Its inclination for below :
In vain ; for some superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course ;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower ;
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick you scarce could see 't ;
But, slackened by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered :
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares ;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load ;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees ;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Returned them thanks in homely style ;
Then said : ' My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at ease :
Make me the parson, if you please.'

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve :
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues ;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news :
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text :
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart :
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last :
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine :
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er missed them.

Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce

on :
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners, edged with Colberteen :
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down ;
'Twas Madam, in her program gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes :
Amazed to see her look so prim ;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife :

When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cried out :
' My dear, I see your forehead sprout !'
' Sprout,' quoth the man, ' what 's this you tell us ?'
I hope you don't believe me jealous ?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'

Description would but tire my muse ;
In short, they both were turned to weeds.

Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He 'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew.
'Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved ;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

*From 'Verses on the Death of Dr Swift,' Nov. 1731.**

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true :
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
' In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends ;
While nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ?
I love my friend as well as you ;
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post ;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry : ' Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use.
St John,¹ as well as Pulteney,² knows
That I had some repute for prose ;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
' See, how the dean begins to break !
Poor gentleman ! he droops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he dined ;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

' For poetry, he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men.'

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
' He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail ;
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another thing ;
I wish he may hold out till spring.'
They hug themselves and reason thus :
' It is not yet so bad with us.'

* Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault :
' Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours
quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.' (In the adversity of our
best friends, we always find something that does not displease us.)

¹ Viscount Bolingbroke.

² William Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend
 No enemy can match a friend
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess—
 When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer : 'Worse and worse !'—
 Would please them better than to tell,
 That, 'God be praised! the dean is well.'
 Then he who prophesied the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest :
 'You know I always feared the worst,
 And often told you so at first.'
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send !
 What hearty prayers that I should mend !
 Inquire what regimen I kept ?
 What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 How is the dean ? 'He's just alive.'
 Now the departing prayer is read ;
 He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell began,
 The news through half the town is run ;
 'Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
 What has he left ? and who's his heir ?'
 I know no more than what the news is ;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
 'To public uses ! there's a whim !
 What had the public done for him ?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
 He gave it all—but first he died,
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood !' . . .

Now Curl¹ his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains !
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.²
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;³
 Revive the libels born to die,
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
 St John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry :
 'I'm sorry—but we all must die !' . . .

One year is past ; a different scene !
 No further mention of the dean,
 Who now, alas ! no more is missed,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the favourite of Apollo ?
 Departed : and his works must follow ;

Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,¹
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot : 'I have heard the name ;
 He died a year ago.' 'The same.'
 He searches all the shop in vain :
 'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane.'²
 I sent them, with a load of books,
 Last Monday to the pastry-cooks.
 To fancy they could live a year !
 I find you're but a stranger here.
 The dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past ;
 The town has got a better taste.
 I keep no antiquated stuff,
 But spick-and-span I have enough.
 Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :
 Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem ;
 This ode you never yet have seen
 By Stephen Duck upon the queen.³
 Then here's a letter finely penned
 Against the Craftsman and his friend ;
 It clearly shews that all reflection
 On ministers is disaffection.
 Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 And Mr Henley's⁴ last oration.
 The hawkers have not got them yet ;
 Your honour please to buy a set ?'

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose,
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without,
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws :
 'The dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill received at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave.
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.'
 'Sir, I have heard another story ;
 He was a most confounded Tory,
 And grew, or he is much belied,
 Extremely dull, before he died.'
 'Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 Is not our nation in his debt ?
 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !'
 'He should have left them for his betters ;
 We had a hundred abler men,
 Nor need depend upon his pen.
 Say what you will about his reading,
 You never can defend his breeding ;
 Who, in his satires running riot,
 Could never leave the world in quiet ;
 Attacking, when he took the whim,
 Court, city, camp—all one to him.
 But why would he, except he slobbered,
 Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
 Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
 To save the nation every hour ?
 What scenes of evil he unravels,
 In satires, libels, lying travels !
 Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
 But eats into it, like a moth !'
 'Perhaps I may allow, the dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,

¹ An infamous bookseller, who published pieces in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

² Louis Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare; James Moore Smythe (a forgotten dramatist satirised in the *Dunciad*); and Colley Cibber the actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate.

³ For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords. Arbuthnot humorously styled Curl one of the new terrors of death.

¹ Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and Letters.

² A place where old books are sold.

³ Stephen Duck was a humble rhymester—a thrasher, or agricultural labourer—whom Queen Caroline patronised. His works are now utterly forgotten.

⁴ Commonly called Orator Henley, a quack preacher in London, of great notoriety in his day.

And seemed determined not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
 Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
 If you resent it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew you, nor your name:
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a duke?
 His friendships, still to few confined,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a withered flower.
 He would have deemed it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face. . . .

'He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.¹
 He kept with princes due decorum,
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He followed David's lesson just;
 In princes never put his trust:
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 The Irish Senate if you named,
 With what impatience he declaimed!
 Fair Liberty was all his cry;
 For her he stood prepared to die;
 For her he boldly stood alone;
 For her he oft exposed his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head;
 But not a traitor could be found
 To sell him for six hundred pound.² . . .

'Alas, poor dean! his only scope
 Was to be held a misanthrope.
 This into general odium drew him,
 Which, if he liked, much good may't do him.
 His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 But discontent against the times;
 For had we made him timely offers
 To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 Like other brethren of his gown.
 For party he would scarce have bled:
 I say no more—because he's dead.'

'What writings has he left behind?'
 'I hear they're of a different kind:
 A few in verse; but most in prose:
 Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
 All scribbled in the worst of times,
 To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
 To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
 As never favouring the Pretender:
 Or libels yet concealed from sight,
 Against the court, to shew his spite:
 Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
 A lie at every second word—
 Offensive to a loyal ear:—
 But—not one sermon, you may swear.'

'He knew a hundred pleasant stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.
 As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those.

¹ Colonel Francis Chartres or Charteris, of infamous character, on whom a severe indignant epitaph was written by Arbuthnot.

² In 1713 the Queen was prevailed upon to issue a proclamation offering £300 for the discovery of the author of a pamphlet called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*; and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, as Viceroy of Ireland, offered the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of *The Drapier's Fourth Letter*.

Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view designed,
 To please, and to reform mankind:
 And, if he often missed his aim,
 The world must own it to their shame,
 The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
 I wish it soon may have a better:
 And since you dread no further lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

The Grand Question Debated:

Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.*

Thus spoke to my lady the knight¹ full of care:
 'Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 This Hamilton's Bawn,² whilst it sticks on my hand,
 I lose by the house what I get by the land;
 But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
 For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.

'First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
 Here I have computed the profit will fall to us;
 There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
 I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
 A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
 Three dishes a day, and three hogsheds a year:
 With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
 No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
 And you and the dean no more shall combine
 To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
 Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
 A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
 If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant;
 My dear, I have pondered again and again 't:
 In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
 Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 Or join with the court in every debate;
 And rather than that I would lose my estate.'

Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife:
 'It *must* and it *shall* be a barrack, my life.
 I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
 But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.³
 With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
 I'm all over daubed when I sit by the dean.
 But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
 The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
 I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
 For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
 That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'

Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
 The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.

But Hannah,⁴ who listened to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship called to be dressed,
 Cried: 'Madam, why, surely my master's possessed.

* Swift spent almost a whole year (1728-9) at Gosford, in the north of Ireland, the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading. The circumstance of Sir Arthur letting a ruinous building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the crown for a barrack, gave rise to one of the dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.—*Scott's Life of Swift*. A bawn is strictly a place near a house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle.

¹ Sir Arthur Acheson, an intimate friend of the poet. Sir Arthur was ancestor of the present Earl of Gosford.

² A large old house belonging to Sir Arthur, two miles from his residence.

³ A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

⁴ My lady's waiting-maid.

Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guessed there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.¹
And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dreamed !
That I saw a huge rat ; O dear, how I screamed !
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please :
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *partest*,
'Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

'Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An' I were to be hanged, I can't sleep a wink :
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived,
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived ;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur, has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.

'Now see when they meet how their honours
behave :
Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave ;
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—But the morning is fine.
Pray, how does my lady?—My wife's at your service.
I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.

Good-morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You shan't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obeyed—your servant, Sir Arthur ;
My humble respects to my lady unknown—
I hope you will use my house as your own.'

'Go, bring me my smock, and leave off your prate ;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'

'Pray, madam, be quiet : what was it I said ?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

'Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum ;
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state ;
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate ;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the captain all daubed with gold-lace ;
O la ! the sweet gentleman, look in his face ;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his
hand ;

And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons and knots at its tail and its ears ;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries "Stand."
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizened you out like a queen) ;
The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cocked ; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat ;
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
bridle) ;

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
Then he lowers down the point and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in."
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.

¹ Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

"Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us ;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us ;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day ;
You're heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.
If I had expected so worthy a guest"—
'Lord, madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant"—
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant."
'Hist, hussy ; I think I hear somebody coming ;'
'No, madam ; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
'To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
The dean and the doctor¹ have humbled their pride,
For the captain's entreated to sit by your side ;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
first.

The parsons for envy are ready to burst ;
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes ;
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man ;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
'And, madam," says he, "if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live ;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, zounds, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid ;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band ;
(For the dean was so shabby, and looked like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny).

Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown ;
Observe how a parson comes into a room ;
G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
Your *Novels* and *Bluturks* and *Omurs*² and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation ;
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confessed he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he mauled me ; I ne'er was so mauled in my life ;
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robbed was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

'Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laughed till I thought I should split.
So then you looked scornful, and sniffed at the dean,
As who should say, *Now am I Skinny and Lean*?³
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.'

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call : 'Will your ladyship
walk ?'

Her ladyship answers : 'I'm just coming down.'
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried : 'Hussy ! why sure the wench is gone mad ;
How could these chimeras get into your brains ?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers.

¹ Dr Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

² Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

³ Nicknames for my lady.

For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye ;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

ALEXANDER POPE.

United with Swift in friendship and in fame, but possessing far higher powers as a poet, and more refined taste as a satirist, was ALEXANDER POPE, born in London, May 21, 1688. He claimed to be of 'gentle blood,' and stated that his father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe; his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. To this information, a relative of the poet added, that Pope's grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, the poet's father, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and that there he became a Roman Catholic. Recent researches have been directed to the poet's personal history, and it has been found that at the proper period (from 1631 to 1645), there was a Hampshire clergyman of the name of Alexander Pope, rector of Thruxton, and holding two other livings in the same county; but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, it is still doubtful whether this rector of Thruxton was an ancestor of the poet. The poet's maternal descent has been clearly traced.* His grandfather, Mr William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not take rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of the Turner family in the *Heralds Visitations*. Of the reputed alliance with the Earls of Downe there is no proof; if the poet's family was of the same stock, it must have been two centuries before his birth, when the Popes, afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, were in the rank of humble yeomen. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linen-merchant in London, and having acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turner—who enjoyed £70 per annum, a rent-charge on an estate in Yorkshire—he retired from business about the year 1688, to a small estate which he had purchased at Binfield, near Windsor. The poet was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, where he learned little or nothing. In his twelfth or thirteenth year, he returned home to Binfield, and devoted himself to a course of self-instruction, and to the enthusiastic pursuit of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden; and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was then a poet.

As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen, he had commenced his *Pastorals*, translated part of Statius, and written

* *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by Joseph Hunter, No. 5. London. 1857.

imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age—with Walsh, Wycherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth; and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction. His *Pastorals* were published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, which is said to have been composed two years before publication, when Pope was only twenty-one. The ripeness of judgment which it displays is remarkable. Addison commended the *Essay* warmly in the *Spectator*, and it soon rose into great popularity. The style of Pope was now formed and complete. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The *Essay* was shortly afterwards followed by the *Rape of the Lock* (1712). The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, and caused an estrangement between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' In this he did not succeed, but he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The *machinery* of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addition forms the most perfect work of Pope's genius and art. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed out in Shakspeare's Ariel, and the amusements of the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' says Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' In 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest*, evidently founded on Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, which it far excels. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. But most of the *Windsor Forest* being composed in his earlier years, amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes' of the 'wild heath,' had struck his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture—

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Another fine painting of external nature, as picturesque as any to be found in the purely descriptive poets, is the winter-piece in the *Temple of*

Fame—a vision after Chaucer, published by Pope in 1715—

So Zembla's rocks—the beauteous work of frost—
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
External snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Pope now commenced his translation of the *Iliad*, for which he issued proposals in 1713. It was published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. At first, the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty. He was but an indifferent Greek scholar; but gradually he grew more familiar with Homer's images and expressions, and in a short time was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters, evincing that it was not without reason Swift called him *paper-sparing* Pope. The poet obtained a clear sum of £5320, 4s. by this translation. His exclamation—

And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was, however, scarcely just, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary merit. The fame of Pope was not advanced in an equal degree with his fortune by his labours as a translator. The 'fatal facility' of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper—though he failed himself in Homer—justly remarks, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them.' They still, however, maintain their popularity with the great mass of readers, and are unequalled in splendid versification. The *Odyssey* was not published until 1725, and Pope on this occasion called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope a sum of £500, besides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s. Fenton's share was only £200. Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the *Odyssey* upwards of £3500; and together the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had brought to the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds—a striking instance of the princely patronage then extended to literature.

While engaged with the *Iliad*, Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and resided, from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718, at Chiswick. Here he collected and published his poetical works; and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his productions, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, and the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*. The delicacy of the poet in veiling over the story of Abelard and Eloisa, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion; the beauty of his imagery and descriptions; the exquisite melody

of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed. If less genial tastes and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the muse, it was obviously from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the heart. At Chiswick, Pope's father died (October 23, 1717), and shortly afterwards the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot, which Pope delighted to improve, and where he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties, is now greatly defaced—his house pulled down, and his pleasure-grounds broken up and vulgarised.*

Having completed the *Iliad*, the poet's next great undertaking was an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1725, in six quarto volumes. The preface to this work is the best of his prose productions, but Pope failed as an editor. He wanted the requisite knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence necessary to collate copies and fix and illustrate the text. Fenton gave assistance in this edition of Shakspeare, for which he received £30, 14s. Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 12s. In 1727 and 1728, Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and led to the *Dunciad*. This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the *Prolegomena* of Scriblerus, &c. and published in April 1729. The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is often indelicate, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he

* Pope's house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonial. On one side it fronted to the road, which it closely adjoined; on the other, to a narrow lawn sloping to the Thames. A piece of pleasure-ground, including a garden, was cut off by the public road; an awkward and unpoetical arrangement, which the proprietor did his best to improve, by constructing his grotto or passage below the highway. After the poet's death, the villa was purchased by Sir William Stanhope, and subsequently occupied by Lord Mendip; but, being in 1807 sold to the Baroness Howe, it was by that lady taken down, that a larger house might be built near its site. The grounds have suffered a complete change since Pope's time, and an obelisk which he erected to the memory of his mother, at their further extremity, has been removed. The only certain remnants of the poet's mansion are the vaults upon which it was built, three in number, the central one being connected with a tunnel, which, passing under the road, gives admission to the grounds; while the side ones are of the character of grottos, paved with square bricks, and stuck over with shells. It is curious to find over the central stone of the entrance into the left of these grottos, a large amonite; and over the other, the piece of hardened clay in which its cast was left. Pope must have regarded these merely as curiosities, or *lusus nature*, little dreaming of the wonderful tale of the early condition of our globe which they assist in telling. A short narrow piazza in front of the grottos is probably 'the evening colonnade' of the lines on the absence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds at Twickenham (five acres in all), had a marked effect on English landscape-gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet's; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from Pope. He aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style.

waged war. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the *Dunciad* should have written these lines :

That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received !' Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, that Pope must have suffered the most from these wretched contentions. His propensity to satire was, however, irresistible ; he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy. His next works were more worthy of his fame. Between the years 1731 and 1735, he had published his Epistles to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot, and also his greatest ethical work, his *Essay on Man*, being part of a course of moral philosophy in verse which he projected. The *Essay* is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity superior to his great master Dryden :

Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

The Poor Indian.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Happiness.

O Happiness ! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, what'er thy name ;
That something still which prompts thy eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise !
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?
Where grows !—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere ;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere ;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, ST JOHN ! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way ! The learned are blind ;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain ;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

The *Essay on Man* is in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards. The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-4. The right to print these Epistles for one year was bought by a publisher, Gilliver, for £50 an epistle.

Pope's future labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world ; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732 ; and next year his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude, also expired. Between the years 1735 and 1739, Pope published his inimitable *Imitations of Horace*, satirical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments, mixed up with withering invective and the fiercest denunciations. In 1742, he added a fourth book to the *Dunciad*, displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. The point of his individual satire, and the richness and boldness of his general design, attest the undiminished powers and intense feeling of the poet. Next year, Pope prepared a new edition of the four books of the *Dunciad*, and elevated Colley Cibber to the situation of hero of the poem. This unenviable honour had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a tasteless critic but successful commentator on Shakspeare ; and in thus yielding to his personal dislike of Cibber, Pope injured the force of his satire. The laureate, as Warton justly remarks, 'with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour ; and the author of the *Caveless Husband* was by no means a proper king of the dunces.' Cibber was all vivacity and conceit—the very reverse of personified dulness,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.

Political events came in the rear of this accumulated and vehement satire to agitate the last days of Pope. The anticipated approach of the Pretender led the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. The poet complied with the proclamation ; and he was soon afterwards too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he terms his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the powers of Pope. He complained of his inability to think ; yet, a short time before his death, he said : 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was : 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship ; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May 1744.

The character and genius of Pope have given rise to abundance of comment and speculation. The occasional fierceness and petulance of his

satire cannot be justified, and must be ascribed to his extreme sensibility, to over-indulged vanity, and to a hasty and irritable temper. His sickly constitution debarring him from active pursuits, he placed too high a value on mere literary fame, and was deficient in the manly virtues of sincerity and candour. There was no artifice to which he was not willing to stoop to elevate his own reputation or lower that of an opponent. The most elaborate of his stratagems was that by which he published his correspondence, charging the publication upon some unknown literary burglar in alliance with Curll the bookseller. The whole of his literary history is indeed full of small plots and manœuvring, and no reliance can be placed on his statements. He appreciated moral excellence—the feeling and the admiration were there—but the lower part of his nature was constantly dragging him down to little meannesses and duplicity. At the same time he was a public benefactor, by stigmatising the vices of the great, and lashing the absurd pretenders to taste and literature. He was a fond and steady friend; and in all our literary biography, there is nothing finer than his constant undeviating affection and reverence for his venerable parents.

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky.

Prologue to the Satires.

As a poet, it would be absurd to rank Pope with the greatest masters of the lyre. He was the poet of artificial life and manners rather than the poet of nature. He was a nice observer and an accurate describer of the phenomena of the mind and of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. He was too fond of point and antithesis, but the polish of the weapon was equalled by its keenness. 'Let us look,' says Campbell, 'to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.' His wit, fancy, and *good sense* are as remarkable as his satire. His elegance has never been surpassed, or perhaps equalled: it is a combination of intellect, imagination, and taste, under the direction of an independent spirit and refined moral feeling. If he had studied more in the school of nature and of Shakspeare, and less in the school of Horace and Boileau; if he had cherished the frame and spirit in which he composed the *Elegy* and the *Eloisa*, and forgot his too exclusive devotion to that which inspired the *Dunciad*, the world would have hallowed his memory with a still more affectionate and permanent interest than even that which waits on him as one of our most brilliant and accomplished English poets.

Mr. Campbell in his *Specimens* has given an eloquent estimate of the general powers of Pope, with reference to his position as a poet: 'That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them, as to forget the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality

in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be, or the simple landscape-painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why, then, try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great admiral;" and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the-line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element in which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

Pope has had numerous editors and annotators. Warburton's authorised edition, containing the poet's last corrections, was published in nine volumes, 1751. In 1797, appeared an

enlarged edition, with memoir, notes, and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, in nine volumes; in 1806, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles edited another edition, in ten volumes, which contained some additional letters and notes, and an original memoir of the poet, which led to some controversy; and in 1871, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin commenced an edition, also to extend to ten volumes, and to include several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials, collected in part by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Of the poetical works (apart from the prose treatises and correspondence) editions have been published by the Rev. A. Dyce (1835), the Rev. Dr George Croly (1835), the Rev. H. F. Cary (1853), and Adolphus W. Ward, M.A. (1869). Of these, the last is incomparably the best.

*The Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue. Composed of Several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet. Written in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.**

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On drifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

The Toilet.—From 'The Rape of the Lock.'

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.

* First published in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and these divide the hair ;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.

From the same.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired ;
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
 Propitious heaven, and every power adored ;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves ;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize ;
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
 The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And softened sounds along the waters die ;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
 The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
 Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disperses in ever-mingling dyes ;
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head was Ariel placed ;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun :

'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear !
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear !
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
 By laws eternal to the ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ;
 Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a founce, or add a furbelow.'

From 'Eloisa to Abelard.'

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
 Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unrevealed,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed :
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies :
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears !
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn ;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagged with horrid thorn !
 Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
 Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclosed,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear !
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
 I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Lied through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
Grief to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine !
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away ;
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare ;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer :
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love
inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.*
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speak the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. . . .

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer ;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
You raised these hallowed walls ; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven :
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls—their day's eternal bound—
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.

See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity !
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence, and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. . . .

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin-lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I heed in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight ;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye ;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to heaven ; dispute my heart :
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me ! far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !
O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest :
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gored ?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye powers ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps—ere nature bade her die—
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred place below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial stage,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates :
These passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say—
While the long funerals blacken all the way—
Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone—Oh, ever-injured shade!—
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Happiness depends, not on Riches, but on Virtue.

From the *Essay on Man*, Epistle IV.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!*
Was this thy virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby!† sunk thee to the grave?

* Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, fell fighting under the royal standard, in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643 (see *ante*, p. 355). Marshal Turenne was killed by a cannon-ball at Salzbach in Baden, July 26, 1675. Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586 (see *ante*, p. 187).

† The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724.

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marsailles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death? *
Or why so long—in life if long can be—
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? . . .
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl!'
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella. † . . .

But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind! . . .
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,

From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame! †

Know then this truth—enough for man to know—
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:

* M. de Belsance was made Bishop of Marsailles in 1709. He died in 1755. During the plague in Marsailles, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his activity.

† Prunella was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymen's gowns were often made.

‡ The allusion in this splendid passage is to the great Duke of Marlborough and his 'imperious' duchess.

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated, while one man 's oppressed ;
 Never dejected, while another 's blessed ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

From ' *The Prologue to the Satires,* ' addressed to
Dr Arbuthnot.

P. Shut up the door, good John ! fatigued I said,
 Tie up the knocker ; say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.
 The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
 By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me ;
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.*

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father 's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross ?
 Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desparate charcoal round his darkened walls ?
 All fly to Twit 'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .

Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb
 through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
 Destroy his fib or sophistry : in vain !
 The creature 's at his dirty work again. . . .

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
 One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud : ' Subscribe, subscribe ! '

There are, who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
 Ammon 's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid 's nose, and, ' Sir ! you have too an eye ! '
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed :
 ' Just so immortal Maro held his head ; '

And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
 Dipped me in ink ; my parents ' , or my own ?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed :
 The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife ;
 To help me through this long disease, my life ;
 To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .

A man 's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
 But each man 's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
 The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year ; †
 He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :

* The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

† Ambrose Philips.

And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;
 And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these my modest satire bade translate,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
 chafe !

And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
 Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? * . . .

Let Sporus tremble † — A. What ! that thing
 of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of asses ' milk ?
 Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way ;
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of Ève, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;
 His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve 's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed :
 A cherub 's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune 's worshipper, nor fashion 's fool ;
 Not lucre 's madman, nor ambition 's tool ;
 Not proud nor servile : be one poet 's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways ;
 That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
 That not in fancy 's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to truth, and moralised his song ;
 That not for fame, but virtue 's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

* The jealousy betwixt Addison and Pope, originating in literary and political rivalry, has been rendered memorable by the above highly finished and poignant satire. When Atterbury read it, he saw that Pope 's strength lay in satirical poetry, and he wrote to him not to suffer that talent to be unemployed.

† Lord Hervey.

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head ;
The blow, unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape ;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
The whisper, 'that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past ;
For thee, fair Virtue ! welcome even the last !

The Man of Ross.—From 'Moral Essays, Epistle III.'*

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useles columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost ;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise ?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, and med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more :
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
O say, what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year !
Blush, Grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze !

Ye little stars ! hide your diminished rays.
B. And what ! no monument, inscription, stone ?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between ;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

* The Man of Ross was Mr John Kyrle, who died in 1724, aged ninety, and was interred in the church of Ross, in Herefordshire. Mr Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of friends to whom he acted as almoner.

Great Villiers lies*—alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away !'
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes : it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ? †

We may quote, as a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's Homer, the well-known moonlight scene in the *Iliad* (Book viii.), which has been both extravagantly praised and censured. Wordsworth and Southey unite in considering

* George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. For Dryden's character of Villiers, see *ante*, p. 300. Pope has over-coloured the picture of the duke's death; he did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirkby-Moorside. The event took place in 1688, when Villiers was in his sixty-first year. Pope alludes to Cliefden and the Countess of Shrewsbury. Cliefden was a villa on the banks of the Thames, in which the countess and Buckingham resided for some time. 'The Countess of Shrewsbury,' says Pope, 'was a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat, she held the Duke's horse in the habit of a page.' Burnet says the Duke had great liveness of wit, with a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule. Of this faculty the farce of the *Rehearsal* (see *ante*, p. 316) is an example. But in the composition of the piece, the Duke was assisted by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. Davenant, under the character of 'Bilboa,' was the original hero of the farce, and after his death, Dryden, as 'Bayes,' was substituted. The extravagances of the rhyming, heroic plays were parodied, and Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions copied on the stage. Some of the phrases are still current. Thus the new play-writers were said to be 'fellows that scorn to imitate nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.' When Bayes is reminded that the plot stands still, he breaks out: 'Plot stands still! why what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?' Dryden was a great snuffer, and when about to engage in any considerable work, he took medicine and observed a cooling diet. Bayes alludes to this: 'If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets, to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand I ever take physic, and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly.' Sheridan's *Critic* was evidently suggested by the *Rehearsal*.

† Pope was indebted to an obscure rhymester, THOMAS FLATMAN (1632-1672), for some of the ideas in this ode. For example:

When on my sick-bed I languish
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'Be not fearful, come away!'

Flatman was an artist. He was author of some Pindaric odes and other poems, of which a volume was published in 1674.

the lines and imagery as contradictory and false. It will be found in this case, as in many passages of Dryden, that, though natural objects be incorrectly described, the beauty of the language and versification elevates the whole into poetry of a high imaginative order :

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays ;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send :
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Pope followed the old version of Chapman :

And spent all night in open fields ; fires round about
them shined,
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from
wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high
prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves
for shows ;
And even the lowly valleys' joy to glitter in their
sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose
her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the
shepherd's heart ;
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the
Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilium, and her bright turrets
shewed.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every
guard allowed
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats, and
hard-white corn,
And all did wistfully expect the silver-throned
morn.

Cowper's translation is brief, but vivid and distinct :

As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.
So numerous seemed those fires, between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy, a thousand fires,
Each watched by fifty warriors seated near ;
The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.

Associated with Pope in his Homeric labours

were, as already stated, Fenton and Broome. ELIJAH FENTON (1683-1730) was an amiable scholar and man of letters ; a native of Shelton, near Stoke in Staffordshire ; took his degree of B.A. in Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1704, but being a Nonjuror in principle, he was, as Johnson says, 'driven out a commoner of nature,' and subsisted chiefly by teaching. In 1717, he published a volume of poems ; in 1723, a tragedy, entitled *Mariamne*, by which, Dr Young says, he made £1500; and in 1729 he annotated the works of Waller. One of Fenton's poetical productions, a Pindaric Ode, addressed to Lord Gower, was greatly admired by Pope and Akenside.—WILLIAM BROOME (1689-1745) was a native of Haslington, county of Chester, took his degree of M.A. in St John's College, Cambridge, in 1716. He entered the church, married a wealthy widow, and died rector of Pulham, in Norfolk. He collected and published his poems in 1739. He was happier as a translator than as an original poet, and his annotations on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* evince his learning.

MINOR POETS SATIRISED IN THE DUNCIAD.

The satire of Pope has invested with literary interest many names that would otherwise have long since passed to oblivion. The bad poets outwitted him, as Swift predicted, and provoked him to transmit their names to posterity. The first hero of the *Dunciad*, LEWIS THEOBALD (who died in 1744), procured the enmity of Pope by criticising his edition of Shakspeare, and editing a more valuable edition himself. Being well versed in the Elizabethan writers, and in dramatic literature generally, Theobald excelled Pope as a commentator. He also wrote some poetical and dramatic pieces, but they are feeble performances.—JOHN DENNIS (1657-1734) was known as 'the critic,' and some of his critical disquisitions evince an acute but narrow and coarse mind. He had received a learned education, and was well read in ancient and modern literature ; but his intolerable vanity, irritable temper—heightened by intemperance—and the want of literary success, seem to have led him into absurdities, and rendered his whole life a scene of warfare. His critiques on Addison's *Cato* and Pope's Homer are well known. He wrote several plays, for one of which—a tragedy called *Appius and Virginia* (1708)—he invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of in the theatres. His play was not successful ; and some time afterwards being present at the representation of *Macbeth*, he heard his own thunder made use of, on which he exclaimed : 'See how these rascals use me ; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder !' Many other ludicrous stories are told of Dennis, whose self-importance amounted to a disease. Southey has praised Dennis's critical powers ; and no doubt vigorous, discriminative passages may be selected from his works. They are, in general, however, heavy, and destitute of any fine perception or well-regulated judgment.—CHARLES GILDON (1665-1724) wrote a number of works, critical and dramatic. His plays were unsuccessful, but his *Complete Art of Poetry* (1718) is a work of considerable research and care. One volume consists of criticism on the ancient and modern poets, and a second contains selected specimens.

As Gildon preferred Tickell as a translator, and Ambrose Philips as a pastoral poet, to Pope, he was keenly satirised in the *Dunciad* and *Moral Essays*.—LEONARD WELSTED (1689-1747) was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, collected and republished by Nichols in 1788. Welsted was clerk in ordinary to the Ordnance. He was an accomplished scholar and an elegant poet, but his works, not being characterised by any novelty of design or originality of style, are now almost unknown.—THOMAS COOKE (1702-1756) was the author of several dramatic pieces, poems, and translations. His translation of Hesiod was able and popular.—AARON HILL (1685-1750) wrote several poems and plays, and was conspicuous among the literary men of the first half of the eighteenth century; but his best title to distinction is his correspondence with Pope, and the allusion to him in the *Dunciad*. The spirit with which Hill met the attack of Pope, and the victory he obtained over him in the correspondence that ensued, are creditable to him both as a man and an author. Only one of Hill's dramas, the tragedy of *Zara*, after Voltaire, can be said to have been popular. He was an ingenious speculative man, but seldom successful in any of his schemes.—Of the numerous other small victims of Pope—James Moore Smythe, Concanen, Brevall, Ralph, Arnall, &c. it seems unnecessary to give any notice here. They have been preserved, like straws in amber, in the poet's satire, but had no influence on the literature of the age. In almost every instance, Pope was the aggressor. He loved satire; some fancied slight, rivalry, or political difference inspired his resentment, and he wasted on inferior objects powers fitted for the higher and nobler purposes of the moral Muse.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

One of Pope's assistants, though in a very undignified capacity, was RICHARD SAVAGE, who supplied the 'private intelligence and secret incidents' which add poignancy to the satire of the *Dunciad*. Savage is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Johnson, than for any peculiar novelty or merit in his poetry. The latter rarely rises or continues long above the level of mediocrity; the former seem a romance in real life. It is almost certain, however, that Johnson's memoir, derived directly or indirectly from Savage himself, is little else than a romance, and its hero an impostor. Savage was born in London, January 16, 1696-7, the reputed issue of an adulterous connection between the wife of Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Lady Brandon had been separated from her husband about ten years when she formed a *liaison* with Lord Rivers, by whom she had two children, a female child (that lived only a short time, and was christened after the father and mother, 'Ann Savage'), and a male child, baptised as 'Richard Smith.' Richard Smith, like the preceding child, was removed and placed at nurse, being taken away by a baker's wife, named Portlock, who said the child was her own, and from this time all trace of the infant is lost. 'If we are to believe Savage's story, the countess, from the hour of his birth, discovered a resolution of disowning him, and would never see her child again; suffered a large legacy left to

him by his godmother to be embezzled for want of some one to prosecute his claim; told Earl Rivers, his father, on his death-bed (1712) that his child was dead, with the express object of depriving him of another legacy of £6000; endeavoured to have him kidnapped and transported; and finally interfered to the utmost of her power, and by means of an "atrocious calumny," to prevent his being saved from the hangman.* Most of these assertions have been disproved. Indeed, the story of the legacy is palpably untrue, for, as Mr Croker has remarked, if Savage had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any difficulty in recovering it. If the executors had resisted his claims, the whole costs, as well as the legacy, must have been paid by them, if he had been the child to whom it was given. Savage or (Smith) is first heard of in 1717, when was published *The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem, written by Mr Richard Savage*. Next year (1718) he produced a comedy, *Love in a Veil*, which was published by Curll, and stated on the title-page to be 'written by Richard Savage, Gent. son of the late Earl Rivers.' In Jacob's *Lives of the Poets* (1719), the same story is repeated with additions; and Aaron Hill in his periodical, *The Plain Dealer*, inserted letters and statements to the same effect, which were furnished by Savage. His remarkable history thus became known, but, unfortunately, the vices and frailties of his character began also to be displayed. Savage was not destitute of a love of virtue and principles of piety, but his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious; and whatever money he received, was instantly spent in obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl, in 1727, he had the misfortune to kill a Mr James Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Queen Caroline, and set at liberty. He published various poetical pieces as a means of support; and having addressed a birthday ode to the queen, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate'—to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel—her majesty sent him £50, and continued the same sum to him every year. His threats and menaces induced Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms, and was allowed a sum of £200 per annum. This, as Johnson remarks, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life. As might have been foreseen, however, the habits of the poet differed very widely from those of the peer; they soon quarrelled, and the former was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope generously contributed £20. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country, to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem. In Swansea he resided about a year; but on revisiting Bristol, he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' had left him almost

* See *Notes and Queries* for 1858, where the case is fully investigated by Mr Moy Thomas.

without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by some part of his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns.' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and his condition not enabling him to procure medical assistance, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 1st of August 1743. The keeper of the prison, who had treated him with great kindness, buried the unfortunate poet at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is *The Wanderer* (1729), written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description, *The Wanderer* contains some impressive passages. The versification is easy and correct. *The Bastard* (1728) is also a superior poem, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard, he says :

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race :
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The concluding passage, in which he mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow-mortal of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses genuine and manly pathos :

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
Can self-defence be sin ? Ah, plead no more !
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me ! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way !
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved ;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved ;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest ? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained ;
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm ?
Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
All I was wretched by to you I owed ;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,

New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state ;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore !
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

From the Wanderer.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day ;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man ! thy fabric's like a well-formed state ;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the
great ;

Passions plebeians are, which factions raise ;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze ;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise :
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies :
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power, submit ;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tossed,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed ;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed ;
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved shade ! when that unprosperous
store

Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more ;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all !
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo ! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, unwrapped with smoke !
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower !
From the black depth a fiery legion springs ;
Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings :
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand :
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows :
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment ;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire !
But Justice marks their ways : she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the
gloom ;

There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good !
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind !

A prose pamphlet, *The Author to be Let*, written under the name of Iscariot Hackney, is ascribed by Johnson to Savage; but it was undoubtedly

the work of Pope. It is a satire on the petty writers of that period. It has also been confidently stated, that both the *Volunteer Laureate* and *The Bastard* were written by Aaron Hill to serve the cause of his friend or protégé.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, an eminent physician, was a native of Yorkshire, and educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which he was admitted Fellow in 1693. Garth published in 1699 his poem of *The Dispensary*, to aid the College of Physicians in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter had ventured to prescribe as well as compound medicines; and the physicians, to outbid them in popularity, advertised that they would give advice gratis to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines. The College triumphed; but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege which Garth and his brother-physicians resisted. Garth was a popular and benevolent man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope; and when Dryden died, he pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's remains. With Addison, he was, politically and personally, on terms of the closest intimacy. On the accession of George I. he was knighted with Marlborough's sword, and received the double appointment of Physician in ordinary to the King, and Physician-general to the Army. He edited Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 'translated by the most eminent hands,' in 1717. In that irreligious age, Garth seems to have partaken of the general scepticism and voluptuousness. Several anecdotes of him were related by Pope to Spence, and he is said to have remarked in his last illness, that he was glad he was dying, for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on! Yet, if the date assigned to his birth (1670) be correct, he could then have been only forty-nine years of age. He died January 18, 1718-19, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. *The Dispensary* is a mock-heroic poem in six cantos. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed; but the interest of the satire has passed away, and it does not contain enough of the *life* of poetry to preserve it. A few lines will give a specimen of the manner and the versification of the poem. It opens in the following strain :

Extract from the Dispensary.

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.

Not far from that most celebrated place¹
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome,² majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;

Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man; . . .
Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes; . . .
Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features arc;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descried;
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside;
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside;
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching
drowned:

The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The god of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

On Death.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:

¹ Old Bailey.² The College of Physicians.

Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The wise through thought the insults of death defy ;
 The fools through blessed insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free ;
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, which ends with the following pleasing lines :

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs !
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in his chains ;
 Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time ;
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE was one of the most fortunate physicians, and most persecuted poets, of the age. He was born of a good family in Wiltshire, and took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1676. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted by King William III. and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians. In 1695, he published *Prince Arthur*, an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets ! Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epic poems on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All have sunk into oblivion ; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was exemplary and irreproachable. Dr Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but restricted his publication of his works to the poem of *Creation*, which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Blackmore died in 1729. The design of *Creation* was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. He recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings ; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amidst his commonplace illustrations and prosing declamation. One passage of *Creation*—addressed to the disciples of Lucretius—will suffice to shew the style of Blackmore, in its more select and improved manner :

The Scheme of Creation.

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds ;
 Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds ;
 Why for the harvest it the harrow needs ?
 The Author might a nobler world have made,
 In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
 And all its face in flowery scenes displayed :

The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
 And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn :
 Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
 Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains :

This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
 Who formed the spacious universe designed
 That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
 Should pass in lazy luxury his life.

But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
 Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
 That some reward his industry should crown,
 And that his food in part might be his own.
 But while insulting you arraign the land,
 Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand ;
 Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
 That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
 No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
 Or finished column for the palace give.

Yet if from the hills unlaboured figures came,
 Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.

You may the world of more defect upbraid,
 That other works by Nature are unmade :
 That she did never, at her own expense,
 A palace rear, and in magnificence
 Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms ;
 That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.

Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
 What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared !
 But then no realm would one great master shew,
 No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.

With equal reason, too, you might demand
 Why boats and ships require the artist's hand ;
 Why generous Nature did not these provide,
 To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.

You say the hills, which high in air arise,
 Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
 That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
 Of many spacious regions man defraud ;
 For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.

But can the objector no convenience find
 In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
 The mighty frame, that else would be disjointed ?

Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
 And for the dome afford the marble vein ?

Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
 And bring down riches to the vale below ?

See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
 From the high ridges to the flatter land !
 The lofty lines abound with endless store
 Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

THOMAS PARNELL.

In the brilliant circle of wits and poets, and a popular author of that period, was THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1718). His father possessed considerable estates in Ireland, but was descended of an English family long settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet was born and educated in Dublin, went into sacred orders, and was appointed Archdeacon of Clogher, to which was afterwards added, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, estimated by Goldsmith (extravagantly) at £400 a year. Parnell, like Swift, disliked Ireland, and seems to have considered his situation there a cheerless and irksome banishment. As permanent residence at their livings was not then insisted upon on the part of the clergy, Parnell lived chiefly in London. He married a young lady of beauty and merit, Miss Anne Minchin, who died a few years after their union. His grief for her loss preyed upon his spirits—which had always been unequal—and hurried him into intemperance. He died at

Chester, on his way to Ireland, and was interred there (as the register of Trinity Church states) on the 18th of October 1718. Parnell was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. His *Life* was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, considering him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous nature—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, &c. His most celebrated piece is *The Hermit*, familiar to most readers from their infancy. Pope pronounced it to be 'very good;' and its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His *Night-piece on Death* was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated *Elegy*; but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe to such an opinion. In the *Night-piece*, Parnell meditates among the tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, he sallies out at midnight to the churchyard.

A Night-piece—The Churchyard.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, thy life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame—
Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away—
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And, 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling
heart,

And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Pierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran ;
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
 'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls ;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
 Each hardly granted—served them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.
 With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such—within himself he cried—
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging, opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought :
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
 Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
 Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 ' Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer !'
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
 At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died !
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our hermit when the fact was done !
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed ;
 His steps the youth pursues : the country lay
 Perplexed with roads ; a servant shewed the way ;
 A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
 Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries :
 ' Detested wretch ! '—but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man !
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
 And in a calm, his settling temper ends ;
 But silence here the beautiful angel broke—
 The voice of music ravished as he spoke :

' Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
 For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky :
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world He made ;
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your action uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering
 eyes ?

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
 The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
 Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
 Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God to save the father took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail !
 Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew ;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun :
' Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

JOHN GAY.

The Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetical affectation—were driven out of the field at this time by the easy, indolent, good-humoured JOHN GAY (1688-1732), who seems to have been the most artless and the best-beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born in Devonshire, the second son of John Gay, Esq. of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington. The family was reduced in circumstances, and both parents dying when the poet was about six years of age, he was, after receiving his education in the town of Barnstaple, put apprentice to a silk-mercator in the Strand, London. He disliked this employment, and at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708, he published a poem in blank verse, entitled *Wine*; and in 1713 appeared his *Rural Sports*, a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop :

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land ;
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

The same year, Gay obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He also brought out a comedy, *The Wife of Bath*, which was not successful. In 1714, he published his *Shepherd's Week, in Six Pastorals*, written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips; but containing so much genuine comic humour, and entertaining pictures of country-life, that they became popular, not as satires, but on account of their intrinsic merits, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'courteous reader,' Gay says: 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.' This matter-of-fact view of rural life has been admirably followed by Crabbe, with a moral aim and effect to which Gay never aspired. His next attempt was dramatic. In February 1714-15 appeared *What d'ye Call It?* a tragi-comic pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not wit enough to take;' and next year he produced his *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and *The Fan*, a poem in three books. The former of these is in the mock-

heroic style, in which he was assisted by Swift, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city-life are in the Dutch style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets may still be verified :

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye ;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown ;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil ;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A mildewed Bacon, or Stagyra's sage :
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep ;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold ;
And Squirts* read Garth till apozems grow cold.

The poet gives a lively and picturesque account of the great frost in London, in 1716, when a fair was held on the river Thames :

O roving Muse ! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in black Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar :
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own,
Wheels o'er the hardened waters smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide ;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire ;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had obtained a short glimpse of this fancied happiness. He wrote with joy to Pope: 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' The poet accordingly quitted his situation in the Monmouth family, and accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy. He seems, however, to have held it only for about two months; for on the 23d of September of the same year, Pope welcomes him to his native soil, and counsels him, now that the queen was dead, to write something on the king, or prince, or princess. Gay was an anxious expectant of court favour, and he complied with Pope's request. He wrote a poem on the princess, and the royal family went to see his play of *What a' ye Call It?* Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced a piece entitled *Three Hours After Marriage*. Some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the

* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*.

improbability of the plot, sealed its fate with the public. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author, being afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer injury from their supposed connection with it, took 'all the shame on himself.' The trio of wits, however, were attacked in two pamphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unfortunate drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised a sum of £1000. He received, also, a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the explosion of that famous delusion. This serious calamity, to one fond of finery in dress and of luxurious living, almost overwhelmed him, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary exertion. In 1724, Gay brought out another drama, *The Captives*, which was acted with moderate success; and in 1726 he wrote a volume of *Fables*, designed for the special improvement of the Duke of Cumberland, who certainly did not learn mercy or humanity from them. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for the fortunes of Gay; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to one of the young princesses, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726, Swift came to England, and resided two months with Pope at Twickenham. Among other plans, the Dean of St Patrick suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen; and the *Beggars' Opera* was the result. When finished, the two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece; but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are so happily intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the *Beggars' Opera* a favourite with the public; but as Gay has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, it cannot be commended for its moral tendency. Of this, we suspect, the Epicurean author thought little. The opera had a run of sixty-two nights, and became the rage of town and country. Its success had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. By this successful opera, Gay, as appears from the manager's account-book, cleared £693, 13s. 6d. besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, under the title of *Polly*; but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet had recourse to publication; and such was the zeal of his friends, and the effect of party-spirit, that *Polly* produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his

life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever hurried him out of life in three days. He died on the 4th of December 1732, aged 44. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was indorsed: 'On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' The friendship of these eminent men seems to have been sincere and tender; and nothing in the life of Swift is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of Gay melted his haughty stoicism, and awakened his deep though unavailing sorrow. Pope was equally grieved by the loss of him whom he has characterised as

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man, simplicity, a child.

Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The works of this easy and genial son of the Muses have lost much of their popularity. He has the licentiousness, without the elegance, of Prior. His *Fables* are still, however, the best we possess; and if they have not the nationality or rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and the versification always smooth and correct. *The Hare with Many Friends* is doubtless drawn from Gay's own experience. In the *Court of Death*, he aims at a higher order of poetry, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. His song of *Black-eyed Susan*, and the ballad beginning 'Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. The latter is said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

The Country Ballad-singer.—From 'The Shepherd's Week.'

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. . . .

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsels' fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toying till the morning light. . . .
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun—
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow ;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glowworm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed—
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend—
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep ;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelids close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings ;
Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of rare-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

Walking the Streets of London.—From ' Trivia.'

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night ;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing ; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way ;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays ;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name ;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown ;
But more my country's love demands my lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And ' Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches shew,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries ;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ;

The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned :
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken druggert ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain ;
True Witney¹ broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn :
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surlout alone ;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce ;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease ;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's,² assemblies, or the play ;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Song.

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.³

The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror state :
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne :
' This night our minister we name ;
Let every servant speak his claim ;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand.'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.

¹ A town in Oxfordshire.

² A chocolate-house in St James's Street.

³ ' I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it : and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang, the same gate mysell.'—*Effie Deans in ' Heart of Mid-Lothian.'*

Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed :
' I to the weekly bills appeal ;
Let those express my fervent zeal ;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies ;
Still working when he seems suppress,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the erew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :
' 'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'

Stone urged his overgrowing force ;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred :
' Let none object my lingering way ;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.'

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne :
' Merit was ever modest known.
What ! no physician speak his right ?
None here ! but fees their toils requite.
Let, then, Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest—
Whom wary men as foes detest—
Forego your claim. No more pretend ;
Intemperance is esteemed a friend ;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

The Hare with Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies :
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay ;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view !
' Let me,' says she, ' your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship every burden's light.'
The Horse replied : ' Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;

Be comforted ; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord :
' Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
' My back,' says he, ' may do you harm ;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained :
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
' Shall I,' says he, ' of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those, how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For, see, the hounds are just in view !'

Song.—Black-eyed Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,
' Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew ?'

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

' O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

' Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

' If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
'Adieu!' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

A Ballad.—From 'What d'ye Call It?'

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THOMAS TICKELL.

The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was THOMAS TICKELL (1686–1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, son of a clergyman, and educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was a writer in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*; and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. He published a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs pronounced it to

be the best, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope. The circumstance led to a breach of the friendship betwixt Addison and Pope, which was never healed. Addison continued his patronage, and when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend under-secretary. He also left him the charge of publishing his works, and on his death-bed recommended him to Secretary Craggs. Tickell prefixed to the collected works of Addison an elegy on his deceased friend, which is justly considered one of the most pathetic and sublime poems in the language. In 1722, Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled *Kensington Gardens*; and being in 1724 appointed secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses. He died at Bath in 1740, but was buried at Glasneven, near Dublin, where he had long resided. The monumental tablet in Glasneven Church to the memory of Tickell records that 'his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.' His elegy, and his beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, would have served, however, to perpetuate his name, while even his opponent Pope admitted that he was an 'honest man.'

From the Lines 'To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison.'

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silently did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid:
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;
 Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
 Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart :
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
 Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
 Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song :
 There patient shewed us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
 There taught us how to live ; and—oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge—taught us how to die.

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so loved, when'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears ?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noontide shade.

Colin and Lucy.—A Ballad.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face ;

Till luckless love and pining care
 Impaired her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend ?
 So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair !
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjured swains ! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking, at her window thrice
 The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round :

' I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay ;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

' By a false heart and broken vows
 In early youth I die.
 Was I to blame because his bride
 Was thrice as rich as I ?

' Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone ;
 Nor thou, fond maid ! receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.

' To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare ;
 But know, fond maid ! and know, false man !
 That Lucy will be there.

' Then bear my corpse, my comrades ! bear,
 This bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke ; she died. Her corpse was borne
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts ?
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell ;
 The damps of death bedewed his brow ;
 He shook—he groaned—he fell !

From the vain bride—ah ! bride no more !—
 The varying crimson fled,
 When stretched before her rival's corpse
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
 Conveyed by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen ;
 With garlands gay and true-love knots
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn ! whoe'er thou art,
 This hallowed spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

Tickell occasionally tried satire, and the following piece shews a stronger and bolder hand than the bulk of his verses. It was written to ridicule the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enterprise in 1715-16 in favour of the Chevalier.

An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.

From Horace, Book iii. Ode 25.

As Mar his round one morning took—
 Whom some call earl, and some call duke—
 And his new brethren of the blade,
 Shivering with fear and frost, surveyed,
 On Perth's bleak hills he chanced to spy
 An aged wizard six foot high,
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,
 Wall-eyed, bare haunched, and second-sighted.
 The grisly sage in thought profound
 Beheld the chief with back so round,
 Then rolled his eyeballs to and fro
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,
 And into these tremendous speeches
 Brake forth the prophet without breeches :
 ' Into what ills betrayed by thee
 This ancient kingdom do I see !

Her realms unpeopled and forlorn—
Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !
Proud English loons—our clans o'ercome—
On Scottish pads shall amble home ;
I see them dressed in bonnet blue—
The spoils of thy rebellious crew—
I see the target cast away,
And checkered plaid become their prey—
The checkered plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

' In vain the hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike gears—
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And off have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village ;
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
Have carried off a Lowland sheep.

' What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors ?
Inflamed with bagpipe and with brandy,
In vain thy lads around thee bandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty—
A loyal soul !—thy troops affright
While hoarsely he demands the fight ?
Dost thou not generous Islay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head ;
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athole sheathed in arms ?

' Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrolled,
With knights and squires and barons bold—
His noble household band—advances
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars,
And Monro kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage ;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any !

' But see, Argyle, with watchful eyes,
Lodged in his deep intrenchments lies ;
Couched like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey ;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, and hill to hill.

' Is this thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter ?
Three moons thy Jamie shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth !

' 'Tis so decreed, for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle ;
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemned to barren rocks and snows,
And hindered passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky !'

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Among the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance, was AMBROSE PHILIPS (1671-1749). He was a native of Shropshire, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. He made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the *Pastorals* of Philips

being the first poem, and the *Pastorals* of Pope the last in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1709. They had been printed the year previous. Tickell injudiciously praised Philips's *Pastorals* as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this unjust depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the *Guardian*, calculated to make Philips appear ridiculous. Pretending to criticise the rival *Pastorals*, and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry. Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary, by whipping him with a rod, which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-house. Pope—faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured—continued to pursue Philips with his hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment. In 1715, he was appointed paymaster of the Lottery ; he afterwards was selected by Archbishop Boulter, primate of Ireland, as his secretary, and sat for the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament. In 1734, he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life (in England) in plenty and tranquillity ; but his hope deceived him : he was struck with a palsy, and died, June 18, 1749.' The *Pastorals* of Philips are certainly poor productions ; but he was an elegant versifier, and Goldsmith has eulogised the opening of his *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset* as 'incomparably fine.' A fragment of Sappho, translated by Philips, is a poetical gem so brilliant, that it is thought Addison must have assisted in its composition :

Fragment from Sappho.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost ;

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Philips produced three tragedies, but only one—*The Distressed Mother*, from the *Andromaque* of Racine—was successful ; he wrote in the Whig journal the *Freethinker* (1718-19), and he translated some Persian tales. Certain short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of

Namby Pamby; first given, it is said, by Harry Carey, the dramatist and song-writer, and cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' The following is a specimen of this style :

*To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms,
May 1, 1724.*

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please ;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue.
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray.
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot :
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.

COPENHAGEN, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowls,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow :
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass ;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies ;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
meads ;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear :
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.

If we, O Dorset ! quit the city throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present ; and, O bring
The Muse along ! The Muse to you shall sing.
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent ;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He, solitary, sat, to breathe his vows.
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art ;
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.
' Ah ! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain ? Or who shall speed my cure ?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
The brightening stars increase within the skies ;
The winds are hushed ; the dews distil ; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep ;
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake : with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;
But who can quench, O cruel love ! thy flame ?
Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game ;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts ?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Went they upon the green to shift their feet !
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devised tale from me to learn !
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky :
But ah ! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,

The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
 Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
 Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind.
 O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
 And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay:
 The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring,
 But beauty faded has no second spring.
 My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me! the tiresome chase!
 Fly as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
 She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.'

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Pope has commemorated among his early friends and patrons 'Granville the polite.' He was early distinguished and commended by Waller, of whom he was an imitator. His poems in praise of 'Mira'—the Countess of Newburgh—were popular at the time of their production, and he was the author of several dramatic pieces now forgotten. He stood high in the favour of Queen Anne, was elevated to the peerage in 1711, and was successively comptroller and treasurer of the household. In the reign of George I. he fell into disgrace, and was committed to the Tower, on a charge of disloyalty to the Hanover succession. He was released after a confinement of about a year and a half, and was restored to his seat in parliament. In 1732, he published his works in two volumes. He died January 30, 1734-35, aged about seventy. Though occasionally a pleasing versifier, Granville cannot be considered a poet.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

'It is remarkable,' says Wordsworth, 'that excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie*, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, does not contain a single new image of external nature.' The *Nocturnal Reverie* was written by ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton, who died in 1720, aged about sixty. Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative observation.

A Nocturnal Reverie.

In such a night, when every louder wind
 Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
 And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
 And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
 Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
 She, halloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
 In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
 Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
 When in some river overhung with green,
 The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
 When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
 And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
 Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
 And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;

Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
 Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes;
 When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
 Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
 Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
 In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
 When odours which declined repelling day,
 Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
 When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
 And falling waters we distinctly hear;
 When through the gloom more venerable shews
 Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
 While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
 And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
 When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
 Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
 Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
 Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
 When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
 And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
 When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
 And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
 Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
 Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek
 Something too high for syllables to speak;
 Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
 Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
 Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
 In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
 Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the *Nocturnal Reverie*:

Life's Progress.

How gaily is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race!
 Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
 With which we just set out to run,
 Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies!
 How tempting to go through!
 Not Canaan to that prophet's eyes,
 From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
 Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove
 Which wander through our minds!
 How full the joys, how free the love,
 Which does that early season move,
 As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
 But April drops our tears,
 Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
 Whilst beauty compensates our care,
 And youth each vapour clears.

But oh, too soon, alas! we climb,
 Scarce feeling we ascend
 The gently rising hill of Time,
 From whence with grief we see that prime,
 And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
 Fond expectation past:
 The thorns which former days had sown,
 To crops of late repentance grown,
 Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down ;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter storm,
And every look's a frown.

SCOTTISH POETS.

FRANCIS SEMPILL of Beltrees (son of Robert Sempill, see *ante*, p. 312), who died between 1680 and 1685, wrote some excellent rustic songs—*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal, She raise and loot me in, and Maggie Lauder.*

In the years 1706, 1709, and 1711, was published in Edinburgh, in three parts, *A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern*, by James Watson. In this collection appeared the oldest known version of *Auld Langsyne*, though probably founded on one of earlier date. The following is the first stanza :

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon ?
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone ?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old longsyne ?

Another stanza seems to fix the date of the song to the time of the civil war, about the middle of the 17th century :

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that 's good therein ;
Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old longsyne.

This poem or song of 'Old Longsyne' has been ascribed (though only from supposed internal evidence) to Sir Robert Ayton (see *ante*, p. 123) and also to Francis Sempill, but we have no doubt it is of later date. Another version (also ascribed to Francis Sempill) is given in Herd's collection, 1776. It begins :

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars ?
These are the noble heroes' lot
Obtained in glorious wars.
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast ;
Thy arms about me twine,
And mak me ance again as blest,
As I was langsyne.

It is needless to point out how immeasurably superior is Burns's *Auld Langsyne*. James Watson, in 1719, gave to the world a pretended fragment of an old heroic ballad entitled *Hardyknute*. This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy—who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand—and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. It is understood to have been written by ELIZABETH, daughter of SIR CHARLES HALKET, Bart. of Pitferan, who was married in 1696 to SIR HENRY WARDLAW, Bart. of Pitreavie, in Fife. Lady Wardlaw died in 1727, aged fifty. *Hardyknute*

is a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology ; a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs.' The ballad extends to forty-two stanzas, and opens thus picturesquely :

Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae ;
And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless ance and fair,
For chaste and beauty deemed,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Eleanor the Queen.

The following also is very spirited :

The king of Norse in summer tide,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

'To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed Madge dapple gray,'
Our good king rose and cried ;
'A trustier beast in a' the land,
A Scots king never tried.

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.'
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm :
'Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king frae harm.'

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do ;
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The genius of the country was at length revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, Doric simplicity, and tenderness, by ALLAN RAMSAY, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and character. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists ; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were in the habit

of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated over the north. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated to excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated; and when Ramsay appeared as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour, his 'manners-painting strains,' and his lively original sketches of Scottish life. Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager of Lord Hope-toun's mines. When he became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglas loin.' His mother, Alice Bower, was of English parentage, her father having been brought from Derbyshire to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Those who entertain the theory that men of genius usually partake largely of the qualities and dispositions of their mother, may perhaps recognise some of the Derbyshire blood in Allan Ramsay's frankness and joviality of character. His father died while the poet was in his infancy; but his mother marrying again in the same district, Allan was brought up at Leadhills, and put to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him, as he tells us, to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' His lot might have been a hard one, but it was fortunately spent in the country till he had reached his fifteenth year; and his lively temperament enabled him, with cheerfulness—

To wade through glens wi' chorking¹ feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weat;
Yet blithely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend² o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.

At the age of fifteen, Allan was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh—a light employment, suited to his slender frame and boyish *smartness*, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His poetical talent, however, was more observant than creative, and he did not commence writing till he was about twenty-six years of age. He then penned an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, tinctured with Jacobite predilections, which were also imbibed by Ramsay, and which probably formed an additional recommendation to the favour of Pope and Gay, a distinction that he afterwards enjoyed. Allan was admitted a member of this 'blithe society,' and became their poet-laureate. He wrote various light pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. He also sedulously courted the patronage of the great, subduing his Jacobite feelings, and never selecting a fool for his patron. In this mingled spirit of prudence and poetry, he contrived

To theek the out, and line the inside,
Of mony a douce and witty pash,
And baith ways gathered in the cash.

In the year 1712, he married a writer's daughter, Christian Ross, who was his faithful partner for more than thirty years. He greatly extended his

reputation by writing a continuation to King James's *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, executed with genuine humour, fancy, and a perfect mastery of the Scottish language. Nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar or Lindsay. What an inimitable sketch of rustic-life, coarse, but as true as any by Teniers, is presented in the first stanzas of the third canto!—

Now frae the east nook of Fife the dawn
Speeled¹ westlins up the lift;
Carls wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift;
And greedy wives, wi' girling thrawn,
Cried lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
Banged to their breeks like drift
By break of day.

Ramsay now left off wig-making, and set up a bookseller's shop, 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd.' He next appeared as an editor, and published two works, *The Tea-table Miscellany*, being a collection of songs, partly his own; and *The Evergreen*, a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, being deficient both in knowledge and taste. In the *Evergreen*, he published, as ancient poems, two pieces of his own, one of which, *The Vision*, exhibits high powers of poetry. The genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic Muse:

Great daring darted frae his ee,
A braid-sword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Owre his left spawl² he threw,
Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers³ grew.
Amazed, I gazed,
To see, led at command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

In 1725, appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, of which two scenes had previously been published under the titles of *Patie and Roger*, and *Jenny and Meggy*. It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. When Gay visited Scotland in company with his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he used to lounge in Allan Ramsay's shop, and obtain from him explanations of some of the Scottish expressions, that he might communicate them to Pope, who was a great admirer of the poem. This was a delicate and marked compliment, which Allan must have felt, though he had previously represented himself as the vicegerent of Apollo, and equal to Homer! He now removed to a better shop, and instead of the Mercury's head which had graced his sign-board, he put up 'the presentment of two brothers' of the Muse, Ben Jonson and Drummond. He next established a circulating library, the first in Scotland. He associated on familiar terms with the leading nobility, lawyers, wits, and literati. His son, afterwards a distinguished artist, he sent to Rome

¹ Chorking or chirking, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water.

² Spring.

¹ Climbed.

² Limb.

³ Waving locks of hair.

for instruction. But the prosperity of poets seems liable to an uncommon share of crosses. He was led by the promptings of a taste then rare in Scotland to expend his savings in the erection of a theatre, for the performance of the regular drama. He wished to keep his 'troop' together by the 'pith of reason;' but he did not calculate on the pith of an act of parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate. The statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. To add to his mortification, the envious poetasters and strict religionists of the day attacked him with personal satires and lampoons, under such titles as—*A Looking-glass for Allan Ramsay; The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay, &c.* Allan endeavoured to enlist President Forbes and the judges on his side by a poetical address in which he prays for compensation from the legislature—

Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
Edge me into some canny post.

His circumstances and wishes at this crisis are more particularly explained in a letter to the president, which now lies before us :

'Will you,' he writes, 'give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half-idle scrimp life, tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronise my subscriptions, I should not have had a gray groat. I think shame—but why should I, when I open my mind to one of your goodness?—to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it happens to fall in your way to put me into it.'¹

It does not appear that he either got money or a *post*, but he applied himself attentively to his business, and soon recruited his purse. A citizen-like good sense regulated the life of Ramsay. He gave over poetry 'before,' he prudently says, 'the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.'

Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty;²
My Pegasus wad break his tether
E'en at the shagging of a feather,
And through ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift;
Then, then, my soul was in a lowe,
That gart my numbers safely row.
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

About the year 1743, his circumstances were sufficiently flourishing to enable him to build himself a small octagon-shaped house on the north side of the Castle-hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge, but which some of his waggish friends compared to a goose-pie. He told Lord Elibank one day of this ludicrous comparison. 'What!' said the witty peer, 'a goose pie! In good faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill named.' He lived in this singular-looking mansion—which has since been much improved—twelve years, and died of a complaint that had

long afflicted him, scurvy in the gums, on the 7th of January 1758, at the age of seventy-two. So much of pleasantry, good-humour, and worldly enjoyment is mixed up with the history of Allan Ramsay, that his life is one of the 'green and sunny spots' in literary biography. His genius was well rewarded; and he possessed that turn of mind which David Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things.

Ramsay's poetical works are sufficiently various; and one of his editors has ambitiously classed them under heads of serious, elegiac, comic, satiric, epigrammatical, pastoral, lyric, epistolary, fables and tales. His tales are quaint and humorous, though, like those of Prior, they are too often indelicate. *The Monk and Miller's Wife*, founded on a humorous old Scottish poem, is as happy an adaptation as any of Pope's or Dryden's from Chaucer. His lyrics want the grace, simplicity, and beauty which Burns breathed into these 'wood-notes wild,' designed alike for cottage and hall; yet some of those in the *Gentle Shepherd* are delicate and tender; and others, such as *The Last Time I came o'er the Moor*, and *The Yellow-haired Laddie*, are still favourites with all lovers of Scottish song. In one of the least happy of the lyrics there occurs this beautiful image :

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely, O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely, O.

His *Lochaber no More* is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos. The poetical epistles of Ramsay were undoubtedly the prototypes of those by Burns, and many of the stanzas may challenge comparison with them. He makes frequent classical allusions, especially to the works of Horace, with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and whose gay and easy turn of mind harmonised with his own. In an epistle to Mr James Arbuckle, the poet gives a characteristic and minute painting of himself :

Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-vised¹ snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
With phiz of a morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec,² who was so cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike by melancholy;
Well judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes,
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
A healthfu' stomach, sharply set,
Prefers a back-sey³ piping het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to shew it.

¹ From the manuscript collections in Culloden House.

² Neither slow nor pettish.

¹ Dark complexioned. From *black* and *Fr. vis*, the visage.

² The *Spectator*, No. 1, by Addison.

³ A sirloin.

Ramsay addressed epistles to Gay and Somerville, and the latter paid him *in kind*, in very flattering verses. In one of Allan's answers is the following picturesque sketch, in illustration of his own contempt for the stated rules of art :

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses 'midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me 's a paradise
Compared with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confined.
Heaven Homer taught; the critic draws
Only from him and such their laws:
The native bards first plunge the deep
Before the artful dare to leap.

The *Gentle Shepherd* is the greatest of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seems indispensable in compositions of this class, at the same time that its landscapes are filled with lifelike beings, who interest us from their character, situation, and circumstances. It has none of that studied prurience and unnatural artifice which are intruded into the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and is equally free from the tedious allegory and forced conceits of most pastoral poems. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and unsophisticated emotions of our nature. The affected sensibilities and feigned distresses of the *Corydons* and *Delias* find no place in Ramsay's clear and manly page. He drew his shepherds from the life, placed them in scenes which he actually saw, and made them speak the language which he every day heard—the free idiomatic speech of his native vales. His art lay in the beautiful selection of his materials—in the grouping of his well-defined characters—the invention of a plot, romantic, yet natural—the delightful appropriateness of every speech and auxiliary incident—and in the tone of generous sentiment and true feeling which sanctifies this scene of humble virtue and happiness. The love of his 'gentle' rustics is at first artless and confiding, though partly disguised by maiden coyness and arch humour; and it is expressed in language and incidents alternately amusing and impassioned. At length the hero is elevated in station above his mistress, and their affection assumes a deeper character from the threatened dangers of a separation. Mutual distress and tenderness break down reserve. The simple heroine, without forgetting her natural dignity and modesty, lets out her whole soul to her early companion; and when assured of his unalterable attachment, she not only, like Miranda, 'weeps at what she is glad of,' but, with the true pride of a Scottish maiden, she resolves to study 'gentler charms,' and to educate herself to be worthy of her lover. Poetical justice is done to this faithful attachment, by both the characters being found equal in birth and station.

The poet's taste and judgment are evinced in the superiority which he gives his hero and heroine, without debasing their associates below their proper level; while a ludicrous contrast to both is supplied by the underplot of Bauldy and his courtships. The elder characters in the piece afford a fine relief to the youthful pairs, besides completing the rustic picture. While one scene discloses the young shepherds by 'craigy bields' and 'crystal springs,' or presents Peggy and Jenny on the bleaching-green—

A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground—

another shews us the snug thatched cottage with its barn and peat-stack, or the interior of the house, with a clear *ingle* glancing on the floor, and its inmates happy with innocent mirth and rustic plenty. The drama altogether makes one proud of peasant-life and the virtues of a Scottish cottage. In imitation of Gay in his *Beggar's Opera*, Ramsay interspersed songs throughout the *Gentle Shepherd*, which tend to interrupt the action of the piece, and too often merely repeat, in a diluted form, the sentiments of the dialogue. These songs in themselves, however, are simple and touching lyrics, and added greatly to the effect of the drama on the stage. In reading it, the songs may be advantageously passed over, leaving undisturbed the most perfect delineation of rural life and manners, without vulgar humility or affectation, that was ever drawn.

Ode from Horace.

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap,¹
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fouk wysing ajee
The biassed bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beck the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.²

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, 'Be quiet,'
The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But our into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

¹ *Cleugh*, a hollow between hills; *scaur*, a bare hill-side; *slap*, a narrow pass between two hills.

² A large bottle of claret holding three *magnums* or Scots pints.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blithe and heartsome time ;
Then lads and lasses, while it 's May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath ;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skait.

'Haith, ye 're ill-bred,' she 'll smiling say ;
'Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook ;'
Synae frae your arms she 'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I 'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant ;
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

In this instance, the felicitous manner in which Ramsay has preserved the Horatian ease and spirit, and at the same time clothed the whole in a true Scottish garb, renders his version superior even to Dryden's English one. For comparison two stanzas of the latter are subjoined :

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess ;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again ;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

Song.

TUNE—*Bush Aboon Traquair.*

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I 'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I 'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain ;
Or where the summer day I 'd share
With thee upon yon mountain :
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender ;
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

Lochaber no More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I 've mony day been ;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind ;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Rustic Courtship.

From the *Gentle Shepherd*.—Act I.

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about ;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lea ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me ;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist ;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear ;
And oh ! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithsome, I cried : ' My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye 're so soon asteen ;
But I can guess ; ye 're gaun to gather dew.'
She scoured away, and said : ' What 's that to you ?'
' Then, fare-ye-well, Meg Dorts, and e'en 's ye like,'
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first ; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh ; and sae did she ; then wi' great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist ;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she 'll change her mood ;
Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang clean wud.

Dialogue on Marriage.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let 's fa' to wark upon this green ;
This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow :
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little linn,
The water fa's and maks a singin' din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass. . . .
We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snag,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee ;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair :
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, 'How d' ye?'—or, 'There's a bonny day.'

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ? . . .

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I : but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men. . . .
Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.

Wow ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots tooling at your knee ;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss ?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight ?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a' ;
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should beggy draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;
It's no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear ;
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye
steer ?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fook bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer ;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kened kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will ;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff ;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford ;
Good-humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows
cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fook grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest :
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you !—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie ; I maun
yield ;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

DRAMATISTS.

The dramatic literature of this period was, like its general poetry, polished and artificial. In tragedy, the highest name is that of Southerne, who may claim, with Otway, the power of touching the passions, yet his language is feeble compared with that of the great dramatists, and his general style low and unimpressive. Addison's *Cato* is more properly a classical poem than a drama—as cold and less vigorous than the tragedies of Jonson. In comedy, the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which Wycherley and Congreve had set the example, and which was well continued by Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Beaumont and Fletcher first introduced what may be called comedies of intrigue, borrowed from the Spanish drama ; and the innovation appears to have been congenial to the English taste, for it still pervades our comic literature. The vigorous exposure of the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, and the essays of Steele and Addison, improving the taste and moral feeling of the public, a partial reformation took place of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced. The Master of the Revels, by whom all plays had to be licensed, also aided in this work of retrenchment ; but a glance at even those *improved* plays

of the reign of William III. and his successors, will shew that ladies frequenting the theatres had still occasion to wear masks, which Colley Cibber says they usually did on the production of a new play.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE (1659-1746) may be classed either with the last or the present period. His life was long, extended, and prosperous. He was a native of Dublin, but came to England, and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He afterwards entered the army, and held the rank of captain under the Duke of York, at the time of Monmouth's insurrection. His latter days were spent in retirement, and in the possession of a considerable fortune.

Southerne wrote ten plays, but only two exhibit his characteristic powers, namely *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, and *Oroonoko*. The latter is founded on an actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India islands. The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, are powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence :

Oroonoko. My soul steals from my body through my eyes ;

All that is left of life I 'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

Lieut. This is strange !

Oroo. If you but mock me with her image here :
If she be not Imoinda—

[*She looks upon him and falls into a swoon ; he runs to her.*]

Ha ! she faints !

Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda !
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*]
Imoinda ! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.

Imoinda (recovering). My Oroonoko ! Oh ! I can't believe

What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there 's something in that name,
That voice, that face— [*Stares at him.*]
Oh ! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken. [*Embraces him.*]

Oroo. Never here :
You cannot be mistaken : I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have ;
Your tender, loving husband.

Imo. All, indeed,
That I would have : my husband ! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel :
They were so great, I could not think 'em true ;
But I believe all that you say to me :
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.

Oroo. Take, take me all ; inquire into my heart—
You know the way to every secret there—
My heart, the sacred treasury of love :
And if, in absence, I have disemployed
A mite from the rich store ; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.

Imo. Oh ! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see

The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.

Oroo. Imoinda ! Oh ! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness :
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad ; but let me bless you all,
Who anyways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda 's found !
And everything that I would have in her.

[*Embraces her.*]

Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness ; I do
most heartily.

Lieut. And all of us : but how it comes to pass—
Oroo. That would require

More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I will not say you have betrayed me now :
I 'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.

Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be
worthy

Of such endearments, all this tenderness ?

These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.

Oroo. Let the fools

Who follow fortune live upon her smiles ;
All our prosperity is placed in love ;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown ;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mr Hallam says that Southerne was the first English writer who denounced (in this play) the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honour which should never be omitted in any mention of the dramatist. *Isabella* is more correct and regular than *Oroonoko*, and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera. Otway, however, has more depth of passion, and more vigorous delineation of character. The plot of *Isabella* is simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, to be dead, *Isabella* is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

Return of Biron.

A Chamber—Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,

That have made nature start from her old course ;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,

Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears ;
 Conjured the sense of honour and of love
 Into such shapes, they fright me from myself !
 I dare not think of them.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.

Isa. I had forgot ; pray, let me speak with him.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

This ring was the first present of my love
 To Biron, my first husband ; I must blush
 To think I have a second. Biron died
 (Still to my loss) at Candy ; there's my hope.
 Oh, do I live to hope that he died there ?
 It must be so ; he's dead, and this ring left,
 By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
 To bring me back again ;
 That's all I have to trust to.

Enter BIRON. (*Isabella looking at him.*)

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all ;
 And let me, let me say it to myself,
 I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

Biron. Have you forgot me quite ?

Isa. Forgot you !

Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my mis-
 fortunes !
 My Isabella !

[*He goes to her ; she shrinks, and faints.*]

Isa. Ha !

Bir. Oh ! come again ;

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love ;
 Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
 Thy Biron speaks to thee,
 Excess of love and joy, for my return,
 Has overpowered her. I was to blame
 To take thy sex's softness unprepared ;
 But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
 This ecstasy has made my welcome more
 Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
 False coined, and current only from the tongue,
 Without the mind ; but passion's in the soul,
 And always speaks the heart.

Isa. Where have I been ? Why do you keep him
 from me ?

I know his voice ; my life, upon the wing,
 Hears the soft lure that brings me back again ;
 'Tis he himself, my Biron.

Do I hold you fast,

Never to part again ?

If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

Bir. Live ever in these arms.

Isa. But pardon me ;

Excuse the wild disorder of my soul ;
 The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
 Of seeing you again, distracted me.

Bir. Thou everlasting goodness !

Isa. Answer me :

What hand of Providence has brought you back
 To your own home again ?

Oh, tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

Bir. My best life ! at leisure all.

Isa. We thought you dead ; killed at the siege of
 Candy.

Bir. There I fell among the dead ;
 But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
 I was preserved but to be made a slave.
 I often writ to my hard father, but never had
 An answer ; I writ to thee too.

Isa. What a world of woe

Had been prevented but in hearing from you !

Bir. Alas ! thou couldst not help me.

Isa. You do not know how much I could have
 done ;

At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all ;

I would have sold myself to slavery,
 Without redemption ; given up my child,
 The dearest part of me, to basest wants.

Bir. My little boy !

Isa. My life, but to have heard
 You were alive.

Bir. No more, my love ; complaining of the past,
 We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
 Of all my pains, that thus we meet again !

I have a thousand things to say to thee.

Isa. Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*]

Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too ?

I hear he's living still.

Isa. Well, both ; both well ;

And may he prove a father to your hopes,
 Though we have found him none.

Bir. Come, no more tears.

Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
 Have mourned with me.

Bir. And all my days to come
 Shall be employed in a kind recompense
 For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy ?

Isa. He's gone to bed ; I'll have him brought to
 you.

Bir. To-morrow I shall see him ; I want rest
 Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

Isa. Alas ! what shall I get for you ?

Bir. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would
 not

Be known, if possible, to your family ;
 I see my nurse is with you ; her welcome
 Would be tedious at this time ;
 To-morrow will do better.

Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order everything
 As you would have it.

[*Exit.*]

Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the
 means

To make this wondrous goodness some amends ;
 And let me then forget her, if I can.
 Oh ! she deserves of me much more than I
 Can lose for her, though I again could venture
 A father and his fortune for her love !
 You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all !
 Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
 Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
 What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
 Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness ?
 What has she, in my absence, undergone ?
 I must not think of that ; it drives me back
 Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure ;
 Everything is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here ; possessing thee,
 All my desires are carried to their aim
 Of happiness ; there's no room for a wish,
 But to continue still this blessing to me ;
 I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.

Isa. Shall I attend you ?

Bir. By no means ;

I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
 To learn, at least, to wait upon myself ;
 You'll make haste after ?

Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.

[*Exit Biron.*]

My prayers ! no, I must never pray again.
 Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
 But I have nothing left to hope for more.
 What Heaven could give I have enjoyed ; but now
 The baneful planet rises on my fate,
 And what's to come is a long life of woe ;
 Yet I may shorten it.
 I promised him to follow—him !
 Is he without a name ? Biron, my husband—
 My husband ! Ha ! What, then, is Villeroy ?

Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner!

[Weeping.

What 's to be done? for something must be done.

Two husbands! married to both,

And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—

Ha! a lucky thought

Works the right way to rid me of them all;

All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,

That every tongue and finger will find for me.

Let the just horror of my apprehensions

But keep me warm; no matter what can come.

'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,

Have a last look, to heighten my despair,

And then to rest for ever.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was also bred to the law, and forsook it for the tragic drama. He was born in 1673 or 1674 of a good family at Little Barford, in Bedfordshire. His father had an estate at Lamer-ton, in Devonshire, and was a serjeant-at-law in the Temple. Nicholas, during the earlier years of manhood, lived on a patrimony of £300 a year in chambers in the Temple. His first tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, acted in 1700, was performed with great success; and it was followed by *Tamerlane*, *The Fair Penitent*, *Ulysses*, *The Royal Convert*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Grey*. Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronised. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs. On the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs; the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations. Rowe was a favourite in society. It is stated that his voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, amongst whom were Pope, Swift, and Addison, delighted in his conversation. Yet it is also reported by Spence, that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him, which made Pope, on one occasion, declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist. He was twice married, and died in 1718. His widow—who afterwards married a Colonel Dean—received a pension from the crown, 'in consideration,' not of his dramatic genius, but 'of the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* made by her late husband!' The widow erected a handsome monument over her husband's grave in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the dramatic works we have enumerated, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which scarcely ever rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, with an equable and smooth style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His *Jane Shore* is still occasionally performed, and is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. *The Fair Penitent* was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his *Lovelace*, giving at the same time a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of his *Clarissa*, which leave Rowe's *Calista* immeasurably behind. The incidents of Rowe's dramas are well arranged for stage effect; they

are studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakspeare and the romantic drama has advanced in this country, Rowe has proportionally declined, and is now but seldom read or acted. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—a beautiful and tender effusion of friendship, which, however, is perhaps not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence:

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh! next him, skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.

JANE SHORE, her HUSBAND, and BELMOUR.

Belmour. How fare you, lady?

Jane Shore. My heart is thrilled with horror.

Bel. Be of courage;

Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.

Jane S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?

Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!

Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.

Jane S. I dare not.

Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!

Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,

To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown

A burden to the world, myself, and thee,

Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.

Jane S. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!

Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!

And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

Shore. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?

Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair

Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?

Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,

And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.

My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,

To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,

With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.

Let us haste.

Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,

Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

Jane S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.

Shore. Lean on my arm.

Jane S. Alas! I am wondrous faint:

But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.

Shore. Oh, mercless!

Jane S. Oh! I'm sick at heart!

Shore. Thou murderous sorrow!

Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?

Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!

Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:

Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her.

Enter CATESBY with a Guard.

Catesby. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!

Bel. What means this violence?

[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*

Cates. Have we not found you,

In scorn of the Protector's strict command

Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?

Shore. Infamy on thy head!

Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.

Cates. You'll answer this at full: away with 'em.

Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?

What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.

Cates. Convey the man to prison; but for her—

Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

Fane S. I will not part with him: for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me?

[Following him as he is carried off—she falls.

Shore. Inhuman villains!

[Breaks from the Guards.

Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!

She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

Fane S. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?

Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.

He shall offend no more, for I will die,

And yield obedience to your cruel master.

Tarry a little, but a little longer,

And take my last breath with you.

Shore. Oh, my love!

Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—

This grief by far surpassing all my former?

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me

With such an earnest, such a piteous look,

As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning

Thou couldst not speak?

Fane S. Forgive me! but forgive me!

Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,

Such mercy and such pardon as my soul

Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,

May such befall me at my latest hour,

And make my portion blest or curst for ever!

Fane S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.

'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:

Was there not something I would have bequeathed
you?

But I have nothing left me to bestow,

Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!

[Dies.

Calista's Passion for Lothario.

A Hall—CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Calista. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,

Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb

My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.

If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale

Of pining discontent and black despair;

For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,

But all are indignation, love, or shame,

And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Lucilla. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,

That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you

Benighted in a wilderness of woe,

That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;

Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont

Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul

Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,

Such a retreat as I would wish to find;

An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees

Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade

Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:

No sound to break the silence, but a brook

That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark

Of any human shape that had been there,

Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch

Who had long since, like me, by love undone,

Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas! for pity.

Cal. There I fain would hide me

From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul

Never to live with public loss of honour:

'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence

Of each affected she that tells my story,

And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.

To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,

And pitied by the men. Oh! insupportable!

Luc. Oh! hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;

By all the good I wish you, by all the ill

My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you

Never to see this faithless man again—

Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life,

I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;

I must, I will behold him once again;

Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,

And this one interview shall end my cares.

My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,

Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,

The busy thing shall rest within its cell,

And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that:

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;

Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,

It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;

Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,

And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper

Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!—

Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me—

A woman's softness hangs about me still;

Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.

I swear I could not see the dear betrayer

Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,

But my relenting heart would pardon all,

And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

[Exit Lucilla.

Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,

And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:

Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore

The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts

That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

WILLIAM LILLO.

The experiment of domestic tragedy, founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks, was tried with considerable success by WILLIAM LILLO (1693-1739), a jeweller in London. Lillo carried on business successfully for several years, dying with property to a considerable amount, and an estate worth £60 per annum. Possessing a literary taste, this industrious citizen devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham*. A tragedy on the latter subject had, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At this early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been also shadowed forth in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his successors. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. To the masters of the drama he stands in a position similar to that of Defoe, compared with Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott. His *George Barnwell* describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The

characters are naturally delineated ; and we have no doubt it was correctly said that *George Barnwell* drew more tears than the rants of *Alexander the Great*. His *Fatal Curiosity* is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered the son, returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted ; and the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling and affecting incidents in the drama. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace ; but he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of humble life. His plays have not kept possession of the stage. The taste for murders and public executions has declined ; and Lillo was deficient in poetical and romantic feeling. The question, whether the familiar cast of his subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine or only a subordinate walk in tragedy, is discussed by Campbell in the following eloquent paragraph :

'Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy ; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

Let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest, not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not, in general, fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.'

Fatal Curiosity.

Young WILMOT, unknown, enters the house of his parents and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest.

AGNES, the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—

He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it and see. No ; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me

To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty and all its abject train ;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day ; the cold neglect of friends ;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past ; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost ;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

Old Wilmot. The mind contented, with how little
pains

The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee, and— Dost thou hear
me?

What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

O. Wil. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of
sense!

Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compelled.

O. Wil. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,

Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wil. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then we'll live both.

O. Wil. Strange folly! Where's the means?

Agnes. The means are there; those jewels.

O. Wil. Ha! take heed:

Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man

In some conditions may be brought to approve ;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.

Agnes. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest ?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy ;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror ?

Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.

O. Wil. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime :
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.

Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination !

Agnes. You're too severe : reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.

O. Wil. Rest contented :

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within : my will 's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation
Does it to be o'ercome.

Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping : should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

O. Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united ;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man ! Oh, what could move the
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish !

Agnes. By what means ?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death ?

O. Wil. Why, what a fiend !
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee !

Agnes. Barbarous man !
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.

The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains !
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then ?
Thou cruel husband ! thou unnatural father !
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man !
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son ;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.

O. Wil. Dry thy tears :
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much : so have we both.
But chide no more : I 'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear ;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. What shall I use ?

Agnes. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.

O. Wil. No.

'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*]
Or I 'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch !
Thy thoughts are perishing ; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He 'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch : to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then ?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He 's to be envied, if compared with me.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The comedies of CONGREVE abound more than any others, perhaps, in the English language, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. The life of this eminent dramatic writer was a happy and prosperous one. He was born at Bardsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and baptised February 10, 1669-70. He was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated—first at Kilkenny School, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. He studied law in the Middle Temple, but began early to write for the stage. His *Old Bachelor* was produced in January 1692-3, and acted with great applause. Lord Halifax conferred appointments on him in the customs and other departments of public service, worth £600 per annum. Other plays soon appeared : the *Double Dealer* in 1694 ; *Love for Love* in 1695 ; the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, in 1697 ; and the *Way of the World* in 1700. In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems, of which one little piece, *Doris*, is worthy of his fame ; and his good-fortune still following him, he obtained, on the accession of George I. the office of secretary for the island of Jamaica, which raised his emoluments to about £1200 per annum. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author ; and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' A complaint in the eyes, which terminated in total blindness, afflicted Congreve in his latter days : he died at his house in London on the 19th of January 1729-30. Dryden complimented Congreve as one whom every muse and grace adorned ; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the *Iliad*. What higher literary honours could have been paid a poet whose laurels were all gained, or at least planted, by the age of thirty ? One incident in the history of Congreve is too remarkable to be omitted. He contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great duke), sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death, he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady. The duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much

better would it have been to have given it to Mrs Bracegirdle,' said Young the poet and clergyman. Mrs Bracegirdle was an actress with whom Congreve had been very intimate for many years. The duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury, and other men of high consideration. The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the deceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotedness than her taste. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax-doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout. This idol of fashion and literature has been removed by the just award of posterity from the high place he once occupied. His plays are generally without poetry or imagination, and his comic genius is inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glittering artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or of poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose or sentiment. The *Mourning Bride*, Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It has the stiffness of the French school, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and language. The opening lines have often been quoted:

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr Johnson considered the following extract as forming the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any one in Shakspeare!

Description of a Cathedral.

ALMERIA—LEONORA.

Almeria. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen.

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquilly. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

In Congreve's comedies there is a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art. Nothing shews more forcibly the taste or inclination of the present day for the poetry of nature and passion, instead of the conventional world of our ancestors in the drama, than the neglect into which the works of Congreve have fallen, even as literary productions.

Gay Young Men upon Town.—From the 'Old Bachelor.'

BELMOUR—VAINLOVE.

Belmour. Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good-morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

Vainlove. Belmour, good-morrow. Why, truth on 't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir—[*Shewing letters*—and business must be followed, or be lost.

Bel. Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark

Vain. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

Bel. Ay, what else has meaning?

Vain. Oh, the wise will tell you—

Bel. More than they believe or understand.

Vain. How; how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

Bel. Ay, ay, wisdom is nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six foot deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell—

Vain. In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that 's thy element, Ned.

A Swaggering Bully and Boaster.—From the same.

SIR JOSEPH WITTOL—SHARPER—CAPTAIN BLUFF.

Sir Joseph. Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully, my back; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir Jos. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright. But—

Bluff. But! Look you here, boy; here's your antidote; here's your Jesuit's powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye; is he of mettle?

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Sir Jos. Ay, bully, a smart fellow; and will fight like a cock.

Bluff. Say you so? Then I'll honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

Sir Jos. I don't know; but I'll present you.

Bluff. I'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hilts.

Sharper. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

Bluff. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws!

Sir Jos. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

Sharper. Ay, sir, my name's Sharper.

Sir Jos. Pray, Mr Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

Sharper. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharper. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluff. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

Sharper. Not I, really, sir.

Bluff. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

Sharper. Not I, sir; no more than public papers or Gazettes tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why, there again now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of. I won't say had the greatest share in't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Noll Bluff had not been in the land of the living.

Sharper. Strange!

Sir Jos. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

Bluff. Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

Sharper. Impudent rogue. [Aside.]

Sir Jos. Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he would put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluff. Oh, fie no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

Sir Jos. Let me but tell Mr Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluff. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir Jos. Look you now, I tell you he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave— [Angrily.]

Sir Jos. I am dumb.

Bluff. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr Sharper. This sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause.

Sir Jos. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

Bluff. Zounds! sir, it is a lie; you have not seen it, nor sha'n't see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d'ye say to that, now?

Sir Jos. I am blind.

Bluff. Death! had any other man interrupted me.

Sir Jos. Good Mr Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharper. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

Bluff. Oh, I am calm, sir; calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

Sir Jos. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jos. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

Scandal and Literature in High Life.—From 'The Double Dealer.'

CYNTHIA—LORD and LADY FROTH—BRISK.

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heaven's charioteer.'

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [Pulls out a paper.] Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [Reads]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shews his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. More or less.

Lady F. [Reads]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;

There he's secure from danger of a bilk ;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad ! But I have one exception to make : don't you think *bilk*—I know it's a good rhyme—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman ?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he ? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism ; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.'

Lady F. I will ; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish !

Lord Froth. Hee, hee, hee ! my dear, have you done ? Won't you join with us ? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you ? Oh ! filthy Mr Sneer ; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsome fop. Foh ! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O silly ! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who ? my Lady Toothless ? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle ; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F. Foh !

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak ; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad ! Ha, ha, ha !

Cynthia. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady ; I can't hit of her name ; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d' ye say ? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish !

Lady F. Oh ! you made a song upon her, Mr Brisk.

Brisk. Heh ? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good, my lord ; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces ;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one ;
Shall I tell you how ?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one ;
Where's the wonder now ?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in't. My way of writing, egad !

From Love for Love.

ANGELICA—SIR SAMPSON LEGEND—TATTLE—MRS FRAIL—MISS PRUE—BEN LEGEND and SERVANT.*

Ben. Where's father ?

Servant. There, sir ; his back's towards you.

* In the character of *Ben*, Congreve gave the first humorous and natural representation of the English sailor, afterwards so fertile and amusing a subject of delineation with Smollett and other novelists and dramatists.

Sir Sampson. My son, Ben ! Bless thee, my dear boy ; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father ; and I'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy ; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so ; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir S. And so thou shalt. Mrs Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here ; about ship i' faith. [*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

Tattle. Sir, you are welcome ashore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ay, ay, been ! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do you all at home ? How does brother Dick and brother Val ?

Sir S. Dick ! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years ; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true : marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. Well, and how ? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you be not married again, father, be you ?

Sir S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben ; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify ?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again ; so there's one for t' other, an that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hinderance ; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs Frail. That would be a pity ; such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome ! hee, hee, hee ; nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land : I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d' ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben's a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d' ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life ; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag ! Ben's a very wag ! only a little rough ; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs F. Not at all ; I like his humour mightily ; it's plain and honest ; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth ? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress ! would you like going to sea ? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and top-gallant, by the mess.

Mrs F. No ? why so ?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water ; hee, hee, hee.

Angelica. I swear Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature—an absolute sea-wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts ; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

Ben. No ; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry ; I mean all in good part ; for if I give a jest, I take a jest ; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir ; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tattle. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*Aside to Miss.*

Sir S. Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss Prue. I can't abide to be left alone; may not my cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no; come, let us away.

Ben. Look you, father; mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

BEN and MISS PRUE.

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you.

Miss Prue. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll leave off to please you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d' ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another. Now, for my part, d' ye see, I'm for carrying things above-board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to 's face. If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will. I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d' ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will; you great sea-calf.

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark

that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let'n, let'n, let'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt-eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. 'I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said Mr Thackeray, in one of his admirable lectures; 'and my feelings were rather like those which I daresay most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicero twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!'

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH united what Leigh Hunt calls the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived the *Provoked Wife* or the *Relapse*; yet the latter were highly popular once; and even Pope, though he admits his want of *grace*, says that he never wanted *wit*. Vanbrugh was the son of a successful sugar-baker, who rose to be an esquire, and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. It is doubtful whether the dramatist was born in the French Bastille, or the parish of St Stephen's, Walbrook. The time of his birth was about the year 1666, when Louis XIV. declared war against England. It is certain he was in France at the age of nineteen, and remained there some years. In 1695, he was appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital; and two years afterwards appeared his play of the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife*; *Æsop*, the *False Friend*, the *Confederacy*, and other dramatic pieces followed. Vanbrugh was now highly popular. He made his design of Castle Howard in 1702, and Lord Carlisle appointed him Clarendieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office which gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the

habit and ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George I. and appointed comptroller of the royal works. He died, aged sixty, in 1726. At the time of his death, Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, the *Provoked Husband*, which Colley Cibber finished with equal talent. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design, Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honour to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of Vanbrugh.

As a dramatist, the first thing in his plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the *Relapse*, is the original of most of those empty coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion. When he loses his mistress, he consoles himself with this reflection: ‘Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [Aloud.] Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—split my windpipe!’

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the *Provoked Wife*, the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick’s famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hot-bed delicacies of London fashion and extravagance. Such were the scenes that delighted our playgoing ancestors, and which may still please us, like old stiff family portraits in their grotesque habiliments, as pictures of a departed generation.

These portraits of Vanbrugh’s were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet, on the whole, they are characteristic likenesses. The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial features. ‘The licence of the times,’ as Mr Leigh Hunt remarks, ‘allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;’ but, like Dryden, he repented of these indiscretions; and if he had lived, would have united his easy wit and nature to scenes inculcating sentiments of honour and virtue.

Picture of the Life of a Woman of Fashion.

SIR JOHN BRUTE, in the *Provoked Wife*, disguised in his lady’s dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship’s common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o’clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I’m strolled to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don’t come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

Justice. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Justice. So, madam.

Sir John. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat’s all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Justice. Poor man!

Sir John. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I live.

Justice. So! there’s the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Sir John. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven’s the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

Justice. Mercy on us, Mr Constable! What will this age come to?

Constable. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

Fable.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
 Attacked a lady’s heart together.
 The Band in a most learned plea,
 Made up of deep philosophy,
 Told her if she would please to wed
 A reverend beard, and take, instead
 Of vigorous youth,
 Old solemn truth,
 With books and morals, into bed,
 How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
 What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
 On care, and pains, and industry:
 And truly he must be so free
 To own he thought your airy beaux,
 With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
 Were good for nothing—mend his soul!
 But prate, and talk, and play the fool.
 He said ’twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
 And that to be the dearest wife
 Of one who laboured all his life
 To make a mine of gold his own,
 And not spend sixpence when he’d done,
 Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d' ye see,
The Feather—as it might be me—
Steps, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport.

It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together!

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678-1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the *Constant Couple* in 1700; the *Inconstant* in 1703; the *Stage-coach* in 1704; the *Twin Rivals* in 1705; the *Recruiting Officer* in 1706; and the *Beaux' Stratagem* in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression: 'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine—GEORGE FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the utmost indigence.

The *Beaux' Stratagem* is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing; and the female characters, though as free-spoken, if not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the *Recruiting Officer*, is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the ripe wit of Congreve, or of our best comic writers. He was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required in all cases the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into

all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume in his writings all the airs of the most received town ascendancy; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best condition, and could have gone on for ever, increasing both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favourable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

Humorous Scene at an Inn.

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

Boniface. This way, this way, sir.
Aimwell. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh, Mr Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see— Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*—] Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*]—My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not— Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her— But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.

From the 'Recruiting Officer.'

SCENE—The Market-place.

Drum beats the Grenadiers' March. Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the Mob.

Kite. [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment.

[*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good-fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Costar. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Thomas. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound!—ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? then I find, brother—

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though, I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then!—huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting. Drum beating the Grenadier's March.*]

SCENE—The Street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.

Over, &c. [*The Mob sing the chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away.

Over, &c.

Kite. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now an't we?

Tho. No, sergeant ; I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No !

Tho. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

Kite. A justice-of-peace, man !

Tho. Ay, wauns will I ; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done ; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I ?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen !

Cost. Ay, of England ; that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith ! *Huzza* for the queen [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you, Mr Justice, and you, Mr Queen, did you ever see the king's picture ?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that ; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty ; God bless the mark !—see here, they are set in gold.

[*Taking two broad pieces out of his pocket ; presents one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature ! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about ? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus ! what's that, sergeant ?

Kite. Oh, Carolus ! why, Carolus is Latin for King George ; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this ? I'll buy it on you, if it come withiu the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown ! never talk of buying ; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both : you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away. [*They sing, and put up the money.*]

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing.

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain ;
The king commands, and we 'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it ; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads ?

Kite. Off with your hats ; 'ounds ! off with your hats ; this is the captain ; and the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh ! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant ?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king ; I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have : volunteers are the men I want ; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, Tummas, what's this ! are you listed ?

Tho. Flesh ! not I : are you, Costar ?

Cost. Wounds ! not I.

Kite. What ! not listed ? ha, ha, ha ! a very good jest, i' faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home ! for shame, gentlemen ; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas ! honest Costar !

Tho. No, no ; we 'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay : I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's ; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant ? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir ; they disobey command, sir ;

and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither ; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot ; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money ?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds ! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I : look ye here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea ; one-and-twenty shillings ; 't other has the fellow on 't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen : the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So, it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin ?

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh ; but we an't, Tummas : I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*]

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite ; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this ; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks ; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 't would be downright perjurion.

Plume. Look ye, rascal, you villain ! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog ! Come, how was it ?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue ; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon ; and—

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak ; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How ? by way of a present ? the rascal ! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain !

[*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave noble captain ! huzza ! A brave captain, faith !

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds ! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now ? Here you have complained to the captain ; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd ?

Both. I.

Kite. March, you scoundrels ! [*Beats them off.*]

COLLEY CIBBER—STEELE—PHILIPS—AARON HILL—MRS CENTLIVRE.

Among the other successful writers for the stage may be instanced COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757), an actor and manager, whose comedy, the *Careless Husband*, is still deservedly a favourite. Cibber was a lively amusing writer, and his *Apology for his Life* is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language.—SIR RICHARD STEELE was also a dramatist, and obtained from George I. a patent, appointing him manager and governor

of the royal company of comedians.—The *Distrest Mother*, translated from Racine, was brought out by AMBROSE PHILLIPS, the friend of Addison, and was highly successful.—AARON HILL adapted the *Zara* of Voltaire to the English theatre, and wrote some original dramas, which entitled him, no less than his poems, to the niche he has obtained in the *Dunciad*.—A more legitimate comic writer appeared in MRS SUSANNA CENTLIVRE (1667–1723), whose life and writings were immoral, but who possessed considerable dramatic skill and talent. Her comedies, the *Busy Body*, *The Wonder—A Woman keeps a Secret*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are still favourite acting plays. Her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Mrs Centlivre had been some time an actress, and her experience had been of service to her in writing for the stage. Her plays have recently (1873) been collected and published in four volumes.

PROSE LITERATURE.

ESSAYISTS.

The literature of France had the delightful essays of Montaigne, and, a century later, the *Characters* of La Bruyère, in which the artificial life of the court of Louis XIV. was portrayed with fidelity and satirical effect; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that any English writer ventured to undertake a periodical work in which he should meet the public with a paper on some topic of the day, exposing fashionable folly, or insinuating instruction in the form of tale, allegory, or anecdote. The honour of originating this branch of literature is due to Daniel Defoe, who on 19th February 1704 commenced a literary and political journal, entitled *The Review*, which he continued for about nine years, publishing for the first year twice a week, and afterwards thrice—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—the days in which the post left London for the country. Defoe aimed at being a censor of manners; he lashed the vices of the age, wrote also light and pleasant papers, and descanted on subjects of trade and commerce. His *Review* was highly popular. But it was not till Steele and Addison took the field that the essay assumed universal interest and importance, and exercised a great and beneficial influence on the morality, the piety, social manners, and intelligence of the British public.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The life of Addison we have already sketched. Steele was of English parentage, but born in Dublin, March 12, 1671–2. His father held the office of Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond; and through Ormond's influence, Richard Steele was placed in the Charterhouse, London. There he met Addison, just the same age as himself, and a close intimacy was formed between them, one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always regarded Addison with respect approaching to veneration.

'Through the school and through the world,' as Mr Thackeray has said, 'whithersoever his strange fortune led this crring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head-boy.' They were together at Oxford, Steele having been entered of Merton College in 1692. He remained there three years, but left without taking a degree; and becoming enamoured of the military profession, but unable to obtain a commission, he entered as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich relation in Ireland threatened to disinherit him if he took this step, but Steele, 'preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune,' enlisted, and *was* disinherited. In the army, he was soon a favourite; he obtained a cornetcy, became secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of captain. He then plunged into the fashionable vices and follies of the age, at the same time acquiring that knowledge of life and character which proved so serviceable to him when he exchanged the sword for the pen. As a check on his irregularities—a self-monitor—Steele wrote a treatise, called the *Christian Hero*, which he published in 1701. His gay associates did not relish this semi-religious work (which abounds in fine characteristic passages), and not being himself very deeply impressed by his own reasoning and pious examples, he set about writing a comedy, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, which was performed at Drury Lane in 1702 with great success. Next year he produced another play, the *Tender Husband*, and in 1704 the *Lying Lover*, which proved to be too grave a comedy for the public taste. The ill success of this piece deterred him from attempting the stage again until 1722, when he achieved his great dramatic triumph by the production of the *Conscious Lovers*.

Steele was now a popular and fashionable man upon town. The Whig minister, Harley, conferred upon him the office of Gazetteer and Gentleman-Usher to Prince George; he had married a wife who died soon afterwards, leaving him an estate in Barbadoes, and his second marriage with 'Molly Scurlock' added to his fortune. But Steele lived expensively, and was never free from pecuniary difficulties. His letters to his wife—of which about 400 have been preserved, forming the most singular correspondence ever published—shew that he was familiar with duns and bailiffs, with misery, folly, and repentance. Addison upon one occasion lent him £1000, which was repaid within a twelvemonth; but another loan from the same friend is said to have been reclaimed by an execution, and Addison has been condemned for harshness. To his friend, Benjamin Victor, Steele related the case. His bond on some expensive furniture was put in force, but from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shewn.* The warning was little heeded—Steele had a long succession of troubles and embarrassments, but nothing could depress the elastic gaiety of his spirits. In 1709, a happy project suggested itself. His office of Gazetteer gave him a command of early foreign

* See Forster's *Essays*—Sir Richard Steele.

intelligence, and following up Defoe's scheme of a thrice-a-week journal on the post-days, combining news and literature, he organised the *Tatler*, the first number of which appeared on the 12th of April 1709. Swift had, by his ridicule of Partridge the almanac-maker, made the name of Isaac Bickerstaff familiar; Steele adopted it for his new work, and thus, as he said, 'gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit, while the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of readers.' Addison also came to his aid. He sent him hints from Ireland, and after the 80th number, became a regular contributor. 'I fared,' says Steele, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Some of the most charming of Addison's essays appear in the *Tatler*, but Steele stamped its character on the work as a gentle censor of manners and morals, a corrector of the public taste, and a delightful exponent of English society and English feeling. He aimed at high objects—'to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' That the careless and jovial 'Dick Steele' should set about such a task is only another illustration of the contradictions and incongruities in his character. His happy genius, however, carried him over all difficulties. The *Tatler* was continued regularly thrice a week, price one penny each number, until the 2d of January 1710-11. By this time the Tories were triumphant; Steele lost his appointment of Gazetteer; but his success as an essayist inspired him with ambition, and on the 1st of March 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, which was to be published daily. The design was carried out, with unexampled success through 555 numbers, terminating on the 6th of December 1712. In 1714, the *Spectator* was resumed, and eighty numbers—forming an eighth volume—added. In its most prosperous period, when Bolingbroke thought to curb the press by imposing a stamp on each sheet, the *Spectator* doubled its price, yet maintained its popularity, and paid government on account of the half-penny stamp a sum of £29 each week. It had also a circulation of about 10,000 in volumes. Of the excellent effects produced by the essays of Steele and Addison, we possess the evidence not only of the improved state of society and literature which afterwards prevailed, but likewise the testimony of writers contemporary with the authors themselves. All speak of a decided and marked improvement. The *Spectator* ceased in December 1712, and in the March following appeared the *Guardian*, which was also issued daily. It extended to 175 numbers, or two volumes. Pope, Berkeley, Budgell, and other friends, aided Steele in this new work, but Addison was again his principal assistant. Of the 271 papers in the *Tatler*, Steele wrote 188, Addison, 42, and both conjoined, 36. Of 635 *Spectators*, Addison wrote 274, Steele, 240; and of 175 *Guardians*, Steele wrote 82, and Addison, 53. At various intervals during his busy life, Steele attempted other periodicals on the same plan—as the *Englishman* (which was chiefly political, and extended to 57 numbers), the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Plebeian*, the *Theatre*, &c.—but these

were short-lived productions, and had little influence either on his fame or fortune.

Political controversy now raged. Swift assailed Steele with witty malice and virulence, and the patriotism of Steele prevailed over his interest, for he resigned an appointment he had received as commissioner of stamps, and threw himself into political warfare with disinterested but headlong zeal. He obtained a seat in parliament as member for Stockbridge, spoke warmly in support of the Protestant succession, which he conceived to be in danger, and published a pamphlet, entitled the *Crisis*, which contained 'some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor.' For these insinuations against the Protestantism of the government, Steele was expelled the House of Commons by a majority of 245 against 152 votes. The death of Queen Anne, however, humbled his opponents; and in the new reign, Steele received a place in the household—Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians—was placed in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and knighted by King George I. Through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he entered parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and was an active politician and debater. In 1717, he visited Edinburgh, as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, and whilst there, he is said on one occasion to have given a splendid entertainment to a multitude of decayed tradesmen and beggars collected from the streets! In 1718, he published an account of a patent scheme he had devised, called *The Fish-pool*, for conveying salmon and other fish alive from Ireland to the London market. In 1719, he opposed the Peerage Bill, by which it was sought to fix permanently the number of peers, and prohibit the crown from making any new creations except to replace extinct families. On this question he was opposed by Addison, but Steele had the advantage in point of argument, and the bill was thrown out. In this controversy, Addison is said to have sneered at his friend under the name of 'Little Dicky.' The allusion, however, has been misunderstood, as Lord Macaulay maintains; the matter is doubtful; but the friends had parted never to meet again: Addison sunk into his premature grave before any reconciliation took place. Next year, Steele honourably distinguished himself against the South-sea Scheme; he again took an active part in theatrical affairs, and wrote his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers* (1722); but his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he retired to a seat in Wales, left him by his second wife, where he died on the 1st of September 1729. He was almost forgotten by his contemporaries; but posterity has done justice to his talents and virtues—to his overflowing kindness of heart, and the spontaneous graces and charm of his writings.

As an essayist, Steele is remarkable for the vivacity and ease of his composition. He tried all subjects; was a humorist, a satirist, a critic, and story-teller. His *Inkle and Yarico*, and other tales in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, are exquisite for their simple pathos. His pictures of life and society have the stamp of reality. They are often imperfectly finished, and present trivial and incongruous details, but they abound in inimitable touches. His elevated conception of the female character has justly been remarked as distinguishing him from most writers of his age. His gallantry to

women was a pure and chivalrous devotion. Of one lady he said that 'to love her was a liberal education'—one of the most felicitous compliments ever paid. Steele had also great fertility of invention, both as respects incident and character. His personages are drawn with dramatic spirit, and with a liveliness and airy facility that blind the reader to his defects of style. The Spectator Club, with its fine portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, &c. will ever remain a monument of the felicity of his fancy, and his power of seizing upon the shades and peculiarities of character. If Addison heightened the humour and interest of the different scenes, to Steele belongs the merit of the original design, and the first conception of the actors.

The following extracts will shew something of Steele's manner, though not his versatility :

Love, Grief, and Death.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.

Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with

the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificance. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he

has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

Quack Advertisements.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails.

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea-voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a

twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

Story-telling.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack'; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I

found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion of dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'

Story of Unnion and Valentine.

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincet, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he, expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy: 'Ah, Valentine, can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying: 'Ah, Valentine, was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee!' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still

calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

From the essays of Addison we subjoin some extracts. We have already spoken of the prose style of Addison, and Dr Johnson's eulogium on it has almost passed into a proverb in the history of our literature. 'Whoever wishes,' says the critic and moralist, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' There he will find a rich but chaste vein of humour and satire—lessons of morality and religion divested of all austerity and gloom—criticism at once pleasing and ingenious—and pictures of national character and manners that must ever charm from their vivacity and truth. The mind of Addison was so happily constituted, that all its faculties appear to have been in healthy vigour and due proportion, and to have been under the control of correct taste and principles. Greater energy of character, or a more determined hatred of vice and tyranny, would have curtailed his usefulness as a public censor. He led the nation gently and insensibly to a love of virtue and constitutional freedom, to a purer taste in morals and literature, and to the importance of those everlasting truths which so warmly engaged his heart and imagination. The national taste and circumstances have so much changed during the last century and a half, that these essays, inimitable as they are, have become antiquated, and are little read. Among the other prose works of the essayist are *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy in the years 1701, 1702, 1703*, in which he has considered the passages of the ancient poets that have any relation to the places and curiosities he saw. The style of this early work is remarkable for its order and simplicity, but seldom rises into eloquence. He wrote also *Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in Relation to the Latin and Greek Poets*, a treatise uniting patient research and originality of thought and conception. The learning of Addison is otherwise displayed in his unfinished treatise on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, in which he reviews the heathen philosophers and historians who advert to the spread of Christianity, and also touches on a part of the subject now more fully illustrated—the fulfilment of the Scripture prophecies. The *Whig Examiners* of Addison (five in number) are clever, witty, party productions. He ridicules his opponents without bitterness or malice, yet with a success that far outstripped competition. When we consider that this great ornament of our literature died at the age of forty-seven, and that the greater part of his manhood was spent in the discharge of important official duties, we are equally surprised at the extent of his information and the variety and richness of his genius.

The Political Upholsterer.

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of

importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Postman*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer! I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter. He told me no: 'But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The *Daily Courant*,' says he, 'has these words: We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the *Postboy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the *Postman*,' says he, 'who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince,' says the upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be'— Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.*

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon the extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen: Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found, by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him a half-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the

* The prince here alluded to so mysteriously was the son of James II.

summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed beneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects

which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, inasmuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be

feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I: 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would

end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacco-shop, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried: 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimple were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t' other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III, was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stole away several years since; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old

friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Genealogy of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humour. Humour therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

Ned Softly.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

'To Mira, on her incomparable poems.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt; every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it), as ever entered into the thought of a poet.'

'Dear Mr Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's

translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine.

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.'
'To which I replied: 'I know your meaning; a metaphor!'

'The same,' said he, and went on:

'And tune your soft melodious notes.

'Pray, observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.'

'Truly,' said I, 'I think it is as good as the former.'

'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind the next.'

You seem a sister of the Nine.

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them.'

'I remember it very well,' said I; 'but pray proceed.'

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar in petticoats?

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.'

'I fancy, when your song you sing.

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, "Your song you sing;" or, "You sing your song." You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
You sing your song with so much art.'

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it.'

'Dear sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing.'

'Think!' says I, 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.'

'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter:

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that "Ah!" Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? "Ah!" It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Eway,' continued he, 'assured me he would rather have written that "Ah!" than to have been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I

made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that'—

'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

The Works of Creation.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of

nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one

glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. ‘Oh that I knew where I might find him!’ says Job. ‘Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.’ In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty’s omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

EUSTACE BUDGELL.

EUSTACE BUDGELL (1685-1737) was a relation of Addison—his mother being Addison’s cousin-german. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State, and a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament. Thirty-seven numbers of the *Spectator* are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr Johnson says that these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own, there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion. It is true that the style and humour resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were much together, a successful attempt on Budgell’s part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. In 1717, Budgell, who was a man of extreme vanity and vindictive feeling, had the impudence to lampoon the Irish viceroy, by whom he had been deeply offended; the result of which was his dismissal from office, and return to England. During the prevalence of the South-sea Scheme, he lost a fortune by speculation, and in attempts to gain a seat in the House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer and an advocate of infidelity. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by a charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. By the will of Dr Matthew Tindal, it appeared that a legacy of £2000 had been left to Budgell. The will was set aside and the unhappy author disgraced. It is to this circumstance that Pope alludes in the couplet:

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate’er he please—except my will.

Some years afterwards, this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, deliberately committed suicide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. This took place in 1737. There was found in his bureau a slip of paper, on which he had written:

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.

But in this he of course misrepresented Addison, who has put the following words into the mouth of the dying Cato:

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I’ve been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The contributions of Budgell to the *Spectator* are distinguished by the letter X.

The Art of Growing Rich.

The subject of my present paper I intend as an essay on ‘The ways to raise a man’s fortune, or the art of growing rich.’

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift; all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied: ‘That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If,’ says he, ‘I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.’

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or, at least, are not content to be getting an estate unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry

and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or, 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poison for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poison for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been so well able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

JOHN HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES (1677-1720) was another frequent contributor to the *Spectator*. He wrote two papers and several letters in the *Tatler*, eleven papers and thirteen letters in the *Spectator*, and two papers in the *Guardian*. The high reputation which he at one time enjoyed as a writer of verse, has now justly declined. In translation, however, both in poetry and prose, he made some successful efforts. Of several dramatic pieces which he produced, *The Siege of Damascus* is the best. Addison had a high opinion of the dramatic talent of Hughes, and even requested him to write a conclusion to his tragedy of *Cato*, which had lain long past him in an incomplete state. But shortly afterwards Addison 'took fire himself, and went through with the fifth act.' The reputation of Hughes was well sustained by the manner in which he edited the works of Spenser. The virtues of this estimable person—who died at the age of forty-three—were affectionately commemorated by Sir Richard Steele in a publication called *The Theatre*.

THEOLOGIANs AND METAPHYSICIANs.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

DR RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742) was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. He was the son of a small farmer near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. He was afterwards appointed preacher of the lecture instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton as illustrations of his argument, and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. This controversy we have spoken of in the notice of Sir William Temple (*ante*, p. 458). Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established his position that the epistles are spurious, while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents. Bentley was afterwards made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1716 he was also appointed regius professor of divinity. He published editions of Horace, Terence, and Phædrus. The talent he had displayed in making emendations on the classics tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's *Paradise Lost* in the same spirit. He assumed, without the slightest authority, that Milton's text had been tampered with, owing to his blindness. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment, while it is doubtful if he could ever have entered into the loftier conceptions and sublime flights of the English poet. His edition was a decided failure. Some of his emendations destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

No light, but rather darkness visible,

Bentley renders :

No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

Another fine Miltonic passage :

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements,

is reduced into prose as follows :

Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley died at Cambridge in 1742. He seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college-life was spent in continual war with all who were officially connected with him. He is said one day, on finding his son reading a novel, to have remarked : 'Why read a book that you cannot quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his literary studies.

Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.

We confess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals ; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm : so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it ; is defended and supported by it ; and indeed cannot continue, in the apostle's description (James, i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church : that we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop ; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread ; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties ; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason ; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv.) Moses was shewn by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them ; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions ; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between

what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY (1662-1732), an Oxford divine and zealous high-churchman, was one of the combatants in the critical warfare with Bentley about the epistles of Phalaris. Originally tutor to Lord Orrery, he was, in 1713, rewarded for his Tory zeal by being named Bishop of Rochester. Under the new dynasty and Whig government, his zeal carried him into treasonable practices, and in 1722 he was apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in a plot to restore the Pretender, and was committed to the Tower. A bill of pains and penalties was preferred against him ; he made an eloquent defence, but was deposed and outlawed. Atterbury now went into exile, and resided first at Brussels, and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke, and his other Jacobite friends, till his death. The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate, consisted of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was extensive. His style is easy and elegant, and he was a very impressive preacher. The good taste of Atterbury is seen in his admiration of Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the applause of the great poet. His letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower, April 10, 1723 :

DEAR SIR—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me ; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did ; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It ever can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both ! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects ; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever-affectionate, &c.

'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

Atterbury, however, was clearly guilty. He afterwards became, like Bolingbroke, the chief

counsellor and director of the exiled court, and strove in vain to infuse some of his own turbulent energy into the feeble mind of the Chevalier. He organised a plan for raising the Highland clans, and a special envoy was despatched from Rome, but the scheme miscarried. Though ready to plunge his country into civil war, Atterbury regarded it with tenderness :

Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,
Broken with years and pain ; yet my firm heart
Regards my friends and country e'en in death.

Usefulness of Church-Music.

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration ; that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians ; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hinderances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hinderances of devotion are removed, particularly these three ; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with ; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service ; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labour under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas ! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses : by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indeavour and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David : ' My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed ; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it ; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of church-music.

For the same reason, those accidental distractions that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions ; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see and to be seen here, will often gain their point ; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwary. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations, will arise and prevail ; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hinderance sometimes to the devotion which it was

meant to feed and raise ; for, alas ! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties ; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us : ' What ! can ye not watch with me one hour ? ' This infirmity is relieved, this hinderance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion ; it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship ; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness ; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greated by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship.

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion ; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object ; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them ; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion ; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves ; and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends ; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven ; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church-music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it ; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it, does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and

holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetic a manner concerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God?' The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven; we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church-music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity to these holy assailants.

DR SAMUEL CLARKE.

DR SAMUEL CLARKE, a distinguished divine, scholar, and metaphysician, was born at Norwich—which his father represented in parliament—on the 11th of October 1675. His powers of reflection and abstraction are said to have been developed when a mere boy. His biographer, Whiston, relates that 'one of his parents asked him, when very young, whether God could do everything. He answered, Yes. He was asked again, whether God could tell a lie. He answered, No. And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was anything else which God could not do—while yet he well remembered that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind that there was one thing which God could not do—that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher. At Caius' College, Cambridge, Clarke cultivated natural philosophy with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's *Physics*, with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was at that time the textbook in the university. Four editions of Clarke's translation were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted. Having entered the church, Clarke found a patron and friend in Dr Moore, bishop of Norwich, and was appointed his chaplain. Between the years 1699 and 1702, he published several theological essays on baptism, repentance, &c. and executed paraphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These tracts were afterwards published in two volumes. The bishop next gave him a living at Norwich; and his reputation stood so high, that in 1704 he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. His boyish musings on eternity and space were now revived. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the *Being and Attributes of God*; and the second year he chose the *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion*.

The lectures were published in two volumes, and attracted notice and controversy from their containing Clarke's celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a *Scholium* annexed to Newton's *Principia*. According to Sir Isaac and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must exist of necessity also. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind. Professor Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where he was lost in the clouds, admits the grandness of the conception, and its connection with the principles of natural religion. 'For when once we have established, from the evidences of design everywhere manifested around us, the existence of an intelligent and powerful *cause*, we are unavoidably led to apply to this cause our conceptions of *immensity and eternity*, and to conceive *Him* as filling the infinite extent of both with his presence and with his power. Hence we associate with the idea of God those awful impressions which are naturally produced by the idea of infinite space, and perhaps still more by the idea of endless duration. Nor is this all. It is from the immensity of space that the notion of infinity is originally derived; and it is hence that we transfer the expression, by a sort of metaphor, to other subjects. When we speak, therefore, of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, our notions, if not wholly borrowed from space, are at least greatly aided by this analogy; so that the conceptions of immensity and eternity, if they do not of themselves *demonstrate* the existence of God, yet necessarily enter into the ideas we form of his nature and attributes.* How beautifully has Pope clothed this magnificent conception in verse!—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The followers of Spinoza built their pernicious theory upon the same argument of endless space; but Pope has spiritualised the idea by placing God as the soul of all, and Clarke's express object was to shew that the subtleties they had advanced *against* religion, might be better employed in its favour. Yet Whiston only repeated a simple and obvious truth when he told Clarke that in the commonest weed in his garden were contained better arguments for the being and attributes of the Deity than in all his metaphysics.

The next subject that engaged the studies of Clarke was a *Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul*, in reply to Mr Henry Dodwell and Collins. He also translated Newton's *Optics* into Latin, and was rewarded by his guide, philosopher, and friend with a present of £500. In 1709, he obtained the rectory of St James's, Westminster, took his degree of D.D. and was

* Stewart's Dissertation, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

made chaplain in ordinary to the queen. In 1712, he edited a splendid edition of Caesar's *Commentaries*, with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*. The latter involved him in considerable trouble with the church authorities; for Clarke espoused the Arian doctrine, which he also advocated in a series of sermons. He next appeared as a controversialist with Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had represented to the Princess of Wales, afterwards the queen-consort of George II. that the Newtonian philosophy was not only physically false, but injurious to religion. Sir Isaac Newton, at the request of the princess, entered the list on the mathematical part of the controversy, and left the philosophical part of it to Dr Clarke. The result was triumphant for the English system; and Clarke, in 1717, collected and published the papers which had passed between him and Leibnitz. In 1724, he put to press a series of sermons, seventeen in number. Many of them are excellent, but others are tinged with his metaphysical predilections. He aimed at rendering scriptural principle a precept conformable to what he calls eternal reason and the fitness of things, and hence his sermons have failed in becoming popular or useful. 'He who aspires,' says Robert Hall, 'to a reputation that shall survive the vicissitudes of opinion and of time, must aim at some other character than that of a metaphysician.' In his practical sermons, however, there is much sound and admirable precept. In 1727, Dr Clarke was offered, but declined, the appointment of Master of the Mint, vacant by the death of his illustrious friend, Newton. The situation was worth £1500 a year, and the disinterestedness and integrity of Clarke were strikingly evinced by his declining to accept an office of such honour and emoluments, because he could not reconcile himself to a secular employment. His conduct and character must have excited the admiration of the queen, for we learn from a satirical allusion in Pope's *Moral Epistle on the Use of Riches*—first published in 1731—that her majesty had placed a bust of Dr Clarke in her hermitage in the royal grounds. 'The doctor duly frequented the court,' says Pope in a note; 'but he should have added,' rejoins Warburton, 'with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.' In 1729, Clarke published the first twelve books of the *Iliad*, with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an *Exposition of the Church Catechism*, and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which took place on the 17th of May 1729. The various talents and learning of Dr Clarke, and his easy cheerful disposition, earned for him the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight, the natural result of his habits of mathematical study; and he has been justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his times. His moral doctrine—which supposes virtue to consist in the regulation of our conduct according to cer-

tain fitnesses which we perceive in things, or a peculiar congruity of certain relations to each other—being inconsequential unless we have previously distinguished the ends which are morally good from those that are evil, and limited the conformity to one of those classes, has been condemned by Dr Thomas Brown and Sir James Mackintosh.* His speculations were over-refined, and seem to have been coloured by his fondness for mathematical studies.

Natural and Essential Difference between Right and Wrong.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases—which yet are very far from occurring frequently—to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property

* See Brown's *Philosophy* and the *Dissertations* of Stewart and Mackintosh. Warburton, in his notes on Pope, thus sums up the moral doctrine: 'Dr Clarke and Wollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things; Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense; and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles, practical morality has been built by these different writers.' 'Thus has God been pleased,' adds Warburton, 'to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue; that men of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them; something that would hit their palate, satisfy their reason, or subdue their will. But this admirable provision for the support of virtue hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously twisted this threefold cord, and each running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and draw all to it.'—*Divine Legation*, Book i.

of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, or depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.

DR WILLIAM LOWTH.

DR WILLIAM LOWTH (1661-1732) was distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, and the liberality with which he communicated his stores to others. He published a *Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments* (1692), *Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures*, *Commentaries on the Prophets*, &c. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus for Potter's edition of that ancient author, remarks on Josephus for Hudson's edition, and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr Chandler in his *Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies*. His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Born in London, Dr Lowth took his degrees at Oxford, and experiencing the countenance and support of the bishop of Winchester, became the chaplain of that prelate, a prebend of the cathedral of Winchester, and rector of Buriton.

DR BENJAMIN HOADLY.

DR BENJAMIN HOADLY, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents and learning into the scale of Whig politics, at that time fiercely attacked by the Tory and Jacobite parties. Hoadly was born at Westerham, in Kent, in 1676. In 1706, while rector of St Peter's-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her majesty does not appear to have complied with this request; but her successor, George I. elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to the bench, Hoadly published a work against the non-jurors, and a sermon preached before the king at

St James's, on the *Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ*. The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which forty or fifty tracts were published. The Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure upon them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, and to impugn and impeach the regal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines—the excellent Sherlock among the number—forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the *Dunciad* :

To land and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here*.

The truth, however, is, that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.* The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition, and hence they have fallen into oblivion. He was author of several other works, as *Terms of Acceptance*, *Reasonableness of Conformity*, *Treatise on the Sacrament*, &c. A complete edition of his works was published by his son in three folio volumes (1773). There can be no doubt that the independent and liberal mind of Hoadly, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which then prevailed in the church of England. He died in 1761.

The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion

* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*.

of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to shew that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true

religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not—that is, of this world; of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

CHARLES LESLIE.

CHARLES LESLIE (1650-1722), author of a work still popular, *A Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, was a son of a bishop of Clogher, who is said to have been of a Scottish family. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied the law in London, but afterwards turned his attention to divinity, and in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and Deists, of which, however, none are now remembered besides the little treatise of which the title has been given, and which appeared in 1699. He also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart, to whose cause his talents and celebrity certainly lend no small lustre. Being for one of these publications obliged to leave the country, he repaired, in 1713, to the court of the Chevalier at Bar-le-Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and we are not therefore surprised to find him return in disgust to England in 1721. He soon after died at his house of Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan. The works of this remarkable man have been collected in seven volumes (Oxford, 1832), and it must be allowed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, the ingenuity of the arguments being only equalled by the keenness and pertinacity with which they are pursued.

BISHOP PATRICK—DR WATERLAND.

SYMON PATRICK (1626-1707), successively bishop of Chichester and Ely, was author of a series of Paraphrases and Commentaries on the historical and poetical portions of Scripture, from Genesis to the Song of Solomon, which extended to ten volumes, and were published between 1697 and 1710.

DANIEL WATERLAND (1683-1740) was elected a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in

1699. He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and successfully vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and Deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. He published also two volumes of *Sermons*. Waterland died archdeacon of Middlesex. A complete edition of his works, with a life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823.

WILLIAM WHISTON.

WILLIAM WHISTON (1667-1752) was an able but eccentric scholar, and so distinguished as a mathematician, that he was made deputy-professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards successor to Sir Isaac Newton, of whose principles he was one of the most successful expounders. Entering into holy orders, he became chaplain to the bishop of Norwich, rector of Lowestoft, &c. He was also appointed Boyle lecturer in the university, but was at length expelled for promulgating Arian opinions. He then went to London, where a subscription was made for him, and he delivered a series of lectures on astronomy. Towards the close of his life, Whiston became a Baptist, and believed that the millennium was approaching, when the Jews would all be restored. Had he confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have earned a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. His works are numerous. Besides a *Theory of the Earth*, in defence of the Mosaic account of the creation, published in 1696, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, he wrote an *Essay on the Revelation of St John* (1706), *Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies* (1708), *Primitive Christianity Revived*, five volumes (1712), *Memoirs of his Own Life* (1749-50), &c. An extract from the last-mentioned work is subjoined:

Whistonian Controversy.—Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr Pemberton gives the like

account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity; taking this postulatam, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semi-diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c. the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

DR WILLIAM NICOLSON—DR MATTHEW TINDAL —NICHOLAS TINDAL—DR HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX.

DR WILLIAM NICOLSON (1655-1727), successively bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and, lastly, archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and investigator of our early records. He published *Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland*—collected into one volume, in 1776—being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote *An Essay on the Border Laws, A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons, and A Description of Poland and Denmark*. The only professional works of Dr Nicolson are a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy.

DR MATTHEW TINDAL (1657-1733) was a zealous controversialist, in times when controversy was pursued with much keenness by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended in opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later

writers against revelation have drawn some of their weapons from the armoury of Tindal. Like Dryden and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James II. ; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate under William III. from whom he received a pension of £200 per annum. He wrote several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known is entitled *Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature* (1730). The tendency of this treatise is to discredit revealed religion : it was answered by Dr Waterland ; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work shortly before his death, but Dr Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication. After the death of Tindal, it appeared from his will that he had left a sum of £2000 to Budgell—already noticed as one of the writers of the *Spectator*—but this sum was so disproportioned to the testator's means, that Budgell was accused of forging the will, and Tindal's nephew got it set aside. The disgrace consequent on this transaction is supposed to have been the primary cause of Budgell's committing suicide. The nephew, NICHOLAS TINDAL (1687-1774), was a Fellow of Trinity College, and chaplain of Greenwich Hospital. He translated some works and was author of a continuation of Rapin's *History of England*.

Another of the sceptical writers of this period was JOHN TOLAND (1669-1722), author of *Christianity not Mysterious* (1696), a work which occasioned much controversy. He wrote various treatises on theological and historical subjects, and was a learned but pedantic student, always in trouble and difficulties. His works were never collected, and are now forgotten.

DR HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX (1648-1724) was author of a still popular and valuable work, the *Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament*, the first part of which was published in 1715, and the second in 1717. He wrote also a *Life of Mahomet* (1697), *Directions to Churchwardens* (1707), and *A Treatise on Tithes* (1710). Prideaux's *Connection* is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation, and it is invaluable to all students of divinity. Its author was highly respected for his learning and piety. He was archdeacon of Suffolk, and at one time Hebrew lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. His extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Two distinguished philosophical writers adorn this period, Shaftesbury and Berkeley. Both were accomplished and elegant authors, and both, in their opinions, influenced other minds. The *moral sense* of the former was adopted by Hutcheson, and the *idealism* of Berkeley was reproduced by Hume.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time, and in 1693 entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards, he repaired to Holland, and

cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return, he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honourable to his taste and feelings. His first publication was in 1708, *A Letter on Enthusiasm*, prompted by the extravagance of the French prophets, whose zeal had degenerated into intolerance. In 1709, appeared his *Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody*, and *Sensus Communis*, an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710, he published another slight work, a *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*. Soon afterwards, ill health compelled Lord Shaftesbury to seek a warmer climate. He fixed on Naples, where he died in February 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, in three volumes, under the general title of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

The style of Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences, and the labour is too apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and, in his dialogue entitled *The Moralists*, has adopted in a great measure the elevated style of his favourite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody and stateliness of diction, *The Moralists* cannot fail to be regarded, as it was by Leibnitz and Monboddo, with enthusiastic admiration.

The religious tendency of Shaftesbury's writings has been extensively discussed. That he is a powerful and decided champion against the atheists is universally admitted ; but with respect to his opinion of Christianity, different views have been entertained. A perusal of the *Characteristics* will make it evident that much of the controversy which the work has occasioned has arisen from the inconsistent opinions expressed in its different parts. Pope informed Warburton, that to his knowledge the *Characteristics* had done much harm to revealed religion. The poet himself was a diligent reader of the work, as appears from his *Essay on Man*.

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds the conspicuous place of founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state ; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practise it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice ;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colours, and proportions of these latter being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the

different measure, arrangement, and disposition of their several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subjects.' 'The mind,' says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and a dissonant, as really and truly here as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstacy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects.' 'However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine, which in the pages of Shaftesbury is left in a very imperfect state, has been successively followed out by Dr Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.
From *The Moralists*.

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I), well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and commonweal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit—such is its love of order and perfection—it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence

and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to shew why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitutions of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.*

* This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise, 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction.'

God in the Universe.

It is in vain for us to search the bulky mass of matter; seeking to know its nature; how great the whole itself, or even how small its parts. If, knowing only some of the rules of motion, we seek to trace it further, it is in vain we follow it into the bodies it has reached. Our tardy apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the body itself, through which it is diffused. Wonderful being (if we may call it so) which bodies never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of place it has its force: and bodies big with motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an energy beyond our comprehension.

In vain too we pursue that phantom Time, too small, and yet too mighty for our grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our hold, or mocks our scanty thought by swelling to eternity an object unproportioned to our capacity, as is thy being, O thou ancient Cause! older than Time, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the abyss of space, the seat of thy extensive being; of which no place is empty, no void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that principle of sense and thought, which seeming in us to depend so much on motion, yet differs so much from it, and from matter itself, as not to suffer us to conceive how thought can more result from this, than this arise from thought. But thought we own pre-eminent, and confess the reallest of beings; the only existence of which we are made sure of, by being conscious. All else may be only dream and shadow. All which even sense suggests may be deceitful. The sense itself remains still; reason subsists; and thought maintains its eldership of being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and externally existent thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the assurance we have of the existence of beings above our sense, and of Thee (the great exemplar of thy works) comes from Thee, the all-true and perfect, who hast thus communicated thyself more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our souls; Thou who art original soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting the whole!

BISHOP BERKELEY.

DR GEORGE BERKELEY, to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle or Tower, on the banks of the Nore, near Thomastown, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684-5. He received, like Swift, his early education at Kilkenny School, and afterwards was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was distinguished for proficiency in mathematical knowledge. He was admitted a fellow in 1707. Two years afterwards, Berkeley published his *Essay towards a new Theory of Vision*. 'The question of the Essay,' says Berkeley's latest biographer, 'comes to this—What is really meant by our seeing things in ambient space? Berkeley's answer when developed may be put thus—What, before we reflected, we had supposed to be a seeing of real things, is not seeing really extended things at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with their extension; what is vulgarly called seeing them is, in fact, reading about them: when we are every day using our eyes we are virtually interpreting a book: when by sight we are determining for ourselves the actual distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of the univer-

sal and divine language of the senses.* This Essay was followed, in 1710, by a *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, which is 'a systematic assault upon scholastic abstractions, especially upon abstract or unperceived matter, space, and time. It assumes that these are the main cause of confusion and difficulty in the sciences, and of materialistic atheism.' Berkeley's theory of physical causation anticipates Hume while it consummates Bacon, and opens the way to the true conception of physical induction. In 1711, Berkeley, having in 1709 entered into holy orders, published a *Discourse of Passive Obedience*, a defence of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. This discourse gave rise to the opinion that Berkeley was a Jacobite, but he was in reality no party politician. In 1713, the retired philosopher visited London and wrote some papers for Steele's *Guardian*. The same year he published his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, the design of which, he said, was plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of human knowledge, the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to sceptics and deists. In this work his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. He now became acquainted with Swift, Pope, Steele, and the other members of that brilliant circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to Mr Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. This second excursion engaged him upwards of four years. While abroad, we find him writing thus justly and finely to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.' While at Paris, Berkeley visited the French philosopher Malebranche, then in ill health, from a disease of the lungs. A dispute ensued as to the ideal system, and Malebranche was so impetuous in argument, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. This must have been a more than ideal disputation to the amiable Berkeley, who could not but be deeply afflicted by such a tragic result. On his return he published a Latin tract, *De Motu*, and an essay on the fatal South-sea Scheme, in 1720. Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It was soon evident, however, that personal aggrandisement was never an object of interest with this benevolent philosopher. He had long been cherishing a project, which he announced as 'a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christi-

* *Life and Letters of Berkeley*, by Professor A. C. Fraser, Edinburgh, who edited also a complete and excellent edition of Berkeley's Works, 4 vols. Oxford, 1871.

anity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this college he most 'exorbitantly proposed,' as Swift humorously remarked, 'a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him, and he communicated his enthusiasm to others. Coadjutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised a sum of £20,000 from the government to promote the undertaking. In January 1729, Berkeley and his friends sailed for Rhode Island, where he had some idea of purchasing land, as an investment for Bermuda, and perhaps also of establishing a friendly correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport was then a flourishing town, and Berkeley resided there till July or August, when he removed to the valley in the interior of the island, where he had bought a farm (ninety-six acres) and built a house. He lived the life of a recluse in Rhode Island, but applied himself to his literary and philosophical studies. The estate at Bermuda had been purchased and the public money was due, but Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, and the project was at an end. Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London in February 1732. Next month appeared the largest of his works, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, a series of moral and philosophical dialogues. Fortune again smiled on Berkeley: he became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne; but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by the bishop, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medicinal virtues. Another of his works is entitled *The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public*. In 1752, he removed with his family to Oxford, to superintend the education of one of his sons; and, conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocese, he endeavoured to exchange his bishopric for some canonry or college at Oxford. Failing of success, he wrote to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 per annum; but the king declared that he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is honourable to both parties. In 1753 the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, while sitting on a couch in the midst of his family. His remains were interred in Christ Church, where a monument was erected to his memory. The life of Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labour and romantic enthusiasm, of learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expressed by him to a friend in 1747: 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather

be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives. As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.' He was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher, and had he cultivated the lighter walks of literature as diligently as he did his metaphysical and abstract speculations, he might have shone with lustre in a field on which he but rarely entered. When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the following fine moral verses, that seem to shadow forth the fast accomplishing greatness of the New World:

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The works of Berkeley form an important landmark in metaphysical science. At first, his valuable and original *Theory of Vision* was considered a philosophical romance, yet his doctrines are now incorporated with every system of optics. The chief aim of Berkeley was 'to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the *seemingly instantaneous* conclusions which experience and habit teach us to draw from them in our earliest infancy; or, in the more concise metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line between the *original* and the *acquired perceptions* of the eye.* The ideal system of Berkeley was written to expose the sophistry of materialism, but it is defective and erroneous. He attempts to prove that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities, are mere *ideas* of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance—a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of the human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an

* Dugald Stewart.

essential part of its constitution. Our ideas he 'evidently considered not as states of the individual mind, but as separate things existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone; and it is in consequence of these assumptions that his system, if it were to be considered as a system of scepticism, is chiefly defective. But having, as he supposed, these ideas, and conceiving that they did not perish when they ceased to exist in his mind, since the same ideas recurred at intervals, he deduced, from the necessity which there seemed for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence, the necessary existence of the Deity; and if, indeed, as he supposed, ideas be something different from the mind itself, recurring only at intervals to created minds, and incapable of existing but in mind, the demonstration of some infinite omnipresent mind, in which they exist during these intervals of recurrence to finite minds, must be allowed to be perfect. The whole force of the pious demonstration, therefore, which Berkeley flattered himself with having urged irresistibly, is completely obviated by the simple denial, that ideas are anything more than the mind itself affected in a certain manner; since, in this case, our ideas exist no longer than our mind is affected in that particular manner which constitutes each particular idea; and to say that our ideas exist in the divine mind, would thus be to say, only, that our mind itself exists in the divine mind. There is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind; but the sensation of colour is the mind existing in a certain state, and the sensation of fragrance is the mind existing in a different state.* The style of Berkeley has been generally admired: it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of Izaak Walton.

Industry.

From An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain, written soon after the affair of the South-sea Scheme.

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that

* Dr Thomas Brown.

some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin. . . .

God grant the time be not near when men shall say: 'This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.'

Prejudices and Opinions.

Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say: 'No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,' therein he shews his weakness; for, such as are men's notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man's reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well-seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these

their notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the like, you will soon find them so many monsters utterly unfit for human society.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is—as St Paul observes—that the ‘invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen;’ and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of humankind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

It may not be amiss to inculcate, that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false, and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning. He who hath been taught to believe the immortality of the soul, may be as right in his notion, as he who hath reasoned himself into that opinion. It will then by no means follow, that because this or that notion is a prejudice, it must be therefore false. The not distinguishing between prejudices and errors is a prevailing oversight among our modern freethinkers.

There may be, indeed, certain mere prejudices or opinions which, having no reasons either assigned or assignable to support them, are nevertheless entertained by the mind, because they are intruded betimes into it. Such may be supposed false, not because they were early learned, or learned without their reasons, but because there are in truth no reasons to be given for them.

Certainly if a notion may be concluded false because it was early imbibed, or because it is with most men an object of belief rather than of knowledge, one may by the same reasoning conclude several propositions of Euclid to be false. A simple apprehension of conclusions, as taken in themselves, without the deductions of science, is what falls to the share of mankind in general. Religious awe, the precepts of parents and masters, the wisdom of legislatures, and the accumulated experience of ages, supply the place of proofs and reasonings with the vulgar of all ranks; I would say that discipline, national constitution, and laws human or Divine, are so many plain landmarks which guide them into the paths wherein it is presumed they ought to tread.

From ‘Maxims concerning Patriotism.’

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

A top or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.

Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

THE REV. JOHN NORRIS.

THE REV. JOHN NORRIS (1657–1711), an English Platonist and ‘mystic divine,’ was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Hallam characterises him as ‘more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God.’ His first work, *A Collection of Miscellanies*, 1678, was popular and went through several editions. It consists of poems, essays, discourses, and letters. In the preface to this work, Norris says: ‘It may appear strange, that in such a refining age as this, wherein all things seem ready to receive their last turn and finishing stroke, poetry should be the only thing that remains unimproved.’ Yet Milton had only been dead four years, and Butler and Dryden were alive! Norris’s own poetry is quaint and full of conceits, but he has one simile which was copied (or stolen) by two poets—Blair, author of *The Grave*, and Thomas Campbell (*Pleasures of Hope*).

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone:
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angel visits short and bright;
Mortality’s too weak to bear them long.
The Parting.

In another piece Norris repeats the image:

Angels, as ’tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away.

We may quote a few more lines containing poetic fancy and expression:

Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize th’ inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

So to th’ unthinking boy the distant sky,
Seems on some mountain’s surface to rely:
He with ambitious haste climbs th’ ascent,
Curious to touch the firmament;
But when with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,
With sighs, the sad event he does deplore—
His Heaven is still as distant as before.

The works of Norris are numerous: *The Picture of Love Unwielded*, 1682; *An Idea of Happiness*, 1683; *Practical Discourses*, 4 vols. 1687; *Discourses upon the Beatitudes*, 1691; *A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul*, 1708.

On Perfect Happiness.

Nothing does more constantly, more inseparably, cleave to our minds, than this desire of perfect and consummated happiness. This is the most excellent end of all our endeavours, the great prize, the great hope. This is the mark every man shoots at; and though we miss our aim never so often, yet we will not, cannot give over, but like passionate lovers, take resolution from a repulse. The rest of our passions are much at our own disposal; yield either to reason or time; we either argue ourselves out of them, or at least outlive them. We are not always in love with pomp and grandeur, nor always dazzled with the glittering of riches; and there is a season when pleasure itself—that is, sensible pleasure—shall court in vain. But the desire of perfect happiness has no intervals, no vicissitudes. It outlasts the motion of the pulse, and survives the ruins of the grave. ‘Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it.’ And now certainly God would never have planted such an ardent, such an importunate appetite in our souls; and, as it were, interwoven it with our very natures, had he not been able to satisfy it.

I come now to shew wherein this perfect happiness does consist; concerning which, I affirm in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. No, ‘man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me’ (Job xviii. 13, 14). The vanity of the creature has been so copiously discoursed upon, both by philosophers and divines, and wihal is so obvious to every thinking man’s experience, that I need not here take an inventory of the creation, nor turn Ecclesiastes after Solomon. I shall only add one or two remarks concerning the objects of secular happiness. The first is this, that the objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here, are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. Indeed, could a man’s life be so contrived, that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he was grown weary of the old, and every day enjoy a virgin delight, he might then, perhaps, like Mr Hobbes’s motion, and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety; the compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives, and there is a periodical circulation of our pleasures, as well as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quicker revolution; we dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a nauseous tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course we did the day before; and tomorrow is but the same over again. . . . But there is another grievance which contributes to defeat our endeavours after perfect happiness in the enjoyment of this life; which is, that the objects wherein we seek it are not only finite and few, but that they commonly prove occasions of greater sorrow to us, than ever they afforded us content. This may be made out several ways, as from the labour of getting, the care of keeping, the fear of losing, and the like topics commonly insisted upon by others. But I waive these and fix upon another account less blown upon, and I think more material than any of the rest. It is this: that although the object loses that great appearance in the fruition which it had in the expectation, yet, after it is gone, it resumes it again. Now we, when we lament the loss, do not take our measures from that appearance which the object had in the enjoyment (as we should do to make our sorrow not exceed our happiness), but from that which it has in the reflection; and consequently we must needs be more miserable in the loss than we were happy in the enjoyment.

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear, that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein then does it consist? I answer positively in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity, and to enjoy him fully is perfect felicity.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

The political contests of this period engaged a host of miscellaneous writers. The most powerful and effective belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party; but the Whigs possessed one unflinching and prolific champion—DANIEL FOE, or DE FOE, as he chose afterwards to write his name—the father or founder of the English novel and author, it is said, of 254 separate publications! This excellent writer was a native of London, the son of a St Giles butcher, and dissenter. Daniel was born in 1661, and was intended to be a Presbyterian minister, having with this view studied five years at a dissenters’ academy at Newington. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and afterwards added to these an acquaintance with the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. When the Monmouth insurrection broke out, Defoe followed the Duke’s standard. On the failure of the enterprise, he escaped punishment, and entered on business as a wholesale trader in hosiery in Freeman’s Court, Cornhill. He next became a merchant-adventurer, and visited Spain and Portugal. He failed in business, and compounded with his creditors, who accepted a composition on his single bond. ‘He forced his way,’ he says, ‘through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from £17,000 to less than £5000.’ He then became secretary to, and ultimately owner of works at Tilbury for the manufacture of bricks and pantiles. This also was an unsuccessful undertaking, and Defoe lost by its failure a sum of £3000. Before this he had become known to the government of William III. as an able writer, and was appointed accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which office he held from 1695 till the duty was suppressed in 1699. As an author, the first undoubted work by Defoe, though published anonymously, was a *Letter on His Majesty’s Declaration for Liberty of Conscience* (1687). Defoe justly considered that the dictation of James II. suspending laws without the consent of parliament, was a subversion of the whole government or constitution of the country. The Revolution coming soon after, Defoe was one of the steadiest supporters of its principles. In March 1698, he published a remarkable volume, *An Essay upon Projects*, in which various schemes and improvements are recommended, the work evincing great sagacity, knowledge, and ingenuity. One of his projects was a savings-bank for the poor. In 1701 he made a great success. His *True-born Englishman*, a poetical satire on the foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, had an almost unexampled sale. Eighty thousand pirated copies

of the poems were sold on the streets. Defoe was in reality no poet, but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and forcible language. The opening lines of this satire have often been quoted :

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there ;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts followed from the active pen of our author. In 1702, he wrote an ironical treatise against the High-Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which was voted a libel by the House of Commons ; and the author being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory (1704), which he wittily styled

A hieroglyphic state-machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in ;

and Pope alluded to the circumstance, exaggerating the punishment, with the spirit of a political partisan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty, in his *Dunciad*—

Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he carried on his periodical work, *The Review*, published thrice a week. The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecution, must have stood high ; for he was employed in 1706 by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again tried his hand at political irony, and issued three significant pamphlets—*Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover* ; and *What if the Pretender should Come?* and *An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of—viz. But what if the Queen should Die?* These were all published in 1713, and ran through several editions. But neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels. Through the influence of Harley, Lord Oxford, however, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. These disasters were supposed to have made Defoe withdraw altogether from politics ; but in 1864 certain letters were discovered in the State Paper Office in Defoe's handwriting, shewing that he was engaged on several political journals in 1718. 'In considering,' he says, 'which way I might be rendered most useful to the government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend (Secretary of State) that I should still appear as if I were as before, under the displeasure of the government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be now serviceable in a kind of disguise, than if I appeared openly.' In this way he undertook to take the sting out of three or four opposition papers, which by his management would be so disabled and enervated as to do no mischief, or give any offence to the government.' For this degrading secret service, Defoe was no doubt

well rewarded, but there is reason to believe that it proved unfortunate in the end. His greatest literary triumph was yet to come. In 1719, appeared his *Robinson Crusoe*. The extraordinary success of this work prompted him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives and miscellaneous works—as *Captain Singleton*, 1720 ; *Duncan Campbell*, 1720 ; *Moll Flanders*, 1721 ; *Colonel Jack*, 1722 ; *Religious Courtship*, 1722 ; *Journal of the Plague Year*, 1722 ; *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, 1724 ; *Tour through Great Britain*, 1724-27, *Roxana*, 1724 ; *Political History of the Devil*, 1726 ; *System of Magic*, 1727 ; *History of Apparitions*, 1727 ; *The Complete English Tradesman*, 1727 ; *Memoirs of Captain Carleton*, 1728 ; &c. The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in April 1731. It seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dulness, persecution, misfortune, and disease. But, he adds in his last letter, 'Be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases : *Te Deum Laudamus.*' Posterity has separated the wheat from the chaff of Defoe's writings : his political tracts have sunk into oblivion ; but his works of fiction still charm by their air of truth, and the simple natural beauty of their style. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding ; as an essayist, he suggested the *Tatler* and *Spectator* ; and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons. The intensity of feeling characteristic of the dean—his merciless scorn and invective, and fierce misanthropy—were unknown to Defoe, who must have been of a cheerful and sanguine temperament ; but in identifying himself with his personages, whether on sea or land, and depicting their adventures, he was not inferior to Swift. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity ; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the bucaniers, and in the appalling visitations of the Great Plague. The account of the plague has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord Chatham believed the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* to be a true narrative. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft, he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. The apparition of Mrs Veal at Canterbury, 'the eighth of September 1705,' seems as true and indubitable a fact as any that ever passed before our eyes. Unfortunately, the taste or circumstances of Defoe led him mostly into low life, and his characters are generally such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villainy seem to have been open to him. His experiences of Newgate were not without their use to the novelist. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a more careful selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But this moral and tasteful discrimination seems to have been wholly wanting. He was too good and religious a man to break down the distinctions between virtue and crime. He selected

the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, and other characters of the same worthless stamp, because they were likely to sell best, and made the most attractive narrative; but he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. The circumstances of *Robinson Crusoe*, his shipwreck and residence in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which *Crusoe* manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words: "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonising reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.' To these striking passages may be added the description of *Crusoe's* sensations on finding the footprint on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The character of Friday, though his appearance on the scene breaks the solitary seal of the romance, is a highly interesting and pleasing delineation, that gives a charm to savage life. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which *Crusoe* is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace. The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as has been remarked by Dunlop in his *History of Fiction*, 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in *Gulliver's Travels*, and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' The power of Defoe in feigning reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs Veal's apparition. It was prefixed to a religious book, *Drelincourt on Death*, and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions. Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider the misfortunes and sufferings of Defoe; that his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution; that his health was struck down by apoplexy, and upwards of fifty-seven years had

passed over him—his composition of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the long train of fictions which succeeded it, must appear a remarkable instance of native genius, self-reliance, and energy of character.

We subjoin a short specimen of Defoe's irony. It was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is at once obvious and ingenious.

What if the Pretender should Come?

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow, that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will, for the benefit of circulation, enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow. This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny. 1. It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation, from their families and other occasions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no; nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no; then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again; all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God bless us! shall be our most gracious sovereign. 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travelling to elections, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3. And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been ruined, so many innocent people, of honest principles before, have been debauched and made mercenary, partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most. It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for. Now, if ever, the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the inexpressible advantage of the whole nation; and this, perhaps, is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of; what terrible havoc has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people! How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions? so that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people. But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily

stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or a halter cures the bleeding at the nose.

The Great Plague in London.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or seawall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village'—pointing at Poplar—'where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house: 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house'—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he; 'and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.'

'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?'

'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?'—pointing down the river a good way below the town—'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?'—pointing above the town. 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have

locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.'

'Well,' said I, 'friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?'

'Why, as to that,' said he, 'I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.'

'Nay,' says I, 'but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village,' said I, 'is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.'

'That is true,' added he, 'but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.'

'Poor man!' said I, 'and how much hast thou gotten for them?'

'I have gotten four shillings,' said he, 'which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.'

'Well,' said I, 'and have you given it them yet?'

'No,' said he, 'but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!' says he, 'she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!' Here he stopped, and wept very much.

'Well, honest friend,' said I, 'thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment.'

'O sir,' says he, 'it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!'

'Say'st thou so,' said I; 'and how much less is my faith than thine!' And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used, all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called 'Robert, Robert;' he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a

thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: 'God has sent it all; give thanks to Him.' When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

'Well, but,' says I to him, 'did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?'

'Yes, yes,' says he; 'you shall hear her own it.' So he calls again: 'Rachel, Rachel'—which it seems was her name—'did you take up the money?' 'Yes,' said she. 'How much was it?' said he. 'Four shillings and a groat,' said she. 'Well, well,' says he, 'the Lord keep you all;' and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost;' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

The Troubles of a Young Thief.

From the Life of Colonel Jack.

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout;' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not

what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it

bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollaoed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

Advice to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.

From Robinson Crusoe.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will—nay, the commands—of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propensity of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortunes by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was only men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world—the most suited to human happiness; not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy, of the upper part of mankind. He

told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the Wise Man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things—but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweet of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning, by every day's experience, to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, or to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seem to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty, in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me, if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for my example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me—and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE (1670-1733), a vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered upon useless and lax speculations powers that would have fitted him admirably as a novelist or moralist, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He studied medicine, and came over to England to practise his profession. His first publications were in rhyme, but he had nothing of the poet's 'vision and faculty

divine.' Early in life (about 1699) he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled the *Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*, which he reprinted in 1714 with the addition of long explanatory notes, and an *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, the *Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits*. Previous to the latter work he had published *Esop Dressed, Typhon in Verse*, and the *Planter's Charity*, all in 1704. He enlarged his principal work, the *Fable of the Bees*; and in 1729 it was rendered more conspicuous by being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the *Fable*, and Mandeville replied in *Letters to Dion*. He also published *Free Thoughts on Religion*, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War* (1732), both of which, like his *Fable*, were of questionable tendency.

The satire of Mandeville is general, not individual; yet his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to shew that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. The fallacy of his theory, as Johnson says, is that 'he defines neither vices nor benefits.' He confounds innocent pleasures and luxuries, which benefit society, with their vicious excesses, which are destructive of order and government. His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being conscious that mankind are not easily reasoned out of their follies. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the lower classes. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading enough to have been worthy the adoption of Swift; and many of his descriptions are not inferior to those of the dean. Some of his opinions on economic questions are admirably expressed. 'Let the value of gold and silver,' he says, 'either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the earth and the *labour* of the people; both which joined together are a more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure than the gold of Brazil or the silver of Potosi.'

Division of Labour.

If we trace the most flourishing nations in their origin, we shall find that, in the remote beginnings of every society, the richest and most considerable men among them were a great while destitute of a great many comforts of life that are now enjoyed by the meanest and most humble wretches; so that many things which were once looked upon as the inventions of luxury are now allowed even to those that are so miserably poor as to become the objects of public charity, nay, counted so necessary that we think no human creature ought to want them. A man would be laughed at that should discover luxury in the plain dress of a poor creature that walks along in a thick parish gown, and a coarse shirt underneath it; and yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools, must be employed to have the most ordinary Yorkshire cloth! What depth

of thought and ingenuity, what toil and labour, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could learn from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen!

What a bustle is there to be made in several parts of the world before a fine scarlet or crimson cloth can be produced; what multiplicity of trades and artificers must be employed! Not only such as are obvious, as wool-combers, spinners, the weaver, the cloth-worker, the scourer, the dyer, the setter, the drawer, and the packer; but others that are more remote, and might seem foreign to it—as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chemist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trades already named. But all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the drugs and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle! Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argot we might have from the Rhine, and vitriol from Hungary: all this is in Europe. But then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the East Indies. Cochenil, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth: we buy it, 'tis true, from the Spaniards; but, not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the east and west of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potashes from Russia.

Flattery of the Great.

If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime-ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral-sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only shew your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

Pomp and Superfluity.

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of

the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries afoot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent sculler, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

MRS MANLEY.

DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY, a female novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period. Neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny, but she appears to have been unfortunate in her youth. She was the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey, and one of the authors of the *Turkish Spy*. Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock-marriage—he had a wife living—and in about three years basely deserted her. Her life henceforward was that of an author by profession, and a woman of intrigue. She wrote three plays, the *Royal Mistress*, the *Lost Lover*, and *Lucius*—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele, and an epilogue by Prior. Her most famous work was the *Atalantis*, a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688. This work was honoured with a state prosecution. The printer and publisher were seized, and Mrs Manley, having generously come forward to relieve them from the responsibility, was committed to custody. She was soon liberated and discharged, and a Tory ministry succeeding, she was in high favour. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella* (January 28, 1711–12), draws this portrait of Mrs Manley: ‘She has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.’ She found favour, however, with Swift’s friend, Alderman Barber, in whose house she lived for many years, and there she died in 1724. When Swift relinquished the *Examiner*, Mrs Manley conducted it for some time, the dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the *Atalantis* is only remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the *Rape of the Lock*, says:

As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,

his honour, name, and praise shall live; but they have had a much more durable existence.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

ANDREW FLETCHER, born in 1653, the son of a Scottish knight, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and travelled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty unbending temper; ‘brave as the sword he wore,’ according to a contemporary, ‘and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.’ Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He died in 1716. Fletcher wrote several political discourses. One of these, entitled *An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburghe, and Haddington, from London, the First of December 1703*, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been—by Lord Brougham and others—erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: ‘I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.’ The newspaper may now be said to have supplanted the ballad; yet, during the war with France, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogise even the slavery that prevailed in those states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours, that, if true, shew how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In his *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland*, 1698, there occurs the following sketch:

State of Scotland in 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be

informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptised. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.

M. MARTIN.

The first account of the Hebrides was published in 1703. It is entitled *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, by M. MARTIN, Gent. The author was a native of Skye. Dr Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the *Spectator* (No. 50) he makes, as Mr Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St Paul's was carved out of a rock. Martin's work is poorly written, but the novelty of the information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, give it a certain interest and value. He gives a long account of the second-sight, or *taish*, as it is called in Gaelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined.

The Second-sight.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on. To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

Dress in the Western Islands.

The plaid wore by the men is made of fine wool; the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity

required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first, to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also. The right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places is able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence.

When they travel on foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood—just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus. The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for foot-men is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trousers.

The plaid (for women) being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven; and the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round 'em, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above the breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribands.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The most powerful and original prose writer of this period was the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. We have already noticed his poetry, which formed only a sort of interlude in the strangely mingled drama of his life. None of his works were written for mere fame or solitary gratification. His restless and insatiate ambition prompted him to wield his pen as a means of advancing his interests, or expressing his personal feelings, caprices, or resentment. In a letter to Bolingbroke, Swift says: 'All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses.' This was but a poor and sordid ambition, and it is surprising that it bore such fruit. The first work of any importance by Swift was a political tract, written in 1701, to vindicate the Whig patriots, Somers, Halifax, and Portland, who had been impeached by the House of Commons. The author was then of the ripe age of thirty-four; for Swift, unlike his friend Pope, came but slowly to the maturity of his powers. The treatise was entitled *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome*. It is plainly written, without irony or eloquence. One sentence—the last in the fourth chapter—closes with a fine simile. 'Although,' he says, 'most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person: so that an usurping populace is its own

dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.' Swift's next work was his *Battle of the Books*, written to support his patron, Sir William Temple, in his dispute as to the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. The *Battle of the Books* exhibits all the characteristics of Swift's style, its personal satire, and strong racy humour. These qualities were further displayed in his *Tale of a Tub*, written about the same time, and first published in 1704. The object of his powerful satire was here of a higher cast; it was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, with a view of exalting the High Church of England party, and to expose what he considered to be the corruptions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Dissenters. He begins in the old story-telling way: 'Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons.' Those sons he names Peter (the Church of Rome), Martin (the Church of England), and Jack (the Presbyterians or Protestant Dissenters generally), who was sometimes called Knocking Jack (or John Knox). Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads, he spoke to them thus: 'Sons, because I have purchased no estate nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to leave you, and at last, with much care, I have provided each of you with a good coat.' Under this homely figure is signified the Christian religion. 'With good wearing,' he continues, 'the coats will last you as long as you live, and will grow in the same proportion as your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.' They were not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread. After a time, however, they got tired of their plainness, and wished to become gay and fashionable. The father's will (the Bible) was misinterpreted and twisted word by word, and letter by letter, to suit their purpose; shoulder-knots, lace, and embroidery were added to their coats, and the will was at length locked up and utterly disregarded. Peter then lorded it over his brothers, claiming the supremacy, insisting upon being called Father Peter and Lord Peter; a violent rupture ensued, and a series of scenes and adventures are related in which Swift *allegorises*, as we may say, the most sacred doctrines and the various sects of the Christian religion. It is obvious that this was treading on very dangerous ground. The ludicrous ideas and associations called up by such grotesque fancies, striking analogy, and broad satire in connection with religion, inevitably tended to lower the respect due to revelation, and many persons considered the work to be a covert attack upon Christianity. This opinion was instilled into the mind of Queen Anne. The work established Swift's fame for all time coming, but condemned him to an Irish deanery for life. Whenever a mitre came in sight and seemed within his reach, the witty buffooneries of Lord Peter and his brothers were projected before the queen, and the golden prize was withdrawn. In 1708 appeared Swift's *Sentiments of a Church of England Man in Respect to Religion and Government*, his *Letters on the Sacramental Test, Argument against the Abolition of Christianity*, and *Predictions for the Year 1708*,

by Isaac Dickerstaff, Esq. This last brochure had immense popularity. It was a satire on an almanac-maker and astrologer named Partridge. Swift's first prediction related to Partridge. 'I have consulted,' he said, 'the star of his nativity, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, of a raging fever.' In a subsequent paper, Swift proposed to give an account of the accomplishment of the prediction. Partridge was naturally very indignant. He advertised his existence: 'Blessed be God, he, John Partridge, was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise.' Swift and his friends were ready with replies and rejoinders, and the affair amused the town for a season. Some political tracts followed, the most conspicuous of which are—the *Conduct of the Allies*, published in 1712 (and which had immense influence on public opinion), and the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, in 1714. The latter incensed the Duke of Argyle and other peers so much, that a proclamation offering a reward of £300 was issued for the discovery of the author. In 1713, Swift was rewarded with the deanery of St Patrick's in Dublin; and the destruction of all hopes of further preferment followed soon after, on the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, and the return of the Whigs to power. Swift withdrew to Ireland, a disappointed man, full of bitterness. His feelings partly found vent in several works which he published on national subjects, and which rendered him exceedingly popular in Ireland—*A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures* (1720), and *Letters by M. B. Drapier against Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage* (1724). There was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and Wood, an English owner of mines, obtained a patent right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of £108,000. The grant was made to Wood without consulting the Irish government; the disposal of the patent had, in the first instance, been given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, and the duchess, it was said, had sold it to Wood for £12,000. All this wounded deeply the pride and patriotism of the Irish nation, and Swift attacked the scheme with all his might. He contended that Wood's metal was base: 'If a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5s. apiece, which amounts to £3, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he receives only the value of five shillings!' In reality, the coinage was excellent, better than the English, and nobody in Ireland would have been obliged to take more than fivepence-halfpenny in copper; but the feeling against England was strong, and wrought up to a pitch of fury by Swift, who, after heaping every epithet of contempt and execration upon Wood, touched upon the higher question of the royal prerogative. It was unjust to bind the people of Ireland by the laws of a parliament in which they were unrepresented. 'The remedy,' he added, 'is wholly in your own hands—by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.' The government had to bow to the storm. The patent was withdrawn, and Swift was as much the idol of the Irish as Mirabeau was afterwards the idol of the French. In 1726 appeared *Gulliver's Travels*, the most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions. A few of his friends—Pope, Bolingbroke,

Gay, and Arbuthnot—were in the secret as to the authorship of this satirical romance; but it puzzled the world in no ordinary degree, and this uncertainty tended to increase the interest and attraction of the work.* While courtiers and politicians recognised in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England—to Walpole, Bolingbroke, the Prince of Wales, the two contending parties in the state, and various matters of secret history—the great mass of ordinary readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative. The appearance, occupations, wars, and pursuits of the tiny Lilliputians—the gigantic Brobdingnagians—the fearful, misanthropic picture of the Yahoos—with the philosophic researches at Laputa—all possessed novelty and attraction for the mere unlearned reader, who was alternately agitated with emotions of surprise, delight, astonishment, pity, and reprobation. All parties seem now agreed in the opinion that the interest of the work diminishes as it proceeds; that Lilliput is delightful and picturesque, the satire just sufficient to give an exquisite flavour or seasoning to the body of the narrative; that Brobdingnag is wonderful, monstrous, but softened by the character of Glumdalclitch, and abounding in excellent political and moral observations; that the voyage to Laputa is ingenious, but somewhat tedious, and absurd as a satire on philosophers and mathematicians; and that the voyage to the Houyhnhnms is a gross libel on human nature, and disgusting from its physical indelicacy. We need not point out the inimitable touches of description and satire in *Gulliver*—the High Heels and Low Heels, the Big-endians and Little-endians; the photograph, as we may call it, of the emperor of Lilliput, with his Austrian lip and arched nose, and who was almost the breadth of one's nail taller than any of his court, *which struck an awe into his beholders*; and the fine incident of Gulliver's watch, which the Lilliputians thought was the god he worshipped, for he seldom did anything without consulting it. The charm of Swift's style, so simple, pure, and unaffected, and the apparent earnestness and sincerity with which he dwells on the most improbable circumstances, are displayed in full perfection in *Gulliver*, which was the most carefully finished of all his works. Some tracts on ecclesiastical questions, and the best of his poetry, were afterwards produced. His other prose works were—*A History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*—not published till long after his death; *Polite Conversation*, a happy satire on the frivolities of fashionable life; and *Directions for Servants*, a fragment which also appeared after his death, and on which he bestowed considerable pains. It exemplifies the habit of minute observation which distinguished Swift, and which sometimes rendered him no very agreeable inmate of a house. Two other prose works are better known—the *Journal to Stella*, and

the *Modest Proposal for preventing the Poor in Ireland from being burdensome, and for making them beneficial*. The former was not intended to be printed. It consists of a series of letters written to Esther Johnson during Swift's residence in London, from September 1710 until June 1713. All the petty details of his daily life are recorded for the gratification of his Stella, or 'star that dwelt apart.' He tells her where he goes, whom he meets, where he dines, what he spends, what satires he writes, &c. His journal is his last occupation at night, and often the first in the morning by candle-light. 'I cannot go to bed without a word to them (Stella and Mrs Dingley); I cannot put out my candle till I bid them good-night.' He had what he called 'the little language,' a sort of cipher as to names, but the journal itself is in the ordinary long-hand, and is as voluminous as a three-volume novel. It is a strange but fascinating medley, containing many coarse things—oaths, nasty jests, wild sallies of fancy, and brief outbursts of tenderness. The *Modest Proposal* shocked many persons. The scheme is, that the children of the Irish poor should be sold and eaten as food! 'I have been assured,' he says, 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.' He goes gravely into calculations on the subject: at a year old, an infant would weigh about twenty-eight pounds; it would make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dined alone, the fore or hind quarter would make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. 'I grant,' he adds, 'this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.' The grave irony of the *Modest Proposal* is crowned, as it were, by the closing declaration, that the author is perfectly disinterested, having no children or expectation by which he could get a penny by the scheme! Even in these days of baby-farming, Swift's satire is rather too strong for modern taste, but it is a production of extraordinary power and ingenuity. Various editions of Swift's works have been published; the best and most complete is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes (1814). Swift's rank as a writer has long since been established. In originality and strength, he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

He was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and shewed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images, betrays a callousness of feeling that wholly debarred him from the purer regions of romance. He could

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.'

* The negotiation for its publication was conducted by Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Oxford, and one of Swift's most intimate friends. Lewis sold the copyright to the publisher, Motte, for £200. We have seen the original documents, which were then in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, Edgebaston, near Birmingham. Sir Walter Scott states that Swift made a present of the copyright to Pope, but the statement is unsupported by evidence. In an unpublished letter to Motte, Swift states that he derived no advantage from the *Miscellanies*, published in conjunction with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay.

Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the *Fiery Queen* or *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of thought and observation, his clear, perspicuous style never tires in the perusal. When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value.

The following are extracts from the *Tale of a Tub*:

Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath since been taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet.

Satire upon Dress and Fashion.

About this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquire-

ments of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches easily slipt down?

Characteristics of Modern Critics.

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

On Books and Learning.

The society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without further expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the

sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us, their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

*A Meditation upon a Broomstick, according to the Style and Manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.**

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

Inconveniences likely to result from the Abolition of Christianity.

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many daggel-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but at the same time,

* When chaplain to Lord Berkeley, Swift was accustomed to read to Lady Berkeley the Reflections or Meditations of Boyle. Growing weary of the task, he resolved to get rid of it in a way that might occasion some mirth in the family. Accordingly he inserted the above parody in the volume, and read it to the lady as a genuine production of Boyle's. The joke was successful: the witty chaplain was not asked to proceed any further with the Meditations. When some one said to Stella that the Dean must have loved Vanessa very much to write of her so beautifully, she replied, that it was well known the Dean could write beautifully on a broomstick!

those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorneth and distinguisheth the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches

from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,* is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.†

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.‡

Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.

In the description of his fancied Academy of Lagado in *Gulliver's Travels*, Swift ridicules those quack pretenders to science and knavish projectors who were so common in his day, and whose schemes sometimes led to ruinous and distressing consequences.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it

* Doubtless Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

† This alludes to his dismissal in 1717 through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt Sir Robert's great interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

‡ Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, both here ridiculed.

one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio,

already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there

is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . Upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apoplethmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting. . . .

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

We have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to

inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. [How true of Swift himself!]

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Overstrained Politeness, or Vulgar Hospitality.

From the *Tattler*, No. 20.

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of

common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *agua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr Bickerstaff,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me; and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper. I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went and left me to her husband—for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, 'Your humble servant, pretty miss.' Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short-cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him

again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

ALEXANDER POPE.

In 1737, Pope published, by subscription, a volume of letters between himself and his literary friends. Part of the collection had been previously issued by Curll, a notorious publisher of that day, to whom Pope had, by the agency of other parties, conveyed an edition privately printed. Having, in his assumed character of purveyor of the letters, induced Curll to advertise the collection as containing letters of certain noblemen, the publisher was summoned to the House of Lords for breach of privilege. The volume, however, being examined, it was found that there was not a single letter from any nobleman in the collection, and Curll was dismissed. Pope had thus secured publicity to the publication, and as the letters, he said, had not only been surreptitiously printed—stolen from private repositories—but altered and interpolated, he appeared justified in issuing a prospectus for a genuine edition. In reality, there was little or no difference between the editions, Pope having prepared both, and neither can be regarded as containing actual correspondence. Swift, however, had retained the letters addressed to himself; the original letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also existed, and the early correspondence of Pope with Henry Cromwell had previously come into the possession of Curll, and was published. Additions were afterwards made to the collection from other sources, and thus we have a large body of the actual letters written by the wits of the Anne and first Georgian periods. The experiment was new to the public. ‘Pope’s epistolary excellence,’ says Johnson, ‘had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.’ The letters of Lord Bacon, Strafford, and other statesmen, had been published, but they descended little into the details of familiar life. Sprat suppressed the correspondence of Cowley, under the impression, finely expressed by an old writer, that private letters are commonly of too tender a composition to thrive out of the bosom in which they were first planted; and the correspondence of Pope was the first attempt to interest the public in the sentiments and opinions of literary men, and the expression of private friendship. As literature was the business of Pope’s life, and composition his first and favourite pursuit, he wrote always with a view to admiration and fame. He knew that if his letters to his friends did not come before the public in a printed shape, they would be privately circulated, and might affect his reputation with those he was ambitious of pleasing. Hence he seems always to have written with care. His letters are generally too elaborate and artificial to have been the spontaneous effusions of private confidence. Many of them are beautiful in thought and imagery, and evince a taste for picturesque scenery and description that it is to be regretted the poet did not oftener indulge. Others, as the exquisite one describing a journey to Oxford, in company with Bernard Lintot, possess a fine vein of comic humour and

observation. Swift was inferior to Pope as a letter-writer, but he discloses more of his real character. He loved Pope as much as he could any man, and the picture of their friendship, disclosed in their correspondence, is honourable to both. They had both risen to eminence by their own talents; they had mingled with the great and illustrious; had exchanged with each other in private their common feelings and sentiments; had partaken of the vicissitudes of public affairs; seen their friends decay and die off; and in their old age, mourned over the evils and afflictions incident to the decline of life. Pope’s affection soothed the jealous irritability and misanthropy of Swift, and survived the melancholy calamity which rendered his friend one of the most pitiable and affecting objects among mankind.

*On Sickness and Death.*TO SIR RICHARD STEELE.—*July 15, 1712.*

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man’s life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer: ‘What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.’ I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were

used to do.* The memory of man—as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom—passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am your, &c.

Pope in Oxford.

TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT.—1716.—A genuine letter slightly altered.†

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth—some in a deeper, some a softer tone—that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—September 1 [1717].

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.‡ It overlooks a common

* It is important to remember that Pope, when he wrote in this manner, was only twenty-four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele, which we very much doubt. It seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

† Martha Blount was the Stella of Pope. Her elder sister Teresa, was his first favourite, but Martha gained the ascendancy, and retained it till the death of the poet. They were of an old Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham, near Reading. Gay has described the sisters as 'the fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown;' and a picture in the family mansion, by Jervas, represents them as gathering flowers. Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717, and the poet wrote to Martha: 'My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall.' And he never did. He took the warmest interest in all her affairs, and left her the bulk of his fortune. Martha (who was two years younger than her illustrious friend) survived till July 12, 1763.

‡ The house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. Here Pope translated part of the *Iliad*. He describes the house (though with many fanciful additions) in the subsequent letter, in a style which recalls the grave humour of Addison, and foreshadows the *Bracebridge Hall* of Washington Irving.

field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when 'she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

Description of an Ancient English Country-seat.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR MADAM—'Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival—which I beg you will let them know at Mr Jervas's. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virgin, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner: for the

windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheds of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof.

You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat ; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I beg Mr Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

Pope to Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.

May 17, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last ! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.* May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best ; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies ; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint ; I mean of all posterity : and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past ? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it ; the boy despises the infant ; the man, the boy ; the philosopher, both ; and the Christian, all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it ; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing ?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds ; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back ; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

* The bishop went into exile the following month.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

Pope was one of the authors of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, where he has lavished much wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He has ridiculed Burnet's *History of his Own Times* with infinite humour in *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish* ; and he contributed several papers to the *Guardian*. His prose works contain also a collection of *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, a few of which are here subjoined :

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent ; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians ; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead-weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes ; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them : for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.—From the 'Guardian.'

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry ; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of.

For the Fable.—'Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions : put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures : there let him work for twelve hours ; at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry ; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.'

To make an Episode.—'Take any remaining adventure of our former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero ; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away ; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

For the Moral and Allegory.—‘These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.’

For the Manners.—‘For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the name as occasion serves.’

For the Machines.—‘Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton’s *Paradise*, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his *Art of Poetry*:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.’

For the Descriptions.—*For a Tempest.*—‘Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.’

For a Battle.—‘Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with smiles, and it will make an excellent battle.’

For Burning a Town.—‘If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.’

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.—(I mean the diction.) ‘Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion

by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.’

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother-wits in some of the humorous productions of the day, called forth chiefly by political events. They were all Tories, and keenly interested in the success of their party. Arbuthnot was born in 1667 at a place of the same name in Kincardineshire, son of a nonjuring clergyman. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen; and having studied medicine, repaired to London, where he became known as an author and a wit. He wrote an *Examination of Dr Woodward’s Account of the Deluge*, and an *Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning* (1700). Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot was called upon to prescribe, and treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince’s regular physician. In 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen. The satirical *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus*, published in Pope’s works, was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as stated by Pope, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model of the witty authors; but though they may have copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable, however, that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son—in describing which Arbuthnot evinces his extensive and curious learning—are fully equal to Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and what are now termed *object-lessons* in some schools, may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following: ‘The old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call “travelling at home.” *He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.*’

A more complete and durable monument of the wit and humour of Arbuthnot is his *History of John Bull*, published in 1712, and designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render

the nation discontented with the French war. The allegory in this piece is well sustained, and the satirical allusions poignant and happy, though the political disputes of that time have lost their interest. Of the same ironical description is Arbuthnot's *Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*, and his *Art of Political Lying*. His wit is always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of Arbuthnot, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works. After the death of Queen Anne, all the attendants of the court were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St James's to Dover Street. Swift said he knew his *art*, but not his *trade*; and on another occasion the dean said of him: 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.' Arbuthnot, however, though displaced, applied himself closely to his profession, and continued his unaffected cheerfulness and good-nature. In his latter years he suffered much from ill-health: he died in 1735. The most severe and dignified of the occasional productions of Dr Arbuthnot, is his epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, tried and condemned for an assault on his female servant:

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribeworthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

Characters of John Bull (the English), Nic. Frog (the Dutch), and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly rogue, quite the reverse

of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.*

Character of John Bull's Mother (the Church of England).

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons in her head-dress, fur-below scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a *bon golt*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this

* The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant. All the Tory wits of that day charged the great duke with peculation as commander-in-chief, and with having prolonged the war on that account. There was not a fragment of evidence to support the allegation. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, ridiculed the notion, and said that, however much Marlborough might have loved money, he must have loved his military reputation more.

time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,* to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions—this is infallible, I cannot be mistaken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

Character of John Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church).

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.† In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something

that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy-guts?' quoth Peg; 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack* had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

The Celerity and Duration of Lies, and How to Contradict them.

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.

The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not, by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of Dr Arbuthnot's serious composition. It is taken from an essay on the

Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies consist chiefly in these things: 1st, In accustoming it to attention. 2d, In giving it a habit of close and demonstrative reasoning. 3d, In freeing it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition.

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses; only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the

* In the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament.

† Henry VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes.

* The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations, truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. . . .

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts—as dancing, singing, &c.—acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man further than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. . . . The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

HENRY ST JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Tory wits and poets who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. He is now the least popular of the whole. St John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1678. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. After some years of dissipation, he entered parliament, and was successively secretary at war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service as secretary. Here, also, he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect and incapacity. Dismissed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his *Reflections on Exile*, and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, containing a defence of his conduct. In 1723, he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; his family inheritance was restored to

him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735, he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his *Letters on the Study of History*, and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement*. The last ten years of his life were spent at Battersea. In 1749, appeared his *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, and *Idea of a Patriot King*, with a preface believed to be by Mallet, but in reality written by Bolingbroke, in a strain of coarse invective, and which led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. The transaction was the most venial of all the poet's stratagems. The anger of Bolingbroke is more justly considered to have been only a pretext, the real ground of offence being the poet's preference of Warburton, to whom he left the valuable property in his printed works. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet—to whom he left all his manuscripts—published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but cannot love Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act he sullied its lustre, and,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

The writings of Bolingbroke are animated by momentary or factious feeling, rather than by any fixed principle or philosophical views. In expression he is often vivid and felicitous, with a rambling yet lively style, more resembling *spoken* than *written* eloquence, and with a power of moral painting that presents pictures to the mind. In one of his letters to Swift, we find him thus finely moralising:

The Decline of Life.

We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay—if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*—says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise

at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.

A loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situation.

The Order of Providence.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

National Partiality and Prejudice.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the

wantonness of his cruelty. I might shew, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumbings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice

of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him: 'Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes*, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your liberty, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? with the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be

evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.'

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life, in a very ridiculous but a true light.

Pleasures of a Patriot.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

Wise, Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little

time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

Parts of Pope's *Essay on Man* bear a strong resemblance to passages in Bolingbroke's treatises. The poet had the priority of publication, but the peer was the preceptor. The principles of Pope on religious subjects, were loose and unfixed; Bolingbroke carried him further in his metaphysical speculation than he perceived at the time, and Pope was overjoyed when Warburton came forward with his forced and pedantic commentary, to reconcile the *Essay on Man* to Christian doctrine. 'You understand my system,' he said, 'better than I do myself.' The system was the stamina of Bolingbroke's philosophy (which the poet did not fully comprehend) communicated, as the peer happily expresses it, in addressing Pope, in their private hours—'when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.'

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Few persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated under the superintendance of Bishop Burnet, and in youth was a close student and indefatigable reader. In 1712 she married Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the other distinguished literati of

that period. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, &c. delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary left England and her husband to travel and live abroad. She visited Rome, Naples, &c. and settled at Lovere, in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives. Mr Montagu died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute to return to England. She arrived in October 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharnccliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. A later edition (1861), edited by Mr Moy Thomas, is still more complete and correct. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit. Some rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharnccliffe's edition (vol. ii. pp. 104-121), were

assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgeries by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever unprincipled littérateur, who lived down to the close of the century.

To E. W. Montagu—On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think—now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me—though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever—nor is it in human nature that they should be—disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and out of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. . . .

To Mr Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; the butter—I speak it with sorrow—unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by

other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws—as I do very often—with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines :
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines :
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.¹

The wished possession is delayed from day to day ;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses ;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

¹ Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boëpis* of Homer.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses :
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my
heart.

Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?
Must I yet wait a long time ?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana ! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels !
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart ?

My cries pierce the heavens !
My eyes are without sleep !
Turn to me, sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur ; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life !—fair light of my eyes !
My sultana !—my princess !
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in
scalding tears—I rave !
Have you no compassion ? Will you not turn to look
upon me ?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses
in a literal translation ; and if you were acquainted
with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble
of assuring you that they have received no poetical
touches from their hands.

To Mrs S. C. [*Sarah Chiswell*]—*Inoculation for the
Small-pox.*

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S. 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a
thing that will make you wish yourself here. The
small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is
here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*,
which is the term they give it. There is a set of old
women who make it their business to perform the operation
every autumn, in the month of September, when
the great heat is abated. People send to one another
to know if any of their family has a mind to have
the small-pox ; they make parties for this purpose,
and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen
together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of
the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what
veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips
open that you offer to her with a large needle—which
gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and
puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the
head of her needle, and after that binds up the little
wound with a hollow bit of shell ; and in this manner
opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly
the superstition of opening one in the middle of the fore-
head, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark
the sign of the cross ; but this has a very ill effect, all
these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by
those that are not superstitious, who choose to have
them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is con-
cealed. The children or young patients play together
all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the
eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they
keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They
have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces,
which never mark ; and in eight days' time, they are as
well as before their illness. Where they are wounded,
there remain running sores during the distemper, which
I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year
thousands undergo this operation ; and the French
ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-
pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in
other countries. There is no example of any one that
has died in it ; and you may believe I am well satisfied

of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it
on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this use-
ful invention into fashion in England ; and I should not
fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly
about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had
virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of
their revenue for the good of mankind. But that dis-
temper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all
their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake
to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may,
however, have courage to war with them. Upon this
occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your
friend, &c.

To Lady Rich—*France in 1718.*

PARIS, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon
me ; for I was never in better health, though I have
been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place.
You may judge how agreeable the journey has been
to me, which did not want that addition to make me
dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of
misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being
capable to redress them ; and all the country villages of
France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are
changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such
miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they
need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretched-
ness of their condition. This is all the French magni-
ficeuce till you come to Fontainebleau, where you are
shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's
hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are
very large, and richly gilt ; but I saw nothing in the
architecture or painting worth remembering. . . .

I have seen all the beauties, and such — (I can't
help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures !
so fantastically absurd in their dress ! so monstrously
unnatural in their paints ! their hair cut short, and
curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder,
that it makes it look like white wool ! and on their
cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red
japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that
they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I
am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their
dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with
pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen ; and
if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these
grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the
natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the
lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

To the Countess of Bute—*On Female Education.*

LOVERE, Jan. 28, N. S. 1753.

DEAR CHILD—You have given me a great deal of
satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter.
I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arith-
metician ; it is the best proof of understanding : the
knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions
between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood,
you may reasonably expect your children should be
endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr
Wortley's family and mine have both produced some
of the greatest men that have been born in England ;
I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who
was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I
have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extra-
ordinary genius, though he had not many opportuni-
ties of shewing it ; and his uncle the present Duke of
Argyll has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will
therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not
only capable, but desirous of learning ; in that case,
by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell
me I did not make it a part of your education ; your

prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful—and perhaps is so—without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasures so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: First, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had but known it had been stolen from Mr Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegances. In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands: that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her—and which is most absolutely necessary—is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to

moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife—and I have the comfort to hear that you are one; hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is—at the lowest computation—ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you—as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity—I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

WILLIAM WOTTON.

WILLIAM WOTTON (1666–1726), a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, whom we have mentioned as the author of a reply to Sir William Temple, wrote various other works, including remarks on Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. In childhood, his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that it is related of him, though the statement is highly improbable, that when five years old he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English! At the age of twelve he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations held out by his early proficiency were not justified by any great achievements in after-life. We quote the following passage from his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* (1694), chiefly because it records the change of manners

which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century :

Decline of Pedantry in England.

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry ; the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business ; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions ; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it ; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages, especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed ; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into everything, which before had been but too visible.

TOM D'URFEY AND TOM BROWN.

Very different in character from these grave and erudite authors were their contemporaries, TOM D'URFEY (*circa* 1630-1723) and TOM BROWN (1663-1704), who entertained the public with occasional whimsical compositions both in prose and verse, which are now valued only as conveying some idea of the taste and manners of the time. D'Urfe's first work was a heroic poem *Archery Revived* (1676), and he continued to write plays, operas, poems, and songs. His comedies possess some farcical humour, but are too coarse and licentious for the stage. As a lively and facetious companion, his society was greatly courted, and he was a distinguished composer of jovial and party songs. In the 29th number of the *Guardian*, Steele mentions a collection of sonnets published under the title of *Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy* ; at the same time censuring the world for ungratefully neglecting to reward the jocose labours of D'Urfe, 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them.' In the 67th number of the same work, Addison humorously solicits the attendance of his readers at a play for D'Urfe's benefit. The songs and other pieces of D'Urfe ultimately extended to six volumes, and were entitled : *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, &c.* (1720). TOM BROWN appeared as an author

about 1688. He was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery.

Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you ; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos, that since the days of Dioclesian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself ; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick (1697), and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents ; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions ; the three Furies sing your praises in every street ; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself ; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you ; adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish ; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looking rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too : 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building ; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch,' said I in a great passion to him—'thou worthless idle loggerhead—thou pigmy in sin—thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand ? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how ? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time ?'

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scrapper : 'Under favour, sir, what do you think of me ?' 'Why, who are you ?' replied I to him. 'Who am I ?' answered he ; 'why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my'—'Come,' said I to him, 'to stop your prating, I know your history as well as

yourself—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down-stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death.' [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds]—'Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent 't'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayest pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house.

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they

sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.

Iacotics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the parliament; the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but—Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no scandal for us to imitate one good quality of a neighbouring nation, who are like the turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their fire.

What a fine thing it is to be well-mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils as our beaux do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament or show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud.

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

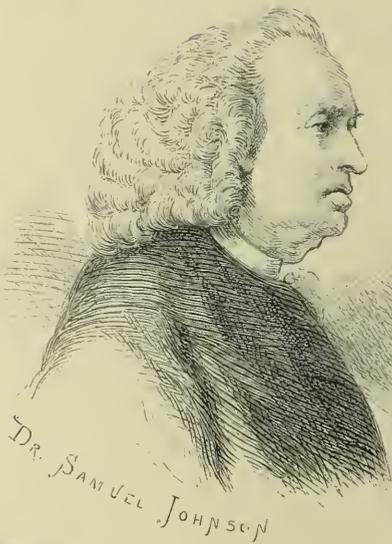
All parties blame persecution when they feel the smart on't, and all practise it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekness, Calvin made roast-meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH



JAMES THOMSON



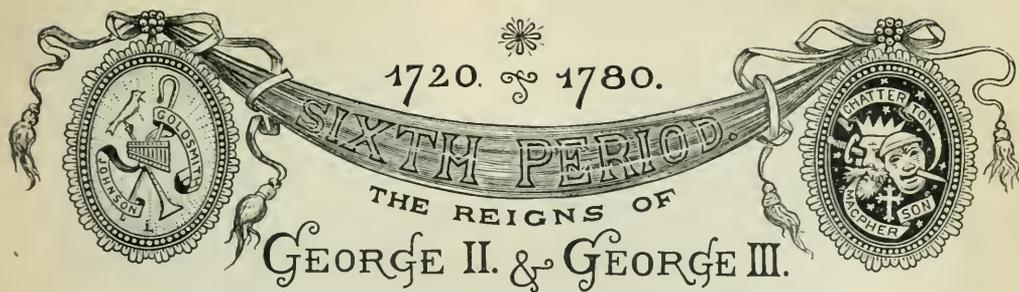
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON



TOBIAS SMOLLETT



DAVID HUME



THE reign of George II. was not prolific of original genius. There was no rich patronage from the crown or from ministers of state to encourage or reward authors. The magnificence of Dorset and Halifax found no imitators. Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister of the period, is said to have spent in ten years—from 1731 to 1742—above £50,000 on public writers; but his liberality was extended only to obscure and unscrupulous partisans, the supporters of his government, whose names would have passed into oblivion but for the satire of Pope. And Pope himself, by his ridicule of poor authors and their Grub-street productions, helped to accelerate that downfall of the literary character which he charged upon the throne and the ministry. The tone of public morality also was low; and authors had to contend with the neglect and difficulties incident to a transition period between the loss of patronage and the growth of a reading public numerous and enlightened enough to appreciate and support sound literature. These disadvantages, however, were only partial. The novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett render the reign of the second George the brightest epoch in English fiction. Hume and Robertson had also commenced as historians. In theology and mental philosophy, the names of Bishop Butler and Jonathan Edwards stand out prominently. Literary periodicals abounded, and monthly magazines were then first established.

In poetry, the name of Pope continued to be the greatest. His *Moral Essays* and *Imitations of Horace*—the happiest of his works—were produced in this period. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson—who survived Pope only four years—made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was equally an original. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. And the best of the secondary poets, as Shenstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson

alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not dead; the seed was sown, and in the next generation Cowper and Burns completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and polished versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

In the early part of the reign of George III. Johnson was still the great literary dictator, and he had yet to produce his best work, the *Lives of the Poets*. The exquisite poetry of Goldsmith, and the writings of Burke—that ‘resplendent, far-sighted rhetorician’—are perhaps the most precious products of the period. In fiction, Sterne was triumphantly successful, and he found many imitators, the best of whom was Henry Mackenzie. Several female writers—as Miss Burney, Mrs Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, and Mrs Radcliffe—also enjoyed great popularity, though they are now comparatively little read. The more solid departments of literature were well supported. Hume and Robertson completed their historical works, and a fitting rival or associate appeared in Gibbon, the great historian of the Roman Empire. In theological literature we have the names of Paley, and Campbell, and Blair—the latter highly popular, if not profound. In metaphysics or mental philosophy, the writings of Reid formed a sort of epoch; and Smith’s *Wealth of Nations* first explained to the world, fully and systematically, the principles upon which the wealth and prosperity of states must ever rest.

One remarkable peculiarity of the period is, that it comprises the two most memorable of literary frauds or forgeries—those of Macpherson and Chatterton. Macpherson had some foundation for his Ossianic poems, though assuredly he discovered no epic in the Hebrides; and Chatterton, while yet a boy, possessed the genius of a true poet, combined with the taste and acquisitions of the antiquary. It is some apology for these literary felonies or misdemeanours, that the oldest of the culprits was barely of age when he entered on his perilous and discreditable enterprise, and was encouraged and cheered on his course by popular applause. And as for the

younger, his premature and tragic death—one of the saddest pages in literary history—must ever disarm criticism.

POETS.

MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN (1696-1737) was author of a poem, *The Spleen*, which received the praises of Pope and Gray. His parents were dissenters, but the poet, it is said, afterwards left their communion, disgusted with their austerity. He obtained an appointment as clerk in the Custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote his poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling *Hudibras*, but allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

The Spleen was first published by Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, himself a poet of some pretension in his day. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As *The Spleen* is almost unknown to modern readers, we present a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line marked by italic, which is certainly one of the happiest and wisest things ever said by a British author. It seems, however, to be imitated from Shakspeare—

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.

Cures for Melancholy.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh. . . .

If spleen-fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,

I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. . . .

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins. . . .

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their laboured end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager crowd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws.

Contentment—A Wish.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire:
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size,
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven—it's all I wish for—send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;

Where odorous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
 Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
 With opening views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy do regale,
 Where the half cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees ;
 From hills through plains in dusk array,
 Extended far, repel the day ;
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
 Invite, and contemplation aid :
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate ;
 And dreams, beneath the spreading beech,
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
 While soft as breeze breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind :
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measured motions frisk about,
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green ;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver streams through meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
 From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus sheltered free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;
 See faction safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;
 Debarred the pleasure to impart
 By avarice, sphincter of the heart ;
 Who wealth, hard-earned by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs ;
 May I, with look unglommed by guile,
 And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive ;
 With income not in Fortune's power,
 And skill to make a busy hour ;
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

A series of six imitations of living authors was published in 1736 by ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE (1706-1760), which obtained great popularity, and are still unsurpassed. The nearest approach to them are the serious parodies in the *Rejected Addresses*. Browne was an amiable, accomplished man. He sat in parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire. He wrote a Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, in the

style of Lucretius, and an English poem on the subject of *Design and Beauty*. His imitations, however, are his happiest work. The subject of the whole is *A Pipe of Tobacco*, and the first of the series is *A New Year's Ode*, an imitation of Colley Cibber, beginning thus :

Recitativo.

Old battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
 And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head ;
 Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace ;
 Was ever a nation so blessed as this ?

Air.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
 Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire ;
 When wintry storms around us beat,
 Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
 Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
 In thy praises jointly sing.

Recitativo.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
 Fraught with tobacco's balmy sweets ;
 Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
 And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Cibber's laureate effusions are here very happily travestied. Ambrose Philips's namby-pamby is also well hit off :

Little tube of mighty power,
 Charmer of an idle hour,
 Object of my warm desire,
 Lip of wax and eye of fire ;
 And thy snowy taper waist
 With my finger gently braced,
 And thy pretty swelling crest,
 With my little stopper pressed,
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation :

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
 Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
 That looks the very soul ; whence pouring thought,
 Swarms all the mind ; absorpt is yellow care,
 And at each puff imagination burns ;
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
 And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed
 Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbibed
 Each parent ray ; then rudely rammed illume,
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
 Marked with Gibsonian lore ; forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires : I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 But chief, when Bacchus went with thee to join
 In genial strife and orthodox ale,
 Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
 Oh, be thou still my great inspirer, thou
 My Muse : oh, fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

This appears to be one of the happiest of the imitations ; but as the effect of Thomson's turgid

style and diction employed on such a theme is highly ludicrous, the good-natured poet was offended with Browne, and indited some angry lines in reply. The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's *Satires*, which are less strongly marked by any mannerism than his *Night Thoughts*, not then written. Pope is thus imitated :

Blest leaf ! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars, modesty, to parsons, sense :
So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords :
Rest to the weary, to the hungry, food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supplerless he plies the piddling trade.
What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexercised by kings.

Swift concludes the series, but though Browne caught the manner of the dean, he also imitated his grossness.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

As a satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-1759) enjoyed great popularity during the latter part of the reign of George II. Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others, threw off political squibs and light satires ; but Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. He was introduced into public life by Sir Robert Walpole, whom he warmly supported. 'He had come, on the death of his father, Mr Hanbury, into parliament in 1733, having taken the name of Williams for a large estate in Monmouthshire, left to him by a godfather who was no relation. After his celebrated political poetry in ridicule of Walpole's antagonists, having unluckily lampooned Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr Hussey, an Irish gentleman, and his countrymen, he retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia.* One verse of this truculent satire may be quoted :

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race
On stronger parts depending ;
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding.

Pulteney, in 1742, succeeded in procuring the defeat and resignation of his rival Sir Robert Walpole, and was himself elevated to the peerage under the title of Earl of Bath. From this period he sank from popular favour into great contempt, and some of the bitterest of Williams's verses were

levelled at him. In his poem of the *Statesman*, he thus characterises the new peer :

When you touch on his lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy ;
Say we are all but the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties ;
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
Yet speak not a word of the countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth ;
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands ;
He spake—and the minister fell ;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
Oh, that he had taught him to spell.

In another attack on the same parties, we have this pointed verse :

How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
No mortal yet knows why ;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
To call his vixen by.

Such pasquinades, it must be confessed, are as personal and virulent as any of the subsequent political poetry of the *Rolliad* or *Anti-Jacobin Review*. The following is a more careful specimen of Williams's character-painting. It is part of a sketch of General Churchill—a man not unlike Thackeray's Major Pendennis :

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long,
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.
If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains,
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
As long in telling as he was in fighting ;
His old desire to please is well expressed,
His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed ;
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears ;
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says :
And, still remembering that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
The room he entered smiling, which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment or threadbare joke ;
For, not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.

In 1822, the fugitive poetry of Williams was collected and published in three volumes ; but the work is carelessly edited, and many gross pieces not written by the satirical poet were admitted.

JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was a native of Wales, being born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, in 1698 or 1699. His father was a solicitor, and intended his son for the same profession. The latter,

however, had a taste for the fine arts, and rambled over his native country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard, and during his excursions he wrote *Grongar Hill* (1726), the production on which his fame rests, and where it rests securely. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. He does not seem to have excelled as an artist, though he was an able sketcher. On his return in 1740, he published anonymously another poem, *The Ruins of Rome*, in blank verse. One short passage, often quoted, is conceived, as Johnson remarks, 'with the mind of a poet :'

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing, probably, that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the church, and obtained successively the livings of Calthrop in Leicestershire, of Coningsby in Huntingdonshire, and of Belchford and Kirkby in Lincolnshire. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*, devoted to

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom.

The subject was not a happy one. How can a man write poetically, it was remarked by Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write poetically on his unpromising theme, and Aken-side assisted him with some finishing touches. One critic asked Dodsley how old the author of *The Fleece* was; and learning that he was in advanced life, 'He will,' said the critic, 'be buried in woollen.' The poet did not long survive the publication, for he died next year, on the 24th of July 1758. The poetical pictures of Dyer are happy miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. Wordsworth has praised him highly for imagination and purity of style. His versification is remarkably musical. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy.

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,

Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Docs the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and
sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go

A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
*As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.**

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain you search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side :
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765), author of the *Night Thoughts*, was born at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father—afterwards dean of Salisbury—was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712, he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and he continued both characters till he was past eighty. One of his patrons

was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1717. He was next tutor to Lord Burleigh, and was induced to give up this situation by Wharton, who promised to provide for him in a more suitable and ample manner. The duke also prevailed on Young, as a political supporter, to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester in parliament, and he gave him a bond for £600 to defray the expenses. Young was defeated, Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided against the validity of the bond. The poet, being now qualified by experience, published a satire on the *Universal Passion—the Love of Fame*, which is at once keen and powerful. When upwards of fifty, Young entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift has said that the poet was compelled to

Torture his invention

To flatter knaves, or lose his pension ;

and it was found by Mr Peter Cunningham—editor of Johnson's *Lives*, 1854—that Young had a pension of £200 a year from 1725 till his death. In 1730, Young obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days. He was eager to obtain further preferment, but having in his poetry professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext for keeping him out of a bishopric. The poet made a noble alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee, which lasted ten years, and proved a happier union than common report assigns to the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison. The lady had two children by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. Both died ; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his *Night Thoughts*. Sixty years had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761, the poet was made clerk of the closet to the Princess-dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards at the advanced age of eighty-one.

A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry, he is a severe moralist and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he describes, must be true ; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits ; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his *Night Thoughts*, with the gloomy views it presents of life and religion, shew the poetical artist fully as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous ; but the best are the *Night Thoughts*, the *Universal Passion*, and the tragedy of *Revenge*. The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, coloured and exaggerated for poetical effect :

Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?

Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license ; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven

* Byron thought the lines here printed in italics the original of Campbell's far-famed lines at the opening of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

months. The *Night Thoughts* were published from 1742 to 1744. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. It seems to us a mere fancy sketch. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded the poet scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is essentially a part of its structure. But it still leaves to our admiration many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten by the poet; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and suitable. In this sustained and impressive style, Young seldom remains long at a time; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their 'sulphureous or ambrosial seats,' soon converts the great poet into the painter and epigrammatist. The ingenuity of his second style is in some respects as wonderful as the first, but it is of a vastly inferior order of poetry. Southey thinks that when Johnson said (in his *Life of Milton*) that 'the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of wit,' he forgot Young. The moral critic could not, however, but have condemned even witty thoughts and sparkling metaphors, which are so incongruous and misplaced. The *Night Thoughts*, like *Hudibras*, is too pointed, and too full of compressed reflection and illustration, to be read continuously with pleasure. Nothing can atone for the want of simplicity and connection in a long poem. In Young there is no plot or progressive interest. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. The general reader, therefore, seeks out favourite passages for perusal, or contents himself with a single excursion into his wide and variegated field. But the more carefully it is studied, the more extraordinary and magnificent will the entire poem appear. The fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical value, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet's imagination:

The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

After all his bustling toils and ambition, how finely does Young advert to the quiet retirement of his country-life:

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,

Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we waste in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

And when he argues in favour of the immortality of man from the analogies of nature, with what exquisite taste and melody does he characterise the changes and varied appearances of creation:

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflowerish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

He thus moralises on human life:

Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

And again in a still nobler strain, where he compares human life to the sea:

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

* Lord Wilmington.

Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ! and while they triumph they expire.
 In stress of weather most, some sink outright :
 O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
 Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
 One Caesar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
 How few beneath auspicious planets born—
 Darlings of Providence ! fond fates elect !—
 With swelling sails make good the promised port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! yet even these,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men, and when is man secure ?
 As fatal time, as storm ! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
 In ruin end. And now their proud success
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow :
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high !
 'Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

With such a throng of poetical imagery, bursts of sentiment, and rays of fancy, does the poet-divine clothe the trite and simple truths, that all is vanity, and that man is born to die !

These thoughts, O Night ! are thine ;
 From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
 In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheered ; of her enamoured less
 Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
 Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?
 Where end ? or how steal music from the spheres
 To soothe their goddess ?

O majestic Night !
 Nature's great ancestor ! Day's elder born !
 And fated to survive the transient sun !
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe !
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist ; clouds, in heaven's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form, and heaven throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train :
 Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
 Inspiring aspect !—claim a grateful verse ;
 And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

This magnificent apostrophe to Night has scarcely been equalled in our poetry since the epic strains of Milton.

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
 From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
 I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous ; where my wrecked desponding thought
 From wave to wave of fancied misery
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost
 Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
 A bitter change !—severer for severe :
 The day too short for my distress ; and night,
 E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !
 Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds ;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled :
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.
 Silence and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve—
 That column of true majesty in man—
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
 The grave your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye ?

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primal Silence, when the morning stars
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 O Thou ! whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ;
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
 A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
 On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mixed,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb !
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust :
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
 Oh what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarmed !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourned along the gloom
 Of silent woods ; or, down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
 Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the common clod. . . .
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal !

Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost ?
 'Tis the desert, *this* the solitude :
 How populous, how vital is the grave !
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funeral, the sad cypress gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !

All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed ;
How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life ; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes ; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite : and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Thoughts on Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch :
How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account ?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid !
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door ;
Insidious Death ; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth ;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah ! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short ;

That span too short we tax as tedious too ;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by ; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time ; we breathe, not live ;
Time wasted is existence ; used, is life :
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back ;
Life we think long and short ; death seek and shun.
O the dark days of vanity ! while
Here, how tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !
Gone ? they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still :
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please ?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death :
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call ;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed—
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! what higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?
The present all their care ; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame ; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature ; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court ; and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities ;
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

Procrastination.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer :
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
 For ever on the brink of being born :
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drive, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
 dread :

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

The *Night Thoughts* have eclipsed the other
 works of Young ; but his satires, published from
 1725 to 1728 (*Love of Fame, the Universal Passion,*
in Seven Characteristical Satires), are poems of
 high merit, in many passages equalling the satires
 of Pope, which they seem to have suggested.

From the Love of Fame.

Not all on books their criticism waste :
 The genius of a dish some justly taste,
 And eat their way to fame ! with anxious thought
 The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
 Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
 And bids December yield the fruits of May.
 Their various cares in one great point combine
 The business of their lives, that is, to dine ;
 Half of their precious day they give the feast,
 And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
 Apicius here, the taster of the town,
 Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
 The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
 In those choice books their panegyrics read,
 And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed ;
 If man, by feeding well, commences great,
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
 But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
 Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
 And trifles, life. Your cares to trifles give,
 Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned ;
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
 But builds himself a name ; and to be great,
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate ;
 In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo ;
 And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true ;
 The pile is finished, every toil is past,
 And full perfection is arrived at last ;
 When lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,
 And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
 The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
 Provides a home from which to run away.
 In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
 But a discharge in full for an estate ?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote.
 To patchwork learned quotations are allied ;
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
 Slight or important only by their place ?
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;
 The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
 They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

*Envious Grub-Street Authors and Critics.**From Epistle I. to Mr Pope.*

With fame in just proportion envy grows ;
 The man that makes a character makes foes ;
 Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 To shew they live, they flutter and they sting :
 But as by deprecations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriuous or champagne ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven or embroidered spark,
 The purple prelate or the parish clerk,
 The quiet *quidnunc* or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
 Whether extremely witty or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull or shallowly polite,
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;
 For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perished nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men, subsists each other trade ;
 Of every broken craft a writer's made.
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
 From tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

The author of *The Chase* is still included in our list of poets, but is now rarely read or consulted. WILLIAM SOMERVILE (1677-1742) was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, his brother-poet,

A squire well born, and six foot high.

His patrimonial estate (to which he succeeded in 1704) lay in Warwickshire, and was worth £1500 per annum—from which, however, had to be deducted a jointure of £600 to his mother. He was generous, but extravagant, and died in distressed circumstances. Leaving no issue, his estate descended to Lord Somerville. Somerville's poetical works are *The Two Springs*, a *Fable*, 1725; *Occasional Poems*, 1727; and *The Chase*, 1735. *The Chase* is in blank verse, and contains practical instructions and admonitions to sportsmen. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in autumn, preparatory to 'throwing off the pack':

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
Their matins chant, nor brook they long delay.
My courier hears their voice; see there with cars
And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the jovous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express

Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Somerville wrote a poetical address to Addison, on the latter purchasing his estate in Warwickshire. 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison, it is well known, signed his papers in the *Spectator* with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet which gratified Johnson so highly is as follows:

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somerville does not scruple to place him above Shakspeare as a poet!

In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes:
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Gross as this misjudgment is, it should be remembered that Voltaire also fell into the same. The cold marble of *Cato* was preferred to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

JAMES THOMSON.

The publication of the *Seasons* was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonise with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design and beauty of form and colour, which we recognise as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No criticism or change of style has, therefore, affected his popularity. We may smile at sometimes meeting with a heavy monotonous period, a false ornament, or timid expression, the result of an indolent mind working itself up to a great effort, and we may wish that the subjects of his description were sometimes more select and dignified; but this drawback does not affect our permanent regard or general feeling; our first love remains unaltered; and Thomson is still the poet with whom some of our best and purest associations are indissolubly joined. In the *Seasons* we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the *Castle*

of *Indolence* we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, who was then minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to that of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written by him at the age of fourteen, shew how soon his manner was formed :

Now I surveyed my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source :
Now I explored the universal frame,
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
That tread the courts of the Eternal King !
Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
But thought is lost in its immensity :
Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
And fancy tires and turns within itself,
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity !
Ah ! my Lord God ! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp :
Yet may I from thy most apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author.*

In his eighteenth year, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh College. His father died in 1720, and the poet proceeded to London to push his fortune. His college friend, Mallet, procured him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shewn some of his descriptions of *Winter*, advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was done, and *Winter* was published in March 1726, the poet having received only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. *Summer* appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the *Four Seasons*; the number of subscribers, at a guinea each copy, was 387; but many took more than one, and Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. The tragedy of *Sophonisba* was next produced; and in 1731 the poet accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor, in the capacity of tutor or travelling-companion, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have passed or sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year the poet was at Rome, and no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he published his poem of *Liberty*, and obtained the sinecure

situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of Lord Talbot, the chancellor. The succeeding chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office. He again tried the drama, and produced *Agamemnon*, which was coldly received. *Edward and Eleonora* followed, and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of £100 a year, which he obtained through Lyttelton from the Prince of Wales. He further received the appointment of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy, and which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—paled in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, prepared after his death, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson now applied himself to finish the *Castle of Indolence*, on which he had been long engaged, and a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May 1748. In August following, he took a boat at Hammersmith to convey him to Kew, after having walked from London. He caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and, after a short illness, died (27th of August 1748). No poet was ever more deeply lamented or more sincerely mourned.

Though born a poet, Thomson seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The natural fervour of the man overpowered the rules of the scholar. The first edition of the *Seasons* differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language.

One of the finest and most picturesque similes in the work was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. The quotation will not be out of place here, as it is honourable to the friendship of the brother-poets, and tends to shew the importance of careful revision, without which no excellence can be attained in literature or the arts. How deeply must it be regretted that Pope did not oftener write in blank verse! In *Autumn*, describing Lavinia, the lines of Thomson were :

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city dames
Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled
By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields.

Pope drew his pen through this description, and supplied the following lines, which Thomson must have been too much gratified with not to adopt

* This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Mr Allan Cunningham, prefixed to an illustrated edition of the *Seasons*.

with pride and pleasure—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions :

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia ; till at length compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.*

That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of the *Castle of Indolence*. Between the period of his composing the *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence*, says Campbell, 'he wrote several works which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the *Castle of Indolence* he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso ; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the *Faery Queen* : and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.' If the critic had gone over the alterations in the *Seasons*, which Thomson had been more or less engaged upon for about sixteen years, he would have seen the gradual improvement of his taste, as well as imagination. So far as the *art* of the poet is concerned, the last corrected edition, as compared with the early copies, is a new work. The power of Thomson, however, lay not in his art, but in the exuberance of his genius, which sometimes required to be disciplined and controlled. The poetic glow is spread over all. He never slackens in his enthusiasm, nor tires of pointing out the phenomena of nature, which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect, till he had become familiar with all. Among the mountains, vales, and forests, he seems to realise his own words :

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

But he looks also, as Johnson has finely observed, 'with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.' He looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. His sympathies are universal. His touching allusions to the condition of the poor and suffering, to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter ; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims—all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which shews that the poet's virtues 'formed the magic of his song.' The genuine impulses under which he wrote he

* See Milford's edition of Gray's works. All Pope's corrections were adopted by Thomson.

has expressed in one noble stanza of the *Castle of Indolence* :

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave ;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

'The love of nature,' says Coleridge, 'seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion ; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature ; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him ; yet, I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.' The ardour and fulness of Thomson's descriptions distinguish them from those of Cowper, who was naturally less enthusiastic, and who was restricted by his religious tenets, and by his critical and classically formed taste. The diction of the *Seasons* is at times pure and musical ; it is too elevated and ambitious, however, for ordinary themes, and where the poet descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes—as in the account of the chase and fox-hunters' dinner in *Autumn*—the effect is grotesque and absurd. Campbell has happily said, that 'as long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the Druid ; and perhaps, to the general experience, is rather imposing ; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costume of expression.' Cowper avoided this *want of keeping* between his style and his subjects, adapting one to the other with inimitable ease, grace, and variety ; yet only rising in one or two instances to the higher flights of Thomson.

In 1843, a *Poem to the Memory of Mr Congreve, inscribed to her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough*, was reprinted for the Percy Society—under the care of Mr Peter Cunningham—as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. We have no doubt of the genuineness of this poem as the work of Thomson. It possesses all the characteristics of his style.

We subjoin a few of the detached pictures and descriptions in the *Seasons*, and part of the *Castle of Indolence*.

Showers in Spring.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom ;

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-implore, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

Birds Pairing in Spring.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That nature's great command may be obeyed :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring ; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests :
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave :
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent : and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw ; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light ;
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour : O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,

On the new parents seize ! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

A Summer Morning.

With quickened step
Brown night retires : young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawn prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward ; while along the forest glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Summer Evening.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb ;
Now half immersed ; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn :
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Goes merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower

Is also shunned ; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem ; and through the
dark

A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

Autumn Evening Scene.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current ; while illumined wide,
The dew-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things :
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree ;

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deseries,
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam ;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world. . . .

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A Winter Landscape.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white :
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroidering sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family asance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men—the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. . . .

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart,
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Hymn on the Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,

And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breath soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes,
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go

Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

The Caravan of Mecca.

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play ;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

Pestilence at Carthage.

Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as of late at Carthage quenched
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright ; you heard the groans
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore ;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corpse ; while on each other fixed
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed
Silent to ask whom Fate would next demand.

From the 'Castle of Indolence.'

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
browned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence keet,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Joined to the prattling of the pruling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye :
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh ;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence—for so the wizard hight—
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's
estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by ;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody ;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung :

' Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay :
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
What youthful bride can equal her array ?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

' Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats ! that from the flowering
thorn

Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale

' Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched t'
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pai'
Of cares that eat away thy heart with
And of the vices, an inhuman train,

That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
 Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 For ever vain ; come, and, withouten fee,
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
 Of full delight : O come, ye weary, wights to me !

'With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds :
 Or prowling in courts of law for human prey,
 In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

'No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 From village on to village sounding clear :
 To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
 No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith fear ;
 Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
 With sounds that are a misery to hear :
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art. . . .

'The best of men have ever loved repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
 Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
 Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
 The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
 From a base world at last have stolen away :
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

'But if a little exercise you choose,
 Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
 Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
 You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear
 Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
 Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

'O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 And gives the untasted portion you have won,
 With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
 As poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,
 At ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of mer-moons, the distant woods among,
 The flood all silvered with the gleam,
 Died fays through airy portal stream. . . .

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle notes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man strolled off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertained ;
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;
 While solitude and perfect silence reigned :
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was
 constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
 Placed far amid the melancholy main—
 Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain—
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show. . . .

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretched around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
 With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round ;
 Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
 Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart ;
 Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
 And taught charmed echo to resound their smart ;
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
 peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand
 Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed ;
 Blest sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls ;
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew. . . .

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,
 Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
 But sildelong, to the gently waving wind,

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight ;
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fanned ; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the
heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore ;
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began—
So worked the wizard—wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell ;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That played in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My muse will not attempt your fairy land ;
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more refined
delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep ;
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence
to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom ;
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom ;
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, awhile, O lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Rule Britannia—'An Ode,' from 'Alfred, a Masque.'

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain :
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair !
Rule, Britannia, &c.

ROBERT BLAIR.

Mr Southey has incautiously ventured a statement in his *Life of Cowper*, that Blair's *Grave* is the only poem he could call to mind which has been composed in imitation of the *Night Thoughts*. *The Grave* was written prior to the publication of the *Night Thoughts*, and has no other resemblance to the work of Young, than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. The author was an accomplished and exemplary Scottish clergyman, who enjoyed some private fortune, independent of his profession, and was thus enabled to live in a superior style, and cultivate the acquaintance of the neighbouring gentry. As a poet of pleasing and elegant manners, a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge, his society was much courted, and he enjoyed the correspondence of Dr Isaac Watts and Dr Doddridge. Blair was born in Edinburgh in 1699, his father being minister of the Old Church there. In 1731 he was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, a parish in East Lothian. Previous to his ordination, he had written *The Grave*, and submitted the manuscript to Watts and Doddridge. It was published in 1743. Blair died at the age of forty-seven, in February 1746. By his marriage with a daughter of Mr Law, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (to whose memory he dedicated a poem), he left a numerous family ; and his fourth son, a distinguished lawyer, rose to be Lord President of the Court of Session.

An obelisk was in 1857 erected to the memory of the poet at Athelstaneford.

The Grave is a complete and powerful poem, of limited design, but masterly execution. The subject precluded much originality of conception, but, at the same time, is recommended by its awful importance and its universal application. The style seems to be formed upon that of the old sacred and puritanical poets, elevated by the author's admiration of Milton and Shakspeare. There is a Scottish Presbyterian character about the whole, relieved by occasional flashes and out-breaks of true genius. These coruscations sometimes subside into low and vulgar images or expressions, as towards the close of the following noble passage :

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe ;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim !
And crammed into a space we blush to name !
Proud royalty! How altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue !
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath his sacrificer's knife ;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave—
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple
(O cruel irony !); these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour !

The death of the strong man is forcibly depicted :

Strength, too ! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy laden ! let me trace it :
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play ! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well-spread
shoulders ?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight !
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan ?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,

And flee before a feeble thing like man :
'That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife ?

In our extracts from Congreve, we have quoted a passage, much admired by Johnson, descriptive of the awe and fear inspired by a cathedral scene at midnight, 'where all is hushed and still as death.' Blair has ventured on a similar description, and has imparted to it a terrible and gloomy power :

See yonder hallowed fane ! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were :
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary !
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles,
Black-plastered, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons,
And tattered coats-of-arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their
slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Push and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Some of his images are characterised by a Shakspearian force and picturesque fancy. Men see their friends

Drop off like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, *which the long lovers*
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for.

The divisions of churchmen are for ever closed :

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, *like sister-streams*
That some rude interposing rock has split.

Man, sick of bliss, tried evil ; and, as a result,

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ; or, if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.

The latter simile has been appropriated by Campbell in his *Pleasures of Hope*, with one slight verbal alteration, which cannot be called an improvement :

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

The original comparison seems to belong to Norris of Bemerton (see *ante*, page 564).

DR WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS—a name never to be pronounced without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity, or by any well-wisher of mankind—was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His parents were remarkable for piety. Means would have been provided for placing him at the university, but he early inclined to the Dissenters, and he was educated at one of their establishments, taught by the Rev. Thomas Rowe. He was afterwards four

years in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington. Here he was chosen (1698) assistant-minister by an Independent congregation, of which four years after he succeeded to the full charge ; but bad health soon rendered him unfit for the performance of the heavy labours thus imposed upon him, and in his turn he required the assistance of a joint-pastor. His health continuing to decline, Watts was received in 1712 into the house of a benevolent gentleman of his neighbourhood, Sir Thomas Abney of Abney Park, where he spent all the remainder of his life—thirty-six years. The death of Sir Thomas Abney, eight years after he went to reside with him, made no change in these agreeable arrangements, as the same benevolent patronage was extended to him by the widow, who outlived him a year. While in this retirement, he preached occasionally, but gave the most of his time to study. His treatises on *Logic* and on the *Improvement of the Mind* are still highly prized for their cogency of argument and felicity of illustration. Watts also wrote several theological works and volumes of sermons. His poetry consists almost wholly of devotional hymns, which, by their simplicity, their unaffected ardour, and their imagery, powerfully arrest the attention of children, and are never forgotten in mature life. In infancy we learn the hymns of Watts, as part of maternal instruction, and in youth his moral and logical treatises impart the germs of correct reasoning and virtuous self-government. The life of this good and useful man terminated on the 25th of November 1748.

The Rose.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

The Hebrew Bard.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads :
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars ; and, lo ! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God ! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing :

His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse :
Earth trembles ; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe ?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke ;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake ; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed :
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire :

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand :
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep :
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course ;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings :
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo ! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

A Summer Evening.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

EDWARD MOORE.

The success of *Gay's Fables* suggested a volume of *Fables for the Female Sex*, published in 1744 by EDWARD MOORE (1712–1757). Moore was a native of Abingdon, in Berkshire, son of a dissenting clergyman. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He wrote several plays, and was editor of the series of essays entitled *The World*. Chesterfield, whom Moore complimented highly in a poem called *The Trial of Selim the Persian*, wrote no less than twenty-four

essays for *The World*, and interested himself warmly in the fortunes of the amiable poet. The *Fables* of Moore rank next to those of Gay, but are inferior to them both in choice of subject and in poetical merit. Goldsmith thought that justice had not been done to Moore as a poet: 'It was upon his *Fables* he [Moore] founded his reputation, but they are by no means his best production.' His tragedy of *The Gamester* is certainly better, and some of his verses are finished with greater care. The following little pastoral has a fine vein of sentiment versified with ease and elegance:

The Happy Marriage.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

It is an interesting and singular fact in literary history that Moore died while the last number of the collected edition of his periodical, *The World*, which describes the imaginary death of the author, was passing through the press.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761) was a zealous literary antiquary, and Norroy King-at-arms. He wrote a life of Raleigh, and assisted every author or bookseller who required a leaf from his voluminous collections. His obscure diligence amassed various interesting particulars of literary history.

The following exquisite little Anacreontic was from the pen of Oldys, who occasionally indulged in deep potations of ale, for which he was caricatured by his friend and brother-antiquary, Grose:

*Song, made Extempore by a Gentleman, occasioned by a
Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:

Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703-1764) was an able and spirited publisher of his day, the friend of literature and of literary men. He projected the *Annual Register*, in which Burke was engaged, and he was the first to collect and republish the *Old English Plays*. His *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*, in six volumes (1758), is a valuable repertory of the minor and short poems of that period. Doddsley wrote an excellent little moral treatise, *The Economy of Human Life*, which was attributed to Lord Chesterfield; and he was author of some dramatic pieces and poetical effusions. He was always attached to literature, and this, aided by his excellent conduct, raised him from the low condition of a livery-servant, to be one of the most influential and respectable men of the times in which he lived. Pope assisted him with £100 to commence business.

Song—The Parting Kiss.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

None of our poets has lived more under the 'skiey influences' of imagination than that exquisite but ill-fated bard, COLLINS. His works are imbued with a fine ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and though, like the poems of Gray, they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description. His history is brief but painful. William Collins was the son of a respectable tradesman, a hatter, at Chichester, where he was born on Christmas-day, 1721. In his *Ode to Pity*, the poet alludes to his 'native plains,' which are bounded by the South Down hills, and to the small river Arun, one of the streams of Sussex, near which Otway, also, was born:

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream and mute!
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo 'midst my native plains
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

Collins received a learned education, first as a scholar on the foundation of Winchester College (January 1733), and afterwards as a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, at which he took his degree of B.A. in November 1743. He quitted

the college abruptly, and afterwards visited his maternal uncle, Colonel Martyn, at that time with his regiment in Flanders. On his return to England, Collins intended entering the church, but he soon abandoned this design, and applied himself to literature. While at college he published his *Persian Eclogues*, afterwards republished with the title of *Oriental Eclogues*, and next year (1743) his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare*. Collins, as Johnson remarks, 'had many projects in his head.' He planned several tragedies, and issued *Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning*, a work which he never accomplished. He was full of high hopes and magnificent schemes. His learning was extensive, but he wanted steadiness of purpose and application. In 1746, he published his *Odes*, which were purchased by Millar the bookseller, but failed to attract attention. Collins sunk under the disappointment, and became still more indolent and dissipated. The fine promise of his youth, his ardent and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. Once again, however, he strung his lyre with poetical enthusiasm. Thomson died in 1748: Collins—who resided some time at Richmond—knew and loved him, and his latest and best editor, Mr W. Moy Thomas,* conjectures that Thomson has sketched his friend in one of the stanzas of the *Castle of Indolence*:

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involved, not dark. . . .
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

When Thomson died, Collins quitted Richmond, and he honoured the memory of his brother-poet with an ode, which is certainly one of the finest elegiac productions in the language. Among his friends was also Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he addressed an ode, which was found unfinished after his death, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands*. He loved to dwell on these dim and visionary objects, and the compliment he pays to Tasso may be applied equally to himself:

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

At this period, Collins seems to have contemplated a journey to Scotland:

The time shall come when I perhaps may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop from Teviotdale each lyric flower,
And mourn on Yarrow's banks where Willy's laid.

In the midst of the poet's difficulties and distresses, in 1749 his uncle died, and left him about £2000; 'a sum,' says Johnson, 'which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He sank into a state of nervous imbecility. All hope and exertion had

fled. Johnson met him one day, carrying with him as he travelled an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best.' In his latter days he was tended by his sister in Chichester. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, accompanying the music with loud sobs and moans. After five years passed in this melancholy condition, death at length came to his relief, and in 1759—in the thirty-ninth year of his age—his troubled and melancholy career was terminated: it affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius, linked to personal calamity, that throws its lights and shades on our literary annals.

Southey has remarked, that, though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the *Odes* of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. 'Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' This popularity seems still to be on the increase, though the want of human interest and of action in Collins's poetry prevents its being generally read. The *Eclogues* are free from the occasional obscurity and remoteness of conception that in part pervade the *Odes*, and they charm by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. The desert scene in *Hassan, the Camel-driver*, is a finished picture—impressive, and even appalling, in its reality. The *Ode on the Passions*, and that on *Evening*, are the finest of his lyrical works. The former is a magnificent gallery of allegorical paintings; and the poetical diction is equally rich with the conception. No poet has made more use of metaphors and personification. He has individualised even metaphysical pursuits, which he terms 'the shadowy tribes of Mind.' Pity is presented with 'eyes of dewy light'—a felicitous epithet; and Danger is described with the boldness and distinctness of sculpture:

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Eclogue II.—Hassan; or the Camel-driver.

Scene—The Desert. Time—Mid-day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels passed;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

* Collins's Poetical Works—Aldine Poets, 1858.

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara! will be thine undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears.
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

Ode written in the Beginning of the Year 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favourite name!

*The Passions, an Ode for Music.**

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell;
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They snatched her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
 Low, sullen, sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
 hair:

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of different themes the veering song was mixed,
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;

* Performed at Oxford, with Hayes' music, in 1750.

And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole:
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning-dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power;
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders in that godlike age
 Fill thy recording sister's page;
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece;
 Return in all thy simple state;
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

Dirge in Cymbeline.

Sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS over FIDELE, supposed to
 be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew ;

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more ;
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave ;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail ?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now wait me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
Their hands and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
' O vales, and wild-woods, shall he say,
' In yonder grave your Druid lies !'

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE added some pleasing pastoral and elegiac strains to our national poetry, but he wanted, as Johnson justly remarks, 'comprehension and variety.' Though highly ambitious of poetical fame, he devoted a large portion of his time, and squandered most of his means, in landscape-gardening and ornamental agriculture. He reared up around him a sort of rural paradise, expending his poetical taste and fancy in the disposition and embellishment of his grounds, till at length pecuniary difficulties and distress drew a cloud over the fair prospect, and darkened the latter days of the poet's life. Swift, who entertained a mortal aversion to all projectors, might have included the unhappy Shenstone among the fanciful inhabitants of his Laputa. The estate which he laboured to adorn was his natal ground. At Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, the poet was born in November 1714. He was taught to read at what is termed a dame-school, and his venerable preceptress has been immortalised by his poem of the *Schoolmistress*. In the year 1732, he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained four years. In 1745, the paternal estate fell to his own care and management, and he began from this time, as Johnson characteristically describes it, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters ; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful ; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers.' Descriptions of the Leasowes have been written by Dodsley and Goldsmith. The property was altogether not worth more than £300 per annum, and Shenstone had devoted so much of his means to external embellishment, that he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed ambition—for he aimed at political as well as poetical celebrity—conspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him in his solitary situation. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the complaint of Swift, that he would be 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone was essentially kind and benevolent, and he must at times have experienced exquisite pleasure in his romantic retreat, to which every year would give fresh beauty, and develop more distinctly the creations of his taste and labour. 'The works of a person that builds,' he says, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve.' This advantage he possessed with the additional charm of a love of literature ; but Shenstone sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction. He built his happiness on the applause of others, and died in solitude a votary of the world. His death took place at the Leasowes, February 11, 1763.

The works of Shenstone were collected and

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.—COLLINS.

published after his death by his friend Dodsley, in three volumes. The first contains his poems, the second his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. Gray remarks of his correspondence, that it is 'about nothing else but the Leasowes, and his writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.' The essays are good, displaying an ease and grace of style united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow ripeness of thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them more closely than any others we possess. In poetry, Shenstone tried different styles: his elegies barely reach mediocrity; his levities, or pieces of humour, are dull and spiritless. His highest effort is the *Schoolmistress*, published in 1742, but said to be 'written at college, 1736.' It was altered and enlarged after its first publication. This poem is a descriptive sketch in imitation of Spenser, so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a painting by Teniers or Wilkie. His *Pastoral Ballad*, in four parts, is also the finest English poem of that order. The pastorals of Spenser do not aim at lyrical simplicity, and no modern poet has approached Shenstone in the simple tenderness and pathos of pastoral song. Campbell seems to regret the affected Arcadianism of these pieces, which undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of pastoral life and modern manners. But, whether from early associations—for almost every person has read Shenstone's *Ballad* in youth—or from the romantic simplicity, the true touches of nature and feeling, and the easy versification of the stanzas, they are always read and remembered with delight. We must surrender up the judgment to the imagination in perusing them, well knowing that no such Corydons or Phyllises are to be found; but this is a sacrifice which few readers of poetry are slow to make.

We subjoin part of the *Schoolmistress*; but one other stanza is worthy of notice, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for its having probably suggested to Gray the fine reflection in his *Elegy*:

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, &c.

Mr D'Israeli has pointed out this resemblance in his *Curiosities of Literature*, and it appears well founded. The palm of merit, as well as originality, seems to belong to Shenstone; for it is more natural and just to predict the existence of undeveloped powers and great eminence in the humble child at school, than to conceive they had slumbered through life in the peasant in the grave. Yet the conception of Gray has a sweet and touching pathos, that sinks into the heart and memory. Shenstone's is as follows:

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to shew
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare—names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

The Schoolmistress.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;

While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grow,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron died in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behave,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past department claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew ;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew :
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue :
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed ;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn :
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er
return !

In elbow-chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat ; and some with rank she graced
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride !),
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed ;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo ! now with state she utters her command ;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair :
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St George's high achievements does declare ;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween !

From 'A Pastoral Ballad'—1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—VIRG.

[Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain.
DRYDEN.]

ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I ;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

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Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn—
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prize them no more. . . .

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.*

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe ;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

HOPE.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains, all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hastened and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

* This stanza, and the four lines beginning: 'I prized every hour that went by,' were greatly admired by Johnson, who said: 'If any mind denies its sympathy to them, it has no acquaintance with love or nature.'

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of his young ;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue. . . .

SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love :
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays ;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe—O my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die.' . . .

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do but to stray ;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair, and my passion begun ;
She smiled, and I could not but love ;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought :
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love every hope can inspire ;
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorned with a smile. . . .

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestowed such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smiled, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

*Song—Jemmy Dawson.**

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured youth astray ;
The day the rebel clans appeared,
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear ?
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said :
'O Dawson, monarch of my heart !
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George ! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame ;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.'

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common in 1746. The incident occurred as described in the ballad. A pardon was expected, and Dawson was to have been married the same day. The young lady followed him to the scaffold. 'She got near enough,' as stated in a letter written at the time, 'to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out : "My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee ! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she was speaking.'

O then her mourning-coach was called,
The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law ;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long ;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And severed was that beautiful neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed ;
And mangled was that beautiful breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed :

And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
'Now, now,' she cried, 'I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can shew
The pure and lasting love I bore :
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne :
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin ;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win ;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whoe'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

DAVID MALLET.

DAVID MALLET, author of some beautiful ballad stanzas, and some florid unimpassioned poems in blank verse, was a successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. He praised and courted Pope while living, and, after experiencing his kindness,

traded his memory when dead. He earned a disgraceful pension by contributing to the death of a brave naval officer, Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the clamour of faction ; and by various other acts of his life, he evinced that self-aggrandisement was his only steady and ruling passion. When Johnson, therefore, states that Mallet was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend, he pays a compliment to the virtue and integrity of the natives of Scotland. The original name of the poet was Malloch. When the clan Macgregor was abolished by an act of the privy-council in 1603, and subsequently by acts of parliament, some of the clansmen took this name of Malloch, of which two Gaelic etymologies have been given. One derives it from *Mala*, a brow or eyebrow, and another from *Mallaich*, the cursed or accursed, Mallet's father is said to have kept an inn at Crieff, in Perthshire ; but a recent editor of the poet,* upon grounds not merely plausible but very probable, believes him to have been the son of parents of a less humble condition of life—a family of Mallochs settled upon the farm of Dunruchan, near Muthill, Perthshire, the head of which family was one of three on the great estates of Perth who rode on saddles, that being a dignity not permitted or too costly for others. The Dunruchan Mallochs were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and sunk to poverty. David is first found in the situation of janitor of the High School of Edinburgh—a menial office rarely given to one so young as Mallet, who was then not more than fifteen or sixteen. He held the office for half a year, his full salary being ten pounds Scots, or 16s. 8d. This was in 1718. He then studied for a time under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, to whose kindness he was much indebted, and he was afterwards received, though without salary, as tutor in the family of Mr Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He next obtained a similar situation, but with a salary of £30 per annum, in the family of the Duke of Montrose. In 1723, he went to London with the duke's family, and next year his ballad of *William and Margaret* appeared in Hill's periodical, the *Plain Dealer*. He soon numbered among his friends Young, Pope, and other eminent persons, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste, rendered his society acceptable. In 1726 he began to write his name Mallet, 'for there is not one Englishman,' he said, 'that can pronounce Malloch.' In 1728 he published his poem the *Excursion*, written in imitation of the blank verse of Thomson. The defects of Thomson's style are servilely copied ; some of his epithets and expressions are also borrowed ; but there is no approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. Passing over his feeble tragedies, Mallet, in 1733, published a satire on Bentley, inscribed to Pope, entitled *Verbal Criticism*, in which he insolently characterises the venerable scholar as

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumbered in his head.

Through the recommendation of Pope, Mallet was appointed travelling tutor to the son of Mr Knight

* *Ballads and Songs by David Mallet*. Edited by Dr Dinsdale. 1857.

of Gosfield, with whom he visited the continent for several summers. He was next patronised by Frederick, Prince of Wales, then head of the Opposition, and by command of the prince, the mask of *Alfred*, which was performed in 1740, at Cliefden, the summer residence of his royal highness. In this slight dramatic performance—which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751—*Rule Britannia* first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, ‘will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.’ Whether Thomson or Mallet was the author of *Rule Britannia* is not quite settled. A competent critic, Mr Bolton Corney, ascribes it to Mallet, who indirectly claimed it as wholly his own composition, but his assertion carries little weight with it, and the lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly and patriotic spirit of Thomson. The neat artistic hand of Mallet may, however, have been employed on some of the stanzas. In the same year (1740), Mallet wrote a life of Bacon, prefixed to an edition of the works of the philosopher. In 1742, he was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 per annum; and a fortunate second marriage—nothing is known of his first—added to his income, as the lady had a fortune of seven or eight thousand pounds. She was daughter of Lord Carlisle’s steward. Both Mallet and his wife professed to be deists, and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by commencing her arguments with: ‘*Sir, we deists.*’ When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from his college at Oxford for embracing popery, he took refuge in Mallet’s house, and was rather scandalised, he says, than reclaimed, by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife of Mallet one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with that of Smollett; the lady wittily answered: ‘Madam, there is a short remedy; let your husband keep his own name.’ On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, it was found that she had left £1000 to Glover, author of *Leonidas*, and Mallet jointly, on condition that they should draw up from the family papers a life of the great duke. Glover, indignant at a stipulation in the will, that the memoir was to be submitted before publication to the Earl of Chesterfield, and being a high-spirited man, devolved the whole on Mallet, who also received a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough to stimulate his industry. He pretended to be busy with the work, and in the dedication to a small collection of his poems published in 1762, he stated that he hoped soon to present his grace with something *more solid* in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough. Mallet had received the solid money, and cared for nothing else. On his death, it was found that not a single line of the memoir had been written. In 1747, appeared Mallet’s poem, *Amyntor and Theodora*. This, the longest of his poetical works, is a tale in blank verse, the scene of which is laid in the solitary island of St Kilda, whither one of his characters, Aurelius, had fled to avoid the religious persecutions under Charles II. Some highly wrought descriptions of marine scenery, storms, and shipwreck, with a few touches of natural

pathos and affection, constitute the chief characteristics of the poem. The whole, however—even the very names in such a locality—has an air of improbability and extravagance. In 1749, Mallet came forward as the ostensible editor of Bolingbroke’s *Patriot King*—insulting the memory of his benefactor Pope; and the peer rewarded him by bequeathing to him the whole of his works, manuscripts, and library. Mallet’s love of money and infidel principles were equally gratified by this bequest—he published the collected works of Bolingbroke in 1754.* His next appearance was also of a discreditable character. When the government became unpopular by the defeat at Minorca, Mallet was employed (1756) in its defence, and under the signature of a Plain Man, he published an address imputing cowardice to the admiral of the fleet. He succeeded: Byng was shot, and Mallet was pensioned. The accession of George III. opened a way for all literary Scotsmen subservient to the crown. Mallet was soon a worshipper of the favourite Lord Bute. In 1761, he published a flattering poetical epistle, *Truth in Rhyme*, addressed to Lord Bute, and equally laudatory of the king and the minister. Of this piece Chesterfield said:

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Astrea from her native sky beholds the virtues of the ‘patriot king,’ and summons Urania to sing his praises. Urania doubts whether a prince deserving but shunning fame, would permit her strains, but she calls upon all Britons to emulate their king, and, considering to whom such ‘grateful lays’ should be sent,

To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found, and fixed on Bute!

Such is the poor conceit on which the rhyme is built. Mallet afterwards dedicated his tragedy of *Elvira* (1763) to Lord Bute, and was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London, which was worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London, April 21, 1765.

Gibbon anticipated that if ever his friend Mallet should attain poetic fame, it would be by his *Amyntor and Theodora*; but, contrary to the *dictum* of the historian, the poetic fame of Mallet rests on his ballads, and chiefly on his *William and Margaret*, which, written about the age of twenty-two, afforded high hopes of ultimate excellence. The simplicity, here remarkable, he seems to have thrown aside when he assumed the airs and dress of a man of taste and fashion. All critics, from Dr Percy downwards, have united in considering *William and Margaret* one of the finest compositions of the kind in our language. Sir Walter Scott conceived that Mallet had imitated an old Scottish tale to be found in Allan Ramsay’s *Tea-table Miscellany*, beginning:

There came a ghost to Margaret’s door,

The resemblance is striking. Mallet confessed only

* Johnson’s sentence on the noble author and his editor is one of his most pointed conversational memorabilia: ‘Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.’

—in a note to his ballad—to the following verse in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* :

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

In the first printed copies of Mallet's ballad, the first two lines were nearly the same as the above—

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep.

He improved the rhyme by the change ; but beautiful as the idea is of night and morning meeting, it may be questioned whether there is not more of the ballad simplicity in the old words.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

'Awake !' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

'This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath !
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

'How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young, witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

'That face, alas ! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

'But hark ! the cock has warned me hence ;
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more !

The Birks of Invermay.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing ;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more ;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay !

Some additional stanzas were added to the above by Dr Bryce, Kirknewton. Invermay is in Perthshire, the native county of Mallet, and is situated near the termination of a little picturesque stream called the May. The 'birk' or birch-tree is abundant, adding grace and beauty to rock and stream. Though a Celt by birth, Mallet had none of the imaginative wildness or superstition of his native country. Macpherson, on the other hand, seems to have been completely imbued with it.

MARK AKENSIDE.

The author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, one of the most pure and noble-minded poems of the age, was of humble origin. His parents were dissenters, and the Puritanism imbibed in his early years seems, as in the case of Milton, to have given a gravity and earnestness to his character, and a love of freedom to his thoughts and imagination. MARK AKENSIDE was the son of a respectable butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born, November 9, 1721. An accident in his early years—the fall of one of his father's cleavers, or hatchets, on his foot—rendered him lame for life, and perpetuated the

recollection of his lowly birth. The Society of Dissenters advanced a sum for the education of the poet as a clergyman, and he repaired to Edinburgh for this purpose in his eighteenth year. He afterwards repented of this destination, and, returning the money, entered himself as a student of medicine. He was then a poet, and in his *Hymn to Science*, written in Edinburgh, we see at once the formation of his classic taste, and the dignity of his personal character :

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
Propitious Power ! impart ;
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

A youth animated by such sentiments, promised a manhood of honour and integrity. The medical studies of Akenside were completed at Leyden, where he took his degree of M.D. May 16, 1744. Previous to this he had published anonymously his *Pleasures of Imagination*, which appeared in January of that year, and was so well received that a second edition was called for within four months. The price demanded for the copyright was £120, a large sum ; but Dodsley the publisher having submitted it to Pope, the latter advised him not to make a niggardly offer, 'for this was no everyday writer.' The success of the work justified alike poet, critic, and publisher. The same year Akenside in a poetical epistle attacked Pulteney under the name of Curio, but desirous of some more solid support than the Muse, he commenced physician at Northampton. The ground was preoccupied, and he did not succeed. He then published a collection of *Odes*, and in January 1746, he engaged to contribute to Dodsley's *Museum* an essay and review of new books once a fortnight, for which he was to receive £100 per annum. He continued also to practise as a physician, first at Hampstead, and afterwards in Bloomsbury Square, London, and he published several medical treatises. At Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a young Englishman of fortune, Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. which ripened into a friendship of the most close and enthusiastic description : and Mr Dyson—who was afterwards clerk of the House of Commons, a lord of the treasury, &c.—had the generosity to allow the poet £300 a year. After writing a few *Odes*, and attempting a total alteration of his great poem—in which he was far from successful—Akenside made no further efforts at composition. In 1757, appeared the enlargement of the First Book of his *Pleasures of Imagination*, of the Second Book in 1765, and a fragment of an intended Fourth Book was published after his death. The society of the poet was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence ; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients, exposed him occasionally to ridicule. The physician in *Peregrine Pickle*, who gives a feast in the manner of the ancients, is supposed to

have been a caricature of Akenside. The description, for rich humour and grotesque combinations of learning and folly, has not been excelled by Smollett ; but it was unworthy his talents to cast ridicule on a man of high character, learning, and genius. Akenside died suddenly of a putrid sore throat, on the 23d of June 1770, in his 49th year, and was buried in St James's Church. With a feeling common to poets, as to more ordinary mortals, Akenside, in his latter days, reverted with delight to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne. In his fragment of a fourth book of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, written in the last year of his life, there is the following beautiful passage :

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands ; where
Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleasèd traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands !
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream !
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you ; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year : whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

The spirit of Milton seems to speak in this strain of lofty egotism ! *

The *Pleasures of Imagination* is a poem seldom read continuously, though its finer passages, by frequent quotation, particularly in works of criticism and moral philosophy, are well known. Gray censured the mixture of spurious philosophy—the speculations of Hutcheson and Shaftesbury—which the work contains. Plato, Lucretius, and even the papers by Addison in the *Spectator*, were also laid under contribution by the studious author. He gathered sparks of enthusiasm from kindred minds, but the train was in his own. The pleasures which his poem professes to treat of, 'proceed,' he says, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' These, with the moral and intellectual objects arising from them, furnish

* Thus Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnus* : 'Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home ; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter, oft ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion ; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught ; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations.' See also the fine passage *ante*, page 330.

abundant topics for illustration; but Akenside dealt chiefly with abstract subjects, pertaining more to philosophy than to poetry. He did not seek to graft upon them human interests and passions. In tracing the final causes of our emotions, he could have described their exercise and effects in scenes of ordinary pain or pleasure in the walks of real life. This does not seem, however, to have been the purpose of the poet, and hence his work is deficient in interest. He seldom stoops from the heights of philosophy and classic taste. He considered that physical science improved the charms of nature. Contrary to the feeling of another poet (Campbell) who repudiates these 'cold material laws,' he viewed the rainbow with additional pleasure after he had studied the Newtonian theory of lights and colours :

Nor ever yet

The melting rainbow's vernal tintured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.

Akenside's *Hymn to the Naiads* has the true classical spirit. He had caught the manner and feeling, the varied pause and harmony, of the Greek poets, with such felicity, that Lloyd considered his *Hymn* as fitted to give a better idea of that form of composition, than could be conveyed by any translation of Homer or Callimachus. Gray was an equally learned poet, perhaps superior: his knowledge was better digested. But Gray had not the romantic enthusiasm of character, tinged with pedantry, which naturally belonged to Akenside. He had also the experience of mature years. The genius of Akenside was early developed, and his diffuse and florid descriptions seem the natural product—marvellous of its kind—of youthful exuberance. He was afterwards conscious of the defects of his poem. He saw that there was too much leaf for the fruit; but in cutting off these luxuriances, he sacrificed some of the finest blossoms. Posterity has been more just to his fame, by almost wholly disregarding this second copy of his philosophical poem. In his youthful aspirations after moral and intellectual greatness and beauty, he seems, like Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, 'an angel newly descended from the visions of glory.' In advanced years, he is the professor in his robes; still free from stain, but stately, formal, and severe. The blank verse of the *Pleasures of Imagination* is free and well modulated, and seems to be distinctly his own. Though apt to run into too long periods, it has more compactness of structure than Thomson's ordinary composition. Its occasional want of perspicuity probably arises from the fineness of his distinctions, and the difficulty attending mental analysis in verse. He might also wish to avoid all vulgar and common expressions, and thus err from excessive refinement. A redundancy of ornament undoubtedly, in some passages, takes off from the clearness and prominence of his conceptions. His highest flights, however—as in the allusion to the death of Cæsar, and his exquisitely wrought parallel between art and nature—have a flow and energy of expression, with appropriate imagery, which mark the great poet. His style is chaste, yet elevated and musical. He never

compromised his dignity, though he blended sweetness with its expression.

Aspirations after the Infinite.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unflinching, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountain, plains, through empires black
with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear.
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Patriotism.

Mind, mind alone—bear witness, earth and heaven!—
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
 Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
 In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
 The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

Taste.

What, then, is taste, but these internal powers
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
 In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
 He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
 O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutored airs,
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects; one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,

Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs
 All on the margin of some flowery stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day:
 Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; the groves;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair Imagination culls
 To charm the enlivened soul. What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marble and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where, negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weighed
 The world's foundations: if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what the eternal Maker has ordained
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,

With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Inscription for a Monument to Shakspeare.

O youths and virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet : ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile, ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other : 'This was Shakspeare's form ;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.'

Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer, at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer : such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang ; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life ; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies ; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero ; who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

As a poet, LYTTELTON might escape remembrance, but he comes before us as a general author. and is, from various considerations apart from literary reputation, worthy of notice. He was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley, in Worcestershire—born on the 17th of January 1709 ; and after distinguishing himself at Eton and Oxford, he went abroad, and passed some time in France and Italy. On his return, he obtained a seat in parliament, and opposed the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. He became secretary to the Prince of Wales, and was thus able to benefit his literary friends, Thomson and Mallet. Pope admired his talents and principles, commemorated him in his verse, and remembered him in his will. In 1741, Lyttelton married Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, who, dying five years afterwards, afforded a theme for his muse, considered by many the most successful of his poetical efforts. When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was made one of the lords of the treasury. He was afterwards a privy-councillor and chancellor of the exchequer, and was elevated to the peerage. He died August 22, 1773, aged sixty-four. Lyttelton appeared early as an author. In 1728, he published *Blenheim*, a poem ; in 1732, *The Progress of Love* ; in 1735, *Letters from*

a Persian in England, &c. He was author of a short but excellent treatise on the *Conversion of St Paul*, which is still regarded as one of the subsidiary bulwarks of Christianity. He wrote this work in 1746, as he has stated, with 'a particular view to the satisfaction' of Thomson the poet, to whom he was strongly attached. Another prose work of Lyttelton's, *Dialogues of the Dead* (1760), enjoyed considerable popularity. He also wrote an elaborate *History of the Reign of Henry II.*, to which he brought ample information and a spirit of impartiality and justice ; but the work is dry and tedious—'not illuminated,' as Gibbon remarks, 'by a ray of genius.' These various works, and his patronage of literary men—Fielding, it will be recollected, dedicated to him his *Tom Jones*, and to Thomson he was a firm friend—constitute the chief claim of Lyttelton upon the regard of posterity. As a politician, though honest, he was not distinguished. Gray has praised his *Monody* on his wife's death as tender and elegiac ; but undoubtedly the finest poetical effusion of Lyttelton is his Prologue to Thomson's tragedy of *Coriolanus*. Before this play could be brought out, Thomson had paid the debt of nature. The tragedy was acted for the benefit of the poet's relations, and when Quin spoke the prologue by Lyttelton, many of the audience wept at the lines—

He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear :
Alas ! I feel I am no actor here.

From the Monody.

In vain I look arund
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;

Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found :
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side :
Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?
O loss beyond repair !

O wretched father, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own !
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And dropping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas ! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save !

From 'Advice to a Lady.'

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female vanity might fear to know :

Some merit's mine to dare to be sincere ;
 But greater your sincerity to bear.
 Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends :
 All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
 Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays ;
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
 When most you tyrannise, you're most abused.
 What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
 For this, the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule :
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
 How few with all their pride of form can move !
 How few are lovely, that are made for love !
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind, as well as dress ;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
 Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
 Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
 And half of those who have it are undone.
 Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
 A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
 Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
 Without all beauty, and all peace within ;
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form ;
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
 Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

*Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus—spoken by
 Mr Quin.*

I come not here your candour to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas ! no more ;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead ;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confined,
 No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
 He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear :
 Alas ! I feel I am no actor here—
 He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
 O candid truth ! O faith without a stain !
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain !
 O sympathising love of others' bliss—
 Where will you find another breast like his !
 Such was the man : the poet well you know ;
 Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe ;
 Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws ;
 For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
 O may to-night your favourable doom
 Another laurel add to grace his tomb :

Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
 From whom his pious care is now removed,
 With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
 Shared all his little fortune could impart :
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give
 What they no longer can from his receive,
 That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

To the *Castle of Indolence*, Lyttelton contributed the following excellent stanza, containing a portrait of Thomson :

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
 Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Poured forth his unpremeditated strain :
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
 Here laughed he careless in his easy seat ;
 Here quaffed encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralising sage : his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

This 'ditty sweet,' however, Lyttelton did not hesitate to alter and curtail at his pleasure in editions of Thomson's works published in 1750 and 1752. The unwarrantable liberties thus taken with the poet's text have been universally condemned, and were not continued in any subsequent edition. In 1845 appeared *Memoir and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 to 1773*, edited by R. Phillimore.

JOHN BYROM.

A pastoral poem, *My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent*—published in the *Spectator*, Oct. 6, 1714—has served to perpetuate the name and history of its author. JOHN BYROM (1691–1763) was a native of Manchester. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1711, and studied medicine at Montpellier in France. On his return, he applied himself to teach a system of shorthand which he had invented, and which he had secured to him by an act of parliament passed in 1742. Among his pupils were Gibbon and Horace Walpole. The latter part of Byrom's life was, however, spent in easy and opulent circumstances. He succeeded by the death of an elder brother to the family property in Manchester, and lived highly respected in that town. The poetical works of Byrom consist of short occasional pieces, which enjoyed great popularity in their day, and were included by Chalmers in his edition of the poets. His *Private Journal and Literary Remains* have been published (1854–1858) by the Chetham Society, founded in Manchester to illustrate the local antiquities of the counties of Lancaster and Chester. The *Journal* is a light, gossiping record, which adds little to our knowledge of the social character or public events of the period, but exhibits its author as an amiable, cheerful, and happy man.

A Pastoral.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went ;
 Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast :
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !

When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known,
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
'Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com-
plain.'

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their
prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
'Be still,' then I cry, 'for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.'

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleasèd too, and to my dog said:
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry 'Sirrah;' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I scen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all 'are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is quite full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

*Careless Content.**

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wanted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

* One poem, entitled *Careless Content*, is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author.—SOUTHEY.

If names or notions make a noise,
 Whatever hap the question hath,
 The point impartially I poise,
 And read or write, but without wrath ;
 For should I burn, or break my brains,
 Pray, who will pay me for my pains ?

I love my neighbour as myself,
 Myself like him too, by his leave ;
 Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive :
 Dame Nature doubtless has designed
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
 Mood it and brood it in your breast ;
 Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
 That man does right to mar his rest,
 Let me be deft, and debonaire,
 I am content, I do not care.

Jacobite Toast.

God bless the king !—I mean the Faith's Defender ;
 God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender !
 But who Pretender is, or who is king,
 God bless us all !—that's quite another thing.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born at Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener—the same occupation carried on by Milton's father ; but though a 'respectable citizen,' the parent of Gray was a man of harsh and violent disposition. His wife was forced to separate from him ; and it was to the exertions of this excellent woman, as partner with her sister in a millinery business, that the poet owed the advantages of a learned education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray, which is visible in his poetry. At Eton, the young student had made the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the prime-minister ; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy. They had been about a twelvemonth together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture-galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, &c. when a quarrel took place between them at Reggio, and the travellers separated, Gray returning to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and the somewhat fastidious tastes and habits of his associate. Gray went to Cambridge, to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow up the profession. His father had died, his mother's fortune was small, and the poet was more intent on learning than on riches. He fixed his residence at Cambridge ; and amidst its noble libraries and learned society, passed the greater part of his remaining life. He hated mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, but was ardently devoted to classical learning, to which he added the study of architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional residence in London, where he revelled among the treasures of the British Museum ; and by frequent excursions to the country on visits to a few learned and

attached friends. At Cambridge, Gray was considered as an unduly fastidious man, and this gave occasion to practical jokes being played off upon him by his fellow-inmates of St Peter's College, one of which—a false alarm of fire, by which he was induced to descend from his window to the ground by a rope—was the cause of his removing (1756) to Pembroke Hall. In 1765, he took a journey into Scotland, and met his brother-poet, Dr Beattie, at Glamis Castle. He also penetrated into Wales, and made a journey to Cumberland and Westmoreland, to see the scenery of the lakes. His letters describing these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. On returning from these agreeable holidays, Gray set himself calmly down in his college retreat—pored over his favourite authors, compiled tables of chronology or botany, moralised 'on all he felt and all he saw' in correspondence with his friends, and occasionally ventured into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek poets with such intense devotion and critical care, that their spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind, and coloured all his efforts at original composition. At the same time, his knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the world, were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity.

Gray's first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when his *Ode to Eton College* was published by Dodsley. It was, however, written in 1742, as also the *Ode to Spring*. In 1751, his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* was printed, and immediately became popular. His *Pindaric Odes* appeared in 1757, but met with little success. His name, however, was now so well known, that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment ; but shortly afterwards he obtained the more reputable and lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History, which brought him in about £400 per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved, his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college-hall, he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering, he expired on the 30th of July 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother, at Stoke Poges, near Windsor—adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.*

The poetry of Gray is all comprised in a few pages, yet he appears worthy to rank in quality with the first order of poets. His two great odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard*, are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure. They surpass the odes of Collins in fire and energy, in boldness of imagination, and in condensed and brilliant

* Gray's epitaph on his mother has an interesting touch of his peculiar melancholy : 'Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.' The churchyard at Stoke Poges is supposed to be the scene of the *Elegy*.

expression. Collins is as purely and entirely poetical, but he is less commanding and sublime. Gray's stanzas, notwithstanding their varied and complicated versification, flow with lyrical ease and perfect harmony. Each presents rich personification, striking thoughts, or happy imagery—

Sublime their starry fronts they rear.

The *Bard* is more dramatic and picturesque than the *Progress of Poesy*, yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most majestic strains. As, for example, the sketch of the savage youth of Chili :

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

Or the poetical characters of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden :

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time :
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

The *Ode to Eton College*, the *Ode to Adversity*, and the far-famed *Elegy*, present the same careful and elaborate finishing ; but the thoughts and imagery are more simple, natural, and touching. A train of moral feelings, and solemn or affecting associations, is presented to the mind, in connection with beautiful natural scenery and objects of real life. In a letter to Beattie, Gray remarks : 'As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.' He practised what he taught ; for there is always some sentiment or reflection arising out of the poet's descriptive passages. These are generally grave, tender, or pathetic. The cast of his own mind, and the comparative loneliness of his situation and studies, nursed a sort of philosophic spleen, and led him to moralise on the vanity of life. Byron and

others have attached inordinate value to the *Elegy*, as the main prop of Gray's reputation. A manuscript copy of the poem in Gray's handwriting (a small neat hand ; he always wrote with a crow-quill) was sold in 1854 for the large sum of £131 ! The *Elegy* is, doubtless, the most frequently read and repeated of all his productions, because it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes, in exquisite harmonious verse, what all persons must, at some time or other, have felt or imagined. But the highest poetry can never be very extensively popular. A simple ballad air will convey pleasure to a greater number of persons than the most successful efforts of accomplished musical taste and genius ; and, in like manner, poetry which deals with subjects of familiar life, must find more readers than those inspired flights of imagination, or recondite allusions, however graced with the charms of poetry, which can only be enjoyed by persons of fine sensibility, and something of kindred taste and knowledge. Gray's classical diction, his historical and mythological personifications, must ever be lost on the multitude. Even Dr Johnson was tempted into a coarse and unjust criticism of Gray, chiefly because the critic admired no poetry which did not contain some weighty moral truth, or some chain of reasoning. To restrict poetical excellence to this standard, would be to blot out Spenser from the list of high poets, and to curtail Shakspeare and Milton of more than half their glory. Let us recollect with another poet—the author of the *Night Thoughts*—that 'a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of far greater dignity.' Or as Pope has versified the same sentiment :

Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

In the character of Gray there are some seeming inconsistencies. As a man, he was nice, reserved, and proud—a haughty, retired scholar ; yet we find him in his letters full of English idiom and English feeling, with a spice of the gossip, and sometimes not over-fastidious in his allusions and remarks. He was indolent, yet a severe student—hating Cambridge and its college discipline, yet constantly residing there. He loved intellectual ease and luxury, and wished, as a sort of Mohammedan paradise, to 'lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.' Yet all he could say of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, when it was first published, was, that there were some good verses in it ! Akenside, too, whom he was so well fitted to appreciate, he thought 'often obscure, and even unintelligible.' As a poet, Gray studied in the school of the ancient and Italian poets, labouring like an artist to infuse part of their spirit, their melody, and even some of their expressions, into his inimitable mosaic work, over which he breathed the life and fragrance of eternal spring. In his country tours, the poet carried with him a plano-convex mirror, which, in surveying landscapes, gathers into one confined glance the forms and tints of the surrounding scene. His imagination performed a similar operation in collecting,

fixing, and appropriating the materials of poetry. All is bright, natural, and interesting—rich or magnificent—but it is seen but for a moment. Yet, amidst his classic taste and models, Gray was among the first to welcome and admire the Celtic strains of Macpherson's *Ossian*; and he could also delight in the wild superstitions of the Gothic nations; in translating from the Norse tongue the *Fatal Sisters* and the *Descent of Odin*, he called up the martial fire, the rude energy and abruptness of the ancient ballad minstrels. Had his situation and circumstances been different, the genius of this accomplished and admirable poet would in all probability have expanded, so as to embrace subjects of wider and more varied interest—of greater length and diversity of character.

The subdued humour and fancy of Gray are perpetually breaking out in his letters, with brief picturesque touches that mark the poet and man of taste. The advantages of travelling and of taking notes on the spot, he has playfully but admirably summed up in a letter to a friend, then engaged in making a tour in Scotland.

On Travelling.

Do not you think a man may be the wiser—I had almost said the better—for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everthing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves: without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.

Impressed with the opinion he here inculcates, the poet was a careful note-taker, and his delineations are all fresh and distinct. Thus, he writes in the following graceful strain to his friend Nicholls, in commemoration of a tour which he made to Southampton and Netley Abbey:

Netley Abbey.

My health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it or bathed in it, as the common people do: no, I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the highlands of the Isle of Wight at some distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods—concealed from profane eyes—lie

hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it—the meadow still descending—nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferry-man who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey—there were such things near it—though there was a power of money hid there! From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the university press.

P.S.—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that—in the course of my late tour—I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide—as it flowed gently in upon the sands—first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that—before I can write these five words—was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.*

Much as has since been written on the Lake-country, nothing can exceed the beauty and *finish* of this miniature picture of Grasmere:

Grasmere.

Passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Passed a beck [rivulet] near *Dunmailrouse*, and entered Westmoreland a second time; now begin to see *Helmcrag*, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange, broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it slung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst *Grasmere water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected,

* Compare this with a description of sunrise by Jeremy Taylor, *ante*, page 332.

paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The sublime scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiné—the subject of Gray's noble Alcaic ode—awakened all his poetical enthusiasm. Writing to his mother from Lyon, he says:

The Grande Chartreuse.

It is a fortnight since we set out hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow—for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads—we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging overhead; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below, and many other particulars impossible to describe, you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers—for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else—received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city, for there are a hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.

In a subsequent letter to his poetical friend West, Gray again adverts to this memorable visit: 'In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse,' he says, 'I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. *Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument.* One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it.'

In turning from these exquisite fragments of description to the poetry of Gray, the difference will be found to consist chiefly in the rhyme and

measure: in purity of sentiment and vividness of expression, the prose is equal to the verse.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's¹ holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which intral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
'They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;

¹ King Henry VI., founder of the college.

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And kind Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

The Bard—A Pindaric Ode.

This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's¹ shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster² stood aghast in speechless trance :
'To arms !' cried Mortimer,³ and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood—

¹ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call Craigan-eryri. It included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says : 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery ;' and Matthew of Westminster (*ad ann.* 1283) : 'Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonia: fecit erigi castrum forte.'

² Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

³ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were lords-marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore¹ they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished eagle² screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace,
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's³ roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King !
She-wolf⁴ of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born,⁵ who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven ! What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low⁶ on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior⁷ fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn,⁸ and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

¹ The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

² Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craigan-eryri, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day, I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify ; it has even built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See *Willoughby's Ornithology*, published by Ray.)

³ Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

⁴ Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

⁵ Alluding to the triumphs of Edward III. in France.

⁶ Alluding to the death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

⁷ Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

⁸ Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,¹
The rich repast prepare ;
Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,²
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius,³ London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith,⁴ his father's⁵ fame,
And spare the meek usurper's⁶ holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow,⁷
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boat⁸ in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart⁹ we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)”
Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight ;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur¹⁰ we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings !¹¹ Britannia's issue, hail !

'Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lion-port,¹² her awe-commanding face,
Attended sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !

¹ Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

² Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.
³ Henry VI., George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard, Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

⁴ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

⁵ Henry V.
⁶ Henry VI. very near been canonised. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

⁷ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

⁸ The silver boar was the badge of Richard III. ; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of the boar. Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

⁹ It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

¹⁰ Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

¹¹ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says : 'And thus she, lion-like, rising, daunted the malpert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checkes.'

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,¹ hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined² measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice³ as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings⁴ lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such a, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

¹ Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

² Shakspeare.

³ Milton.

⁴ The succession of poets after Milton's time. [All the notes to this ode are by the poet.]

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him
borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.†

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

The Alliance of Education and Government; a Fragment.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And, as in climes where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening
heart;
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,

* In Gray's first manuscript this stanza followed:
Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

† In early editions this fine stanza preceded the epitaph:
There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show'ers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Another verse in the original copy is worthy of preservation;
Mason thinks it equal to any in the whole Elegy:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

* In the first draft of this stanza, instead of the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, were those of Cato, Tully, and Caesar.

If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land ;
But tyranny has fixed her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given :
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause ;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe ;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confined,
To different climes seem different souls assigned ?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polished arts of peace.
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail ;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war ;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast,
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields ;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own ?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame ;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?
And where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground ?
Unmanly thought ! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows ?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspend the inferior laws that rule our clay ;
The stubborn elements confess her sway ;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain ;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,

To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour trained,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained ;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty—
As lawless force from confidence will grow—
Insult the plenty of the vales below ?
What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread,
Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale ;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide ?

Mason says, 'The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the *Alliance of Education and Government*, is much too beautiful to be lost :'

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.*

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Many who are familiar with Smollett as a novelist, scarcely recollect him as a poet, though he has scattered some fine verses amidst his prose fictions, and has written a spirited *Ode to Independence*. TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born in Dalquhurn House, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, and baptised on the 19th of March 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, having died early, the poet was educated by his grandfather. After the usual course of instruction in the grammar-school of Dumbarton, and at the university of Glasgow, Tobias was placed apprentice to a medical practitioner, Mr Gordon, Glasgow. He was nineteen when his term of apprenticeship expired, and, at this early age, his grandfather having died without making any provision for him, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, called the *Regicide*, which he attempted to bring out at the theatres. Foiled in this effort of juvenile ambition, Smollett became surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun ship, and was present at the ill-planned and disastrous expedition against Carthagen, which he has described with much force in his *Roderick Random*. He left the navy, and resided some time in the West Indies ; but had returned to England in 1744, in which year he is found practising medicine in London. In 1746, he published *Advice, a Satire* ; in 1747, *Reproof, a Satire* ; and in 1748 he gave to the world his novel of *Roderick Random*. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared three years afterwards. Smollett failed as a physician, and, taking a house at Chelsea, devoted himself to literature as a profession. Notwithstanding his facility of composition, his general information and talents, his life was one continual struggle for existence, embittered by personal quarrels, brought on partly by irritability of temper. In 1753, his romance of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* was published, and in

* If conscience had any part in moving the king (Henry VIII.) to sue for a divorce, she had taken a long nap of almost twenty years together before she was awakened ; and perhaps had slept on till doomsday, if Anne Boleyn or some other fair lady had not given her a jog.—*Dryden*.

1755 his translation of *Don Quixote*. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though the latter is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent. After he had finished this task, Smollett paid a visit to his native country. His fame had gone before him, and his reception by the literati of Scotland was cordial and flattering. His filial tenderness was also highly gratified by meeting with his surviving parent. 'On Smollett's arrival,' says Dr Moore, 'he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs Telfer (his sister), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed: "Ah, my son, my son! I have found you at last." She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once." On this occasion, Smollett visited his relations and native scenes in Dumbartonshire, and spent two days in Glasgow amidst his boyish companions. Returning to England, he resumed his literary occupations. He unfortunately became editor of the *Critical Review*, and an attack in that journal on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthage (which Smollett acknowledged to be his composition), led to a trial for libel; and the author was sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and suffered three months' imprisonment. He consoled himself by writing, in prison, his novel of *Launcelot Greaves*. Another proof of his fertility and industry as an author was afforded by his *History of England*, written, it is said, in fourteen months. He engaged in political discussion, for which he was ill qualified by temper, and, taking the unpopular side, he was completely vanquished by the truculent satire and abuse of Wilkes. His health was also shattered by close application to his studies, and by private misfortune. In his early days, Smollett had married a young West Indian lady, Miss Lascelles, by whom he had a daughter. This only child died at the age of fifteen, and the disconsolate father tried to fly from his grief by a tour through France and Italy. He was absent two years, and published an account of his travels, which, amidst gleams of humour and genius, is disfigured by the coarsest prejudices. Sterne has successfully ridiculed this work in his *Sentimental Journey*. Some of the critical dicta of Smollett are mere ebullitions of spleen. In the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, 'which enchants the world,' he could see no beauty of feature, and the attitude he considered awkward and out of character! The Pantheon at Rome—that 'glorious combination of beauty and magnificence'—he said looked like a huge cockpit open at the top. Sterne said justly, that such declarations should have been reserved for his physician; they could only have sprung from bodily distemper. 'Yet be it said,' remarks Sir Walter Scott, 'without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of

generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings shew much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

Like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.'

The native air of the great novelist was more cheering and exhilarating than the genial gales of the south. On his return from Italy he repaired to Scotland, saw once more his affectionate mother, and sojourned a short time with his cousin, Mr Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven.

'The water of Leven,' he observes in his *Humphry Clinker*, 'though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, and washed by these two rivers on all sides except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed; the whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as from the nature of its situation. A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett (the late commissary), so embosomed in oak wood, that we did not perceive it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano di Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all—a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which can partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfield, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till at some distance the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water.'

All who have traversed the banks of the Leven, or sailed along the shores of Loch Lomond, in a calm, clear summer day, when the rocks and islands are reflected with magical brightness and fidelity in its waters, will acknowledge the truth of this description, and can readily account for Smollett's preference, independently of the early recollections which must have endeared the whole to his feelings and imagination. The extension of manufactures in Scotland has destroyed most of the pastoral charms and seclusion of the Leven, but the course of the river is still eminently rich and beautiful in sylvan scenery. Smollett's health was now completely gone. His pen, however, was his only resource, and on his return to England he published a political satire, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which he attacks his former patron, Lord Bute, and also the Earl of Chatham. As a

politician, Smollett was far from consistent. His conduct in this respect was guided more by personal feelings than public principles, and any seeming neglect or ingratitude at once roused his constitutional irritability and indignation. He was no longer able, however, to contend with the 'sea of troubles' that encompassed him. In 1770, he again went abroad in quest of health. His friends endeavoured, but in vain, to procure him an appointment as consul in some port in the Mediterranean; and he took up his residence in a cottage which Dr Armstrong, then abroad, engaged for him in the neighbourhood of Leghorn. The warm and genial climate seems to have awakened his fancy, and breathed a temporary animation into his debilitated frame. He here wrote his *Humphry Clinker*, the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels. Like Fielding, Smollett was destined to die in a foreign country. He had just committed his novel to the public, when he expired, on the 21st of October 1771, in his 51st year. Had he lived a few years longer, he would, by the death of his cousin, Commissary Smollett (November 12, 1775), have inherited, as heir of entail, the estate of Bonhill, worth about £1000 a year. His widow erected a plain monument over his remains at Leghorn, and his relations, who had neglected him in his days of suffering and distress, raised a cenotaph to his memory on the banks of the Leven. The prose works of Smollett will hereafter be noticed. He wrote no poem of any length; but it is evident he could have excelled in verse had he cultivated his talents, and enjoyed a life of greater ease and competence. Sir Walter Scott has praised the fine mythological commencement of his Ode; and few readers of taste or feeling are unacquainted with his lines on Leven Water, the picturesque scene of his early days. The latter were first published in *Humphry Clinker*, after the above prose description of the same landscape, scarcely less poetical. When soured by misfortune, by party conflicts, and the wasting effects of disease, the generous heart and warm sensibilities of Smollett seem to have kindled at the recollection of his youth, and at the rural life and manners of his native country.

Ode to Independence.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying
clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,

And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious
blast.

He stopt; he gazed; his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous
arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was
born.

The mountain Dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her
grave.

He stole the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He with the generous rustics sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghost!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHIE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnished vice and vanity combined,

To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy bow ;
 And Tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's
 brow :

Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ;
 And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPIE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd,
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hiring minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
 And jingling bells fantastic folly ring :
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene ;
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPIE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or
 cell ;

Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
 And health, and peace, and contemplation
 dwell.

There, study shall with solitude recline,
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
 And toil and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains :
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
 And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
 And industry supply the humble store,
 And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed ;
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

Ode to Leven Water.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to Love,
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
 The springing trout in speckled pride ;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
 The silver eel, and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
 And hedges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen :
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale ;
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry embrown'd with toil ;
 And hearts resolved, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard !

The Tears of Scotland.

Written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1746. It is said that Smollett originally finished the poem in six stanzas ; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down, and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
 Lie slaughtered on their native ground ;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
 Still shone with undiminished blaze ?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their father's blood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doomed to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend ;
 And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathising verse shall flow :
 ' Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

AUTHOR OF 'ALBANIA.'

In 1737 a poem in blank verse, entitled *Albania*, was published by T. Cooper, London, prefaced with some remarks and with a dedication to General Wade by an editor who, like the

author of the poem, is unknown. The editor states that *Albania* was written by a Scotch clergyman 'some years ago, who is since dead.' It appears from the poem itself, that the author was twenty-four years of age at the time of its composition. Aaron Hill prefixed some highly encomiastic lines to the editor, but the little volume seems to have remained unnoticed and unknown till 1783, when Dr Beattie, in one of his *Essays on Poetry and Music*, quoted a picturesque passage, praised also by Sir Walter Scott, which describes 'invisible hunting,' a superstition formerly prevalent in the Highlands. The poem consists of 296 lines. It was edited by Dr John Leyden, and reprinted with other Scottish descriptive poems in 1803.

Apostrophe to Albania, or Scotland.

O loved Albania! hardy race of men!
 Holding thy silver cross, I worship thee,
 On this thy old and solemn festival,
 Early, ere yet the wakeful cock has crowed. . . .
 Hail, land of bowmen! seed of those who scorned
 To stoop the neck to wide imperial Rome.
 O dearest half of Albion sea walled!
 Hail, state unconquered by the fire of war,
 Red war, that twenty ages round thee burned;
 To thee, for whom my purest raptures glow,
 Kneeling with filial homage, I devote
 My life, my strength, my first and latest song!

The Invisible Hunting.

E'er since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross
 (So to the simple swain tradition tells)
 Were wont, with clans and ready vassals thronged,
 To wake the bounding stag or guilty wolf,
 There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
 Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
 And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
 And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen;
 Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
 Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
 Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of deer
 Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
 And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
 Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
 Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's
 ears
 Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
 The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
 Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
 Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
 To what or whom he owes his idle fear,
 To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
 But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

JOHN WILSON.

In the volume with *Albania* Dr Leyden included *Clyde*, a poem by JOHN WILSON (1720-1789), who was sometime parochial schoolmaster at Lesmalago, and afterwards at Greenock. In 1767 the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar-school, stipulated that he should abandon 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making!' He complied, burned his unfinished manuscripts, and faithfully kept his word. The world lost nothing by the barbarism of the Greenock functionaries, for though Wilson was a smooth and fluent versifier, he had none of the

fire or originality of the 'maker' or true poet. The *Clyde* extends to nearly 2000 lines.

Boast not, great Forth, thy broad majestic tide,
 Beyond the graceful modesty of Clyde;
 Though famed Mæander, in the poet's dream,
 Ne'er led through fairer field his wandering stream.
 Bright wind thy mazy links on Stirling's plain,
 Which oft departing, still returns again;
 And wheeling round and round in sportive mood,
 The nether stream turns back to meet the upper flood.
 Now sunk in shades, now bright in open day,
 Bright Clyde in simple beauty winds his way.

THE REV. RICHARD GIFFORD.

In 1753 an anonymous poem entitled *Contemplation* was published by Dodsley, and attracted the attention of Dr Johnson. The author was the Rev. RICHARD GIFFORD (1725-1807), vicar of Duffield, county of Derby, rector of North Ockendon in Essex, and chaplain to the Marquis of Tweeddale, to whose family he was related. The poem consists of seventy-one stanzas, and opens as follows:

Rural Morning Scene.

Dropt is the sable mantle of the night;
 The early lark salutes the rising day,
 And, while she hails the glad return of light,
 Provokes each bard to join the raptured lay.

The music spreads through nature: while the flocks
 Scatter their silver fleeces o'er the mead,
 The jolly shepherd, 'mid the vocal rocks,
 Pipes many a strain upon his oaten reed:

And sweetest Phœbe, she, whose rosy cheeks
 Outglow the blushes of the ruddy morn,
 All as her cows with eager step she seeks,
 Vies with the tuneful thrush on yonder thorn.

Unknown to these each fair Aonian maid,
 Their bosoms glow with Nature's truer fire;
 Little, ye Sister-Nine, they need your aid
 Whose artless breasts these living scenes inspire.

Even from the straw-roofed cot the note of joy
 Flows full and frequent as the village fair,
 Whose little wants the busy hours employ,
 Chanting some rural ditty soothes her care.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
 She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
 Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
 Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

The last of these stanzas, slightly altered, was quoted by Johnson in his Dictionary to illustrate the word 'vicissitude,' and was repeated by him to Boswell at Nairn. Southey was grateful to 'the great Cham of literature,' for preserving the stanza, of which he says 'a sweeter was never composed.' The pensive tone and the versification of Gifford's poem, with some of its expressions, were evidently copied from Gray's *Elegy*. We subjoin four more stanzas from *Contemplation*:

Address to Health.

How shall I woo thee, sweetest, rose-lipped fair?
 When to my eager bosom press thy charms?
 No fleecy lambskins ask my evening care;
 No morning toils have nerved my youthful arms.

Yet say, O say, bright daughter of the sky,
Wilt thou still shun the student's midnight oil?
And, O too partial! every grace deny
To all but yonder sturdy sons of toil?

Woud numbers win thee, thou no lay shouldst need,
Whether the Muses' sacred band resides
Among the Dryads on the daisied mead,
Where Cam's fair stream, or silver Isis glides.

But thy chill breast repels the poet's fires:
Even rapt *Museus** felt, amid the strains
That drew down angels from their golden lyres,
Head-clouding vapours, and heart-rending pains.

DR WILKIE.

In 1757 was published in Edinburgh *The Epigoniad*, a Poem in nine Books, founded on part of the fourth Iliad of Homer relative to the sacking of Thebes. It was very popular in Scotland, but had few readers in England. The *Critical Review* had an article upon the poem, which drew forth a long reply from David Hume, in which he speaks of its six thousand lines as 'abounding in sublime beauties,' and written so thoroughly in the spirit of Homer as 'would almost lead us to imagine that the Scottish bard had found a lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had read a faithful translation of it into English.' When Hume wrote this, the warm-hearted friend predominated over the philosophical critic; as it also must have done when he pronounced the following description of the person and mission of Jealousy to be 'painted in the most splendid colours that poetry affords.' It is, however, vigorous and ingenious, and as good a specimen as could be offered of Wilkie's powers:

Description of Jealousy.

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air and mount the rapid winds:
Aloft they bear her through the ethereal plain,
Above the solid earth and liquid main:
Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
For sight too small, but terrible to feel:
Roused by their smart the savage lion roars,
And mad to combat rush the tusky boars.
Of wounds secure; for where their venom lights,
What feels their power all other torment slights.
A figured zone, mysteriously designed,
Around her waist her yellow hair confined;
There dark Suspicion lurked, of sable hue;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pined; and by her side
Stood Frenzy, raging with his chains untied;
Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burned,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turned.
All these the artist's curious hand expressed,
The work divine his matchless skill confessed.
The virgin last around her shoulders flung
The bow; and by her side the quiver hung;
Then, springing up, her airy course she bends,
For Thebes, and lightly o'er the tents descends.
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
In arms complete, reposing on the ground:
And, as he slept, the hero thus addressed,
Her form to fancy's waking eye confessed.

The author of the *Epigoniad*, WILLIAM WILKIE, D.D. (1721-1772), was a native of Echlin, parish of Dalmeny, Linlithgowshire, and sometime

* Pope.

minister of Ratho. In 1759 he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of St Andrews. He is described as a very absent, eccentric person, who wore as many clothes as tradition assigns to the gravedigger in *Hamlet* on the stage, and who used to lie in bed with two dozen pair of blankets above him! David Hume gives a humorous description of the circumstances under which Wilkie carried on his Homeric studies. The Scottish farmers near Edinburgh are very much infested, he says, with wood-pigeons. 'And Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an office for which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of wheat. He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table, and pen and ink, and a great rusty gun. He composed and wrote two or three lines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up, ran towards them, and fired at them; returned again to his former station, and added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh interruption.'

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the friend of Thomson, of Mallet, Wilkes, and other public and literary characters of that period, is now only known as the author of a didactic poem, the *Art of Preserving Health*, which is but little read. Armstrong was son of the minister of Castleton, a pastoral parish in Roxburghshire. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and took his degree of M.D. in 1732. He repaired to London, and became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. A very objectionable poem, the *Economy of Love*, gave promise of poetical powers, but marred his practice as a physician. In 1744 appeared his *Art of Preserving Health*, which was followed by two other poems, *Benevolence* and *Taste*, and a volume of prose essays, the latter indifferent enough. In 1760, he was appointed physician to the forces in Germany; and on the peace in 1763, he returned to London, where he practised, but with little success, till his death, September, 7, 1779, in the seventieth year of his age. Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic, but kind-hearted man—shrewd, caustic, and careful—he left £3000, saved out of a small income. His portrait in the *Castle of Indolence* is in Thomson's happiest manner:

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk—
Profoundly silent, for they never spoke—
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury woke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day
is done!'

Warton has praised the *Art of Preserving Health* for its classical correctness and closeness of style, and its numberless poetical images. In general, however, it is stiff and laboured, with occasional passages of tumid extravagance; and the images are not unfrequently echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. The subject required the aid of ornament, for scientific rules are in general bad themes for poetry, and few men are ignorant of the true philosophy of life, however they may deviate

from it in practice. Armstrong was no ascetic philosopher. His motto is, 'Take the good the gods provide you,' but take it in moderation.

When you smooth

The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-informed experience found
The least your bane, *and only with your friends.*

The effects of over-indulgence in wine he has finely described :

But most too passive, when the blood runs low
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and, as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone,
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.

In prescribing as a healthy situation for residence a house on an elevated part of the sea-coast, he indulges in a vein of poetical luxury worthy the enchanted grounds of the *Castle of Indolence* :

Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.

In his first book, Armstrong has penned a ludicrously pompous invective on the climate of Great Britain, 'steeped in continual rains, or with raw fogs bedewed.' He exclaims :

Our fathers talked
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fixed in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! Oh, dissolve this gloom;
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither; give the genial west
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north,

And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year, not mix in every monstrous day!

Now, the fact, we believe, is, that in this country there are more good enjoyable days in the year than in any other country in Europe. (See the opinion of Charles II. *ante*, p. 454.) Two extracts from the *Art of Preserving Health* are subjoined. The second, which is certainly the most energetic passage in the whole poem, describes the 'sweating sickness' which appeared in England in August 1485, among the troops of Henry VII. who fought at Bosworth field. It desolated parts of England, but did not penetrate into Scotland or Ireland.

Wrecks and Mutations of Time.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear; they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings
heaved.

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked

The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide ;
 Now free and copious, now restrained and slow ;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams :
 As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
 Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
 For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed ;
 Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
 Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped ;
 Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive ;
 Of those who lived, some felt a second blow ;
 And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 The infected city poured her hurrying swarms :
 Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
 The infected country rushed into the town.
 Some sad at home, and in the desert some
 Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
 In vain ; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
 To seek protection in far-distant skies :
 But none they found. It seemed the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
 Was then at enmity with English blood ;
 For but the race of England all were safe
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contained.
 Where should they fly ? The circumambient heaven
 Involved them still, and every breeze was baneful :
 Where find relief ? The salutary art
 Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their
 prayers ;
 Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
 Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
 With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell ; and oft the bed, they say,
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

Few votaries of the muses have had the resolution to abandon their early worship, or to cast off 'the Qelilahs of the imagination,' when embarked on more gainful callings. An example of this, however, is afforded by the case of SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE—born in London in 1723, died 1780—who, having made choice of the law for his profession, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, took formal leave of poetry in a copy of natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's *Miscellany*. Blackstone rose to rank and fame as a lawyer, wrote a series of masterly commentaries on the laws of England, was knighted, and died a judge in the court of Common Pleas. From some critical notes on Shakspeare by Sir William, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken his muse, he still—like Charles Lamb, when he had given up the use of the 'great plant' tobacco—'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemned to roam
 An endless exile from his home ;
 Pensive he treads the destined way,
 And dreads to go ; nor dares to stay ;
 Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below ;
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :
 So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
 Gay queen of fancy and of art,
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
 Oft stop, and often look behind.
 Companion of my tender age,
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
 How blithesome we were wont to rove,
 By verdant hill or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honied oak rejoice,
 And aged elms with awful bend,
 In long cathedral walks extend !
 Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
 In sweet society with thee !
 Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded rolled along :
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
 These scenes must charm me now no more ;
 Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
 Farewell !—a long, a last adieu.
 Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
 To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw :
 There selfish faction rules the day,
 And pride and avarice throng the way ;
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare ;
 Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
 In frighted streets their orgies hold ;
 Or, where in silence all is drowned,
 Fell Murder walks his lonely round ;
 No room for peace, no room for you ;
 Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu !
 Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please :
 Instead of these, a formal band
 In furs and coils around me stand ;
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
 And points with tottering hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.
 There, in a winding close retreat,
 Is justice doomed to fix her seat ;
 There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wondering world in awe ;
 And there, from vulgar sight retired,
 Like Eastern queen, is more admired.
 Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
 Where dwells the venerable maid !
 There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law ;
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 The united boast of many an age ;
 Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years.
 In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true ;
 And other doctrines thence imbibe
 Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;

Observe how parts with parts unite
 In one harmonious rule of right ;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend
 By various laws to one great end ;
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades and regulates the whole.
 Then welcome business, welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
 The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,
 The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !
 Thus though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell !
 There let me taste the home-felt bliss
 Of innocence and inward peace ;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe,
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy tribe ;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;
 My honour and my conscience clear.
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend.

DR JAMES GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER (*circa* 1721–1766) was, according to his own statement, seen by Mr Prior, the biographer of Goldsmith, 'of a gentleman's family in Cumberland.' He studied medicine in Edinburgh, was in the army, and, on the peace, established himself as a medical practitioner in London. His poem of *Solitude* appeared in 1755, and was praised by Johnson, who considered the opening 'very noble.' Grainger wrote several other pieces, translated Tibullus, and was a critic in the *Monthly Review*. In 1759, he went to St Christopher's in the West Indies, commenced practising as a physician, and married a lady of fortune. During his residence there, he wrote his poem of the *Sugar-cane* (published in 1764), which Shenstone thought capable of being *rendered* a good poem ; and the arguments in which, Southey says, are 'ludicrously flat and formal.' One point is certainly ridiculous enough ; 'he very poetically,' says Campbell, 'dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "swains."' Grainger died in the West Indies.

Ode to Solitude.

O Solitude, romantic maid !
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or, at the purple dawn of day
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
 Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
 Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion with a fopling's face—
 Ignorant of time and place—

Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
 Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
 Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
 Ambition's buskins, steeped in blood,
 Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
 Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
 Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
 Meditation's piercing eye,
 Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
 Retrospect that scans the mind,
 Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
 Blushing, artless Modesty,
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, Nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
 The wise Euripides inspired ;
 You taught the sadly-pleasing air
 That Athens saved from ruins bare.
 You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
 And unlocked the springs of woe ;
 You penned what exiled Naso thought,
 And poured the melancholy note.
 With Petrarch o'er Vauclose you strayed,
 When death snatched his long-loved maid ;
 You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
 You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
 And late in Hagley you were seen,
 With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien ;
 Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
 And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
 But chief your own the solemn lay
 That wept Narcissa young and gay ;
 Darkness clapped her sable wing,
 While you touched the mournful string ;
 Anguish left the pathless wild,
 Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
 Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
 The starry host put back the dawn ;
 Aside their harps even seraphs flung
 To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young !
 When all nature's hushed asleep,
 Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
 Soft you leave your caverned den,
 And wander o'er the works of men ;
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn
 By her dappled coursers drawn,
 Again you to the wild retreat
 And the early huntsman meet,
 Where, as you pensive pace along,
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
 Or the rising primrose view.
 Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
 You mount, and nature with you sings.
 But when mid-day fervours glow,
 To upland airy shades you go,
 Where never sunburnt woodman came,
 Nor sportsman chased the timid game ;
 And there beneath an oak reclined,
 With drowsy waterfalls behind,
 You sink to rest.
 Till the tuneful bird of night
 From the neighbouring poplar's height,
 Wake you with her solemn strain,
 And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
 Sweeter every sweet perfume ;
 Purer every fountain flows,
 Stronger every wildling grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
 Or for fame renounce their ease.
 What is fame? an empty bubble.
 Gold? a transient shining trouble.
 Let them for their country bleed,
 What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
 Man's not worth a moment's pain,
 Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
 Then let me, sequestered fair,
 To your sibyl grot repair;
 On yon hanging cliff it stands,
 Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
 Bosomed in the gloomy shade
 Of cypress not with age decayed.
 Where the owl still-hooting sits,
 Where the bat incessant flits,
 There in loftier strains I'll sing
 Whence the changing seasons spring;
 Tell how storms deform the skies,
 Whence the waves subside and rise,
 Trace the comet's blazing tail,
 Weigh the planets in a scale;
 Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
 The boundless macrocosm's thine.

JAMES MERRICK.

JAMES MERRICK (1720-1769) was a distinguished classical scholar, and tutor to Lord North at Oxford. He entered holy orders, but was unable to do duty, from delicate health. Merrick wrote some hymns, and attempted a version of the psalms, with no great success. We subjoin an amusing and instructive fable by this worthy divine:

The Chameleon.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 'A stranger animal,' cries one,
 'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?'
 'Hold there,' the other quick replies;
 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food.'
 'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;

At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade.'
 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
 'Green!' cries the other in a fury:
 'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
 'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
 'For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred:
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor t' other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
 I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
 You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
 'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
 'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
 Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'

He said; and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
 Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
 'My children,' the Chameleon cries—
 Then first the creature found a tongue—
 'You all are right, and all are wrong:
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you:
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

JAMES MACPHERSON.

The translator of Ossian stands in a dubious light with posterity, and seems to have been willing that his contemporaries should be no better informed. With the Celtic Homer, however, the name of Macpherson is inseparably connected. They stand, as liberty does with reason,

Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

Time and a better taste have abated the pleasure with which the 'poems of Ossian' were once read; but productions which engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were hailed with delight by Gray, by David Hume, John Home, and other eminent persons, and which, in a bad Italian translation, formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice.

JAMES MACPHERSON was born at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire, on the road northwards from Perth, in 1738. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. At the age of twenty, he published a heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled *The Highlander*, which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is a miserable production. For a short time Macpherson taught the school of Ruthven, near his native place, whence he was glad to remove as tutor in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted, in the autumn of 1759, with Mr John

Home, the author of *Douglas*, to whom he shewed what he represented as translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said were still recited in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical imagery. Under the patronage of Mr Home's friends—Blair, Carlyle and Fergusson—Macpherson published next year a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language*. The publication attracted general attention, and a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved to be highly successful! In 1762 he presented the world with *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books*; and in 1763, *Temora*, another epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains and islands of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes was no less astounding. Many doubted—others disbelieved—but a still greater number 'indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sang.' Macpherson realised £1200, it is said, by these productions. In 1764 the poet accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola as his secretary, but quarrelling with his patron, he returned, and fixed his residence in London. He became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the *Iliad* in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which was a complete failure, unless as a source of ridicule and personal opprobrium to the translator. He was more successful as a politician. A pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the opposition in parliament in 1779, were much applauded. He attempted, as we have seen from his manuscripts, to combat the Letters of Junius, writing under the signatures of 'Musæus,' 'Scævola,' &c. He was appointed agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and obtained a seat in parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford. It does not appear, however, that, with all his ambition and political zeal, Macpherson ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789 the poet, having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the property of Raits, in his native parish, and having changed its name to the more euphonious and sounding one of Belleville, he built upon it a splendid residence designed by the Adelphi Adams, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He died at Belleville, on the 17th of February 1796. The eagerness of Macpherson for posthumous distinction was seen by some of the bequests of his will. He ordered that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £300 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation at Belleville. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled; the

body was interred in Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of the poet, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

The fierce controversy which raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the obstinate silence of Macpherson, are circumstances well known. There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation. One of these has been preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It refers to a dialogue between Ossian and St Patrick on Christianity—a fact which Macpherson suppressed, as his object was to represent the poems as some centuries older. The Irish antiquaries have published many of these Celtic fragments, and they appear to have established a good claim to Ossian. The poetry was common equally in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, varied to suit localities, or according to the taste, knowledge, and abilities of the reciter. The people, the language, and the legends were the same in both countries. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the subject; and in their report the committee state that they 'have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published.' The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards, even down to a comparatively late period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an idle inactive life, and doomed from their climate to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of their ancestors. No person, however, now believes that Macpherson found entire epic poems in the Highlands. The original materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakspeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and he himself has not scrupled to state, in the preface to his last edition of Ossian, that 'a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties.' Sir James Mackintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that, after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. 'If he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned, a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the perhaps unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat.' A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on Macpherson; nor is there among the papers which he left behind him (which the editor of this work has had an opportunity of

inspecting) a single line that throws any light upon the controversy.

Wordsworth has condemned the imagery of Ossian as spurious. 'In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything that is not stolen, is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things.' Part of this censure may perhaps be owing to the style and diction of Macpherson, which have a broken abrupt appearance and sound. The imagery is drawn from the natural appearances of a rude mountainous country. The grass of the rock, the flower of the heath, the thistle with its beard, are, as Blair observes, the chief ornaments of his landscapes. The desert, with all its woods and deer, was enough for Fingal. We suspect it is the sameness—the perpetual recurrence of the same images—which fatigues the reader, and gives a misty confusion to the objects and incidents of the poem. That there is something poetical and striking in Ossian—a wild solitary magnificence, pathos, and tenderness—is undeniable. The Desolation of Balclutha, and the lamentations in the Song of Selma, are conceived with true feeling and poetical power. The battles of the car-borne heroes are, we confess, much less to our taste, and seem stilted and unnatural. They are like the Quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and want the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, and of shadowy superstitious fear which shrouds the wild heaths, lakes, and mountains of Ossian.

Ossian's Address to the Sun.

I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

Desolation of Balclutha.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the

moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is but for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams. Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy.

The Songs of Selma.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Thy swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair in the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill; their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

Ryno. The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the

wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake! Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar! . . .

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

When Macpherson had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, he was a very indifferent poet. The following, however, shews that, though his taste was defective, he had poetical fancy:

The Cave—Written in the Highlands.

The wind is up, the field is bare,
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With blest Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow;
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease ;
Three panting dogs beside repose ;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round ;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls ;
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh ;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood ;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank, two lovers lean ;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak ;
They seem to hear the tread of feet ;
They start, they rise, look round the rock ;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see ! the gray mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills ;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly ;
I see it smoking on the plain ;
When storms are past, and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.

From Macpherson's manuscripts at Belleville we copy the following fragment, marked *An Address to Venus*, 1785 :

Thrice blest, and more than thrice, the morn
Whose genial gale and purple light
Awaked, then chased the night,
On which the Queen of Love was born !
Yet hence the sun's unhallowed ray,
With native beams let Beauty glow ;
What need is there of other day,
Than the twin-stars that light those hills of snow ?

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The success of Macpherson's *Ossian* seems to have prompted the remarkable forgeries of Chatterton :

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.*

Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at *twelve* (at least the first draft), and the other at *fifteen* years of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at *eleven*; and his imitations of the antique, executed when he was fifteen and sixteen, exhibit a vigour of thought and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, which puzzled the most learned men of the day, and stamp him a poet of a high order. His

education also was miserably deficient ; yet when a mere boy, eleven years of age, this obscure youth could write as follows :

A Hymn.

Almighty Framers of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight !
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly :
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn ?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown :
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise :
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. He was a posthumous child, son of poor parents, and received a scanty education at a charity school, where nothing but English, writing, and arithmetic were taught. His first lessons were said to have been from a black-letter Bible, which may have had some effect on his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was 'unconquerable pride.' He now set himself to accomplish a series of impositions by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished ; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the description of *the friars first passing over the old bridge* was taken from an ancient manuscript.' To one man, fond of heraldic honours, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror ; to another he presents an ancient poem, the *Romaunt of the Cnyghte*, written by one of his ancestors 450 years before ; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *written* by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century ; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he

* Wordsworth : *Resolution and Independence.*

makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the 'gode prieste Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the *History of British Painters*, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent 'Carvellers and Peynceters,' who once flourished in Bristol. His impositions duped the citizens of Bristol. Chatterton had no confidant in his labours; he toiled in secret, gratified only by 'the stoical pride of talent.' He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, and drawing sketches of churches and other objects. He would also lie down on the meadows in view of St Mary's Church, Bristol, fix his eyes upon the ancient edifice, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Though correct and orderly in his conduct, Chatterton, before he was sixteen, imbibed principles of infidelity, and the idea of suicide was familiar to his mind. It was, however, overruled for a time by his passion for literary fame and distinction. It was a favourite maxim with him, that man is equal to anything, and that everything might be achieved by diligence and abstinence. In the muniment room of St Mary Redcliffe Church of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited. These were broken open by an order from proper authority, some ancient deeds taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr Canyng, and of Thomas Rowley—the friend of Canyng—a priest of the fifteenth century. The fictitious poems were published in the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which Chatterton had become a contributor, and occasioned a warm controversy among literary antiquaries. Some of them he had submitted to Horace Walpole, who shewed them to Gray and Mason; but these competent judges pronounced them to be forgeries. After three years spent in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained his release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He obtained an introduction to Beckford, the patriotic and popular lord-mayor, and his own inclinations led him to espouse the opposition party. 'But no money,' he says, 'is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side. *But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.*' He boasted that his company was courted everywhere, and 'that he would settle the nation before he had done.' The splendid visions of promotion and wealth, however, soon vanished, and even his labours for the periodical press failed to afford him the means of comfortable subsistence. He applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This seems to have been his last hope, and he made no further effort at literary composition. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes; he had cast off the restraints of religion, and had no steady principle to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he sent remittances

of money, while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want—though with characteristic pride he rejected a dinner offered him by his landlady (a Mrs Angel, sack-maker, No. 4 Brook Street, Holborn), the day before his death—he tore all his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic, August 25, 1770. At the time of his death he was aged seventeen years nine months and a few days. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the same age.' The remains of the unhappy youth were interred in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse. His unfinished papers he had destroyed before his death, and his room, when broken open, was found covered with scraps of paper. The citizens of Bristol have erected a monument to the memory of their native poet.

The poems of Chatterton, published under the name of Rowley, consist of the tragedy of *Ælla*, the *Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, the *Battle of Hastings*, the *Tournament*, one or two Dialogues, and a description of Canyng's Feast. Some of them, as the roundelay to *Ælla* (which we subjoin), have exactly the air of modern poetry, only disguised with antique spelling and phraseology. The avowed compositions of Chatterton are equally inferior to the forgeries in poetical powers and diction; which is satisfactorily accounted for by Sir Walter Scott by the fact, that his whole powers and energies must, at his early age, have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. 'He could have had no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression; while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history, and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, were sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them.' A power of picturesque painting seems to be Chatterton's most distinguishing feature as a poet. The heroism of Sir Charles Bawdin, who

Summed the actions of the day
Each night before he slept,

and who bearded the tyrant king on his way to the scaffold, is perhaps his most striking portrait. The following description of Morning in the tragedy of *Ælla*, is in the style of the old poets :

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimming eye,
Like goutts of blood which do black armour stain,
Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

A description of Spring in the same poem :

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleaved, into heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is
brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

In the epistle to Canynge, Chatterton has a striking censure of the religious interludes which formed the early drama; but the idea, as Warton remarks, is the result of that taste and discrimination which could only belong to a more advanced period of society:

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung;
When as a man we God in Jesus treat,
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.

Archbishop Trench has shewn that the whole fabric of Chatterton's literary imposture could have been blown up by one short monosyllable of three letters, the word *its*. This word did not find its way into our literature until two hundred years after the period of Chatterton's monk Rowley. It occurs only once in our translation of the Scriptures (Levit. xxv. 5), and only three times, Archbishop Trench says, in all Shakspeare. Even Milton, in describing Satan, says

His form had not yet lost
All *her* original brightness.

The satirical and town effusions of Chatterton are often in bad taste, yet display a wonderful command of easy language and lively sportive allusion. They have no traces of juvenility, unless it be in adopting the vulgar scandals of the day, unworthy his original genius. In his satire of *Kew Gardens* are the following lines, alluding to the poet-laureate and the proverbial poverty of poets:

Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,
With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the scurvy merit of his muse,
He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty, be wise in time:
Regard the office more, Pamassus less,
Put your religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.

In a poem, entitled *The Prophecy*, are some vigorous stanzas, in a different measure, and remarkable for maturity and freedom of style:

The Prophecy, a Political Satire.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
'Times at the worst will surely mend.'
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs* and all the *ins*:
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

The boy who could thus write at sixteen, might soon have proved a Swift or a Dryden. Yet in satire, Chatterton evinced but a small part of his power. His Rowleian poems have a compass of invention, and a luxuriance of fancy, that promised a great chivalrous or allegorical poet of the style of Spenser.

*Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin.**

The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

'Thou'rt right,' quoth he, 'for by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die.'

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
'Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state.'

*The antiquated orthography affected by Chatterton being an impediment to their being generally read, we dismiss it in this and other specimens. The diction is, in reality, almost purely modern, and Chatterton's spelling in a great measure arbitrary, so that there seems no longer any reason for retaining what was only designed at first as a means of supporting a deception.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
 With heart brimful of woe ;
 He journeyed to the castle-gate,
 And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
 And eke his loving wife,
 With briny tears did wet the floor,
 For good Sir Charles's life.

'O good Sir Charles !' said Canterlone,
 'Bad tidings I do bring.'
 'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles ;
 'What says the traitor-king ?'

'I grieve to tell : before yon sun
 Does from the welkin fly,
 He hath upon his honour sworn
 That thou shalt surely die.'

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles ;
 'Of that I 'm not afraid ;
 What boots to live a little space ?
 Thank Jesus, I 'm prepared.

'But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
 I 'd sooner die to-day,
 Than live his slave, as many are,
 Though I should live for aye.' . . .

Then Mr Canynge sought the king,
 And fell down on his knee ;
 'I 'm come,' quoth he, 'unto your grace,
 To move your clemency.'

'Then,' quoth the king, 'your tale speak out,
 You have been much our friend ;
 Whatever your request may be,
 We will to it attend.'

'My noble liege ! all my request
 Is for a noble knight,
 Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
 He thought it still was right.

'He has a spouse and children twain ;
 All ruined are for aye,
 If that you are resolved to let
 Charles Bawdin die to-day.'

'Speak not of such a traitor vile,'
 The king in fury said ;
 'Before the evening-star doth shine,
 Bawdin shall lose his head.' . . .

'By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
 This sun shall be his last !'
 Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
 And from the presence passed.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
 He to Sir Charles did go,
 And sat him down upon a stool,
 And tears began to flow.

'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles ;
 'What boots it how or when ?
 Death is the sure, the certain fate
 Of all we mortal men.

'Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
 Runs over at thine eye ;
 Is it for my most welcome doom
 That thou dost child-like cry ?'

Saith godly Canynge : 'I do weep,
 That thou so soon must die,
 And leave thy sons and helpless wife ;
 'Tis this that wets mine eye.'

'Then dry the tears that out thine eye
 From godly fountains spring ;
 Death I despise, and all the power
 Of Edward, traitor-king.

'When through the tyrant's welcome means
 I shall resign my life,
 The God I serve will soon provide
 For both my sons and wife.

'Before I saw the lightsome sun,
 This was appointed me ;
 Shall mortal man repine or grudge
 What God ordains to be ?

'How oft in battle have I stood,
 When thousands died around ;
 When smoking streams of crimson blood
 Imbrued the fattened ground :

'How did I know that every dart
 That cut the airy way,
 Might not find passage to my heart,
 And close mine eyes for aye ?

'And shall I now, for fear of death,
 Look wan and be dismayed ?
 No ! from my heart fly childish fear ;
 Be all the man displayed. . . .

'My honest friend, my fault has been
 To serve God and my prince ;
 And that I no time-server am,
 My death will soon convince.

'In London city was I born,
 Of parents of great note ;
 My father did a noble arms
 Emblazon on his coat. . . .

'He taught me justice and the laws
 With pity to unite ;
 And eke he taught me how to know
 The wrong cause from the right. . . .

'And none can say but all my life
 I have his wordis kept ;
 And summed the actions of the day
 Each night before I slept.

'What though I on a sledge be drawn,
 And mangled by a hind,
 I do defy the traitor's power ;
 He cannot harm my mind :

'What though, uphoisted on a pole,
 My limbs shall rot in air,
 And no rich monument of brass
 Charles Bawdin's name shall bear ;

'Yet in the holy book above,
 Which time can't eat away,
 There with the servants of the Lord
 My name shall live for aye.

'Then welcome death ! for life eterne
 I leave this mortal life :
 Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
 My sons and loving wife !' . . .

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
 With looks full brave and sweet ;
 Looks that enshone no more concern
 Than any in the street.

And when he came to the high cross,
 Sir Charles did turn and say :
 'O thou that savest man from sin,
 Wash my soul clean this day.'

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare :

'Thou seest me, Edward ! traitor vile !
Exposed to infamy ;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

'By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown ;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

'Thou thinkest I shall die to-day ;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow ;

'Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

'Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave !
Shall fall on thy own head'—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say :

'To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring ;
Behold the man ! he spake the truth ;
He's greater than a king !'

'So let him die !' Duke Richard said ;
'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.'

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill ;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say :
'Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

'As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know ;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

'You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity ;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.'

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block ;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke. . . .

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing !

The Minstrel's Song in Ælla.

O sing unto my roundelay ;
O drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be ;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he ;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
Oh ! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud ;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the baren¹ flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the celness² of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars,
Round his holy corse to gre ;³
Ouphante⁴ fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

¹ *Baren* flowers, flowers borne or carried.

² Coldness.

³ Grow.

⁴ Elfín.

Water-witches, crowned with reyes,¹
 Bear me to your deadly tide.
 I die—I come—my true-love waits.—
 Thus the damsel spake, and died.

*Freedom—A Chorus in the Imperfect Tragedy of
 'Godwyn.'*

When Freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest,
 To every knight her war-song sung,
 Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
 A gory unlance² by her hung,
 She danced on the heath,
 She heard the voice of death.
 Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
 In vain assailed her bosom to aale;³
 She heard unflamed⁴ the shrieking voice of woe
 And sadness in the owl shake the dale.
 She shook the burl'd spear,
 On high she hoist her shield,
 Her foemen all appear,
 And flies along the field.
 Power, with his head straight unto the skies,
 His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star,
 All like two burning gronfires⁵ rolls his eyes,
 Champs with his iron feet, and sounds to war.
 She sits upon a rock,
 She bends before his spear,
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.
 I heard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
 Yet closely wimpled⁶ guides it to his crown,
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone.
 He falls, and falling rolleth thousands down!
 War, gore-faced war, by Envy burl'd, aris⁷
 His fiery helmet, nodding to the air,
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

The terrors and circumstances of a shipwreck had been often described by poets, ancient and modern, but never with any attempt at professional accuracy or minuteness of detail before the poem of that name by Falconer. It was reserved for a genuine sailor to disclose, in correct and harmonious verse, the 'secrets of the deep,' and to enlist the sympathies of the general reader in favour of the daily life and occupations of his brother-seamen, and in all the movements, the equipage, and tracery of those magnificent vessels which have carried the British name and enterprise to the remotest corners of the world. Poetical associations—a feeling of boundlessness and sublimity—obviously belonged to the scene of the poem—the ocean; but its interest soon wanders from this source, and centres in the stately ship and its crew—the gallant resistance which the men made to the fury of the storm—their calm and deliberate courage—the various resources of their skill and ingenuity—their consultations and resolutions as the ship labours in distress—and the brave unselfish piety and generosity with which they meet their fate, when at last

The crashing ribs divide—
 She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Such a subject Falconer justly considered as 'new

to epic lore,' but it possessed strong recommendations to the British public, whose national pride and honour, and commercial greatness, are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have 'some friend, some brother there.'

WILLIAM FALCONER was born in Edinburgh on the 11th of February 1732, and was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. He went early to sea, on board a Leith merchant-ship, and was afterwards in the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he was second-mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless Scottish sailor, was as singular as the depth of grief he describes in his poem; for Falconer, on this occasion, wished, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
 And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

He continued in the merchant-service for about ten years. In 1762 appeared his poem of *The Shipwreck*, preceded by a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured him the appointment of midshipman on board the *Royal George*, whence he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board which he held the situation of purser. After the peace, he resided in London, wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, &c. and compiled a useful marine dictionary. In October 1769, the poet again took to the sea, and sailed from England as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but afterwards perished at sea, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No 'tuneful Arion' was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having died under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his youthful associates of the *Britannia*.

Three editions of the *Shipwreck* were published during the author's life. The second (1764) was greatly enlarged, having about nine hundred new lines added. Before embarking on his last fatal voyage, Falconer published a third edition, dated October 1, 1769—the day preceding his departure from England. About two hundred more lines were added to the poem in this edition, and various alterations and transpositions made in the text. These were not all improvements: some of the most poetical passages were injured, and parts of the narrative confused. Hence one of the poet's editors, Mr Stanier Clarke, in a splendid illustrated copy of the poem (1804), restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions. This version of the poem is that now generally printed; but in a subsequent illustrated edition, by the Messrs Black, Edinburgh (1858), Falconer's third and latest edition is more closely followed. Mr Clarke conjectured—and other editors have copied his error—that Falconer, overjoyed at his appointment to the *Aurora*, and busy preparing for his voyage, had intrusted to his friend David Mallet the revision of the poem, and that Mallet had corrupted

¹ Water-flags.

² To chill or freeze.

³ Undismayed or unbanished. Chaucer has: 'And appetite
 Clemeth discretion.'

⁴ Meteors.

⁶ Wimpled, veiled.

⁷ Burl'd, arist, armed, arose.

the text. Now, it is sufficient to say that Mallet had been four years dead, and that Falconer, in the advertisement prefixed to the work, expressly states that he had himself subjected it to a strict and thorough revision. Unfortunately, as in the case of Akenside, the success of the poet had not been commensurate with his anxiety and labour.

The Shipwreck has the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules and directions are approved of by all experienced naval officers. At first, the poet does not seem to have done more than describe in nautical phrase and simple narrative the melancholy disaster he had witnessed. The characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna were added in the second edition of the work. By choosing the shipwreck of the *Britannia*, Falconer imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The wreck occurred off Cape Colonna—one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægean deep;" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

Falconer was not insensible to the charms of these historical and classic associations, and he was still more alive to the impressions of romantic scenery and a genial climate. Some of the descriptive and episodic parts of the poem are, however, drawn out to too great a length, as they interrupt the narrative where its interest is most engrossing, besides being occasionally feeble and affected. The characters of his naval officers are finely discriminated: Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, softened and refined by domestic ties and superior information; Rodmond, the next in rank, is coarse and boisterous, a hardy, weather-beaten son of Northumberland, yet of a kind, compassionate nature; Palemon, 'charged with the commerce,' is perhaps too effeminate for the rough sea; he is the lover of the poem, and his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy:

'Twas genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The truth of the whole poem is indeed one of its greatest attractions. We feel that it is a passage of real life; and even where the poet seems to violate the canons of taste and criticism, allowance is liberally made for the peculiar situation of the author, while he rivets our attention to the scenes of trial and distress which he so fortunately survived to describe.

Evening at Sea.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.

Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Appearance of the Ship on the Shores of Greece.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales,¹ that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that rolled below:
Where'er she moved, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen. . . .
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal-day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!²

Cape Colonna—The Storm and Wreck.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is placed
A range of columns long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.

¹ The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks, which envelop the lower part of the ship's side.

² In the Pope controversy (1821), Mr Bowles quoted Lord Byron's beautiful image of the ship in the *Corsair*:

That seems to walk the waves a thing of life!

But Mr Bowles himself had some years before written a fine description of a ship on her way:

The tall ship,
That like a stately swan, in conscious pride
Breaks beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gathered waves back, and seems to move
A living thing upon its lucid way,
Streaming in lovely glory to the morn.

Foams the wild beach below with maddening rage,
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight :
 And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
 Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
 A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind ;
 And while around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud :
 ' Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries ;
 ' Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course ;
 Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion came,
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
 Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
 So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
 When, mounted on the flaming car of day,
 With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
 The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
 The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
 Fate spurs her on. Thus, issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
 And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated force.

With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand ;
 Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
 As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
 Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
 In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
 The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
 The black eventful moment seemed to bring.
 The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
 Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
 The steersmen now received their last command
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
 Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend :
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustained on high ;
 And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the maintop-mast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
 The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
 O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
 The hostile waters close around their head,
 They sink for ever, numbered with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
 Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
 With young Arion on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
 They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in
 vain. . . .

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore,
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
 Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
 This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
 Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
 His soul had trembled to its last recess !
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove !
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !
 Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
 For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
 Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
 Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
 Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound !
 Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
 And quivering with the wound, in torment reels ;
 So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
 The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
 Again she plunges ; hark ! a second shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
 The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
 In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
 Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
 The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
 At length asunder torn her frame divides,
 And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides. . . .

As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;
 Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
 And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
 Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
 Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
 Till all benumbed and feeble, they forego
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below ;
 Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
 On marble ridges, die without a groan ;
 Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
 And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;
 Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath the involving
 tide ;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
 The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :
 The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
 And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
 Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb :
 What scenes of misery torment thy view !
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
 Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood,
 O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood !
 So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
 When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed ;
 While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
 Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
 Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
 Sad refuge ! Albert grasps the floating mast.
 His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
 But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
 For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain ;
 His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
 For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
 To black adversity's approach exposed,
 With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclosed ;
 His lovely daughter, left without a friend
 Her innocence to succour and defend,

By youth and indigence set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
 While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
 His outstretched arms the master's legs infold :
 Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
 For death bids every clenching joint adhere.
 All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And 'Oh, protect my wife and child!' he cries—
 The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound ;
 He gasps ! and sinks amid the vast profound.

ROBERT LLOYD.

ROBERT LLOYD, the friend of Cowper and Churchill, was born in London in 1733. His father was under-master at Westminster School. He distinguished himself by his talents at Cambridge, but was irregular in his habits. After completing his education, he became an usher under his father. The wearisome routine of this life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His poem called *The Actor* attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's *Rosciad*. The style is light and easy, and the observations generally correct and spirited. By contributing to periodical works as an essayist, a poet, and stage critic, Lloyd picked up a precarious subsistence, but his means were thoughtlessly squandered in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the *St James's Magazine*, to which Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and others contributed. The magazine failed, and Lloyd was cast into prison for debt. Churchill generously allowed him a guinea a week, as well as a servant ; and endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his embarrassments. Churchill died in November 1764. 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger ; but when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him, as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying : "I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again ; dying, if ever man died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here : Churchill's favourite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, and spirit, and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness ; and, sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave.' Lloyd, in conjunction with Colman, parodied the Odes of Gray and Mason, and the humour of their burlesques is not tinged with malignity. Indeed, this unfortunate young poet seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists ; he was ruined by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club, and not by the force of an evil nature. The vivacity of his style—which both Churchill and Cowper copied—may be seen from the following short extract :

The Miseries of a Poet's Life.

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
 Bewitches only to betray.

Though for a while with easy air
 She smooths the rugged brow of care,
 And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
 With Fancy's transitory gleams ;
 Fond of the nothings she bestows,
 We wake at last to real woes.
 Through every age, in every place,
 Consider well the poet's case ;
 By turns protected and caressed,
 Defamed, dependent, and distressed.
 The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
 The curse of fools, the butt of knaves ;
 Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
 To lacquey rogues or flatter friends ;
 With prodigality to give,
 Too careless of the means to live ;
 The bubble fame intent to gain,
 And yet too lazy to maintain ;
 He quits the world he never prized,
 Pitied by few, by more despised,
 And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
 Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade ! for wit's a trade,
 Where men are ruined more than made !
 Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
 The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
 Those tuneful servants of the Nine—
 Not that I blend their names with mine—
 Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
 And teach the world some useful shame.

But bad as the life of a hackney poet and critic seems to have been in Lloyd's estimation, the situation of a school-usher was as little to be desired, and so thought Goldsmith :

Wretchedness of a School-usher.

Were I at once empowered to shew
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigour,
 I could inflict no penance bigger,
 Than, using him as learning's tool,
 To make him usher of a school.
 For, not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And labouring with incessant pains,
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
 The duties there but ill befit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit.
 For one, it hurts me to the soul,
 To brook confinement or control ;
 Still to be pinioned down to teach
 The syntax and the parts of speech ;
 Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
 The links, and points, and rules of verse ;
 To deal out authors by retail,
 Like penny pots of Oxford ale ;
 Oh, 'tis a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar !
 Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
 And while a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills *their* minds with proper care,
 And sees them their due produce bear ;
 No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
 His *own* lies follow all the while.
 'Yet still he's on the road,' you say,
 'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
 But turns like horses in a mill,
 Nor getting on, nor standing still ;
 For little way his learning reaches,
 Who reads no more than what he teaches.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

A second Dryden was supposed to have arisen in Churchill, when he published his satirical poem, the *Rosciad*, in 1761. The impression was continued by his reply to the critical reviewers, shortly afterwards; and his *Epistle to Hogarth*, the *Prophecy of Famine, Night*, and passages in his other poems—all thrown off in haste to serve the purpose of the day—evinced great vigour and facility of versification, and a breadth and boldness of personal invective that drew instant attention to their author. Though Cowper, from early predictions, had a high opinion of Churchill, and thought he was 'indeed a poet,' we cannot now consider the author of the *Rosciad* as more than a special pleader or pamphleteer in verse. He seldom reaches the heart—except in some few lines of penitential fervour—and he never ascended to the higher regions of imagination, then trod by Collins, Gray, and Akenside. With the beauties of external nature he had not the slightest sympathy. He died before he had well attained the prime of life; yet there is no youthful enthusiasm about his works, nor any indications that he sighed for a higher fame than that of being the terror of actors and artists, noted for his libertine eccentricities, and distinguished for his devotion to Wilkes. That he misapplied strong original talents in following out these pitiful or unworthy objects of his ambition is undeniable. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, had the effect of making all London 'ring from side to side' with his applause, at a time when the real poetry of the age could hardly obtain either publishers or readers. Excepting Marlowe, the dramatic poet, scarcely any English author of reputation has been more unhappy in his life and end than Charles Churchill. He was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1731. After attending Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge—which he quitted abruptly—he made a clandestine marriage with a young lady in Westminster, and was assisted by his father, till he was ordained and settled in the curacy of Rainham, in Essex. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St John's at Westminster. This transition, which promised an accession of comfort and respectability, proved the bane of poor Churchill. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and his conduct had been up to this period irreproachable. He now, however, renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school-companions, and launched into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry drew him into notice; and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but he laid aside the clerical costume, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with a blue coat, gold-laced hat, and ruffles. The dean of Westminster remonstrated with him against this breach of clerical propriety, and his animadversions were seconded by the poet's parishioners. Churchill affected to ridicule this prudery, and Lloyd made it the subject of an epigram:

To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster dean,
Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you
mean?

'Tis shameful, irreverent—you must keep to church
rules.

If wise ones, I will; and if not, they're for fools.

If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters;

To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters.

The dean and the congregation were, however, too powerful, and Churchill found it necessary to resign the lectureship. His ready pen still threw off at will his popular satires, and he plunged into the grossest debaucheries. These excesses he attempted to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled *Night*, in which he revenges himself on prudence and the world by railing at them in good set terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says his biographer, 'on the exploded doctrine, that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case, renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.' The poet's irregularities affected his powers of composition, and his poem of *The Ghost*, published at this time, was an incoherent and tiresome production. A greater evil, too, was his acquaintance with Wilkes, unfortunately equally conspicuous for public faction and private debauchery. Churchill assisted his new associate in the *North Briton*, and received the profit arising from its sale. 'This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had verbal instructions to apprehend under the general warrant issued for that purpose, the execution of which gave rise to the most popular and only beneficial part of the warm contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was apprehended, and himself only escaped owing to the messenger's ignorance of his person, and to the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thomson.* The poet now set about his satire, the *Prophecy of Famine*, which, like Wilkes's *North Briton*, was specially directed against the Scottish nation. The out-lawry of Wilkes separated the friends, but they kept up a correspondence, and Churchill continued to be a keen political satirist. The excesses of his daily life remained equally conspicuous. Hogarth, who was opposed to Churchill for being a friend of Wilkes, characteristically exposed his habits by caricaturing the satirist in the form of a bear dressed canonically, with ruffles at his paws, and holding a pot of porter. Churchill took revenge in a fierce and sweeping 'epistle' to Hogarth, which is said to have caused him the most exquisite pain. After separating from his wife, and forming an unhappy connection with another female, the daughter of a Westminster tradesman, wretched Churchill's career drew to a sad and premature close. In October 1764 he went to France to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes, and was seized at Boulogne with a

* Life of Churchill prefixed to works (London, 1804). When Churchill entered the room, Wilkes was in custody of the messenger. 'Good-morning, Mr Thomson,' said Wilkes to him. 'How does Mrs Thomson do? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill took the hint as readily as it had been given. He replied that Mrs Thomson was waiting for him, and that he only came, for a moment, to ask him how he did. Then almost directly he took his leave, hastened home, secured his papers, retired into the country, and eluded all search.

fever, which proved fatal on the 4th of November. With his clerical profession Churchill had thrown off his belief in Christianity, and Southey mentions, that though he made his will only the day before his death, there is in it not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. So highly popular and productive had his satires proved, that he was enabled to bequeath an annuity of sixty pounds to his widow, and fifty to the more unhappy woman whom he had latterly abused, and some surplus remained to his sons. The poet was buried at Dover, and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone, on which was engraved a line from one of his own poems :

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

The enjoyment may be doubted, and still more the taste of this inscription. It is certain that Churchill expressed his compunction for parts of his conduct, in verses that evidently came from the heart :

Remorse.

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

The Conference.

The most ludicrous, and, on the whole, the best of Churchill's satires, is his *Prophecy of Famine*, a Scots pastoral, inscribed to Wilkes. The Earl of Bute's administration had directed the enmity of all disappointed patriots and keen partisans against the Scottish nation. Even Johnson and Junius descended to this petty national prejudice, and Churchill revelled in it with such undisguised exaggeration and broad humour, that the most saturnine or sensitive of our countrymen must have laughed at its absurdity. This unique pastoral opens as follows :

A Scots Pastoral.

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,

With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was scen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June,* by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

In the same poem, Churchill thus alludes to himself :

Me, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers, when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams, o'er flower-impurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race.

The characters of Garrick, &c. in the *Rosciad*, have now ceased to interest; but some of these rough pen-and-ink sketches of Churchill are happily executed. Smollett, who, as Churchill believed, had attacked him in the *Critical Review*, he alludes to with mingled approbation and ridicule :

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hailed the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground
So nobler Pickle stand superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here 's the right method—have no plot at all!

Of Hogarth :

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,

* The birthday of the old Chevalier. It used to be a great object with the gardener of a Scottish Jacobite family of those days to have the Stuart emblem in blow by the tenth of June.

Where a beginning, middle, and an end
 Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
 Each made for each, as bodies for their soul.
 So as to form one true and perfect whole,
 Where a plain story to the eye is told,
 Which we conceive the moment we behold,
 Hogarth unrivalled stands, and shall engage
 Unrivalled praise to the most distant age.

In *Night*, Churchill thus gaily addressed his friend Lloyd on the proverbial poverty of poets :

What is 't to us if taxes rise or fall?
 Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
 His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
 By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
 Free as the light and air some years ago.
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labours and excise our brains.
 Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
 No tribute's laid on castles in the air!

The reputation of Churchill was also an aerial structure. 'No English poet,' says Southey, 'had ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity; and indeed no one seems more thoroughly to have understood his own powers; there is no indication in any of his pieces that he could have done anything better than the thing he did. To Wilkes he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; but, to the public, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which his verses were poured forth.

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
 While spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
 Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
 A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
 Highly to finish, and make every grace
 In itself charming, take new charms from place.
 Nothing of books, and little known of men,
 When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen;
 Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
 Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.

Popularity which is easily gained, is lost as easily; such reputations resembling the lives of insects, whose shortness of existence is compensated by its proportion of enjoyment. He perhaps imagined that his genius would preserve his subjects, as spices preserve a mummy, and that the individuals whom he had eulogised or stigmatised would go down to posterity in his verse, as an old admiral comes home from the West Indies in a puncheon of rum: he did not consider that the rum is rendered loathsome, and that the spices with which the Pharaohs and Potiphars were embalmed, wasted their sweetness in the catacombs. But, in this part of his conduct, there was no want of worldly prudence: he was enriching himself by hasty writings, for which the immediate sale was in proportion to the bitterness and personality of the satire.'

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

In massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer of the eighteenth century surpassed Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON. His various works, with their sententious morality and high-sounding sonorous

periods—his manly character and appearance—his great virtues and strong prejudices—his early and severe struggles, illustrating his own noble verse—

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed—

his love of argument and society, into which he poured the treasures of a rich and full mind—his wit, repartee, and brow-beating—his rough manners and kind heart—his curious household, in which were congregated the lame, blind, and despised—his very looks, gesticulation, and dress—have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer, Boswell, that to readers of every class Johnson is as well known as any member of their own family. His heavy form seems still to haunt Fleet Street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote islands of the Hebrides. In literature, his influence has been scarcely less extensive. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished for a long period the naked simplicity of Swift, and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure and healthful and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. These are solid and substantial benefits which should weigh down errors of taste or the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and disease, and which was little sweetened by prosperity or applause at that period of life when the habits are formed and the manners become permanent. As a *man*, Johnson was an admirable representative of the Englishman—as an *author*, his course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent. He could boast with more truth than Burke, that 'he had no arts but manly arts.' At every step in his progress, his passport was talent and virtue; and when the royal countenance and favour were at length extended to him, it was but a ratification by the sovereign of the wishes and opinions entertained by the best and wisest of the nation.

Johnson was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709. His father was a bookseller. In his nineteenth year, he was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Misfortunes in trade happened to the elder Johnson, and Samuel was compelled to leave the university without a degree. He had been only fourteen months at Oxford, but during that time had distinguished himself by translating Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse. He was a short time usher in a school at Market Bosworth; but marrying a widow, Mrs Porter—who was in her forty-eighth year (Johnson himself was twenty-seven)—he set up a private academy at Edial, near his native city. He had only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick. After an unsuccessful career of a year and a half, Johnson went to London, accompanied by Garrick. He had written part of his tragedy of *Irene*, hoping to get it brought on the stage, but it was refused. He now commenced author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, &c. to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

He also wrote for the magazine a monthly account of the proceedings in parliament, under the title of *Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput*. Notes of the speeches were furnished to him, and he extended them in his own peculiar, grandiloquent style (which was early formed), taking care, as he said, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' He was himself a determined Tory. In 1738 appeared his poem of *London*, in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, for which Dodsley gave him ten guineas. It instantly became popular, and a second edition was called for within a week. The author's name was not prefixed to the work. Pope made inquiries after the author, saying such a man would soon be known, and recommended Johnson to Lord Gower, who would have obtained for the poor poet the mastership of a grammar-school in Leicestershire, had not the academical degree of M.A. been indispensable, and this Johnson could not procure. He struggled on, writing task-work for Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1744 published the *Life of Savage*, who had died the previous year. This admirable specimen of biography was also published anonymously, but it was known to be Johnson's, and his reputation continued to advance, so that the chief booksellers in London engaged him to prepare a *Dictionary of the English Language*, for which he was to receive 1500 guineas. The prospectus of the *Dictionary* was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who acknowledged the honour by awarding Johnson a *honorarium* of ten guineas. Seven years and more elapsed before the *Dictionary* was completed, and when it was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield—hoping, as Johnson believed, that the work might be dedicated to him—wrote two papers in the periodical called the *World* in recommendation of the plan of the *Dictionary*. Johnson thought all was false and hollow, and penned an indignant letter to the earl. He did Chesterfield injustice in the affair, as from a collation of the facts and circumstances is now apparent; but as a keen and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence, the composition is inimitable:

Letter to Lord Chesterfield.

February 7, 1755

MY LORD—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door;

during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord.—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

SAM. JOHNSON.

While his *Dictionary* was in progress, Johnson sought relaxation as well as pecuniary help from other tasks. In 1748 he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, an imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, for which he received fifteen guineas. Next year Garrick brought out *Irene*, and though not successful, by good management the representation realised £195, 17s. besides £100 from Dodsley for the copyright of the play. The subsequent works of Johnson (to be afterwards noticed in this section) were the *Rambler*, 1750–52, the *Idler*, 1758–60, and, in 1759, the tale of *Rasselas*. The last was written to pay some small debts, and defray the funeral expenses of his mother, who had died at the age of ninety. For this moral tale so piously undertaken, Johnson received £100, with £25 afterwards for a second edition. In 1762 a new and brighter era commenced—a pension of £300 was settled upon Johnson, chiefly through the influence of Lord Bute, then the all-potent minister, and ever afterwards the life of the great moralist was free from the corroding anxieties of poverty. In 1764 the Literary Club was established, including Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Garrick, Murphy, and others; and in this enlightened and popular resort Johnson reigned supreme, the most brilliant conversationalist of his age. In 1765 appeared, after many years' promises and delays, his edition of Shakspeare, about which, he said, he felt no solicitude, and the public was nearly as indifferent. It contained proofs of his acuteness and insight into human nature, but was a careless and unsatisfactory piece of editorial work. Made easy by his pension and writings, Johnson undertook, in the autumn of 1773, his celebrated journey to the Hebrides, in company with Boswell. It was certainly a remarkable undertaking for a man of sixty-four, heavy, near-sighted, somewhat deaf, full of English prejudices, and who preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia. He had to perform great part of the journey on horseback, travelling over mountains and bogs, and to cross stormy firths and arms of the sea in open boats.

But Johnson had a stout heart, and accompanied by his faithful squire, was willing to encounter all dangers. His narrative of his travels, published in 1775, is one of his most interesting works, but unquestionably the most valuable of all is his last work, the *Lives of the Poets*, prefixed as prefaces to an edition of the English poets, 1779-81. For this work Johnson received three hundred guineas—one hundred more than he had stipulated for, but Malone says the booksellers made five or six thousand pounds by the undertaking. The Tory predilections of Johnson, heightened by the recollection of his pension, induced him in his latter days to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote two pamphlets in defence of the ministry and against the claims of the Americans, but they are unworthy of his reputation. His work was now done. His health had always been precarious. He had from his birth been afflicted with a scrofulous taint, and all his life he was a prey to constitutional melancholy (often on the verge of insanity), and had a horror of death. While he was an inmate in the family of Mr Thrale, the opulent brewer, the agreeable society he met there, and especially the conversation and attentions of Mrs Thrale (afterwards Mrs Piozzi), soothed and delighted him; but after this connection was rudely broken up, Johnson's residence in Bolt Court was but a sad and gloomy residence. The end, however, was peace. He wished, he said, to meet his God with an unclouded mind, and his prayer was heard. He died in a serene and happy frame of mind on the 13th of December 1784.

The poetry of Johnson forms but a small portion of the history of his mind or of his works. His imitations of Juvenal are, however, among the best imitations of a classic author which we possess; and Gray has pronounced an opinion, that '*London*'—the first in time, and by far the inferior of the two—'has all the ease and all the spirit of an original.' In *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, Johnson departs more from his original, and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners. His pictures of Wolsey and Charles of Sweden have a strength and magnificence that would do honour to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true and touching, that they may justly be denominated 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.' Johnson was too prone to indulge in dark and melancholy views of human life; yet those who have experienced its disappointments and afflictions, must subscribe to the severe morality and pathos with which the contemplative poet

Expatiates free o'er all this scene of man.

The peculiarity of Juvenal, according to Johnson's own definition, 'is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur.' He had less reflection and less moral dignity than his English imitator.

The other poetical pieces of Johnson are short and occasional; but his beautiful *Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane*, and his lines *On the Death of Levett*, are in his best manner.

From the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
'To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land;
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulls the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state,
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight !
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What, but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign ! . . .

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Roman shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
This power has praise, the virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain ;

'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost :
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay ;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.* . . .

* To shew how admirably Johnson has imitated this part of Juvenal, applying to the modern hero, Charles XII. what the Roman satirist directed against Hannibal, we subjoin a

But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers :
The general favourite as the general friend ;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,

And Swift expires a driveller and a show. . . .
Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects
find ?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to
gain ;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

literal version of the words of Juvenal: 'Weigh Hannibal—how many pounds weight will you find in that consummate general? This is the man whom Africa, washed by the Moorish sea, and stretching to the warm Nile, cannot contain. Again, in addition to Ethiopia, and other elephant-breeding countries, Spain is added to his empire. He jumps over the Pyrenees: in vain nature opposed to him the Alps with their snows; he severed the rocks, and rent the mountains with vinegar. Now he reaches Italy, yet he determines to go further: "Nothing is done," says, he, "unless with our Punic soldiers we break down their gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of Saburra (street)." O what a figure, and what a fine picture he would make, the one-eyed general, carried by the Getulian brute! What, after all, was the end of it? Alas for glory! this very man is routed, and flies headlong into banishment, and there the great and wonderful commander sits like a poor dependent at the palace door of a king, till it please the Bithynian tyrant to awake. That life, which had so long disturbed all human affairs, was brought to an end, not by swords, nor stones, nor darts, but by that redresser of Canne, and avenger of the blood that had been shed—a ring. Go, madman; hurry over the savage Alps, to please the school-boys, and become their subject of declamation!' It will be recollected that Hannibal, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Romans, swallowed poison, which he carried in a ring on his finger.

Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick, at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, in 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain :
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essayed the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame ;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days :
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined :
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread ;
Philosophy remained, though nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit :
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfays, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride :
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance ?—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.*

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense ;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and solitary woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

On the Death of Dr Robert Levett—1782.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage ; Mahomet, a rope-dancer who had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre the winter before.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride ;
The modest wants of every day,
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

MRS THRALE.

MRS THRALE is author of an interesting little moral poem, the *Three Warnings*, which is so superior to her other compositions, that it was supposed to have been partly written, or at least corrected, by Johnson. It first appeared in a volume of *Miscellanies*, published by Mrs Anna Williams (the blind inmate of Johnson's house) in 1766. Hester Lynch Salusbury (afterwards Mrs Thrale) was a native of Bodvel, Carnarvonshire, born in 1739. In 1763 she was married to Mr Henry Thrale, an eminent brewer, who had taste enough to appreciate the rich and varied conversation of Johnson, and whose hospitality and wealth afforded the great moralist an asylum in his house. After the death of this excellent man in 1781, his widow in 1784 married Signior Piozzi, an Italian music-master, a step which Johnson never could forgive. The lively lady proceeded with her husband on a continental tour, and they took up their abode for some time on the banks of the Arno. In 1785, she published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, entitled *The Florence Miscellany*, and afforded a subject for the satire of Gifford, whose *Baviad* and *Mæviad* was written to lash the Della Cruscan songsters with whom Mrs Piozzi was associated. Returning to England, she became a rather voluminous writer. In 1786 she issued *Anecdotes of Dr Johnson* ; in 1788, *Letters to and from Dr Johnson* ; in 1789, *A Journey through France, Italy, and Germany* ; in 1794, *British Synonymy, or an Attempt at regulating the Choice of Words in familiar Conversation* ; in

1801, *Retrospection, or a Review of the most striking and important Events, &c. which the late 1800 years have presented to the view of Mankind, &c.* In her 80th year Mrs Piozzi had a flirtation with a young actor, William Augustus Conway, aged 27. A collection of her 'love-letters' was surreptitiously published in 1843. She died at Clifton, May 2, 1821. Mrs Piozzi's eldest daughter, Viscountess Keith (Johnson's 'Queeny'), lived to the age of 95, and one of her sisters to the age of 90. The anecdotes and letters of Dr Johnson, by Mrs Piozzi, are the only valuable works which proceeded from her pen. She was a minute and clever observer of men and manners, but deficient in judgment, and not particular as to the accuracy of her relations. In 1861, the *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains* of Mrs Piozzi were published, with notes and memoir, by A. Hayward.

The Three Warnings.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground ;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—' You must,' says he,
' Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
' With you ! and quit my Susan's side ?
With you !' the hapless husband cried ;
' Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :
My thoughts on other matters go ;
This is my wedding-day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
' Neighbour,' he said, ' farewell ! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave ;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you'll have no more to say ;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near :

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
' So soon returned !' old Dodson cries.
' So soon, d'ye call it ?' Death replies :
' Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'

' So much the worse,' the clown rejoined ;
' To spare the aged would be kind :
However, see your search be legal ;
And your authority—is't regal ?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.*
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings ;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

' I know,' cries Death, ' that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest ;
But don't be captious, friend, at least ;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable :
Your years have run to a great length ;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength !'

' Hold !' says the farmer ; ' not so fast !
I have been lame these four years past.'
' And no great wonder,' Death replies ;
' However, you still keep your eyes ;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

' Perhaps,' says Dodson, ' so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
' This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;
But still there's comfort left for you :
Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
' There's none,' cries he ; ' and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
' Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
' These are unjustifiable yearnings :
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings ;
So come along ; no more we'll part ;'
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774), whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for

* An allusion to the illegal warrant used against Wilkes, which was the cause of so much contention in its day.

a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection. His countryman Burke said of himself, that he had taken his ideas of liberty not too high, that they might last him through life. Goldsmith seems to have pitched his poetry in a subdued undertone, that he might luxuriate at will among those images of quiet beauty, comfort, benevolence, and simple pathos, which were most congenial to his own character, his hopes, or his experience. This popular poet was born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November 1728. He was the fourth of a family of seven children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his *Deserted Village*. Having been taught his letters by a maid-servant, Oliver was sent to the village-school, which was kept by an old soldier named Byrne, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne, and was fond of relating his adventures. Byrne had also a large store of Irish traditions, fairy tales, and ghost stories, which were eagerly listened to by his pupils, and are supposed to have had some effect in giving to Goldsmith that wandering unsettled disposition which marked him through life. A severe attack of small-pox, which left traces of its ravages on his face ever after, caused his removal from school. He was, however, placed at better seminaries of education, and in his seventeenth year was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The expense of his education was chiefly defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, an excellent man, son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice, and a clergyman of the established church. At college the poet was thoughtless and irregular. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and having struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy. His father was dead, but he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. His uncle then gave him £50 to study the law in Dublin, but he lost the whole in a gaming-house. A second contribution was raised, and the poet next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he continued a year and a half studying medicine. He then drew upon his uncle for £20, and embarked for Bordeaux. The vessel was driven into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his fellow-passengers were arrested and put into prison, where the poet was kept a fortnight. It appeared that his companions were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland enlisting soldiers for the French army. Before he was released the ship sailed, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, the whole of the crew having perished. He embarked in a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and arriving there in nine

days, travelled by land to Leyden. These particulars (which have a very apocryphal air) rest upon the authority of a letter written from Leyden by Goldsmith to his uncle, Contarine. At Leyden he appears to have remained, without making an effort for a degree, about a twelvemonth; and in February 1755, he set off on a continental tour, provided, it is said, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. He stopped some time at Louvain in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said, like George Primrose in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Traveller.

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the poet. He brooded with delight over these pictures of humble happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. Goldsmith afterwards visited Germany and the Rhine. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the *Traveller* to his brother. The loftier charms of nature in these Alpine scenes seem to have had no permanent effect on the character or direction of his genius. He visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and stopped at Padua some months, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. In 1756 the poet reached England, after one year of wandering, lonely, and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame. Many a hard struggle he had yet to encounter! He was some time assistant to a chemist in a shop at the corner of Monument Yard on Fish Street Hill. A college-friend, Dr Sleight, enabled him to commence practice as a humble physician in Bankside, Southwark, but this failed; and after serving for a short time as a reader and corrector of the press to Richardson the novelist, he was engaged as usher in a school at Peckham, kept by Dr Milner. At Milner's table he met Griffiths the bookseller, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*; and in April 1757, Goldsmith agreed to leave Dr Milner's, to board and lodge with Griffiths, to have a small salary, and devote himself to the Review. Whatever he wrote is said to have been tampered with by Griffiths and his wife! In five months the engagement abruptly closed. For a short time he was again at Dr Milner's as usher. In 1758 he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as an hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffiths became security. The clothes were immediately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, *pawned the clothes*. The publisher threatened, and the poet replied: 'I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to

point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? Such was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this imprudent but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, and to the glory of English literature.

Henceforward the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. He lived solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the *Monthly and Critical Reviews*, the *Lady's Magazine*, the *British Magazine*, &c. he published anonymously an *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), his admirable *Chinese Letters* (contributed to Newbery's *Public Ledger*, and for which he was paid a guinea each), afterwards published with the title of *The Citizen of the World*, a *Life of Beau Nash*, and a *History of England* (1762), in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord Lyttelton. In December 1764 appeared his poem of the *Traveller, or Prospect of Society*, the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without one bad line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr Johnson—then numbered among Goldsmith's friends—said that the merit of the *Traveller* was so well established, that Mr Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise. In 1766 appeared his exquisite novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written two years before, and sold to Newbery, the bookseller, to discharge a pressing debt. Goldsmith's landlady had called in a sheriff's officer to enforce payment of her bill. In this extremity he sent a messenger to Johnson, who forwarded a guinea, and followed himself shortly after. He found Goldsmith railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira (the guinea having been changed), and on his inquiring how money could be procured, the poor debtor produced the manuscript of his novel, which Johnson took to the bookseller and sold for £60. Yet Newbery did not venture to publish it until the *Traveller* had rendered the name of the author popular. Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-natured Man* was produced in 1768, his *Roman History* next year, and the *Deserted Village* in 1770. The latter was as popular as the *Traveller*, and speedily ran through a number of editions. Goldsmith was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, and he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries: the booksellers courted him, and his works brought him in large sums. Difficulty and distress, however, still clung to him: poetry had found him poor at first, and kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming-table also

presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers, and produced (1771) a *History of England* in four volumes. In 1773 his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre with immense applause. The same year appeared his *History of Greece*, in two volumes, for which he was paid £250. He had contracted to write a *History of Animated Nature* in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March 1774, he was attacked by a painful complaint (strangury) caused by close study, which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in convulsions on the morning of the 4th of April. His last words were melancholy. 'Your pulse,' said his physician, 'is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have: is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was the sad reply. The death of so popular an author, at the age of forty-six, was a shock equally to his friends and the public. The former knew his sterling worth, and loved him with all his foibles—his undisguised vanity, his national proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities. Under these ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. He died £2000 in debt: 'Was ever poet so trusted before!' exclaimed Johnson. His remains were interred in the Temple burying-ground, and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next the grave of Gay, whom he somewhat resembled in character, and far surpassed in genius. The fame of Goldsmith has been constantly on the increase, and two copious lives of him have been produced—one by Prior, in 1837, and another, the *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, by John Forster, in 1848, and since enlarged. The latter is a valuable and interesting work.

The plan of the *Traveller* is simple, yet comprehensive and philosophical. The poet represents himself as sitting among Alpine solitudes, looking down on a hundred realms. He views the whole with delight, yet sighs to think that the hoard of human bliss is so small, and he wishes to find some spot consigned to real happiness. But where is such a spot to be found? The natives of each country think their own the best. If nations are compared, the amount of happiness in each is found to be about the same; and to illustrate this position, the poet describes the state of manners and government in Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. In general correctness and beauty of expression, these sketches have never been surpassed. The politician may think that the poet ascribes too little importance to the influence of government on the happiness of mankind, seeing that in a despotic state the whole must depend on the individual character of the governor; yet in the cases cited by Goldsmith, it is difficult to resist his conclusions;

while his short sententious reasoning is relieved and elevated by bursts of true poetry. There was no greater master of the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures. His character of the men of England used to draw tears from Dr Johnson.

The poem is so truly felicitous in thought and expression, that we give it entire, following the ninth edition, or the last that appeared during the lifetime of the author.

The Traveller, or Prospect of Society.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire :
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale :
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care :
Impelled with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain,
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd,

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights' of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down,
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends :
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
I here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
state ;

At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
 While nought remained of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride !
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
 Processions formed for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
 The sports of children satisfy the child ;
 Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
 small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturesous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shade to which his soul conforms ;
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unaltered, unimproved the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the
 way :

These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise :
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand.
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured
here,

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by freedom ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown :
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;

Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure ;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms ;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?

Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind ;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

The *Deserted Village* is limited in design, and, according to Macaulay, is incongruous in its parts. The village in its happiest days is a true English village, while in its decay it is an Irish village.

'The felicity and the misery which he has brought close together belong to two different countries and to two different stages in the progress of society.' But there is no poem in the English language more universally popular than the *Deserted Village*. Its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory. Its delineations of rustic life accord with those ideas of romantic purity, seclusion, and happiness, which the young mind associates with the country and all its charms, before modern manners and oppression had driven them away—

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

Political economists may dispute the axiom that luxury is hurtful to nations; but Goldsmith has a surer advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates, when teaching by examples, with all the efficacy of apparent truth, and all the effect of poetical beauty and excellence.

Description of Auburn—The Village Preacher, the Schoolmaster, and Ale-house—Reflections.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please. . . .

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made. . . .

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway :
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds ;
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
 growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

Edwin and Angelina.

' Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.

' For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go.'

' Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
 ' To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder phantom only flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

' Here, to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still :
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good-will.

' Then turn to night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

' No flocks that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn ;
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

' But from the mountain's grassy side,
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.

' Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 All earth-born cares are wrong :
 " Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long." * *

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell ;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care ;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimmed his little fire,
 And cheered his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily pressed and smiled ;
 And, skilled in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
 With answering care oppressed :
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?

* From Young.—' Man wants but little, nor that little long.' Goldsmith, in the original copy, marked the passage as a quotation.

'From better habitations spurned,
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
 Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things
 More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name:
 A charm that lulls to sleep!
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep!

'And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex,' he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confessed
 A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
 'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where Heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray:
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was marked as mine;
 He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumbered suitors came;
 Who praised me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feigned, a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove;
 Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
 But never talked of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heaven refined,
 Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine;
 Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
 Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
 Important and vain;

And while his passion touched my heart,
 I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride;
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay:
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
 And clasped her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turned to chide:
 'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign;
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine?'

'No, never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true;
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

Extracts from 'Retaliation.'

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epigrams upon him. His country, dialect, and blunders furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem (which was left unfinished at his death), in which we find much of the shrewd observation, wit, and liveliness which distinguish the happiest of his prose writings.

Here lies our good Edmund,* whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art;
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:

* Burke.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day ;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came ;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave !

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you
raised,

While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised !
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. . . .

Here Reynolds is laid ; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering ;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing :

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuff,

He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

By flattery unspoiled. . . .

BISHOP PERCY.

DR THOMAS PERCY (1729-1811), afterwards
bishop of Dromore, in 1765 published his *Reliques
of English Poetry*, in which several excellent old
songs and ballads were revived, and a selection
made of the best lyrical pieces scattered through
the works of dramatic and other authors. The
learning and ability with which Percy executed
his task, and the sterling value of his materials,
recommended his volumes to public favour. They
found their way into the hands of poets and poetical
readers, and awakened a love of nature, simp-
licity, and true passion, in contradistinction to
that coldly correct and sentimental style which
pervaded part of our literature. The influence of
Percy's collection was general and extensive. It
is evident in many contemporary authors. It
gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter
Scott; and it may be seen in the writings of
Coleridge and Wordsworth. A fresh fountain of
poetry was opened up—a spring of sweet, tender,
and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could
never be again turned back into the artificial
channels in which the genius of poesy had been
too long and too closely confined. Percy was
himself a poet. His ballad, *O Nancy, wilt thou go
with Me?* the *Hermit of Warkworth*, and other
detached pieces, evince both taste and talent. We
subjoin a cento, the *Friar of Orders Gray*, which

* Sir Joshua was so deaf, as to be under the necessity of using
an ear-trumpet in company. Goldsmith was engaged on this
portrait when his last illness seized him.

Percy says he compiled from fragments of ancient
ballads, to which he added supplemental stanzas
to connect them together. The greater part, how-
ever, is his own, and it must be admitted that he
was too prone to tamper with the old ballads. Dr
Percy was born at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, son of
a grocer, and having taken holy orders, became
successively chaplain to the king, dean of Carlisle,
and bishop of Dromore: the latter dignity he
possessed from 1782 till his death at the advanced
age of eighty-two. He enjoyed the friendship of
Johnson, Goldsmith, and other distinguished men
of his day, and lived long enough to hail the
genius of Scott.

A complete reprint of Bishop Percy's folio MS.
was published in 1868, in three volumes, edited
by John W. Hales, M.A. and F. J. Furnival, M.A.
Mr Furnival describes the MS. as 'a scrubby,
shabby paper book,' which had lost some pages
both at the beginning and end. Percy found it
lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the
parlour of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shifnall,
Shropshire, being used by the maids to light the
fire. The date, as appears from the handwriting,
was about 1650. 'As to the text,' says Mr Furni-
val, 'he (Percy) looked on it as a young woman
from the country with unkempt locks, whom he
had to fit for fashionable society. He puffed out
the thirty-nine lines of the *Child of Elle* to two
hundred; he pomatumed the *Heir of Linne* till
it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into Sir
Carline and Sir Aldingar; he powdered every-
thing.' The *Reliques* contained one hundred and
seventy-six pieces and of these forty-five were
from the folio MS.

*O Nancy, wilt thou go with Me?**

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,

The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

* From Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1758. In Johnson's
Musical Museum it is printed as a Scottish production. 'It is
too barefaced,' says Burns, 'to take Dr Percy's charming song,
and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to
offer to pass it for a Scots song.'

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The Friar of Orders Gray.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.'

'And how should I know your true love
From many another one?'

'Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.'

'O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.'

'O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

'And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets plucked, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make gray again.

'Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

'And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

'His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me.'

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

'And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

'But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

'Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

'But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.*

RICHARD GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785), a London merchant, who sat several years in parliament as member for Weymouth, was distinguished in private life for his spirit and independence. He published two elaborate poems in blank verse, *Leonidas* and

* As this ballad resembles Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, it is but right to mention that Goldsmith had the priority. For the original story, see 'Gentle Heardsman' in Percy's *Reliques*.

the *Athenaid*—the former bearing reference to the memorable defence of Thermopylae, and the latter continuing the war between the Greeks and Persians. The length of these poems, their want of sustained interest, and lesser peculiarities not suited to the existing poetical taste, render them next to unknown in the present day. But there is smoothness and even vigour, a calm moral dignity and patriotic elevation in *Leonidas*, which might even yet find admirers. Thomson is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of the work of Glover: 'He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!' Yet Thomson himself, familiar as he was in his youth with mountain scenery, was tame and commonplace when he ventured on classic or epic subjects. *Leonidas* first appeared in 1737, and was hailed with acclamations by the Opposition or Prince of Wales's party, of which Glover was an active member. He was eloquent, intrepid, and of incorruptible integrity. In 1739, he published *London, or the Progress of Commerce*, a poem written to excite the national spirit against the Spaniards; in 1742, he appeared before the bar of the House of Commons, the chosen delegate of the London merchants, who complained of the neglect of their trade and interests. In 1744, he declined, as already mentioned, to join Mallet in writing a Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though his affairs had become somewhat embarrassed. A fortunate speculation in copper enabled him to retrieve his position, and in 1761 he was returned M.P. for Weymouth. He distinguished himself by his advocacy of the mercantile interests, and during his leisure enlarged his poem of *Leonidas*, from nine to twelve books (1770), and wrote as a sequel to it, the *Athenaid*, which was published after his death (in 1788). Two tragedies by Glover, *Boadicea* (1753), and *Medea* (1761), are but indifferent performances. His chief honour is that of having been an eloquent and patriotic city merchant, at the same time that he was eminent as a scholar and man of letters.

Address of Leonidas.

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
'Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame

The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resound's
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

The nature of the poem affords scope for interesting situations and descriptions of natural objects in a romantic country, which Glover occasionally avails himself of with good effect. There is great beauty and classic elegance in this sketch of the fountain at the dwelling of Oileus:

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipped in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old battered arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear:
'Yon marble fountain, by Oileus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful offering here to rural peace,
His dinted shield, his helmet he resigned.
O passenger! if born to noble deeds,
Thou wouldst obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; and then seek Oileus in his vale.'

In the *Athenaid* we have a continuation of the same classic story and landscape. The following is an exquisite description of a night-scene:

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharmed, unheeding sits.

The scene presented by the shores of Salamis on the morning of the battle is thus strikingly depicted. The poet gives no burst of enthusiasm to kindle up his page, and his versification retains most of its usual hardness and want of flow and cadence; yet the assemblage described is so vast and magnificent, and his enumeration is so varied, that the picture carries with it a host of spirit-stirring associations:

The Armies at Salamis.

O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers,
The citadel and fanes in ruin hudge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous to thy piercing eye
Than ever time disclosed. Phaleron's wave

Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich ;
Spectators, clustering like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burdened shrouds, the bending
yards,

The reeling masts ; the whole Crecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is thronged with millions, male and female race,
Of Asia and of Libya, ranked on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold,
Displays the king, environed by his court,
In oriental pomp ; the hill behind
By warriors covered, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad ;
Below the monarch's feet the immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears ;
The arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edged by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heaven-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars ; beyond in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred galleys, fill
The Salaminian Straits ; barbarian prow
In two divisions point to either mouth ;
Six hundred brazen beaks of tower-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks ; the gently swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge arrayed,
The men-at-arms exalt their naval spears,
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Ranked by Timothea, from a green ascent,
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepared
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad ; the matrons sage,
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days ;
But white in vesture, like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is placed ;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwined
With newly gathered flowerets ; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains ; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their powerful charms ;
While Venus, tempered by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing every glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.

A popular vitality has been awarded to a
ballad of Glover's, while his epics have sunk into
oblivion :

*Admiral Hosier's Ghost.**

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;

* Written on the taking of Carthagea from the Spaniards, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this : In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country ; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Portobello ; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagea, and continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ship exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—PERCY.

There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet ;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared ;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave :
O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh heed our fatal story !
I am Hosier's injured ghost ;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost :
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping ;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight !
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain !

'For resistance I could fear none ;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

'Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom :
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has played an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

'Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request ;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me.'

WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, the friend and literary executor of Gray, long survived the connection which did him so much honour, but he appeared early as a poet. He was the son of the Rev. Mr Mason, vicar of St Trinity, Yorkshire, where he was born in 1725. At Pembroke College, Cambridge, he became acquainted with Gray, who assisted him in obtaining his degree of M.A. His first literary production was a poem, entitled *Isis*, being an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, to which Thomas Warton replied in his *Triumph of Isis*. In 1753 appeared his tragedy of *Elfrida*, 'written,' says Southey, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' The model of Mason was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama, *Caractacus*, is of a higher cast than *Elfrida*: more noble and spirited in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and character. Mason also wrote a series of odes on *Independence*, *Memory*, *Melancholy*, and the *Fall of Tyranny*, in which his gorgeousness of diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His greatest poetical work is his *English Garden*, a long descriptive poem in blank verse, extended over four books, which were published separately between 1772 and 1782. He wrote odes to the naval officers of Great Britain, to the Honourable William Pitt, and in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Mason, under the name of Malcolm Macgregor, published a lively satire, entitled *An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight*, 1773. The taste for Chinese pagodas and Eastern bowers is happily ridiculed in this production, so different from the other poetical works of Mason. Gray having left Mason a legacy of £500, together with his books and manuscripts, the latter discharged the debt due to his friend's memory, by publishing, in 1775, the poems of Gray with memoirs of his life. As in his dramas Mason had made an innovation on the established taste of the times, he ventured, with greater success, to depart from the practice of English authors, in writing the life of Gray. Instead of presenting a continuous narrative, in which the biographer alone is visible, he incorporated the journals and letters of the poet in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir in some degree his own biographer. The plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, and

has been sanctioned by subsequent usage, in all cases where the subject is of importance enough to demand copious information and minute personal details. The circumstances of Mason's life are soon related. After his career at college, he entered into orders, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains. He held the living of Ashton, and was precentor of York Cathedral. When politics ran high, he took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but was respected by all parties. He died in 1797.

Mason's poetry cannot be said to be popular, even with poetical readers. His greatest want is simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. In his *English Garden*, though verbose and languid as a whole, there are some exquisite images. Gray quotes the following lines in one of Mason's odes as 'superlative :'

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

Apostrophe to England—From the 'English Garden.'

In thy fair domain,
Yes, my loved Albion ! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only, where if Art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes where, though she whilome trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight, and pleased revere
What once had roused our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible ; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when decked with all its spires,
Served but to feed some pampered abbot's pride,
And awe the unlettered vulgar.

Mount Snowdon.—From 'Caractacus.'

Mona on Snowdon calls :
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear ;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings :
Hark, her loudest echo rings ;
King of mountains, bend thine ear :
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow ;
See, their gold and ebony rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark ! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power ;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock :
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain :
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground ;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight ;

Here, arranged in order due;
 Spread your robes of saffron hue;
 For lo! with more than mortal fire,
 Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
 Hark, he sweeps the master-strings!

Epitaph on Mrs Mason, in the Cathedral of Bristol.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
 And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
 Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
 ('Twas even to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

FRANCIS FAWKES.

FRANCIS FAWKES (1721-1777) translated Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets, and wrote some pleasing original verses. He was a clergyman, and died vicar of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; but, however classic in his tastes and studies, he seems to have relished a cup of English ale. The following song is still, and will always be, a favourite:

The Brown Jug.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild
 ale—

In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale—
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
 In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolved it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
 Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
 So here 's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Johnson acknowledged that 'Frank Fawkes had done the Odes of Anacreon very finely.'

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1729-1773), the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was an actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he sunk into careless, dissipated habits, and resided in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity

and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high, and seldom failed.

Song—May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamoured beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep—
 'Tis where you 've seldom been—
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promised May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promised May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green:
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love:
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
 She claims a virgin queen;
 And hark! the happy shepherds cry:
 "'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.'

Content, a Pastoral.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 bare,
 As wildered and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crowned,
 Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she
 cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast!
 I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied—
 'Ye virgins, her voice was divine!—
 'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 But take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.'

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
 I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
 And locked the loved maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
 Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent ;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

DR JOHN LANGHORNE.

DR JOHN LANGHORNE (1735-1779) was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, and held the curacy and lectureship of St John's, Clerkenwell, in London. He afterwards obtained a prebend's stall in Wells Cathedral, and was much admired as a preacher. Langhorne wrote various prose works, the most successful of which was his *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia*; and in conjunction with his brother, he published a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which still maintains its ground. His poetical works were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment; but he made an abortive attempt to repel the coarse satire of Churchill, and to walk in the magic circle of the drama. His ballad, *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit is inferior to the original. The only poem of Langhorne's which has a cast of originality is his *Country Justice*. Here he seems to have anticipated Crabbe in painting the rural life of England in true colours. His picture of the gipsies, and his sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. He has not the raciness or the distinctness of Crabbe, but is equally faithful, and as sincerely a friend to humanity. He pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed ;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need :
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair ;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought ;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore ;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, the Scottish poet, a copy of this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, told him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and preserve it for ever.*

* The incident took place in the house of Dr Adam Ferguson. The print seen by Burns is now in the Chambers Institution, 686

Appeal to Country Justices in behalf of the Rural Poor.

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life ;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whitened, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air ;
Nor bid the knee, by labour hardened, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend !

If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray ;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart—remembering him who said—
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'
Nor leave thy venal clerk empowered to hear ;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write ;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim ;
A monster furnished with a human frame—
The parish-officer !—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain,
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer ;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust !

When the poor hind, with length of years decayed,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread ?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasped hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread ?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair ;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referred to vestries, and a distant day !
Referred—to perish ! Is my verse severe ?
Unfriendly to the human character ?
Ah ! to this sigh of sad experience trust :
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control ;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless ! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the insulting foe ;
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher ?
To something more than magistrate aspire !
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of humankind !
The game I start courageously pursue !
Adieu to fear ! to insolence adieu !
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
That roof have I remembered many a year ;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—

Peebles, having been presented to the late Dr Robert Chambers by Sir Adam Ferguson, son of the historian, and transferred by Dr R. Chambers to his brother Dr W. Chambers, for preservation in the Institution. The print is glazed in a black frame. The name of 'Langhorne,' though in very small characters, is engraved on the print, and this had drawn the attention of Scott (who even at the age of fifteen was a great reader) to the poem in which the lines occur.

Here, in those days, we found an aged pair ;
But time untenants—ha ! what seest thou there ?
'Horror !—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead !
Embracing as alive !—ah, no !—no life !
Cold, breathless !'

'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told—
They died through want.

'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies.'

They fell by thine.
'Infernal ! Mine !—by'—
Swear on no pretence :
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

The Dead.

Of them, who wrapt in earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
Would thus the lettered sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day ?

'Tis nature prompts by toil or fear,
Unmoved to range through Death's domain ;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again !

A Farewell Hymn to the Valley of Irwan.

Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale !

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red ;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale !

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye !
How oft, along those banks I've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by ;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell, the fields of Irwan's vale !

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day ;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away ;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT (1730–1783) was our only Quaker poet till Bernard Barton graced the order with a sprig of laurel. Scott was the son of a draper in London, who retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire,

and here the poet spent his days, improving his garden and grounds, and writing moral and descriptive poems, elegies, eclogues, epistles, &c. Scott 'fondly hoped to immortalise his native village,' on which he wrote a poem, *Amwell*, 1776 ; but of all his works only the subjoined lines are remembered. This little piece seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as Quaker principle :

Ode on Hearing the Drum.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms ;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross, on the 27th of March 1746. His father was a humble tradesman, a weaver. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but the elder Bruce was a good and pious man, and trained his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months, Michael was put out to herd cattle. His education was retarded by this employment ; but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at his fifteenth year, the poet was judged fit for college, and at this time a relation of his father died, leaving him a legacy of 200 merks Scots, or £11, 2s. 2d. sterling. This sum the old man piously devoted to the education of his favourite son, who proceeded with it to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. Michael was soon distinguished for his proficiency, and for his taste for poetry. Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and some kind friends and neighbours, Bruce engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge, where he received for his labours about £11 per annum ! He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, where he taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost health and spirits. He wrote his poem of *Lochleven* at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never again left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in his view, he wrote his *Elegy*, the finest of all his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the 5th of July 1767, aged twenty-one

years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So blameless a life could not indeed be contemplated without pleasure, but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.

The poems of Bruce were first given to the world by his college-friend John Logan, in 1770, who warmly eulogised the character and talents of his brother-poet. They were reprinted in 1784, and afterwards included in Anderson's edition of the poets. The late venerable and benevolent Principal Baird, in 1807, published an edition by subscription for the benefit of Bruce's mother, then a widow. In 1837, a complete edition of the poems was brought out, with a life of the author from original sources, by the Rev. William Mac-kelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire. The pieces left by Bruce have all the marks of youth; a style only half formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets so close and frequent, that the reader is constantly stumbling on some familiar image or expression. In *Lochleven*, a descriptive poem in blank verse, he has taken Thomson as his model. The opening is a paraphrase of the commencement of Thomson's *Spring*, and epithets taken from the *Seasons* occur throughout the whole poem, with traces of Milton, Ossian, &c.

The Last Day is another poem by Bruce in blank verse, but is inferior to *Lochleven*. In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, the *Elegy*, must ever rank the first in his productions. With many weak lines and borrowed ideas, this poem impresses the reader, and leaves him to wonder at the fortitude of the youth, who, in strains of such sensibility and genius, could describe the cheerful appearances of nature, and the certainty of his own speedy dissolution.

Elegy—Written in Spring.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests
roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden bloom,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

JOHN LOGAN.

Mr D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*, has included the name of JOHN LOGAN as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune. He had undoubtedly formed to himself a high standard of literary excellence and ambition, to which he never attained ; but there is no evidence to warrant the assertion that Logan died of a broken heart. He died of consumption at the age of forty, leaving a sum of £200. Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much by his pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He held this charge from 1773 till December 1786. He read a course of lectures on the *Philosophy of History* in Edinburgh, the substance of which he published in 1781 ; and next year he gave to the public one of his lectures entire on the *Government of Asia*. The same year he published his poems ; and in 1783 he produced a tragedy called *Runnimeid*, founded on the signing of Magna Charta. His parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately Logan had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that he resigned his charge on receiving a small annuity, and proceeded to London, where he resided till his death in December 1788. During his residence in London, Logan was a contributor to the *English Review*, and wrote a pamphlet on the *Charges against Warren Hastings*—an eloquent defence of the accused, and attack on his accusers—which led to the trial of Stockdale the publisher, and to one of the most memorable of Erskine's speeches. Among Logan's manuscripts were found several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons, from which two volumes were selected and published by his executors. The sermons are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour.

One act in the literary life of Logan we have already adverted to—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce. His conduct as an editor cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface : 'To make up a miscellany, poems wrote by different authors are inserted.' The best of these he claimed, and published afterwards as his own. Certain relations and friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to snatch this laurel from his brows. With respect to the most valuable piece in the collection, the ode *To the Cuckoo*—'magical stanzas,' says D'Israeli, and all will echo the praise, 'of picture, melody, and sentiment,' and which Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh, he sought out Logan to compliment him—with respect to this beautiful effusion of fancy and feeling, the evidence seems to be as follows : In favour of Logan, there is the open publication of the ode under his own name in 1781 ; the fact of his having shewn it in manuscript to

several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his composition ; and that, during his life, his claim to be the author was not disputed. In republishing the Ode, Logan made some corrections, such as an author was likely to make in a piece written by himself eleven or twelve years before. In 1873, Mr David Laing, in a tract on the authorship of this ode, established Logan's claim beyond all dispute—one of the many services to Scottish literature, which Mr Laing during a long life has rendered. Apart from the ode *To the Cuckoo*, the best of Logan's productions are his verses on a *Visit to the Country in Autumn*, his half-dramatic poem of *The Lovers*, and his ballad stanzas on the *Braes of Yarrow*. A vein of tenderness and moral sentiment runs through the whole, and his language is select and poetical. In some lines *On the Death of a Young Lady*, we have the following true and touching exclamation :

What tragic tears bedew the eye !
 What deaths we suffer ere we die !
 Our broken friendships we deplore,
 And loves of youth that are no more !
 No after-friendships e'er can raise
 The endearments of our early days,
 And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
 As when it first began to love.

To the Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,*
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

* This line originally stood :

'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'

which was probably altered by Logan as defective in quantity. 'Curious may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo to the human voice, the cause of the *start* and *imitation* which follow. Whereas the "new voice of spring" is not true ; for many voices in spring precede that of the cuckoo, and it is not peculiar or striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation*.'—Note by Lord Mackenzie (*son of the "Man of Feeling"*) in *Bruce's Poems* by Rev. W. Mackenzie.

Complaint of Nature.

'Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

'Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

'Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

'But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

'The inexorable doors of death,
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

'The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

'The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

'So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

The above hymn has been claimed for Michael Bruce by Mr Mackelvie, his biographer, on the faith of 'internal evidence,' because two of the stanzas resemble a fragment in the handwriting of Bruce. We subjoin the stanzas and the fragment:

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro down on the wind. The summer is gone with all his flowers; summer, the season of the muses; yet not the more cease I to wander where the muses haunt near spring or shadowy grove, or sunny hill. It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out under the opening eyelids of the morn.'

If the originality of a poet is to be questioned on the ground of such resemblances as the above, what modern is safe? The images in both pieces are common to all descriptive poets. Bruce's Ossianic fragment is patched with expressions from Milton, which are neither marked as quotations nor printed as poetry. The reader will easily recollect the following:

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill.
Par. Lost, Book iii.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield.

Lycidas.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715-1785) succeeded to the office of poet-laureate, after it had been refused by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, and distinguished himself at Winchester School, on leaving which he obtained a

scholarship at Clare Hall, in the university of his native town. He was afterwards tutor to the son of the Earl of Jersey. Whitehead had a taste for the drama, and wrote the *Roman Father*, and *Creusa*, two indifferent plays. After he had received his appointment as laureate, he was attacked by Churchill, and a host of inferior satirists, but he wisely made no reply. In the family of Lord Jersey he enjoyed comfort and happiness, till death, at seventy, put a period to his inoffensive life.

Variety.

This easy and playful poem opens with the description of a rural pair of easy fortune, who live much apart from society.

Two smiling springs had waked the flowers
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowers—
Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years—
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love :
When, lo ! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed ; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face,
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene ;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmured by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool ;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter-night—
They could not read by candle-light.

Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They called in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog—'twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus—
Amused their steps ; and for a while
They viewed his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She played so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peeped behind.

A courteous neighbour at the door,
Was deemed intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,

A new recruit, a dear delight !
Made many a heavy hour go down,

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night :
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly and so clever !

Yet neighbours were not quite the thing
What joy, alas ! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoiled the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.

—' And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side.'
' Enough,' he cries ; ' the reason's plain :
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks ;
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky ;
The azure cope, the flowers below,
With all their wonted colours glow ;

The rill still murmurs ; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brushed us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new. . .

Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they followed, led ;
Devised new systems of delight,
Abed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reigned supreme ;
Wives copied her, and husbands him ;
Till so divinely life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.

At last they met, by his desire,
A *l'le-à-l'le* across the fire ;
Looked in each other's face a while,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retained its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank and pale, and hollow-eyed,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wished to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst. ' 'Tis time,' he cries,
' When tired of folly, to be wise.
Are you, too, tired?'—then checked a
groan.

She wept consent, and he went on :

' True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languished to declare ;
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen ;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.

' We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feathered tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough ;
We sported freely with the rest ;
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.

' Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight ;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy ;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence ;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great :
Nor happy yet ! and where'tis the wonder !
We live, my dear, too much asunder !

The moral of my tale is this :
Variety's the soul of bliss ;

But such variety alone
 As makes our home the more our own.
 As from the heart's impelling power
 The life-blood pours its genial store ;
 Though taking each a various way,
 The active streams meandering play
 Through every artery, every vein,
 All to the heart return again ;
 From thence resume their new career,
 But still return and centre there ;
 So real happiness below
 Must from the heart sincerely flow ;
 Nor, listening to the siren's song,
 Must stray too far, or rest too long.
 All human pleasures thither tend ;
 Must there begin, and there must end ;
 Must there recruit their languid force,
 And gain fresh vigour from their source.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

SAMUEL BISHOP (1731-1795) was an English clergyman, Master of Merchant Taylors' School, London, and author of some miscellaneous essays and poems. The best of his poetry was devoted to the praise of his wife ; and few can read such lines as the following without believing that Bishop was an amiable and happy man :

To Mrs Bishop, on the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birthday, with a Ring.

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'—
 So, fourteen years ago, I said.
 Behold another ring!—'For what?'
 'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
 With that first ring I married youth,
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
 Taste long admired, sense long revered,
 And all my Molly then appeared.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
 Prove twice the woman I supposed,
 I plead that double merit now,
 To justify a double vow.

Here, then, to-day—with faith as sure,
 With ardour as intense, as pure,
 As when, amidst the rites divine,
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine—
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
 A token and a pledge I bring :
 With this I wed, till death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart ;
 Those virtues which, before untried,
 The wife has added to the bride ;
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For conscience' sake as well as love's.

And why?—They shew me every hour
 Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
 Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
 And teach me all things—but repentance.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, an unfortunate and irregular man of genius, was born in 1722 at Shipbourne, in Kent. His father was steward to Lord Barnard—afterwards Earl of Darlington—and dying when his son was eleven years of age, the patronage of Lord Barnard was generously continued to his family. Through the influence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of £40 per

annum. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, elected a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and took his degree of M.A. in 1747. At college, Smart was remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam. In 1747, he wrote a comedy called a *Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair*, which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which was made the green-room. No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloquy, the latter containing the following humorous simile :

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
 The barber beats the luckless collier *white* ;
 The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
 And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black*.
 In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
 And beats the collier and the barber *red* ;
 Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
 And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Having written several pieces for periodicals published by Newbery, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753. He now removed to London, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. The notorious Sir John Hill—whose wars with the Royal Society, with Fielding, &c. are well known, and who closed his life by becoming a quack-doctor—having insidiously attacked Smart, the latter replied by a spirited satire, entitled *The Hilliad*. Among his various tasks was a metrical translation of the *Fables* of Phædrus. He also translated the psalms and parables into verse, but the version is destitute of talent. He had, however, in his better days, translated with success, and to Pope's satisfaction, the *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*. In 1756, Smart was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called *The Universal Visitor* ; and to assist him, Johnson—who sincerely sympathised, as Boswell relates, with Smart's unhappy vacillation of mind—contributed a few essays. In 1763, we find the poor poet confined in a madhouse. 'He has partly as much exercise,' said Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house ; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him—also falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place ; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen ; and I have no passion for it.' During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls. A religious poem, the *Song to David*, written at this time in his saner intervals, possesses passages of considerable power, and must be considered one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down—and the whole could not possibly have been committed to the walls of his apartment—must have been composed and retained from memory alone. Smart was afterwards released from his confinement ; but his ill-fortune—following, we suppose, his intemperate habits—again

pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, in 1770. The following is part of his

Song to David.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings :
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings :

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs ;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs :

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou mayest now receive ;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise !
Bright effluence of exceeding grace ;
Best man ! the swift and the race,
The peril and the prize !

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice ;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose ;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor ;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned—
The seraph in his soul :
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart :
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme ;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The Sabbath-day he blest ;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night ;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death ;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year ;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy ;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad ;
Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled ;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child. . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord !
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree ;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe !
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee !

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
By pleasures unenticed ;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

'Tell them, I Am,' Jehovah said
To Moses ; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied : 'O Lord, Thou Art.'

THOMAS AND JOSEPH WARTON.

The Wartons, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical race. As literary antiquaries, they were also honourably distinguished. Thomas, the historian of English poetry, was the second son of Dr Warton of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was twice chosen Professor of Poetry by his university, and who wrote some pleasing verses, half scholastic and half sentimental. A sonnet by

the elder Warton is worthy being transcribed, for its strong family likeness :

Written after seeing Windsor Castle.

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill :
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells ;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers ;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

The poetry-professor died in 1745, aged fifty-eight. His tastes, his love of poetry, and of the university, were continued by his son Thomas (1728-1790). At sixteen, Thomas Warton was entered of Trinity College. He began early to write verses, and his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, published when he was nineteen, gave a promise of excellence which his riper productions did not fulfil. Having taken his degree, Warton obtained a fellowship, and in 1757 was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also curate of Woodstock, and rector of Kiddington, a small living near Oxford. The even tenor of his life was only varied by his occasional publications, one of which was an elaborate Essay on Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. He also edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Leigh Hunt says is a wilderness of sweets, and is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation. Some of the notes are highly poetical, while others display Warton's taste for antiquities, for architecture, superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the old Elizabethan writers. A still more important work, the *History of English Poetry* (1774-1778) forms the basis of his reputation. In this history, Warton poured out the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry from its first fountain-springs, down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled 'the most poetical age of our annals.' Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer exertion for research, and as enabling him to exhibit, without transposition, the gradual improvement in our poetry, and the progression of our language. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast storehouse of facts connected with our early literature ; and if he sometimes wanders from his subject, or overlays it with extraneous details, it should be remembered, as his latest editor, Mr Price, remarks, that new matter was constantly arising, and that Warton 'was the first adventurer in the extensive region through which he journeyed, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely penetrated.' It is to be regretted that Warton's plan excluded the drama, which

forms so rich a source of our early imaginative literature ; but this defect has been partly supplied by Mr Collier's *Annals of the Stage*. On the death of Whitehead in 1785, Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office usually held in small esteem, and which in our day has been wisely converted into a sinecure. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. While pursuing his antiquarian and literary researches, Warton was attacked with gout, and his enfeebled health yielded to a stroke of paralysis in 1790. Notwithstanding the classic stiffness of his poetry, and his full-blown academical honours, Warton appears to have been an easy companionable man, who delighted to unbend in common society, and especially with boys. 'During his visits to his brother, Dr J. Warton—master of Winchester School—the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the school-boys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen ; and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance.* If there was little dignity in this, there was something better—a kindness of disposition and freshness of feeling which all would wish to retain.

The poetry of Warton is deficient in natural expression and general interest, but some of his longer pieces, by their martial spirit and Gothic fancy, are calculated to awaken a stirring and romantic enthusiasm. Hazlitt considered some of his sonnets the finest in the language, and they seem to have caught the fancy of Coleridge and Bowles. The following are picturesque and graceful :

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours ? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

On Revisiting the River Loddon.

Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun !
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between ;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road !

* Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*.

Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbested.

Joseph, the elder brother of Thomas Warton, closely resembled him in character and attainments. He was born in 1722, and was the school-fellow of Collins at Winchester. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. He was also rector of Tamworth. In 1766 he was appointed head-master of Winchester School, to which were subsequently added a prebend of St Paul's and of Winchester. He survived his brother ten years, dying in 1800. Dr Joseph Warton early appeared as a poet, but is considered inferior to his brother in the graphic and romantic style of composition at which he aimed. His ode *To Fancy* seems, however, to be equal to all but a few pieces of Thomas Warton's. He published an *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* (vol. i. in 1756, vol. ii. 1782), and edited an edition of Pope's works (1797), which was the most complete then published. Warton was long intimate with Johnson, and a member of his literary club.

From the Ode to Fancy.

O parent of each lovely muse !
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fating of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes !
O lover of the desert, hail !
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside ;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between ;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seemed to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne ;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest ;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove ;

Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly soothing sound ! . . .

When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose ;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale :
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear !

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

A blind descriptive poet seems such an anomaly in nature, that the case of DR BLACKLOCK (1721-1791) has engaged the attention of the learned and curious in no ordinary degree. We read all concerning him with strong interest, *except his poetry*, for this is generally tame, languid, and commonplace. He was an amiable and excellent man, son of a Cumberland bricklayer, who had settled in the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire. When a child about six months old, he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox; but his worthy father, assisted by his neighbours, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him; and before he had reached the age of twenty, he was familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison. He was enthusiastically fond of poetry, particularly of the works of Thomson and Allan Ramsay. From these he must, in a great degree, have derived his images and impressions of nature and natural objects; but in after-life the classic poets were added to his store of intellectual enjoyment. His father was accidentally killed when the poet was about the age of nineteen; but some of his attempts at verse having been seen by Dr Stevenson, Edinburgh, that benevolent gentleman took their blind author to the Scottish metropolis, where he was enrolled as a student of divinity. In 1746, he published a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. He was licensed in 1759, and through the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, was appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. The parishioners, however, were opposed both to church patronage in the abstract, and to this exercise of it in favour of a blind man, and the poet relinquished the appointment on receiving in lieu of it a moderate annuity. He now resided in Edinburgh, and took boarders into his house. His family was a scene of peace and happiness. To his literary pursuits Blacklock added a taste for music, and played on the flute and flageolet. Latterly, he suffered from depression of spirits, and supposed that his imaginative powers were failing him; yet the generous ardour he evinced in 1786, in the case of Burns, shews no diminution of sensibility or taste. Besides his poems, Blacklock wrote some sermons and theological treatises, an article on Blindness for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and two dissertations, entitled *Paraclesis; or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion*, one of them original, and the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero.

Apart from the circumstances under which they were produced, the poems of Blacklock offer little room for or temptation to criticism. He has no

new imagery, no commanding power of sentiment, reflection, or imagination. Still, he was a fluent and correct versifier, and his familiarity with the visible objects of nature—with trees, streams, the rocks, and sky, and even with different orders of flowers and plants—is a wonderful phenomenon in one blind from infancy. He could distinguish colours by touch; but this could only apply to objects at hand, not to the features of a landscape, or to the appearances of storm or sunshine, sunrise or sunset, or the variation in the seasons, all of which he has described. Images of this kind he had at will. Thus, he exclaims:

Ye vales, which to the raptured eye
Disclosed the flowery pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
Blushed with the morning's earliest ray.

Or he paints flowers with artist-like precision:

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

In a man to whom all external phenomena were, and had ever been, one 'universal blank,' this union of taste and memory was certainly remarkable. Poetical feeling he must have inherited from nature, which led him to take pleasure even from his infancy in descriptive poetry; and the language, expressions, and *pictures* thus imprinted on his mind by habitual acquaintance with the best authors, and in literary conversation, seem to have risen spontaneously in the moment of composition.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful dart of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday.

'A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.'—*Henry Mackenzie.*

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;

Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper at Laurencekirk, county of Kincardine, where he was born October 25, 1735. His father died while he was a child, but an elder brother, seeing signs of talent in the boy, assisted him in procuring a good education; and in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary or exhibition (always indicating some proficiency in Latin) in Marischal College, Aberdeen. His habits and views were scholastic, and four years afterwards, Beattie was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun. He was now situated amidst interesting and romantic scenery, which increased his passion for nature and poetry. The scenes which he afterwards delineated in his *Minstrel* were, as Southey has justly remarked, those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed were those of his own boyhood and youth. In 1758, he was elected usher of the grammar-school of Aberdeen; and in 1760, professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. About the same time, he published in London a collection of his poems, with some translations. One piece, *Retirement*, displays poetical feeling and taste; but the collection, as a whole, gave little indication of the *Minstrel*. The poems, without the translations, were reprinted in 1766, and a copy of verses on the Death of Churchill were added. The latter are mean and reprehensible in spirit. Beattie was a sincere lover of truth and virtue, but his ardour led him at times into intolerance, and he was too fond of courting the notice and approbation of the great. In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his *Essay on Truth*, in which good principles were advanced, though with an unphilosophical spirit, and in language which suffered greatly from comparison with that of his illustrious opponent, David Hume. Next year, Beattie appeared in his true character as a poet. The first part of the *Minstrel* was published, and was received with universal approbation. Honours flowed in on the

fortunate author. He visited London, and was admitted to all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds were numbered among his friends. On a second visit in 1773, he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of £200 per annum. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie was seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Need we wonder that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother-poet? To the honour of Beattie, it must be recorded, that he declined entering the Church of England, in which preferment was promised him. The second part of the *Minstrel* was published in 1774. Domestic circumstances marred the felicity of Beattie's otherwise happy and prosperous lot. His wife—the daughter of Dr Dun, Aberdeen—became insane, and was obliged to be confined in an asylum. He had two sons, both amiable and accomplished youths. The eldest lived till he was twenty-two, and was associated with his father in the professorship: he died in 1790, and the afflicted parent soothed his grief by writing his life, and publishing some specimens of his composition in prose and verse. The second son died in 1796, aged eighteen; and the only consolation of the now lonely poet was, that he could not have borne to see their 'elegant minds mangled with madness'—an allusion to the hereditary insanity of their mother. By nature, Beattie was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music—in which he was a proficient—affected him even to tears. He had a sort of hysterical dread of meeting with his metaphysical opponents, which was an unmanly weakness. Such an organisation, physical and moral, was ill fitted to insure happiness or fortitude in adversity. When his second son died, he said he had done with the world. He ceased to correspond with his friends, or to continue his studies. Shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, in April 1799 the poet had a stroke of palsy, and after different returns of the same malady, which excluded him from all society, he died on the 18th of August 1803. His *Life* was written by his attached friend, Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; it was published in 1805, and ranks high among the biographies of literary personages.

In the early training of his eldest and beloved son, Dr Beattie adopted an expedient of a romantic and interesting description. His object was to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being; and his method, as Dr Porteous, bishop of London, remarked, 'had all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance.'

Imparting to a Boy the First Idea of a Supreme Being.

'He had,' says Beattie, 'reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and sowing garden cresses in

the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place; "I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance;" and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness: "It could not be mere chance, for that somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." I pretend not to give his words or my own, for I have forgotten both, but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood. "So you think," I said, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were. "Come you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered; "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at; and saw that his reason taught him—though he could not so express it—that what begins to be, must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him deeply, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.'

The *Minstrel*, on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The idea was suggested by Percy's preliminary Dissertation to his *Reliques*. The character of Edwin, the minstrel—in which Beattie embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations—is very finely drawn.

Opening of the Minstrel.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;

His waving locks and beard all hoary gray ;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
With these let Pageantry and Power abide ;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain ;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they
will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire :
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned ;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide—
The mansion then no more of joy serene—
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for
given? . . .

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
went.

Description of Edwin.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the
lad ;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring :
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;
These he detested ; those he scorned to wield :
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine ;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
Ah, no ! he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn :
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil :
But, lo ! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean
smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed !
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight ;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul ;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

Morning Landscape.

Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

Life and Immortality.

O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !—
The Muse interprets thus his tender thought—
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy-gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned ;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursing fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn ;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No : Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant
reign.

Retirement.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingring light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays ;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme :

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale ;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale :
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep :

'To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
'To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine. . . .

'Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

'Oh, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along ;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

'But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore ;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

'For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread ;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled ;

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain.'

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

' Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral :
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

' Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguished her crescent displays ;
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

' 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew :
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 " O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free ! "

' And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

An admirable translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal, was executed by WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, himself a poet of taste and fancy, but of no great originality or energy. Mickle was son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born in 1734. He was engaged in trade in Edinburgh as conductor, and afterwards partner, of a brewery ; but he failed in business, and in

1764 went to London, desirous of literary distinction. Lord Lyttelton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity. Two years of increasing destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and the *Concubine*, a moral poem in the manner of Spenser, which he afterwards reprinted with the title of *Syr Martyn*. Mickle adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which was too antiquated even for the age of the *Faery Queen*, and which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his *Castle of Indolence*. The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown.'

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
 And Fancy to thy faery bower betake ;
 Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
 Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake ;
 Through the pale willows faltering whisp'ers wake,
 And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew ;
 On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
 The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
 And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

Sir Walter adds, that Mickle, 'being a printer by profession, frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing.' This is mentioned by none of the poet's biographers, and is improbable. The office of a corrector of the press is quite separate from the mechanical operations of the printer. Mickle's poem was highly successful—not the less, perhaps, because it was printed anonymously, and was ascribed to different authors—and it went through three editions. In 1771, he published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed in 1776; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous both to his fame and fortune. In 1779, he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnstone, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, Mickle was appointed joint-agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable ; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, the latter days of the poet were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall* which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of *Kenilworth*.* The plot is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*—in which *Cumnor Hall* and other pieces of his first appeared ; and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he

* Sir Walter intended to have named his romance *Cumnor Hall*, but was persuaded—wisely, we think—by Mr Constable, his publisher, to adopt the title of *Kenilworth*.

had much of their tenderness and pathos. A still stronger proof of this is afforded by a Scottish song, *The Mariner's Wife*, but better known as *There's nae Luck about the House*, which was claimed by a poor schoolmistress, named Jean Adams, who died in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, in 1765. It is probable that Jean Adams had written some song with the same burthen ('*There's nae luck about the house*'), but the popular lyric referred to seems to have been the composition of Mickle. An imperfect, altered, and corrected copy was found among his manuscripts after his death; and his widow being applied to, confirmed the external evidence in his favour, by an express declaration that her husband had said the song was his own, and that he had explained to her the Scottish words. It is the fairest flower in his poetical chaplet. The delineation of humble matrimonial happiness and affection which the song presents, is almost unequalled. Beattie added a stanza to this song, containing a happy Epicurean fancy, elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says is 'worthy of the first poet'—

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he truly known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart instead of his ambition.

Cumnor Hall.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon—sweet regent of the sky—
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies—
The sounds of busy life were still—
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?

'No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

'And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

'Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

'For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

'At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

'Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

'But, Leicester—or I much am wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

'Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

'Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

'The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

'The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

'How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

'Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

'Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

'And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

'My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say:
"Countess, prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

*The Mariner's Wife, or 'There's nae Luck about
the House.'*

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pot ;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,*
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw ;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue ;
His breath's like caller air ;
His very fit has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

* In the author's manuscript 'button gown.'

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
In troth I'm like to greet.

In the author's manuscript, another verse is added :

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave,
And gin I live to mak him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.

The following is the addition made by Dr Beattie :

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa' ;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

The Spirit of the Cape.—From the 'Lusiad.'

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled ;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held ;
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered ; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds ;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried ;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare ;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast ;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :
'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,

Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before ;
Ye sons of Lusur, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
I have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage ;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret, reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusur ! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.'

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view ;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell ;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing, leaves the sky.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY (1724-1805) was author of the *New Bath Guide*, a light satirical and humorous poem, original in design, and which set an example in this description of composition, that has since been followed in numerous instances, and with great success. Smollett, in his *Humphry Clinker*, published five years later, may be almost said to have reduced the *New Bath Guide* to prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. The poem seldom rises above the tone of conversation, but is easy, sportive, and entertaining. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal, and amusements of those attending the wells, and the canting hypocrisy of some sectarians, are depicted, sometimes with indelicacy, but always with force and liveliness. Mr Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton School, and elected to King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the usual degree. In the epilogue to the *New Bath Guide*, he alludes to this circumstance :

Granta, sweet Granta, where studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

He then went into the army, and married Miss Calvert, sister to his friend John Calvert, Esq. of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in the city of Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his celebrated poem, which instantly became popular. He wrote various other pieces—but while the *New Bath Guide* was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of

Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate, the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year. While on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr Bosanquet, at Harnage, Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and died on the 3d of August 1805.

The Public Breakfast.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast ;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution ;
For he carried us all to a place 'cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver :
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat :
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain ;
For sure such confusion was never yet known ;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown :
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore :
How the Misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run ;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun ;
For by wagging their tails, they all seemed to take
pains

To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains ;
And 'twas pretty to see, how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together ;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond :
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes :

There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her ladyship's sister :
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Touzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmowzer ;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment :
The company made a most brilliant appearance ;
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance :
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.

Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride !
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed :
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures. . . .

Oh ! had I a voice that was stronger than steel
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my lord made to Lady Bunbutter !
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit :
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they
treat,

Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat :
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live :
For I'm of opinion, 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.

Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
 Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table :
 I freely will own I the muffins preferred
 To all the genteel conversation I heard.
 E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between
 My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
 Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine.
 Cries Peggy : ' This place is enchantingly pretty ;
 We never can see such a thing in the city.
 You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton Street,
 And never so civil a gentleman meet ;
 You may talk what you please ; you may search
 London through ;
 You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almack's too ;
 And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
 For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast :
 How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
 And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life !'
 ' These horns,' cries my lady, ' so tickle one's ear,
 Lard ! what would I give that Sir Simon was here !
 To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
 For I find here are folks one may venture to know :
 Sir Simon would gladly his lordship attend,
 And my lord would be pleased with so cheerful a
 friend.'

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
 Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
 I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
 Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along ;
 For his lordship was pleased that the company now
 To my Lady Bunbutter should curtsy and bow ;
 And my lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
 At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.
 And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
 This beautiful image set up by my lord,
 Some few insignificant folk went away,
 Just to follow the employments and calls of the day ;
 But those who knew better their time how to spend,
 The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
 Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a cotillon,
 Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion ;
 All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
 That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
 Now, why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
 The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great ?
 As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
 What a dreadful disaster attended the peer ;
 For whether some envious god had decreed
 That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed ;
 Or whether his lordship was charmed to behold
 His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old ;
 In handing old Lady Comefidget and daughter,
 This obsequious lord tumbled into the water ;
 But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the
 boat,
 And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

RICHARD JAGO.

The Rev. RICHARD JAGO (1715–1781), vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, was author of *Edgehill, a Poem* (1767) ; *Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable* (1768) ; and other poetical pieces, all collected and published in one volume in 1784.

Absence.

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
 While Delia is away ;
 With her, nor plaintive was the song,
 Nor tedious was the day.
 Ah ! envious power, reverse my doom,
 Now double thy career ;
 Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
 And rest them when she's here.

CHRISTOPHER PITT—GILBERT WEST—MRS CARTER.

Two translators of this period have been admitted by Johnson into his gallery of English poets. The Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT (1699–1748) published in 1725 *Vida's Art of Poetry, translated into English Verse* ; and in 1740 he gave a complete English *Æneid*. He also imitated some of the satires and epistles of Horace. 'Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people ; Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.' Such is the criticism of Johnson ; but even the merit of being quoted can scarcely now be accorded to the lesser bard.—GILBERT WEST (1700?–1756) translated the Odes of Pindar (1749), prefixing to the work—which is still our standard version of Pindar—a good dissertation on the Olympic games. New editions of West's Pindar were published in 1753 and 1766. He wrote several pieces of original poetry, included in Dodsley's collection. One of these, *On the Abuse of Travelling*, a canto in imitation of Spenser (1739) is noticed by Gray in enthusiastic terms. West was also author of a prose work, *Observations on the Resurrection*, for which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D. ; and Lyttelton addressed to him his treatise on St Paul. Pope left West a sum of £200, but payable only after the death of Martha Blount, and he did not live to receive it. By all his contemporaries, this accomplished and excellent man was warmly esteemed ; and through the influence of Pitt, he enjoyed a competence in his latter days, having been appointed (1752) one of the clerks of the privy council, and undertreasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

In 1758 appeared *All the Works of Epictetus now Extant, translated from the Greek*, by ELIZABETH CARTER. This learned and pious lady, familiar to the readers of Boswell's Johnson, had previously (1738) translated Crousaz's *Examen of Pope's Essay on Man*, and Algarotti's *Explanation of the Newtonian Philosophy*. She also published a small collection of poems written by her before her twentieth year, and was a frequent correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Hence her early acquaintance with Johnson, who has commemorated the talents and virtues of his young friend in a Greek and a Latin epigram.* Mrs Carter lived to read and admire Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. She died in 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, published *Memoirs of Mrs Carter* (1808), and *A Series of Letters between Mrs E. Carter and Miss Catherine Talbot* (1808). The correspondence has added to the reputation of Mrs Carter. Of her original poetry the best is an *Ode to Wisdom*, published by Richardson in his *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is in the stately Johnsonian style, and opens thus :

* One of these, on Miss Carter gathering laurels in Pope's garden at Twickenham, is peculiarly happy :

Elysios Popi dum ludit læta per hortos,
 En avida lauros carpit Elisa manu,
 Nil opus est furto. Lauros tibi, dulcis Elisa,
 Si neget optatas Popus, Apollo dabit.

In Pope's Elysian scenes Eliza roves,
 And spoils with greedy hands his laurel groves ;
 A needless theft ! A laurel wreath to thee,
 Should Pope deny, Apollo would decree.

CROKER.

The solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tower,
Where, sheltered from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat.
Favourite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At wisdom's awful seat.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ad Amicos.

By RICHARD WEST—the friend of Gray and Walpole. He was the only son of the Right Hon. R. West, Chancellor of Ireland. The following piece was written in West's twentieth year, and its amiable author died in his twenty-sixth year, 1742.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studios alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleased along the cloistered walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose,
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Meantime at me—while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart—
At me the power that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heaven! what sin ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murderous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, e'er autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern power of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimberian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.

Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose watery bed,
Some blooming plant exalts his flowery head;
Nursed by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the welchming tide.

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh;
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are—ere spent my vital days—
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Loved in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Elegy.

By JAMES HAMMOND (born 1710, died 1742). This seems to be almost the only tolerable specimen of the once admired and highly famed love-elegies of Hammond. This poet, nephew to Sir Robert Walpole, and a man of fortune, bestowed his affections on a Miss Dashwood, whose agreeable qualities and inexorable rejection of his suit inspired the poetry by which his name has been handed down to us. His verses are imitations of Tibullus—smooth, tame, and frigid. Miss Dashwood died unmarried in 1779. In the following elegy, Hammond imagines himself married to his mistress (Delia), and that, content with each other, they are retired to the country.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo stride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possessed,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind !

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own ;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone. . . .

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indulgence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguished from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock :

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night :

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.

On her I'll gaze, when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still :

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart ;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part :

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

*Song—Away ! let nought to Love displeasing.**

Away ! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.†

* This beautiful piece first appeared in a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by D. Lewis, 1726. It has been erroneously ascribed to John Gilbert Cooper (1723-1769), author of a volume of poems, and some prose works (including a Life of Socrates).

† This sentiment has been expressed in similar, but more pointed language by Mr Tennyson :

How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good :
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke ;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung !
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

The Mystery of Life.

By JOHN GAMBOLD, a bishop among the Moravian Brethren, who died in 1777.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known :
O what is life ! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound ?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind :
O what is thought ! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw ?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power ;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour :
O what is all we feel ! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head ?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some off and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid :
O what is friendship ! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast ?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love :
O what is virtue ! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high ?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead :
O what is death ! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more ;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again ;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

The Beggar.

By the Rev. T. Moss, who died in 1808, minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. He published in 1769 a small collection of miscellaneous poems.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see :
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Song from 'The Shamrock' (Dublin, 1772).

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
Do various passions raise ;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright,
But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood, with deafening roar,
Bursts dreadful from on high ;
But soon its empty rage is o'er,
And leaves the channel dry :

While the pure stream, which still and slow,
Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow,
With unexhausted springs.

Lines.

By Sir JOHN HENRY MOORE (1756-1780).

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms
I muse with silence on her charms ;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.*

SCOTTISH POETS.

Though most Scottish authors at this time—as Thomson, Mallet, &c.—composed in the English language, a few, stimulated by the success of Allan Ramsay, cultivated their native tongue. The best of these was Fergusson. The popularity of Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* led to other collections and to new contributions to Scottish song, including *The Charmer*, by J. Yair, 1749-51. In 1776 appeared *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.* The editor of this collection was DAVID HERD (1732-1810), a native of St Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, who was clerk to an accountant in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott calls Herd's collection 'the first classical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads.' Above fifty pieces were written down from recitation, and thus preserved by the meritorious editor.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman of education, rank, and accomplishments, was born of an ancient family in Ayrshire in 1704. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished for his poetical talents. Struck, we may suppose, with the *romance* of the enterprise, Hamilton, in 1745, joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites, by celebrating the battle of Glads-muir. On the discomfiture of the party, Hamilton succeeded in effecting his escape to France ; but having many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, a pardon was procured for the rebellious poet, and he was soon restored to his native country and his paternal estate. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his good-fortune. His health had always been delicate, and a pulmonary complaint forced him to seek the warmer climate of the continent. He gradually declined, and died at Lyon in 1754.

Hamilton's first and best strains were dedicated

* These lines of the young poet seem to have suggested a similar piece by Samuel Rogers, entitled, 'To'

Go—you may call it madness, folly ;
You shall not chase my gloom away ;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

to lyrical poetry. Before he was twenty, he had assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. In 1748, some person, unknown to him, collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy did not appear till after the author's death, in 1760, when a collection was made from his own manuscripts. The most attractive feature in his works is his pure English style, and a somewhat ornate poetical diction. He had more fancy than feeling, and in this respect his amatory songs resemble those of the courtier-poets of Charles II.'s court. Nor was he more sincere, if we may credit an anecdote related of him by Alexander Tytler in his life of Henry Home, Lord Kames. One of the ladies whom Hamilton annoyed by his perpetual compliments and solicitations, consulted Home how she should get rid of the poet, who, she was convinced, had no serious object in view. The philosopher advised her to dance with him, and shew him every mark of her kindness, as if she had resolved to favour his suit. The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete. Hamilton wrote a serious poem, entitled *Contemplation*, and a national one on the Thistle, which is in blank verse:

How oft beneath

Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Professor Richardson of Glasgow—who wrote a critique on Hamilton in the *Lounger*—quotes the following as a favourable specimen of his poetical powers:

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
*Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;*
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Others of his amatory strains are full of quaint conceits and exaggerated expression, without any trace of real passion. His ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow* is by far the finest of his effusions: it has real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity. Having led to the composition of Wordsworth's three beautiful poems, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Yarrow Visited*, and *Yarrow Revisited*, it has, moreover, some external importance in the records of British literature. The poet of the lakes has copied some of its lines and images. A complete collated edition of Hamilton's poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!

Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?

Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,

Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comeliest swain

That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weeds

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?

What's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!

'Tis he, the comely swain I slew

Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,

And weep around in wae'ful wise,

His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useles shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierced his breast,

His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,

And warn from fight? but to my sorrow;

O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm

Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,

The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;

In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;

Though he was fair and weil beloved again,

Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,

And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,

How can I busk a winsome marrow,

How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,

That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeiful, waeiful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

JOHN SKINNER.

Something of a national as well as a patriotic character may be claimed for the lively song of *Tullochgorum*, the composition of the Rev. JOHN SKINNER (1721-1807), who inspired some of the strains of Burns, and who delighted, in life as in his poetry, to diffuse feelings of kindness and good-will among men. Mr Skinner officiated as Episcopal minister of Longside, Aberdeenshire, for sixty-five years. After the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy

of Scotland laboured under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons! He died in his son's house at Aberdeen, having realised his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.' Besides *Tullochgorum*, and other songs, Skinner wrote an *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, and some theological treatises.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need nae be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cress,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted, open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for 'im !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum !

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, author of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, and the still finer lyric of *Tweedside*, was a cadet of the family of Crawford of Drumsoy. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in the year 1733, aged about thirty-eight. Crawford had genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish and complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
 No maid seemed ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her ;
 I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there passed, I'm not to blame—
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay—
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 O make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me :
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Tweedside.

What beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead ;
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell ;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh, tell me at morn where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay ?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

A favourite Scottish song, *Were na my Heart licht I wad dee*, appeared in the *Orpheus Caledonius* about 1725, and was copied by Allan Ramsay into his *Tea Table Miscellany*. It was written by Lady GRISELL HOME, daughter of Sir Patrick Home, created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jarviswood in 1692, and died in London, December 6, 1746. The eldest daughter of Lady Grisell, namely, Lady Murray of Stanhope (whom Gay, in his poem entitled *Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece*, has celebrated as 'the sweet-tongued Murray'), wrote Memoirs of her parents, first published entire by Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, Edinburgh, in 1822. This is a highly interesting and affecting biography, illustrating the profligacy and contempt of law and justice in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. We quote part of the narrative in which Lady Murray describes the sufferings of Lady Grisell and her father, Sir Patrick Home :

Her father thought it necessary to keep concealed ; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house to the terror of all in it ; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home ; for no soul knew where he was, but my grandfather and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, named Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end. She went every night by herself at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get

home before day. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled every night alone over the graves without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her to the utmost fear of a discovery: my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry to him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Mother, will you look at Grisell? while we have been eating our broth, she has ate up the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. His great comfort and constant entertainment—for he had no light to read by—was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day.

As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in, was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards; which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth, as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, one day the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck, and had near dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them.

Accordingly, Sir Patrick left Scotland disguised, travelling on horseback, and passing for a surgeon. He reached London in safety, and from thence proceeded to France and Holland; he had been joined by his wife and family, and they remained three years and a half in Holland; their estate was forfeited; but on the abdication of James II. and the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England, the exiles were restored to their country, their honours, and their patrimony. The faithful Grisell Home was married to her early love, George Baillie of Jarviswood, of whom she wrote in a book: 'The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us.'

Were na my Heart licht.

There was ance a May,¹ and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonny bower down i' yon glen,

¹ A maid.

But now she cries dool and well-a-day!
Come down the green gait, and come here away.

When bonny young Johnny cam ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht¹ me baith rings and mony braw things;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty² that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam,³ and lay down to dee;
She maned and she graned out o' dour and pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johnny:
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,⁴
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
She spied me as I cam ower the lea;
And then she cam in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an he trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;*
His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.⁵

And now he gaes daunerin about the dykes,
And a' he dow dae is to hound the tykes;
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his ee,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I hae been
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lily-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT (1722-1777), author of what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the beautiful pastoral song,' beginning

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,

was third baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot. Sir Gilbert was educated for the Scottish bar; he was twenty years in parliament as member successively for the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, and was distinguished as a speaker. He was in 1763 appointed treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the Signet in Scotland. He died at Marseille, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1777. Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee says, that Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been taught the German flute in France, was the first who introduced that instrument into Scotland, about the year 1725.

¹ Offered or proffered.

² Sister.

³ Took an ill turn, a sickness.

⁴ Grains.

* This stanza and the concluding one, somewhat altered, were applied by Burns to himself in his latter days, when the Dumfries gentry held aloof from the poet. See Lockhart's *Life of Burns*.

⁵ A heap of grain inclosed, or boarded off.

Amynta.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? Why broke I my vow ?
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
 O fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true !

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine :
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

ALEXANDER ROSS, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr Beattie, a volume entitled *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author*. Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs—as *Woo'd, and Married, and a', The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow*—are still popular in Scotland. Being chiefly written in the Kincardineshire dialect—which differs in many expressions, and in pronunciation, from the Lowland Scotch of Burns—Ross is less known out of his native district than he ought to be. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-humoured, social, happy old man'—who was independent on £20 a year—and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it to the *Aberdeen Journal*. The epistle is remarkable as Beattie's only attempt in Aberdeenshire Scotch ; one verse of it is equal to Burns :

O bonny are our greensward hows,
 Where through the birks the burnie rows,
 And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
 And saft winds rustle,
 And shepherd lads on sunny knowes
 Blaw the blithe whistle.

Ross died in 1784, at the age of eighty-six.

Woo'd, and Married, and a'.

The bride cam out o' the byre,
 And, oh, as she dightet her cheeks :
 'Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets ;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.'
 Woo'd, and married, and a',
 Married, and woo'd, and a' !
 And was she nae very weel off,
 That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam in frae the plough :
 'Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye 'se get gear enough ;

The stirk stands i' the tether,
 And our braw bawsint yaud,
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jaud ?'

Out spake the bride's mither :
 'What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,
 And ne'er a sark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.' . . .

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he cam in wi' the kye :
 'Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
 For ye 're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I 'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she cam in frae the byre :
 'O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire ;
 But we poor folk maun live single,
 And do the best that we can ;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I could get but a man.'

JOHN LOWE.

JOHN LOWE (1750-1798), a student of divinity, son of the gardener at Kenmore in Galloway, was author of the fine pathetic lyric, *Mary's Dream*, which he wrote on the death of a gentleman named Miller, a surgeon at sea, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, however, where he made an unhappy marriage, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburgh.

Mary's Dream.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
 When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
 Saying : 'Mary, weep no more for me !'

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow ee.
 'O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tossed upon the raging main ;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee :
 The storm is past, and I at rest ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more!¹
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said:
 'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

LADY ANNE BARNARD was authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*, one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all our ballads or tales of humble life. About the year 1771, Lady Anne composed the ballad to an ancient air. It instantly became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship for the long period of fifty years, when, in 1823, she acknowledged it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, accompanying the disclosure with a full account of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time, Lady Anne sent two continuations to the ballad, which like all other continuations—*Don Quixote*, perhaps, excepted—are greatly inferior to the original. Indeed, the tale of sorrow is so complete in all its parts, that no additions could be made without marring its simplicity or its pathos. Lady Anne was daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras; she was born 8th December 1750, married in 1793 to Mr Andrew Barnard, son of the bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She died, without issue, on the 6th of May 1825.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's
 come hame,
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 Unkent by my guidman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
 bride,
 But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside;
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound—they were baith for
 me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
 When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
 away;
 My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna wark—my mother couldna spin—
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his
 ee,
 Said: 'Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry
 me?'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
 His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie die,
 Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
 break;
 They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
 And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!'

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae
 is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

MISS JANE ELLIOT AND MRS COCKBURN.

Two national ballads, bearing the name of *The Flowers of the Forest*, continue to divide the favour of all lovers of song, and both are the composition of ladies. In minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'lords of the creation.' The first copy of verses, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot of Minto (1727-1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford of Fernlie, who was afterwards married to Mr Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. We agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both are beautiful, and in singing, the second is the most effective. Sir Walter Scott has noticed how happily the manner of the ancient minstrels is imitated by Miss Elliot.

The Flowers of the Forest; by Miss Jane Elliot.

I've heard the liting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-liting before the dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scoring,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters¹ are lyart,² and runkled, and gray;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the fore-
 most,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

¹ One who binds sheaves after reapers in the harvest-field.
² Gray-haired.

We hear nae mair liting at our yowe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The Flowers of the Forest ; by Mrs Cockburn.

I've seen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling ;
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay :
 Sweet was its blessing,
 Kind its caressing ;
 But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest,
 Adorn'd the foremost
 With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay ;
 Sae bonny was their blooming !
 Their scent the air perfuming !
 But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day ;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh fickle Fortune,
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me ;
 For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was the poet of Scottish city-life, or rather the laureate of Edinburgh. A happy talent in portraying the peculiarities of local manners, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original comic humour, and language at once copious and expressive, distinguish him as a poet. He had not the invention or picturesque fancy of Allan Ramsay, nor the energy and passion of Burns. His mind was a light warm soil, that threw up early its native products, sown by chance or little exertion ; but it had not strength and tenacity to nurture any great or valuable production. A few short years, however, comprised his span of literature and of life ; and criticism would be ill employed in scrutinising with severity the occasional poems of a youth of twenty-three, written from momentary feelings and impulses, amidst professional drudgery or midnight dissipation. Fergusson was born in Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1751. His father, who was an accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank, died early ; but the poet received a university education, having obtained a bursary in St Andrews, where he continued from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year. On quitting college, he seems to have been truly 'unfitted with an aim,' and he was glad to take employment as a copy-clerk in a lawyer's office. In this mechanical and irksome duty his days were spent. His evenings were devoted to the tavern, where, over 'cauler oysters,' with ale or whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. Fergusson had dangerous qualifications for such a life. His conversational powers were of a very superior

description, and he could adapt them at will to humour, pathos, or sarcasm, as the occasion might require. He was well educated, had a fund of youthful gaiety, and sung Scottish songs with taste and effect. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet. Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine* had been commenced in 1768, and was the chosen receptacle for the floating literature of that period in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. During the last two years of his life, Fergusson was a constant contributor to this miscellany, and in 1773 he collected and published his pieces in one volume. It was well received by the public. His dissipations, however, were always on the increase. His tavern-life and boon-companions were hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way, and his widowed mother being unable to maintain him at home, he was sent to an asylum for the insane. The religious impressions of his youth returned at times to overwhelm him with dread, but his gentle and affectionate nature was easily soothed by the attentions of his relatives and friends. His recovery was anticipated, but after about two months' confinement, he died in his cell on the 16th of October 1774. His remains were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where they lay unnoticed for many years, till Burns erected a simple stone to mark the poet's grave. The heartlessness of convivial friendships is well known : they literally 'wither and die in a day.' It is related, however, that a youthful companion of Fergusson, named Burnet, having gone to the East Indies, and made some money, invited over the poet, sending at the same time a draft for £100 to defray his expenses. This instance of generosity came too late : the poor poet had died before the letter arrived.

Fergusson may be considered the poetical progenitor of Burns. Meeting with his poems in his youth, the latter 'strung his lyre anew,' and copied the style and subjects of his youthful prototype. The resemblance, however, was only temporary and incidental. Burns had a manner of his own, and though he sometimes condescended, like Shakspeare, to work after inferior models, all that was rich and valuable in the composition was original and unborrowed. He had an excessive admiration for the writings of Fergusson, and even preferred them to those of Ramsay, an opinion in which few will concur. The *forte* of Fergusson lay, as we have stated, in his representations of town-life. *The King's Birthday*, *The Sitting of the Session*, *Leith Races*, &c. are all excellent. Still better is his feeling description of the importance of *Guid Braid Claithe*, and his *Address to the Tron Kirk Bell*. In these we have a current of humorous observations, poetical fancy, and genuine idiomatic Scottish expression. *The Farmer's Ingle* suggested the *Cotter's Saturday Night* of Burns, and it is as faithful in its descriptions, though of a humbler class. Burns added passion, sentiment, and patriotism to the subject : Fergusson's is a mere sketch, an inventory of a farmhouse, unless we except the concluding stanza, which speaks to the heart :

Peace to the husbandman, and a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year !
 Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
 And banks of corn bend down wi' laded ear !

May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green ;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed !
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and breen,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poorth freed—
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed !

In one department—lyrical poetry, whence Burns draws so much of his glory—Fergusson does not seem, though a singer, to have made any efforts to excel. In English poetry he utterly failed; and if we consider him in reference to his countrymen, Falconer or Logan—he received the same education as the latter—his inferior rank as a general poet will be apparent.

Braid Claitth.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurelled wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claitth.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw,
O' guid braid claitth.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o' t !
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at ;
A chiel that ne'er will be respectit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claitth.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith !
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In guid braid claitth.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claitth.

If ony mettled stirrah grien
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claitth.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A fig for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
And scauld him baith :
Woosers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claitth.

Braid claitth lends fouk an unco heeze ;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees ;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith :
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claitth.

For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakspeare or Sir Isaac Newton,

Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claitth.

Cauler Water.

When father Adie first pat spade in
The bony yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou ;
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out-owre the green ;
And when our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedcen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now-a-days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise ;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame ;
In troth, the jiliet ye might blame
For thinkin' on't,
When eithly she can find the theme
O' *aquafont*.

This is the name that doctors use,
Their patients' noddles to confuse ;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter ;
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd guid cauler water ;
Than wilk, I trow,
Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
Be you in cauler water flung
Out-owre the lugs,
'Twill mak you souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

Though colic or the heart-scad tease us ;
Or ony inward dwaam should seize us ;
It masters a' sic fell diseases
That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie.

Were't no for it, the bonny lasses
Wad glower nae mair in keekin' glasses ;
And soon tyne dint o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleeft' looks, and bonny faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shootin' trade ;
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
 Could then discover
Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover ?

As simmer rains brings simmer flowers,
And leaves to clead the birken bowers,
Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
 Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers,
 Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair ?
It canna be the halesome air ;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
 The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
 And blink sae bonny.

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,¹
Frae grass the cauler dew-drops wring
 To weet their een,
And water, clear as crystal spring,
 To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gae !
Then shall their beauties glance like May ;
 And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
 The Muse and me.

A Sunday in Edinburgh.—From 'Auld Reekie.'

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink ;
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad
If good frae virtue's to be had ?
Na : rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace ;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace ower the face ;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark :
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills ;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While danderin' cits delight to stray
To Castle-hill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspeare's muse.

If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the livelang day.

Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day ;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frac her view.
O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again !
For, oh, wae's me ! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

DRAMATISTS.

The tragic drama of this period bore the impress of the French school, in which cold correctness or turgid declamation was more regarded than the natural delineation of character and the fire of genius. One improvement was the complete separation of tragedy and comedy. Otway and Southerne had marred the effect of some of their most pathetic and impressive dramas, by the introduction of farcical and licentious scenes and characters, but they were the last who committed this incongruity. Public taste had become more critical, aided perhaps by the papers of Addison in the *Spectator*, and by other essayists, as well as by the more general diffusion of literature and knowledge. Fashion and interest combined to draw forth dramatic talent. A writer for the stage, it has been justly remarked, like the public orator, has the gratification of 'witnessing his own triumphs ; of seeing in the plaudits, tears, or smiles of delighted spectators, the strongest testimony to his own powers.' The publication of his play may also insure him the fame and profit of authorship. If successful on the stage, the remuneration was then considerable. Authors were generally allowed the profits of three nights' performances ; and Goldsmith, we find, thus derived between four and five hundred pounds by *She Stoops to Conquer*. The genius of Garrick may also be considered as lending fresh attraction and popularity to the stage. Authors were ambitious of fame as well as profit by the exertions of an actor so well fitted to portray the various passions and emotions of human nature, and who partially succeeded in recalling the English taste to the genius of Shakspeare.

One of the most successful and conspicuous of the tragic dramatists was the author of the *Night Thoughts*, who, before he entered the church, produced three tragedies, all having one peculiarity, that they ended in suicide. *The Revenge*, still a popular acting play, contains, amidst some rant and hyperbole, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation. Like *Othello*, *The Revenge* is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. The latter, son of the Moorish king Abdallah, is taken prisoner after a conquest by the Spaniards, in which his father fell, and is condemned to servitude by Don Alonzo. In revenge, he sows the seeds of jealousy

¹ St Anthony's Well, a beautiful small spring on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. Thither it was long the practice of young Edinburgh maidens to resort on May-day.

in the mind of his conqueror, Alonzo, and glories in the ruin of his victim :

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person, oh ! thou hast profaned,
Whose reign extinguished—what was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom but revenge ;
No treasure but thy torture and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Dr Johnson's tragedy of *Irene* was performed in 1749, but met with little success, and has never since been revived. It is cold and stately, containing some admirable sentiments and maxims of morality, but destitute of elegance, simplicity, and pathos. At the conclusion of the piece, the heroine was to be strangled upon the stage, after speaking two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out 'Murder! murder!' and compelled the actress to go off the stage alive, in defiance of the author. An English audience could not, as one of Johnson's friends remarked, bear to witness a strangling scene on the stage, though a dramatic poet may stab or slay by hundreds. The following passage in *Irene* was loudly applauded :

To-morrow !
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect !
Strange ! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow dressed in robes of triumph ;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Five tragedies were produced by Thomson betwixt the year 1729 and the period of his death : these were *Sophonisba*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Eleonora*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and *Coriolanus*. None of them can be considered as worthy of the author of the *Seasons* : they exhibit the defects of his style without its virtues. He wanted the plastic powers of the dramatist ; and though he could declaim forcibly on the moral virtues, and against corruption and oppression, he could not draw characters or invent scenes to lead captive the feelings and imagination.

Mallet was the author of three tragedies—*Eurydice* (1731), *Mustapha* (1739), and *Elvira* (1763). *Mustapha*, as a party play, directed against Walpole, was successful, and had a run of fourteen nights. Besides these, Mallet was associated with Thomson in the composition of *Alfred*, a mask, acted at Cliefden before the Prince of Wales in 1740. Another mask, *Britannia*, was produced by Mallet in 1755.

Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, produced in 1754 a tragedy, *Boadicea*, which was brought on the stage by Garrick, but without success. In this play, Davies, the biographer of Garrick, relates that Glover 'preserved a custom of the

Druids, who enjoined the persons who drank their poison to turn their faces towards the wind, in order to facilitate the operation of the potion !'

Two tragedies of a similar kind, but more animated in expression, were produced—*Gustavus Vasa*, by Henry Brooke, author of *The Fool of Quality*, a popular novel ; and *Barbarossa*, by Dr Brown, an able miscellaneous writer. The acting of Garrick mainly contributed to the success of the latter, which had a great run. The sentiment at the conclusion of *Barbarossa* is finely expressed :

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Aaron Hill translated some of Voltaire's tragedies with frigid accuracy, and they were performed with success. In 1753, *The Gamester*, an affecting domestic tragedy, was produced. Though wanting the merit of ornamented poetical language and blank verse, the vivid picture drawn by the author—Edward Moore—of the evils of gambling, ending in despair and suicide, and the dramatic art evinced in the characters and incidents, drew loud applause. *The Gamester* is still a popular play.

Of a more intellectual and scholar-like cast were the two dramas of Mason, *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*. They were brought on the stage by Colman—which Southey considers to have been a bold experiment in those days of sickly tragedy—and were well received. They are now known as dramatic poems, not as acting plays. The most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of the day was the *Douglas* of Home, founded on the old ballad of *Gil Morrice*, which Percy has preserved in his *Reliques*. *Douglas* was rejected by Garrick, and was first performed in Edinburgh in 1756. Next year Lord Bute procured its representation at Covent Garden, where it drew tears and applause as copiously as in Edinburgh. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting. The dialogue is sometimes flat and prosaic, but other parts are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood or Dekker. Thus, on the wars of England and Scotland, we have these fine lines :

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport :
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.

Maternal affection is well depicted under novel and striking circumstances—the accidental discovery of a lost child—'My beautiful ! my brave !'—and Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' considered that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas are described, had no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life, and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' is beautifully drawn, and formed the school-boy model of most of the Scottish youth 'sixty years since.' As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young

Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession.

Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph.

PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA, her maid.

Lady Randolph. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*]

Prisoner. Alas! I am sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge
thee speak

The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarum's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine—
Four helpless infants and their weeping mother—
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Revealed us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person
lost:

But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests
spared?

Pris. I was not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he
lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. O God of heaven! Did he then die so
lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.

Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady R. O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
speak

Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my
shame.

Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mil'd,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came—

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's
heart

Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven
bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires!

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath saved my master's house.

Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost
not feign!

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if a right
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;

There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

JOHN HOME, author of *Douglas*, was by birth connected with the family of the Earl of Home; his father was town-clerk of Leith, where the poet was born in 1722. He entered the church, and succeeded Blair, author of *The Grave*, as minister of Athelstanford. Previous to this, however, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in 1745 against the Chevalier, and after the defeat at Falkirk, was imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, whence he effected his escape, with some of his associates, by cutting their blankets into shreds, and letting themselves down on the ground. The romantic poet soon found the church as severe and tyrannical as the army of Charles Edward. So violent a storm was raised by the fact that a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that Home was forced to succumb to the presbytery, and resign his living. Lord Bute rewarded him with the sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of George III. in 1760, when the influence of Bute was paramount, the poet received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote various other tragedies, which soon passed into oblivion; but with an income of about £600 per annum, with an easy, cheerful, and benevolent disposition, and enjoying the friendship of David Hume, Blair, Robertson, and all the most distinguished for rank or talents, John Home's life glided on in happy tranquillity. He survived all his literary associates, and died in 1808, aged eighty-six.

We subjoin some fragments from the tragic dramas mentioned above:

Against the Crusades.

I here attend him
In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father,
I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
To every mischief prompt. . . .

Sure I am, 'tis madness,
Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By spreading desolation,
Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half,

To gain a conquest we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to say, I think these wars
A kind of persecution. And when that—
That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
Each in its turn, or has or claims a right
To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleonora.*

Love.

Why should we kill the best of passions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to Virtue.

THOMSON'S *Sophonisba.*

Miscalculations of Old Men.

Those old men, those plodding grave state pedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That, through the cobweb system bursting, lays
Their labours waste.

THOMSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Awfulness of a Scene of Pagan Rites.

This is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone; they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my
friends,

If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage,
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barbarous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them; yet they awe me.

MASON'S *Caractacus.*

Forgiveness.

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
Time could not step without a trace of horror,
If wary nature on the human heart,
Amid its wild variety of passions,
Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
That when offences give resentment birth,
The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea.*

GEORGE COLMAN—ARTHUR MURPHY—
HUGH KELLY.

GEORGE COLMAN (1733-1794), manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was an excellent comic writer, and produced above thirty pieces, a few of which deservedly keep possession of the stage.

His *Jalous Wife*, founded on Fielding's *Tom Jones*, has some highly effective scenes and well-drawn characters. It was produced in 1761; five years afterwards, Colman joined with Garrick and brought out *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which the character of an aged beau affecting gaiety and youth is strikingly personified in Lord Ogleby. Colman translated the comedies of Terence (1764) and Horace's *Art of Poetry* (1783). He also wrote some excellent light humorous essays.—ARTHUR MURPHY (1727-1805), a voluminous and miscellaneous writer, added comedies as well as tragedies to the stage, and his *Way to Keep Him* is still occasionally performed.—HUGH KELLY (1739-1777), an Irish dramatic poet and a scurrilous newspaper writer, surprised the public by producing, in 1768, a comedy, *False Delicacy*, which had remarkable success both on the fortunes and character of the author; the profits of his first third night realised £150—the largest sum of money he had ever before seen—'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censorer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.'

RICHARD CUMBERLAND—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The marked success of Kelly's sentimental style gave the tone to a much abler dramatist, RICHARD CUMBERLAND (1732-1811), who, after two or three unsuccessful pieces, in 1771 brought out *The West Indian*, one of the best stage-plays which English comedy can yet boast. The plot, incidents, and characters—including the first draught of an Irish gentleman which the theatre had witnessed—are all well sustained. Other dramas of Cumberland, as *The Wheel of Fortune*, *The Fashionable Lover*, &c. were also acted with applause, though now too stiff and sentimental for our audiences.—GOLDSMITH thought that Cumberland had carried the refinement of comedy to excess, and he set himself to correct the fault. His first dramatic performance, *The Good-natured Man*, presents one of the happiest of his delineations in the character of Croaker; but as a whole, the play wants point and sprightliness. His second drama, *She Stoops to Conquer*, performed in 1773, has all the requisites for interesting and amusing an audience; and Johnson said, 'he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.' The plot turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. Such an adventure, however, is said to have occurred to Goldsmith himself. He was returning to school after the holidays on a borrowed hack, and being overtaken by night in the streets of Ardagh, he inquired with a lofty confident air—having a guinea in his pocket—for the best house of entertainment in the town. A wag pointed to the house of the squire, a Mr Featherston, and Goldsmith entering, ordered supper and a bottle of wine, with a hot cake for breakfast in the morning! 'It was not till he had despatched this latter meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire.'—(*Forster's Life*.) This was a good foundation for a series of comic mistakes. But the excellent discrimination of character, and the humour and vivacity of the dialogue throughout the play, render this piece

one of the richest contributions which has been made to modern comedy. The native pleasantry and originality of Goldsmith were never more happily displayed, and his success, as Davies records, 'revived fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.'

A Deception.—From '*She Stoops to Conquer*.'

LANDLORD of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons' and TONY LUMPKIN.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They've lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob from the Alehouse.*] Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I am afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore. . . .

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I am told you have been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's [*winking at the Landlord*]—Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you

came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master! we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county.

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you; let them find that out.

[*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*] Mum! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Arrival at the Supposed Inn.*]

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable. . . .

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Mar. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*]

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*]

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale.'

Hast. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally,

or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [After drinking.] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [Aside.]

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [Drinks.]

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? [Aside.]

Mar. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [Aside.] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [To *Hardcastle*, who looks at them with surprise.] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*]

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [Aside.] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [Perusing.] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [Reading.] For the first course: at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

Hast. Confound your pig, I say.

Mar. And confound your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hard. Their impudence confounds me. [Aside.] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—tuff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [Aside.]

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [Aside.]

[*Exit Mar. and Hard.*]

In the reign of George II. the witty and artificial comedies of Vanbrugh and Farquhar began to lose their ground, partly on account of their licentiousness, and partly in consequence of the demand for new pieces, necessary to keep up the interest of the theatres. A taste for more natural portraiture and language began to prevail. Among the first of the plays in which this improvement was seen, was the *Suspicious Husband* of Dr Hoadly (1706-1757), son of the bishop, and author of several works in prose and verse. In the *Suspicious Husband* (1747) there is a slight dash of the license of Farquhar, but its leading character, Ranger, is still a favourite.

This period may be said to have given birth to the well-known species of sub-comedy entitled the *Farce*—a kind of entertainment more peculiarly English than comedy itself, and in which the literature of our country is rich.

HENRY CAREY.

Several farces and musical pieces once popular on the stage, were written by HENRY CAREY (died in 1743), an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. His *Chrononhotonthologos*, 1734, and *The Dragon of Wantley*, 1737, were long theatrical favourites, and some of his songs (especially what may be called his classical lyric of *Sally in our Alley**) are still admired and sung. Both the words and melody are by Carey.

* Carey says the occasion of his ballad was this: 'A shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing Piehouse, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature.' The song, he adds, made its way into the polite world, and was more than once mentioned with approbation by 'the divine Addison.'

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em :
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
 (I love her so sincerely),
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that 's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday.
 For then I'm dressed all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey :
 I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally ;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley :
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally,
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

From Henry Carey, as Lord Macaulay has remarked, 'descended that Edmund Kean, who in our time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello.'

DAVID GARRICK—HENRY FIELDING—CHARLES MACKLIN—JAMES TOWNLEY.

The greatest of all English actors, eminent alike in tragedy and in comedy, DAVID GARRICK (1716-1779) was also author of some slight dramatic pieces. Garrick was a native of Lichfield,

and a pupil of Dr Johnson, with whom he came to London to push his fortune. He entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, but receiving a legacy of £1000 from an uncle who had been in the wine-trade in Lisbon, he commenced business, in partnership with an elder brother, as wine-merchant of London and Lichfield. A passion for the stage led him to attempt the character of Richard III. 19th October 1741, and his success was so decided that he adopted the profession of an actor. His merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession. As the manager of one of the principal theatres for a long course of years, he banished from the stage many plays which had an immoral tendency ; and his personal character, though marked by excessive vanity and other foibles, gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an author he was more lively and various than vigorous or original. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured on an ode or two ; he succeeded in the composition of some dramatic pieces, and the adaptation of others to the stage. His principal plays are *The Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*, which are still favourites. But, unquestionably, the chief strength of Garrick lay in his powers as an actor, by which he gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sheridan honoured his memory with a florid sentimental monody, in which he invoked the 'gentle muse' to 'guard his laurelled shrine'—

And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust
 Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

FIELDING was another distinguished writer in this walk, though of all his pieces only one, *Tom Thumb*, has been able to keep possession of the stage. He threw off these light plays to meet the demands of the town for amusement, and parry his own clamorous necessities, and they generally have the appearance of much haste. *Love-à-la-Mode*, by CHARLES MACKLIN (1760), presented a humorous satire on the Scottish character, which was followed up by his more sarcastic comedy of *The Man of the World*. Macklin was an actor by profession, remarkable for his personation of Shylock after he was ninety years of age ; and his dramatic pieces are lively and entertaining. He survived till 1797, when he is said to have attained to the extraordinary age of 107. The Rev. JAMES TOWNLEY (1715-1778), master of Merchant Taylors' School, was author of *High Life below Stairs*, a happy burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, and which had the effect, by a well-timed exposure, of correcting abuses in the domestic establishments of the opulent classes.

But by far the greatest of this class of dramatists was SAMUEL FOOTE (circa 1720-1777). He was born at Truro, in Cornwall, of a good family, and studied at Worcester College, Oxford ; but squandering away his fortune, he became an actor and dramatic writer. In powers of mimicry, and in broad humour, Foote has had few equals. Johnson, though he disliked the man for his easy morals and his making the burlesquing of private characters a profession, was forced to admit his amazing powers and the fascination of his conversation. It was in 1747 that Foote commenced his

new entertainments in the Haymarket Theatre, in which he was himself the sole performer, and which proved highly attractive, in consequence of the humorous and whimsical portraits of character which they presented, many of these being transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. *The Diversions of the Morning*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and *The Englishman in Paris*, were the names of some of these pieces. Of the regular farces of Foote, which were somewhat later in production, *The Minor*—an unjustifiable attack upon the Methodists—was the most successful. It was followed by *The Mayor of Garratt*, a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters—Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak—which can never be completely obsolete. His plays are twenty in number, and he boasted, at the close of his life, that he had added sixteen decidedly new characters to the English stage.

Tuft-hunting.—From 'The Lame Lover.'

CHARLOTTE and SERJEANT CIRCUIT.

Charlotte. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted nor outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, sir—

Serj. Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and—

Char. Without doubt, sir; but there are, notwithstanding, in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

SIR LUKE LIMP makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a Servant, and delivers a card to SIR LUKE.

Sir Luke. [Reads] 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj. What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [Exit Servant.]

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These fellows—when one has the misfortune to meet them—take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t' other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than—

Enter a SERVANT, who gives SIR LUKE a letter.

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer! By your leave, Mr Serjeant and Charlotte. [Reads] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant.

[Exit Servant.]

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world: it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that—

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house—which does them infinite honour—his goods or chattels may be—

Sir Luke. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus.'

Sir Luke. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L! It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same

names. Very often indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [Exit *Serv.*]

Serv. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's Office a coat-of-arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serv. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may—

[Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.] Can't you see where you are running, you rascal?

Serv. Sir, his grace the Duke of—

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he? Where—

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or—

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Anything—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why, tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—

[Exit *Sir Luke* and *Serv.*]

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serv. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws; they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

The popularity of *The Beggar's Opera* being partly owing to the excellent music which accompanied the piece, we find in this period a number of comic operas, in which songs and dialogues alternate. *The Devil to Pay*, by C. COFFEY (died 1745), was long a favourite, chiefly for the female character, Nell, which made the fortune of several actresses; and among the best pieces of this description are those by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF (1735-1787), whose operas, *The Padlock*, *Love in a Village*, *Lionel Clarissa*, &c. present a pleasing union of lyrical pieces with dramatic incident and dialogue.

ESSAYISTS.

An attempt was made at this period to revive the style of periodical literature, which had proved so successful in the hands of Addison and Steele. After the cessation of the *Guardian*, there was a long interval, during which periodical writing was chiefly confined to politics. An effort was made to connect it again with literature by Dr Johnson, who published the first paper of the *Rambler* on the 20th of March 1750, and it was continued twice a week, without interruption, till the 14th of March 1752. Johnson received only four contributions, one from Richardson the novelist, during the whole course of the publication, and, consequently, the work bore the stamp of but one mind, and that mind cast in a peculiar mould. The light graces and genialities of Steele were wanting, and sketches of the fashions and frivolities of the times, which had contributed so much to the popularity of the former essayists, found no place in the grave and gloomy pages of the *Rambler*. The serious and somewhat pedantic style of the work was ill calculated for general readers, and it was no favourite with the public. Johnson, when he collected these essays, revised and corrected them with great care, but even then they appeared heavy and cumbrous; his attempts at humour were not happy, and the female characters introduced were all, as Garrick remarked, Johnsons in petticoats. They all speak the same measured lofty style, and resemble figures in sculpture rather than real life. The author's use of hard words was a common complaint; but it is somewhat curious to find, among the words objected to in the *Rambler*, *resuscitation*, *narcotic*, *fatuity*, and *germination*, which have now become of daily use, and carry with them no appearance of pedantry. The turgid style of Johnson, however, often rose into passages of grandeur and beauty; his imagery is striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty was earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays. No other English writer of that day could have moralised in such a dignified strain as in the following passages:

On Useful Knowledge and Kindness.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it

unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

On Revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity: a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the

approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

A still finer specimen of Johnson's style is afforded in an essay on

Retirement from the World.

On him that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seductions, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

These sentences shew the stately artificial style of Johnson, which, when supported by elevated sentiment or pointed morality, as in the foregoing extracts, appears to great advantage, but is unsuited to ordinary topics of life and conversation. Hence, he shines more in his colloquial displays, as recorded by Boswell, where much of this extraneous pomp was left off, while all the point and vigour of his understanding, and his powers of wit and imagination, were retained. He is in fact, as Burke first remarked, a greater man in the pages of his biographer than in his own works. The intellectual gladiator of the club evinced a more powerful, ready, and various mind than he could embody in his deliberate writings in the closet. Goldsmith was directly the reverse: he could argue best, as he said, with the pen in his hand.

The *Adventurer*, by Dr Hawkesworth, succeeded the *Rambler*, and was published twice a week from 1752 to 1754. JOHN HAWKESWORTH (1715–1773) rose from being a watchmaker to considerable literary eminence by his talents and learning. He was employed to write the narrative of Captain Cook's discoveries in the Pacific Ocean, by which he realised a large sum of money, and he made an excellent translation of *Telemachus*. With the aid of Dr Johnson, Warton, and others, he carried on the *Adventurer* with considerable success.

It was more various than the *Rambler*—more in the style of light reading. Hawkesworth, however, was an imitator of Johnson, and the conclusion of the *Adventurer* has the Johnsonian swell and cast of imagination :

‘The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still this breast that now throbs at the reflection : but let not this be read as something that relates only to another ; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten ; for surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives which alone can afford us comfort when we die.’

The *World* was the next periodical of this class. It was edited by Dr Moore, author of the tragedy of the *Gamster*, and other works, and was distinguished by contributions from Horace Walpole, Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, and the Earl of Chesterfield. The *World* has the merit of being very readable : its contents are more lively than any of its predecessors, and it is a better picture of the times. It was published weekly, from January 1753 to December 1756, and reached a sale of 2500 a week.

Another weekly miscellany of the same kind, the *Connoisseur*, was commenced by George Colman and Bonnel Thornton—two professed wits, who wrote in unison, so that, as they state, ‘almost every single paper is the joint product of both.’ Cowper the poet contributed a few essays to the *Connoisseur*, short but lively, and in that easy style which marks his correspondence. One of them is on the subject of ‘Conversation,’ and he afterwards extended it into an admirable poem. From another we give an extract which seems like a leaf from the note-book of Washington Irving :

The Country Church.

It is a difficult matter to decide which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church—the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, when the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk’s office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave ; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the squire, who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion ; or if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast-beef and plum-pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the squire’s command as his dogs and horses. For this reason, the bell is often kept tolling and the people waiting in the churchyard an hour longer than the usual time ; nor must the service begin till the squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon

is also measured by the will of the squire, as formerly by the hour-glass ; and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the squire gives the signal by rising up after his nap.

The *Connoisseur* was in existence from January 1754 to September 1756.

In April 1758, Johnson—who thought there was ‘no matter’ in the *Connoisseur*, and who had a very poor opinion of the *World*—entered again into this arena of light literature, and commenced his *Idler*. The example of his more mercurial predecessors had some effect on the moralist, for the *Idler* is more gay and spirited than the *Rambler*. It lived through 103 numbers, twelve of which were contributed by his friends Thomas Warton, Langton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The *Idler* was the last experiment on the public taste in England of periodical essays published separately. In the *Bee* (a miscellany which existed only through eight weekly numbers in 1759), the *Busy Body*, the *Lady’s Magazine*, the *Town and Country Magazine*, and other monthly miscellanies, essays were given along with other contributions.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The *Citizen of the World*, by GOLDSMITH, was published in a collected shape in 1762, and his *Essays* in 1765. The former were at first, as they appeared in Newbery’s *Public Ledger*, entitled ‘Chinese Letters,’ being written in the character of a Chinese philosopher giving his impressions of England and the English. As a light and genial satirist, a sportive yet tender and insinuating moralist, and as an observer of men and manners, we have no hesitation in placing Goldsmith far above Johnson. His chaste humour, poetical fancy, and admirable style, render these essays a mine of lively observation and pleasant satire, happy imagery, and pure English. The story of the Old Soldier, Beau Tibbs, the Reverie at the Boar’s Head Tavern, and the Strolling Player, are in the finest vein of story-telling ; while the Eastern apologue, Asem, an Eastern Tale, and Alcander and Septimius, are tinged with the light of true poetry and imagination. Where the author speaks of actual life, and the ‘fashion of our estate,’ we see the workings of experience and a finely meditative mind. The *History of Animated Nature*, is imbued with the same graces of composition. Goldsmith was no naturalist, strictly speaking, but his descriptions are often vivid and beautiful, and his history is well calculated to awaken a love of nature and a study of its various phenomena. There is no exaggeration in the statement made by Johnson in his epitaph, that whatever Goldsmith touched he adorned.

Beau Tibbs.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd ; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In these places, without being marked by any, I win in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger

flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half-century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom on his countenance. 'Pshaw, pshaw, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten it; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," said I, "faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me." That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved!' replied the other, 'you shall know, but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *l'ete-à-l'ete* dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so—dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town, but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown nice in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogam's, an affected piece, but let it go no further—a secret. Well, there happened to be no assa-fœtida in the sauce to turkey, upon which, says I, "I'll

hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that"—But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, as it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

Beau Tibbs continued.

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overlooked me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, 'Hang me,' said he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.' 'No company!' interrupted I peevishly; 'no company where there's such a crowd! why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'La, my dear!' returned he, with the utmost good-humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined: but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son, but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and

yet she walks a minuot, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar: I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' says he, 'I shall shew you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand pounds for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.'

By this time, we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first-floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded: 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' 'My two shirts!' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts next door, because'—'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid exclamations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet, it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited for some time for Mrs Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery, a square table that had once been japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her

husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.' 'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature; I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations neither; there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a'—'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce.' 'The very thing,' replies he, 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails to render us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr Tibbs assured me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

On the Increased Love of Life with Age.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of

that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

A General Election (about 1760).

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] feast of the lanterns, in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds;

the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilised as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

NOVELISTS.

The decline of the tragic drama was accompanied by a similar decline of the heroic romances, both being in some measure the creation of an imaginative and chivalrous spirit. As France had been the country in which the early romance, metrical or prosaic, flourished in greatest strength, it was from the same nation that the second class of prose fictions, the heroic romances, also took its rise. The heroes were no longer Arthur or Charlemagne, but a sort of pastoral lovers, like the characters of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, who blended modern with chivalrous manners, and talked in a style of conventional propriety and decorum. This spurious offspring of romance was begun in the seventeenth century by an author named Honore d'Urfé, who was followed by Gomberville, Calprenede, and Madame Scudery. D'Urfé had, episodically, and under borrowed names, given an account of the gallantries of Henri IV.'s court, which rendered his style more piquant and attractive; but generally, this species of composition was harmless and insipid, and its productions of intolerable length. The *Grand Cyrus* filled ten volumes! Admired as they were in their own day, the heroic romances could not long escape being burlesqued. The poet-Scarron, about the time of our Commonwealth, attempted this in a work which he entitled the *Comique Roman*, or *Comic Romance*, which detailed a long series of adventures, as low as those of Cyrus were elevated, and in a style of wit and drollery of which there is hardly any other example. This work, though designed only as a ludicrous travesty of the romantic tales, became the first of a class

of its own, and found followers in England long before we had any writers of the pure novel. Mrs Aphra Behn amused the public during the reign of Charles II. by writing tales of personal adventure similar to those of Scarron, but loosely constructed. She was followed by Mrs Manley, whose works are equally personal and equally licentious. Other models were presented in the early part of the century by the French novelist Le Sage, whose *Gil Blas* and *Devil on Two Sticks*, imitating in their turn the fictions of certain Spanish writers, consist of humorous and satirical pictures of modern manners, connected by a series of adventures. In England, the first pictures of real life in prose fiction were given by Defoe, who, in his graphic details, and personal adventures, all impressed with the strongest appearance of truth or probability, has never, in his own walk, been excelled. That walk, however, was limited; of genuine humour or variety of character he had no conception; and he paid little attention to the arrangement of his plot. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrast between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that crowd in with commerce, wealth, and luxury, banished the heroic romance, and gave rise to the novel, in which the passion of love still maintained its place, but was surrounded by events and characters, such as are witnessed in ordinary life, under various aspects and modifications. The three great founders of this improved species of composition—this new theatre of living and breathing characters—were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who even yet, after the lapse of more than a century, have had no superiors.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and was the son of a joiner, who could not afford to give his son more than the ordinary elements of education. In his seventeenth year, he was put apprentice to a printer in London, served seven years, and was afterwards five or six years a compositor and corrector of the press. He then set up for himself in a court in Fleet Street, whence he removed to Salisbury Court. He became master of an extensive business, and printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. In 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company, and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which greatly increased his emoluments. He was a prosperous and liberal man—mild in his manners and dispositions—and seems to have had only one marked foible—excessive vanity. From a very early period of his life, Richardson was a fluent letter-writer; at thirteen he was the confidant of three young women, whose love-correspondence he carried on without any one knowing that he was secretary to the others. Two London publishers having urged him, when he was above the age of fifty, to write them a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life, he set about the composition of his *Pamela*, as a warning to young people, and with a hope that it would 'turn them into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing.' The work as first published in two volumes was written in

two months, and published in 1740, with such success, that five editions were exhausted in the course of one year. 'It requires a reader,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.' *Pamela* became the rage of the town; ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh Gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit! A second part of *Pamela* was added in 1742, but, like all such continuations, it was greatly inferior to the first, and was quite superfluous as regards the story. In 1748 appeared, in eight volumes, Richardson's second and greatest work, the *History of Clarissa Harlowe*; and in 1753, in six volumes, his novel, designed to represent the *beau-ideal* of a gentleman and Christian, the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*. The almost unexampled success and popularity of Richardson's life and writings were to himself disturbed and clouded by nervous attacks, which rendered him delicate and feeble in health. He was flattered and soothed by a number of female friends, in whose society he spent most of his time, and after reaching the goodly age of seventy-two, he died on the 4th of July 1761.

The works of Richardson are all pictures of the heart. No man understood human nature better, or could draw with greater distinctness the minute shades of feeling and sentiment, or the final results of our passions. He wrote his novels, it is said, in his back-shop, in the intervals of business; and must have derived exquisite pleasure from the moral anatomy in which he was silently engaged—conducting his characters through the scenes of his ideal world, and giving expression to all the feelings, motives, and impulses of which our nature is susceptible. He was happiest in female characters. Much of his time had been spent with the gentler sex, and his own retired habits and nervous sensibility approximated to feminine softness. He well repaid the sex for all their attentions by his character of Clarissa, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to female virtue and honour. The moral elevation of this heroine, the saintly purity which she preserves amidst scenes of the deepest depravity and the most seductive gaiety, and the never-failing sweetness and benevolence of her temper, render Clarissa one of the brightest triumphs of the whole range of imaginative literature. Perhaps the climax of her distress is too overwhelming—too oppressive to the feelings—but it is a healthy sorrow. We see the full radiance of virtue; and no reader ever rose from the perusal of those tragic scenes without feeling his moral nature renovated, and his detestation of vice increased.

Pamela is a work of much humbler pretensions than *Clarissa Harlowe*: it is like the *Domestic Tragedy* of Lillo compared with *Lear* or *Macbeth*. A simple country-girl, whom her master attempts to seduce, and afterwards marries, can be no very dignified heroine. But the excellences of Richardson are strikingly apparent in this his first novel. His power of circumstantial painting is evinced in the multitude of small details which he brings to

bear on his story—the very wardrobe of poor *Pamela*, her gown of sad-coloured stuff, and her round-eared caps—her various attempts at escape, and the conveyance of her letters—the hateful character of Mrs Jewkes, and the fluctuating passions of her master, before the better part of his nature obtains the ascendancy—these are all touched with the hand of a master. The seductive scenes are too highly coloured for modern taste, and *Pamela* is deficient in natural dignity; she is too calculating, too tame and submissive; but while engaged with the tale, we think only of her general innocence and artlessness; of her sad trials and afflictions, down to her last confinement, when she hid her papers in the rose-bush in the garden, and sat by the side of the pond in utter despair, half-meditating suicide. The elevation of this innocent and lovely young creature to be the bride of her master is an act of justice; but after all, we feel she was too good for him, and wish she had effected her escape, and been afterwards united to some great and wealthy nobleman who had never condescended to oppress the poor and unfortunate. The moral of the tale would also have been improved by some such termination. Esquire B— should have been mortified, and waiting-maids taught not to tolerate liberties from their young masters, because, like *Pamela*, they may rise to obtain their hand in marriage.

Sir Charles Grandison is inferior in general interest, as well as truth, to either of Richardson's other novels. The 'good man' and perfect gentleman, perplexed by the love of two ladies whom he regarded with equal affection, is an anomaly in nature with which we cannot sympathise. The hero of *Clarissa*, Lovelace, being a splendid and accomplished, a gay and smiling villain, Richardson wished to make Sir Charles in all respects the very opposite: he has given him too little passion and too much perfection for frail humanity. In this novel, however, is one of the most powerful of all our author's delineations—the madness of *Clementina*. Shakspeare himself has scarcely drawn a more affecting or harrowing picture of high-souled suffering and blighting calamity. The same accumulation of details as in *Clarissa*, all tending to heighten the effect and produce the catastrophe, hurry on the reader with breathless anxiety, till he has learned the last sad event, and is plunged in unavailing grief. This is no exaggerated account of the sensations produced by Richardson's pathetic scenes. He is one of the most powerful and tragic of novelists; and that he is so, in spite of much tediousness of description, much repetition and prolixity of narrative, is the best testimony to his art and genius. The extreme length of our author's novels, the epistolary style in which they are all written, and the number of minute and apparently unimportant circumstances with which they abound, added to the more energetic character of our subsequent literature, have tended to cast Richardson's novels into the shade. Even Lord Byron could not, he said, read *Clarissa*. We admit that it requires some resolution to get through a fictitious work of eight volumes; but having once begun, most readers will find it difficult to leave off the perusal of these works. They are eminently original, which is always a powerful recommendation. They shew an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and an absolute command over the passions; they are, in fact,

romances of the heart, embellished by sentiment, and as such possess a deep and enchanting interest, and a power of exciting virtuous emotions, which blind us to blemishes in style and composition, and to those errors in taste and manners (partly characteristic of the past century) which are more easily ridiculed than avoided in works so voluminous, confined to domestic portraiture.

The elaborate and minute details by which Richardson produces his dramatic scenes and pathetic incidents, render it difficult to make a quotation suited to our space, that shall convey any idea of his peculiar style. We venture, however, on one short extract:

First Appearance of Pamela and her Master in Church after Marriage.

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c. I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels: but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended, it might be that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation, for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of shewing as if he was ashamed of it; and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church-doors, and in the church porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr Martin, who is single, Mr Chambers, Mr Arthur, and Mr Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both; and Mrs Arthur and Mrs Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs Brooks said: 'You sent Mr Brooks, madam, home t' other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you.' 'You do me great honour, madam,' replied I; 'such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.' My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkins at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and

is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country-people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: 'Divide in the further church-porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more if they don't importune me now.' So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: 'By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than anybody could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why,' said he, 'the Dean himself looked more upon you than his book!' 'O sir,' said I, 'you are very encouraging to a weak mind.' 'I vow,' said he, 'I say no more than is truth. I'd marry to-morrow if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are,' continued he—'and it is not my way to praise too much—an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Everybody is saying so,' added he, 'for you have by your piety edified the whole church.'

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. 'Sir,' said I, 'you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.' He bowed and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said: 'I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world.' I bowed to him; but I could have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one: which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr Martin said to my master: 'If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood.' 'O my dear sir,' said I to my master, 'you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.' Said my dear master: 'My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr Martin.' And he said to him: 'We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr Martin.' Mr Martin said: 'Gad, sir, you are a happy man, and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite neither.' And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

ROBERT PALTOCK.

Southey has acknowledged that he took the idea of his Glendoveers, those winged celestial agents in the *Curse of Kehama*—

The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth—

from the neglected story of *Peter Wilkins*. The author of this story was long unknown; but in 1835, at a sale by auction of books and manuscripts which had belonged to Dodsley the publisher, the original agreement for the copyright of the work

was found. The writer, it appears, was 'ROBERT PALTOCK or PULTOCK of Clement's Inn, Gentleman;' and he had disposed of his tale for £20, with twelve copies of the work, and a set of the first impressions of the engravings that were to accompany it. The tale is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland—an amiable and accomplished lady, to whom Percy inscribed his *Reliques*, and Goldsmith the first printed copy of his *Edwin and Angelina*. The dates of the different editions are 1750, 1751, 1783, 1784. To the countess, Paltock had been indebted for some personal favour—'a late instance of benignity;' and it was after the pattern of her virtues, he says, that he drew the mind of his heroine Youwarkee. Nothing more is known of Paltock.* He was most probably a bachelor—a solitary bencher—for had he left descendants, some one of the number would have been proud to claim the relationship. Having delivered his 'wild and wondrous tale' to the world, he retired into modest and unbroken obscurity. The title of Paltock's story may serve for an index to its nature and incidents: *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man: relating particularly his Shipwreck near the South Pole; his wonderful Passage through a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of New World; his there meeting with a Gawrey, or Flying Woman, whose Life he preserved, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary Conveyance to the Country of Glumms and Gawreys, or Men and Women that fly: likewise a Description of this strange Country, with the Law, Customs, and Manners of its Inhabitants, and the Author's remarkable Transactions among them: taken from his own Mouth on his Passage to England from off Cape Horn in America, in the Ship Hector; with an Introduction giving an Account of the Surprising Manner of his coming on Board that Vessel, and his Death on his landing at Plymouth in the year 1739; by R. S., a Passenger in the Hector.* The initials, 'R. S.' may either have been designed to remind the reader of Gulliver's cousin, Richard Sympson—who stands sponsor for the redoubted Captain Lemuel—or inserted by an oversight of the author, who signs his proper initials, R. P., to the dedication and introduction. The name of the hero, and the first conception of the story, would seem to have been suggested by Bishop Wilkins's *Discovery of a New World*, in which there are speculations on the possibility of a man being able to fly by the application of wings to his body. Having taken up this idea of a flying human race, Paltock modelled his story on that of *Robinson Crusoe*, making his hero a shipwrecked voyager cast upon a solitary shore, of which he was for a time the sole inhabitant. The same virtues of fortitude, resignation, and patient ingenuity are assigned to both, with a depth and purity of religious feeling in the case of Peter Wilkins which was rare at that time in works of fiction. The literal, minute, matter-of-fact style of Defoe is copied with success; but except in his description of the flying heroine, Paltock is inferior to the old master. At least one-half of the tale is felt to be tedious and uninteresting. Its principal charm consists in the lonely situation and adventures of the hero, struggling with misfortunes and cut off from society, and

* He is supposed, however, to be author of another work, *Memoirs of the Life of Paruse, a Spanish Lady, &c.* Translated from the Spanish MS. by R. P. Gent. London, 1751.

in the original and beautiful conception of the flying woman, who comes, endowed with all feminine graces and tenderness, to share his solitude and affection. When Wilkins describes the flying nation, their family alliances, laws, customs, and mechanical works, the romance disappears, and we see only a poor imitation of the style or manner of Swift. The language of this new race is also singularly inharmonious. The name of the country, *Nosmnbdsgrutt*, is unpronounceable, and *glumm* and *gavrey*, man and woman, have nothing to recommend their adoption. The flying apparatus is termed a *graundee*, and a flight is a *swangean*. The *locale* of Wilkins's romance is a grassy plain by the side of a lake, surrounded by a woody amphitheatre, behind which rises a huge naked rock, that towers up to a great height. In this retreat he constructs a grotto, and with fruits and fish subsists pleasantly during the summer. Winter approaches, and strange voices are heard. He sallies out one evening, and finds a beautiful woman near his door. This is *Youwarkee*, the heroine. She had been engaged with a party of young people of the flying nation, resident on the other side of the great rock, chasing and pursuing one another, when falling among the branches of a tree, her *graundee* became useless, and she sank to the ground stunned and senseless. The *graundee*, with its variety of ribs, drapery, and membrane, is described at length; but we may take the more poetical miniature sketch of it given by Leigh Hunt in his work *The Seer*: "A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object, but think of a lovely woman, set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is perhaps the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery, for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed silk. We are to picture to ourselves a nymph in a vest of the finest texture, and most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two, and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air." The picture is poetical and suggestive, though in working it up, the author of the story introduces homely enough materials.

Peter Wilkins and his Flying Bride.

I passed the summer—though I had never yet seen the sun's body—very much to my satisfaction, partly in the work I have been describing—for I had taken two more of the beast-fish, and had a great quantity of oil from them—partly in building me a chimney in my ante-chamber, of mud and earth burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees, when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and, finally, in providing and laying in stores, fresh and salt—for I had now cured and dried many more fish—against winter. These, I say, were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed, there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, I kept mostly in my habitation.

An indifferent person would now be apt to ask, what

would this man desire more than he had? To this I answer, that I was contented while my condition was such as I have been describing; but a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard voices, sometimes a few only at a time, as it seemed, and then again in great numbers.

In the height of my distress, I had recourse to prayer, with no small benefit; begging that if it pleased not the Almighty Power to remove the object of my fears, at least to resolve my doubts about them, and to render them rather helpful than hurtful to me. I hereupon, as I always did on such occasions, found myself much more placid and easy, and began to hope the best, till I had almost persuaded myself that I was out of danger; and then laying myself down, I rested very sweetly till I was awakened by the impulse of the following dream.

Methought I was in Cornwall, at my wife's aunt's; and inquiring after her and my children, the old gentlewoman informed me both my wife and children had been dead some time, and that my wife, before her departure, desired her—that is, her aunt—immediately upon my arrival to tell me she was only gone to the lake, where I should be sure to see her, and be happy with her ever after. I then, as I fancied, ran to the lake to find her. In my passage she stopped me, crying: "Whither so fast, Peter? I am your wife, your Patty." Methought I did not know her, she was so altered; but observing her voice, and looking more wistfully at her, she appeared to me as the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I then went to seize her in my arms, but the hurry of my spirits awakened me. . . .

I then heard a sort of shriek, and a rustle near the door of my apartment, all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door and leaped out. I saw nobody; all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive but my own fears a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of the building, and there, looking down by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I gave the word: "Who's there?" Still no one answered. My heart was ready to force a way through my side. I was for a while fixed to the earth like a statue. At length recovering, I stepped in, fetched my lamp, and returning, saw the very beautiful face my *Patty* appeared under in my dream; and not considering that it was only a dream, I verily thought I had my *Patty* before me, but she seemed to be stone dead. Upon viewing her other parts, for I had never yet removed my eyes from her face, I found she had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace, round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-coloured silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her into my arms, and treading a step backwards with her, I put out my lamp; however, having her in my arms, I conveyed her through the doorway, in the dark, into my grotto. . . .

I thought I saw her eyes stir a little. I then set the lamp further off, for fear of offending them if she should look up; and warming the last glass I had reserved of my Madeira, I carried it to her, but she never stirred. I now supposed the fall had absolutely killed her, and was prodigiously grieved, when laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure; so, not despairing, I dipped my finger in the wine, and moistened her lips with it two or three times, and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me, and taking a tea-spoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine by that means into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful, and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

I then spoke to her, and asked divers questions, as

if she had really been Patty, and understood me; in return of which, she uttered a language I had no idea of, though, in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard. It grieved me I could not understand her. However, thinking she might like to be upon her feet, I went to lift her off the bed, when she felt to my touch in the oddest manner imaginable; for while in one respect it was as though she had been cased in whalebone, it was at the same time as soft and warm as if she had been naked.

You may imagine we stared heartily at each other, and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her everything in my grotto which I thought might please her, some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behaviour. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back toward it. I observing that, and ascribing it to her modesty in my company, let her have her will, and took care to set it in such a position myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

After we had sat a good while, now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, she got up and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable. . . .

I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavoured all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed I was not behindhand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. What I all the while wondered at was, she never shewed the least disquiet at her confinement; for I kept my door shut at first, through fear of losing her, thinking she would have taken an opportunity to run away from me, for little did I then think she could fly.

After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her any time to go for more; and having hinted it to her, with seeming uneasiness, she could not for a while fathom my meaning; but when she saw me much confused, she came at length, by the many signs I made, to imagine it was my concern for her which made me so; whereupon she expressively enough signified I might be easy, for she did not fear anything happening to her in my absence. On this, as well as I could declare my meaning, I entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her by actions, she sat down with her arms across, leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

I took my boat, net, and water-cask as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh fish-dinner, and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several good meals, and to spare. What remained I salted, and found she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting. As my salt grew very low, though I had been as sparing of it as possible, I now resolved to try making some; and the next summer I effected it.

Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time had so many opportunities of doing so, but never once attempted it. I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art but the work of nature, for I really took it for silk, though it must be premised, that I had never seen it by any other light than of my lamp. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage, and sweetness of her behaviour to me, had struck into me a dread of offending her.

When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly

excused herself from it, whilst there was such a frightful glare of light as she said;* but, looking out at the door, told me if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me, so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and thinking it rather too high for her, I took her in my arms, and lifted her over. But even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but seeing her by a steadier and truer light in the grove, though a heavy gloomy one, than my lamp had afforded, I begged she would let me know of what silk or other composition her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' says I, 'I have nothing but my skin under my clothes.' 'Why, what do you mean?' replies she, somewhat tartly; 'but, indeed, I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are you not a glumm?' (a man). 'Yes,' says I, 'fair creature.' (Here, though you may conceive she spoke part English, part her own tongue, and I the same, as we best understood each other, yet I shall give you our discourse, word for word, in plain English.) 'Then,' says she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad man, and have been crashee,† which I should be very sorry to hear.' I told her I believed we were none of us so good as we might be, but I hoped my faults had not at most exceeded other men's; but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time, and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived. . . .

'Sir,' says she, 'pray, answer me first how you came here?' 'Madam,' replied I, 'will you please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, and I will shew you the very passage?' 'Sir,' says she, 'I perfectly know the range of the rocks all round, and by the least description, without going to see them, can tell from which you descended.' 'In truth,' said I, 'most charming lady, I descended from no rock at all: nor would I, for a thousand worlds, attempt what could not be accomplished but by my destruction.' 'Sir,' says she, in some anger, 'it is false, and you impose upon me.' 'I declare to you,' says I, 'madam, what I tell you is strictly true; I never was near the summit of any of the surrounding rocks, or anything like it; but as you are not far from the verge of the wood, be so good as to step a little further, and I will shew you my entrance in hither.' 'Well,' says she, 'now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I do not care if I do go with you.'

When we came far enough to see the bridge, 'There, madam,' says I, 'there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern.' . . . We arrived at the lake, and going to my wet-dock, 'Now, madam,' says I, 'pray satisfy yourself whether I spake true or no.' She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it. Says I: 'Madam, in this very boat I sailed from the main ocean through that cavern into this lake; and shall at last think myself the happiest of all men, if you continue with me, love me, and credit me; and I promise you I will never deceive you, but think my life happily spent in your service.' I found she was hardly content yet to believe what I told her of my boat to be true, until I stepped into it, and pushing from the shore, took my oars in my hand, and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last, she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a

* In the regions of the flying people, it is always twilight.

† Slit. Criminals, in the flying regions, are punished by having their wings slit, thus rendering them unable to fly.

good way, and as we returned to my dock, I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to shore in that vessel.

'Well,' says she, 'I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve very well where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be labouring thus at an oar, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is, in my mind, a most ridiculous piece of slavery.' 'Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.' 'But,' says she, 'pray, where did you get this boat, as you call it?' 'O madam,' says I, 'that is too long and fatal a story to begin upon now; this boat was made many thousand miles from hence, among a people coal-black, a quite different sort from us; and when I first had it, I little thought of seeing this country; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we come home.'

As we talked, and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprang into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her, when she jumped in; and looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate that I almost lost sight of it presently: but running along the shore, for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. 'This,' says she, accosting me with a smile, 'is my way of sailing, which, I perceive, by the fright you were in, you are altogether unacquainted with; and as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me; but surely we are the part of the creation which has had most care bestowed upon it; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do.' 'No, charming creature,' says I, 'that I cannot, I will assure you.' She then, stepping to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before her, sprang up into the air, and away she went, further than my eyes could follow her.

I was quite astonished. So, says I, then all is over, all a delusion which I have so long been in, a mere phantom! better had it been for me never to have seen her, than thus to lose her again! I had but very little time for reflection; for in about ten minutes after she had left me in this mixture of grief and amazement, she alighted just by me on her feet.

Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed, and which, as she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her. Indeed, I was some moments in such an agitation of mind, from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunder-struck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms, with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel,' said I, 'to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow, my love and constancy.' 'Come, come,' says she, 'no more raptures; I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections; but now, I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you till death or other as fatal accident shall part us. But we will now, if you choose, go home, for I know you have been some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me. For, giving my eyes the pleasure of

looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.'

In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto.

HENRY FIELDING.

Coleridge has said, that to 'take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' We have felt the agreeableness of the transition: from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humour, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, must always be a pleasant change. The feeling, however, does not derogate from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same sensation may be experienced by turning from Lear to Falstaff, from tragedy to comedy. The feelings cannot remain in a state of constant tension, but seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches them too violently and too continuously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvas, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely and naturally diversified. Johnson considered him barren compared with Richardson, because Johnson loved strong moral painting, and had little sympathy for wit that was not strictly allied to virtue. Richardson, too, was a pious respectable man, for whom the critic entertained great regard, and to whom he was under obligations. Fielding was a thoughtless man of fashion—a rake who had dissipated his fortune, and passed from high to low life without dignity or respect; and who had commenced author without any higher motive than to make money, and confer amusement. Ample success crowned him in the latter department! The inimitable character of Parson Adams, the humour of roadside adventures and ale-house dialogues, Towhouse and his termagant wife, Parson Trulliber, Squire Western, the faithful Partridge, and a host of ludicrous and witty scenes, and characters, and situations, all rise up at the very mention of the name of Fielding! If Richardson 'made the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding bends them at will to mirth and enjoyment. He is the prince of novelists—holding the novel to include wit, love, satire, humour, observation, genuine pictures of human nature without romance, and the most perfect art in the arrangement of his plot and incidents.

HENRY FIELDING was of high birth: his father—a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh—was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. The general had a large family, and was a bad economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied the law for two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money-bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England, and commenced writing for the stage. His first play, *Love in Several Masks*, was brought out in February 1727-8. In the course of five years he wrote seventeen dramatic pieces, only one of which, the burlesque entitled *Tom Thumb*, can be said to have kept possession of the stage. His father promised him

£200 per annum, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would!' He obtained £1500 by his marriage with Miss Craddock, a lady of great beauty and worth, who resided in Salisbury, and he retired with his wife to the country. His mother had left him a small estate at East Stour, Dorsetshire; but there Fielding's hospitality and extravagance—a large retinue of servants in yellow liveries, entertainments, hounds and horses—soon devoured his little patrimony and wife's fortune. In the following year (1736) he took the Haymarket Theatre, and engaged a dramatic company. This project failed, and in 1737 he entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar in June 1740. His practice, however, was insufficient for the support of his family, and he continued to write pieces for the stage, and pamphlets to suit the topics of the day. In politics he was an anti-Jacobite, and a steady supporter of the Hanoverian succession. In 1742 appeared his novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which at once stamped him as a master, uniting to genuine English humour the spirit of Cervantes and the mock-heroic of Scarron. There was a wicked wit in the choice of his subject. To ridicule Richardson's *Pamela*, Fielding made his hero a brother of that renowned and popular lady; he quizzed Gammer Andrews and his wife, the rustic parents of Pamela; and in contrast to the style of Richardson's work, he made his hero and his friend, Parson Adams, models of virtue and excellence, and his leading female characters (Lady Booby and Mrs Slipslop) quite the reverse. Lady Booby is eager to marry her footman, who resists all her blandishments as his sister Pamela had resisted Mr B. Even Pamela is brought down from her high standing of moral perfection, and is represented as Mrs Booby, with the airs of an upstart, whom the parson is compelled to reprove for laughing in church. Richardson's vanity was deeply wounded by this insult, and he never forgave the desecration of his favourite production. The ridicule was certainly unjustifiable; but, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'how can we wish that undone without which Parson Adams would not have existed?' The burlesque portion of the work would not have caused its extensive and abiding popularity. It heightened its humour, and may have contributed at first to the number of its readers; but *Joseph Andrews* possessed strong and original claims to public favour, and has found countless admirers among persons who know nothing of *Pamela*. Setting aside some ephemeral essays and light pieces, Fielding, in the following year (1743), brought out three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which included *A Journey from this World to the Next*, and *The History of Jonathan Wild*. A vein of keen satire runs through the latter; but the hero and his companions are such callous rogues, and un-sentimental ruffians, that we cannot take pleasure in their dexterity and success. The ordinary of Newgate, who administers consolation to Wild before his execution, is the best character in the novel. The ordinary preferred a bowl of punch to any other liquor, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture; and his ghostly admonitions to the malefactor are in harmony with this predilection. In 1749, Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, for which he was indebted to the services of Lyttleton. He was an active magistrate; but the office of a trading

justice, paid by fees, was as unworthy the genius of Fielding as that of an exciseman was unsuited to Burns. It appears, from a statement made by himself, that this appointment did not bring him in, 'of the dirtiest money upon earth,' £300 a year. In the midst of his official drudgery and too frequent dissipations, our author produced *Tom Jones*, unquestionably the first of English novels. He received £600 for the copyright, and such was its success that Millar the publisher presented £100 more to the author. In 1751 appeared *Amelia*, for which he received £1000. Johnson was a great admirer of this novel, and read it through without stopping. Its domestic scenes moved him more deeply than heroic or ambitious adventures; but the conjugal tenderness and affection of Amelia are but ill requited by the conduct of Booth, her husband, who has the vices without the palliation of youth possessed by Tom Jones, independently of his ties as a husband and father. The character of Amelia was drawn for Fielding's wife, even down to the accident which disfigured her beauty; and the frailties of Booth are said to have shadowed forth some of the author's own backslidings and experiences. The lady whose amiable qualities he delighted to recount, and whom he passionately loved, died while they struggled on in their worldly difficulties. He was almost broken-hearted for her loss, and found no relief, it is said, but in weeping, in concert with her servant-maid, 'for the angel they mutually regretted.' This made the maid his habitual confidential associate; and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. The maid accordingly became mistress of his household, and her conduct as his wife fully justified his good opinion. If there is little of romance, there is sound sense, affection, and gratitude in this step of Fielding, but it is probable the noble families to whom he was allied might regard it as a stain on his escutcheon. *Amelia* was the last work of fiction that Fielding gave to the world. His last public act was an undertaking to extirpate several gangs of thieves and highwaymen that then infested London. The government employed him in this somewhat perilous enterprise, placing a sum of £600 at his disposal, and he was completely successful. The vigour and sagacity of his mind still remained, but Fielding was paying, by a premature old age and decrepitude, for the follies and excesses of his youth. A complication of disorders weighed down his latter days, the most formidable of which was dropsy. As a last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and departed for Lisbon in the spring of 1754. Nothing can be more touching than the description he has given in his posthumous work, *A Voyage to Lisbon*, of this parting scene:

'Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

'In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

'At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

The great novelist reached Lisbon, and resided in that genial climate for about two months. His health, however, gradually declined, and he died on the 8th of October 1754. It is pleasing to record that his family, about which he evinced so much tender solicitude in his last days, were sheltered from want by his brother and a private friend, Ralph Allen, Esq. whose character for worth and benevolence he had drawn in Allworthy, in *Tom Jones*.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

POPE.

The English factory at Lisbon erected a monument over his remains. A new tomb was erected to him in 1830.

The irregularities of Fielding's life—however dearly he may have paid for fame—contributed to his riches as an author. He had surveyed human nature in various aspects, and experienced its storms and sunshine. His kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, assigns to him an enviable vivacity of temperament, though it is at the expense of his morality. 'His happy constitution,' she says, 'even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget every evil when he was before a venison-pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Fielding's experience as a Middlesex justice was unfavourable to his personal respectability; but it must also have brought him into contact with scenes and characters well fitted for his graphic delineations. On the other hand, his birth and education as a gentleman, and his brief trial of the life of a rural squire, immersed in sports and pleasure, furnished materials for a Squire Western, an Allworthy, and other country characters, down to black George the gamekeeper; while, as a man of wit and fashion on the town, and a gay dramatist, he must have known various prototypes of Lord Fellamar and his other city portraits. The profligacy of Lady Bellaston, and the meanness of Tom Jones in accepting support from such a source, are, we hope, circumstances which have rarely occurred even in the fashionable life of that period. The tone of morality is never very high in Fielding, but the case we have cited is his lowest descent.

Though written amidst discouraging circumstances and irksome duties, *Tom Jones* bears no marks of haste. The author committed some errors as to time and place, but his fable is constructed with historical exactness and precision, and is a finished model of the comic romance. Byron has styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.' 'Since the days of Homer,' says Dr Beattie, 'the world has not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing on, even while they seem to retard the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in such a variety of fiction there should be so great a probability, and that so complex a tale should be so perspicuously conducted, and with perfect unity of design.' The only digression from the main story which is felt to be tedious is the episode of the Man of the Hill. In *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* we are reconciled to such interpolations by the air of romance which pervades the whole, and which seems indigenous to the soil of Spain. In Cervantes, too, these digressions are sometimes highly poetical and striking tales. But in the plain life-like scenes of *Tom Jones*—English life in the eighteenth century, in the county of Somerset—such a tedious 'hermit of the vale' is felt to be an unnatural incumbrance. Fielding had little of the poetical or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and everyday scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigour, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivalled. Others have had bolder invention, a higher cast of thought, more poetical imagery, and profounder passion (for Fielding has little pathos or sentiment); but in the perfect nature of his characters, especially in low life, and in the perfect skill with which he combined and wrought up his comic powers, seasoning the whole with wit and wisdom, the ripened fruit of genius and wide experience, this great English author is still unapproached.

A passage from Fielding or Smollett can convey no more idea of the work from which it is taken, or the manner of the author, than a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We are tempted, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a play-house, when he witnessed the representation of *Hamlet*. The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half-barber and half-schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

Partridge at the Theatre.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said: 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs Miller: 'Look, look,

madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted: 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones: 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered: 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile: 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried: 'Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said: 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet: 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be

deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out: 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her: 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered: 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out: 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question: 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after, sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out: 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

Philosophy and Christianity.

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more ordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many thought to be the subject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to the world.

To this I added another study, compared to which all the philosophy taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy Scriptures: for those impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost; for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only, yet, when compared with the glory revealed in Scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

I had spent about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.

[Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polished and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.]

A sister of the eminent novelist, SARAH FIELDING (1714-1768), was also distinguished in literature. She was the author of the novel of

David Simple, a work not unworthy the sister of Henry Fielding; also another tale, *The Cry*; and she translated from the Greek the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. Some other works of less importance proceeded from the pen of this accomplished woman.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Six years after the publication of *Joseph Andrews*, and before *Tom Jones* had been produced, a third novelist had taken the field, different in many respects from either Richardson or Fielding, but, like them, devoted to that class of fictitious composition founded on truth and nature. We have previously noticed the circumstances of Smollett's life. A young unfriended Scotsman, he went to London eager for distinction as a dramatic writer. In this his failure was more signal than the want of success which had attended Fielding's theatrical productions. Smollett, however, was of a dauntless intrepid spirit, and when he again resumed his pen, his efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. He had adopted Le Sage as his model, but his characters, his scenes, his opinions, and prejudices were all decidedly British. The novels of Smollett were produced in the following order: 1748, *Roderick Random*; 1751, *Peregrine Pickle*; 1754, *Ferdinand Count Fathom*; 1762, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*; 1771, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. From the date of his first to that of his latest production, Smollett had improved in taste and judgment; but his powers of invention, his native humour, and his knowledge of life and character, are as conspicuous in *Roderick Random* as in any of his works. His *Tom Bowling* is his most perfect sea-character, though in *Peregrine Pickle* he has preserved the same general features, with additional colouring, and a greater variety of ludicrous incidents. The adventures of *Roderick* are such as might naturally have occurred to any young Scotsman of the day in quest of fortune. Scene follows scene with astonishing rapidity: at one time his hero basks in prosperity, in another he is plunged in utter destitution. He is led into different countries, whose national peculiarities are described, and into society of various descriptions, with wits, sharpers, courtiers, courtesans, and men of all grades. In this tour of the world and of human life, the reader is amazed at the careless profusion, the inexhaustible humour, of an author who pours out his materials with such prodigality and facility. The patient skill and taste of Fielding are nowhere found in Smollett; there is no elaboration of character; no careful preparation of incidents; no unity of design. *Roderick Random* is hurried on without any fixed or definite purpose; he is the child of impulse; and though there is a dash of generosity and good-humour in his character, he is equally conspicuous for reckless libertinism and mischief—more prone to selfishness and revenge than to friendship or gratitude. There is an inherent and radical meanness in his conduct toward his humble friend Strap, with whom he begins life, and to whom he is so much indebted both in purse and person. *Tom Jones* is always kind and liberal to his attendant Partridge, but Strap is bullied and fleeced by *Roderick Random*; disowned or despised as suits the interest or passion of the moment; and at

last, contrary to all notions of Scotch spirit and morality, his faithful services and unswerving attachment are rewarded by his receiving and accepting the hand of a prostitute, and an eleemosynary provision less than the sacrifices he had made, or what a careful Scot might attain to by honest independent exertion. The imperfect moral sense thus manifested by Smollett is also evinced by the coarse and licentious passages which disfigure the novel. Making all allowance for the manners of the times, this grossness is indefensible; and we must regret that our author had not a higher and more chivalrous estimate of the female character. In this he was inferior to Richardson, who studied and revered the purity of the female heart, and to Fielding, whose tastes and early position in society preserved him from some of the grosser faults of his rival novelist. The charm of *Roderick Random*, then, consists not in plot or well-sustained characters—admirable as is the sketch of Tom Bowling—but in its broad humour and comic incidents, which, even when most farcical, seldom appear improbable, and are never tiresome.

Peregrine Pickle is formed of the same materials, cast in a larger mould. The hero is equally unscrupulous with *Roderick Random*—perhaps more deliberately profligate—as in the attempted seduction of Amanda, and in his treatment of Emilia—but the comic powers of the author are more widely and variously displayed. They seem like clouds

For ever flushing round a summer sky.

All is change, brilliancy, heaped-up plenty, and unlimited power—the rich coin and mintage of genius. The want of decent drapery is unfortunately too apparent. Smollett never had much regard for the proprieties of life—those ‘minor morals,’ as Goldsmith has happily termed them—but where shall we find a more attractive gallery of portraits, or a series of more laughable incidents? Prominent in the group is the one-eyed naval veteran, Commodore Truncheon, a humorist in Smollett’s happiest manner. His keeping garrison in his house as on board ship, making his servants sleep in hammocks and turn out to watch, is a characteristic though overcharged trait of the old naval commander. The circumstances of his marriage, when he proceeded to church on a hunter, which he *steered* according to the compass, instead of keeping the road, and his detention while he tacked about rather than go ‘right in the wind’s eye,’ are equally ludicrous. Lieutenant Hatchway, and Pipes the boatswain, are foils to the eccentric commodore; but the taciturnity of Pipes, and his ingenuity in the affair of the love-letter, are good distinctive features of his own. The humours of the poet, painter, and physician, when *Pickle* pursues his mischievous frolics and gallantries in France, are also admirable specimens of laughable caricature. In London the adventures are not so amusing. *Peregrine* richly merited his confinement in the Fleet by his brutal conduct; while Cadwallader, the misanthrope, is more tedious than Fielding’s Man of the Hill. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*—though a true tale, for inserting which Smollett was bribed by a sum of money—are disgraceful without being interesting. On the whole, the vices and virtues of Smollett’s style are equally

seen in *Peregrine Pickle*, and seen in full perspective.

Ferdinand Count Fathom is more of a romance with little of national character or manners. The portraiture of a complete villain, proceeding step by step to rob his benefactors and pillage mankind, cannot be considered instructive or entertaining. The first atrocities of Ferdinand, and his intrigue with his female associate Teresa, are coarse and disgusting. When he extends his operations, and flies at higher game, the chase becomes more animated. His adventures at gambling-tables and hotels, and his exploits as a physician, afford scope for the author’s satirical genius. But the most powerful passages in the novel are those which recount Ferdinand’s seduction of Celinda, the story of Monimia, and the description of the tempest in the forest, from which he took shelter in a robber’s hut. In this lonely dwelling, the gang being absent, Fathom was relieved by a withered beldame, who conveyed him to a rude apartment to sleep in. Here he found the dead body of a man still warm, who had been lately stabbed and concealed beneath some straw, and the account of his sensations during the night, the horrid device by which he saved his life (lifting up the dead body, and putting it in his own place in the bed), and his escape, guided by the old hag, whom he compelled to accompany him through the forest, are related with the intensity and power of a tragic poet. There is a vein of poetical imagination, also, in the means by which Fathom accomplishes the ruin of Celinda, working on her superstitious fears and timidity by placing an Æolian harp, then almost an unknown instrument, in the casement of a window adjoining her bedroom. ‘The strings,’ says Smollett, with poetical inflation, ‘no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody, more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the concert of the wood.’ The remorse of Celinda is depicted with equal tenderness. ‘The seeds of virtue,’ remarks the novelist, ‘are seldom destroyed at once. Even amidst the rank productions of vice, they re-germinate to a sort of imperfect vegetation, like some scattered hyacinths shooting up among the weeds of a ruined garden, that testify the former culture and amenity of the soil.’ In descriptions of this kind, Smollett evinces a grace and pathos which Fielding did not possess. We trace the mind of the poet in such conceptions, and in the language in which they are expressed. Few readers of *Peregrine Pickle* can forget the allusion, so beautiful and pathetic, to the Scottish Jacobites at Boulogne, ‘exiled from their native homes in consequence of their adherence to an unfortunate and ruined cause,’ who went daily to the sea-side in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they could never more approach.

Sir Launcelot Greaves is a sort of travesty of *Don Quixote*, in which the absurdity of the idea is relieved by the humour of some of the characters and conversations. Butler’s Presbyterian knight going ‘a-colonelling,’ as a redresser of wrongs in merry England, is ridiculous enough; but the chivalry of Sir Launcelot and his attendant, Captain Crowe, outrages all sense and probability. Seeing that his strength lay in humorous exaggeration, Smollett sought for scenes of broad

mirth. He fails as often as he succeeds in this work, and an author of such strong original powers should have been above playing Pantaloon even to Cervantes.

Humphry Clinker is the most easy, natural, and delightful of all the novels of Smollett. His love of boyish mischief, tricks, and frolics was not wholly burnt out, for we have several such undignified pranks in this work; but the narrative is replete with grave, caustic, and humorous observation, and possesses throughout a tone of manly feeling and benevolence, and fine discrimination of character. Matthew Bramble is Smollett himself grown old, somewhat cynical by experience of the world, but vastly improved in taste. He may have caught the idea, as he took some of the incidents of the family tour, from Anstey's *New Bath Guide*; but the staple of the work is emphatically his own. In the light sketching of scenery, the quick succession of incidents, the romance of Lismahago's adventures among the American Indians, and the humour of the serving-men and maids, he seems to come into closer competition with *Le Sage* or *Cervantes* than in any of his other works. The conversion of Humphry may have been suggested by Anstey, but the bad spelling of *Tabitha* and *Mrs Winifred Jenkins* is an original device of Smollett, which aids in the subordinate effects of the domestic drama. Lismahago's love of disputation, his jealous sense of honour, and his national pride—characteristics of a poor Scottish officer, whose wealth and dignity lay in his sword—seem also purely original and are highly diverting. The old lieutenant, as Matthew Bramble says, is like a crab-apple in a hedge, which we are tempted to eat for its flavour, even while repelled by its austerity. The descriptions of rural scenery, society, and manners in England and Scotland, given under different aspects by the different letter-writers, are clear and sparkling—full of fancy and sound sense.

The Death of Commodore Trunnion.

About four o'clock in the morning our hero [*Peregrine Pickle*] arrived at the garrison [*Commodore Trunnion's* house was fitted up as a fortress, with ditch, drawbridge, and courtyard with artillery], where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by *Julia* on one side and *Lieutenant Hatchway* on the other, whilst *Mr Jolter* administered spiritual consolation, and between whiles comforted *Mrs Trunnion*, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum: the physician having just taken the last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic.

Though the *Commodore's* speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and when *Peregrine* approached, stretched out his hand, with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved; so that the *Commodore* perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words: 'Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way because you see me ready to go down at these years. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port, in a most blessed riding; for my good friend *Jolter* hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude

my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven. Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me choke full of physic; but when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? These fellows come alongside dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon. This cursed hiccup makes such a ripple in the current of my speech that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my windpipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age: she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me. *Jack Hatchway*, you know the trim of her as well as e'er a man in England, and I believe she has a kindness for you, whereby if you two grapple in the way of matrimony when I am gone, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of *Pipes*, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of the crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers. . . . Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired, till I am safe underground. I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Retummy*. Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone. As for the motto or what you call it, I leave that to you and *Mr Jolter*, who are scholars, but I do desire that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue. And now, I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather wheresoever you are bound.' . . .

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope that for all the heavy cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour. At last his voice sunk so low as not to be distinguished; and having lain about an hour almost without any perceptible sign of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan.

Epiitaph on Commodore Trunnion, composed by Lieutenant Hatchway.

Here lies, foundered in a fathom and a half, the shell of *Hawser Trunnion*, formerly commander of a squadron in his Majesty's service, who broached to at 5 P.M. Oct. x. in the year of his age threescore and nineteen. He kept his guns always loaded, and his tackle ready manned, and never showed his poop to the enemy, except when he took her in tow; but his shot being expended, his match burnt out, and his upper works decayed, he was sunk by *Death's* superior weight of metal. Nevertheless

he will be weighed again at the Great Day, his rigging refitted, and his timbers repaired, and, with one broadside, make his adversary strike in his turn.

Feast in the Manner of the Ancients.

From *Peregrine Pickle*.

Our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment, which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treat might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections, which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr Pallet, who did the honours of the house while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art, &c. . . . A servant, coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of feature; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact triclinia of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but, in reality, with a view of profiting by the example of each other, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. . . . Every

one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and, with an air of infinite satisfaction, thus began: 'This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon; I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacchia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of boiled veal with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hashis of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?' The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis, being asked by the painter which of the silly-kickabys he chose, was, in consequence of his desire, accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause; his throat swelled as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed, with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and, for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust as to enable him to answer: 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of the mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maître, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended that he was compelled to start up of a sudden, and in the hurry of his elevation overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions

would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour, so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair at his desire being brought to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German had got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in high Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacchia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement, pronounced: 'A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies: Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate with such encomiums to the company that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying, that he would not give one slice of the roast-beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hashis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politetes* or magnificent. 'That which smokes in the middle,' said he, 'is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed or rather purged with milk. At that end, next Mr Pallet, are fritters of pompions, lovage, organum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius.'

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr Pallet tucked the tablecloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder: 'Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!' That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to

disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away with an exclamation of 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape he was sauced with a syrup of the dormice pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck: and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and asafetida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the scombri, which were a sort of tunny-fish, and sometimes of the silurus, or shad-fish; nay, he observed, that there was a third kind called garum hæmation, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the thynnus.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet by presenting again the dishes which had been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the alieus or fish-meals of the ancients; such as the jus diabaton, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion; the cornuta or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasidenus,

Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes, &c.;

and told them, that they were commonly eaten with the *thus Syriacum*, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable in point of expense to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water; but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the hypotrimma of Hesychnius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied asafetida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Amelbergius and Lister, was no other than the laser Syriacum, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their

company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child, but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor in consequence of our hero's intercession; so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Next in order of time and genius to Fielding and Smollett, and not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character, or in witty illustration, was the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was a great humorist, a master of pathos, and a singularly original novelist, though at the same time a daring plagiarist. My Uncle Toby, Mr Shandy, Corporal Trim, and Dr Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Rabelais and Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read by the great mass of readers of fiction; except perhaps in passages of pure sentiment or description. His broad humour is not relished, his oddities have lost the gloss of novelty, his indecencies startle the prudish and correct. The readers of this busy age will not hunt for his beauties amidst the blank and marbled leaves, the pages of no meaning, the quaint erudition stolen from old folios, the abrupt transitions and discursive flights in which his Shakspearian touches of character and his gems of fancy, wisdom, and feeling lie imbedded. His polished diction has even an air of false glitter, yet it is the weapon of a master—of one who can stir the heart to tears as well as laughter. The want of simplicity and decency is his great fault. His whim and caprice, which he partly imitated from Rabelais, and partly assumed for effect, come in sometimes with intrusive awkwardness to mar the touches of true genius, and the kindlings of enthusiasm. He took as much pains to spoil his own natural powers by affectation, as Lady Mary says Fielding did to destroy his fine constitution.

The life of LAURENCE STERNE was as little in keeping as his writings. A clergyman, he was profane and licentious; a sentimentalist, who had with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was selfish and reckless in his conduct. Had he kept to his living in the country, he would have been a better and wiser man. 'He degenerated in London,' says his friend David Garrick, 'like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind.' Laurence Sterne was the great grandson of Dr Richard Sterne, archbishop of York. His father—one of a numerous family—entered the army as an ensign in the 34th Regiment, with

which he served in Flanders, and was present at the sieges of Lisle and Douay. The mother of the novelist was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good family. 'Her father-in-law,' says Sterne, 'was a noted sutler in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (*N.B.*—He was in debt to him).' The family thus characteristically mentioned was from Clonmel in Ireland, and to Clonmel, at the close of the war, Ensign Sterne and his wife repaired after leaving Dunkirk. In the barracks at Clonmel Laurence was born, November 24, 1713. His father was again called to active service, and Laurence was familiar with soldiers and a soldier's life until he had reached his tenth year. He had a generous cousin, Squire Sterne of Elvingston, and this gentleman placed the boy at school at Halifax, and afterwards at Jesus College, Cambridge. Having entered into holy orders, Laurence obtained by the interest of another relative, his uncle Dr Jaques Sterne, the vicarage of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and shortly afterwards a prebendal stall in York Cathedral. Sterne then married a Yorkshire lady, and received from a friend of his wife's the living of Stillington, close to Sutton. For about twenty years the fortunate churchman continued happy in the country, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting. He has been accused of neglecting his poor widowed mother, who had set up a school in Ireland, and run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter. She would have rotted in a jail, Horace Walpole says, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her; and Walpole adds: 'Her own son had too much sentiment to have any feeling: a dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.' The latest biographer of Sterne argues that, because others took part in the benevolent work of relieving the widow, it must not be assumed that her son was wanting. One would have been glad, however, to find some proof of active sympathy on the part of the gay clerical son; but his best apology, perhaps, is that he was generally in debt himself, and had not resolution to shake off extravagant tastes and habits. In 1759, the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published in York, and their author instantly became famous. He visited London, and 'the odd Yorkshire parson was received as a sort of Tristram in the flesh. With those who had no chance of coming in contact with him, the book received additional piquancy from the knowledge that the strange author was among them—fluttering here and there, fêted, courted, and caressed.* Lord Falconbridge conferred on him the curacy of Coxwold (about twenty miles from Sutton); the imperious Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, presented him with a purse of gold; Reynolds painted his portrait; Dodsley offered him £650 for a second edition, and two more volumes of *Tristram*; in society he boasted of being engaged fourteen dinners deep! Two more volumes of the novel were ready in 1761, and other two in 1762. These contained the story of *Le Fevre*, which was copied into almost every journal in the kingdom. Sterne now set off on a tour to France, which enriched the subsequent volumes of *Tristram* with his exquisite sketches of peasants

* *The Life of Sterne*, by Percy Fitzgerald (London, 1864).

and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Moulines—not forgetting the poor ass with his heavy panniers at Lyon. In 1765, appeared vols. vii. and viii. and in 1767, vol. ix. Previous to the conclusion of the novel, Sterne published six small volumes of *Sermons*—two in 1760, and four in 1766. In 1768 appeared his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, which he intended to continue in two more volumes. The work was published on the 27th of February 1768. Sterne had gone from Cox-would to London to superintend the publication. He was in wretched health, and about three weeks afterwards (March 18) he died in his lodgings in Bond Street. There was nobody but a hired nurse in attendance. He had wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he might want could be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed but punctual attention. His wish was realised almost to the letter. A party of noblemen and gentlemen were dining at Clifford Street in the neighbourhood, and they sent a footman to inquire after the invalid. The mistress told the man to go up to the nurse. ‘I went into the room,’ he says, ‘and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, “Now is it come!” He put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.*’ The body was interred in a new burying-ground attached to St George’s, Hanover Square; but was taken up two nights afterwards by a party of resurrectionists, and sent to the Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge. A gentleman present at the dissection told Malone that he recognised Sterne’s face the moment he saw the body. Although Sterne had made large sums of money by his works (his *Sermons* and *Sentimental Journey* were published by subscription, besides which he had the copyright), he left £1100 of debt. His effects sold for £400, and a collection of £800 was made for his widow and daughter in York during the race-week. The widow had a small estate worth £40 per annum. His daughter Lydia (to whom he was tenderly attached) in 1775 published her father’s correspondence, which she ought never to have permitted to see the light, as it is discreditable to his name and memory.

In Yorkshire, before he had attained celebrity, Sterne spent much of his time at Skelton Hall, the residence of JOHN HALL STEVENSON (1718–1785), a writer of satirical and humorous poetry, possessed of lively talents, but over-convivial in his habits, and licentious in his writings and conversation. Stevenson wrote *Crazy Tales, Fables for Grown Gentlemen, Lyric Epistles*, &c.; but his chief claim to remembrance is that he was the original of Sterne’s Eugenius in *Tristram Shandy*, and the chosen friend and associate of the witty novelist. In the library at Skelton Hall there was a collection of old French authors, from whom Sterne derived part of the quaint lore that figures in his works. His chief plagiarisms, however, were derived from Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which he plundered with an audacity almost without a parallel. Even when condemning such literary dishonesty, Sterne was eminently dishonest. Burton has the following figurative passage: ‘As apothecaries, we make new mixtures,

every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men’s wits, pick the choice flowers of their tiller gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again.’ Sterne follows: ‘Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?’ Scores of such thefts might be cited from Burton, Bishop Hall, Donne, &c. Luckily for Sterne, his plagiarisms were not detected until after his death.* He died in the blaze of his fame, as an original eccentric author—the wittiest and most popular of boon-companions and novelists. His influence on the literature of his age was also considerable.

No one reads Sterne for the story: his great work is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung together without any attempt at order. The reader must ‘give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hand—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.’ Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvas with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne, of seizing on and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality; in the Corporal, the obstetric Dr Slop; Yorick, the lively and careless parson; the Widow Wadman, and Susannah. During the intervals of the publication of *Tristram*, Sterne ventured before the public, as we have stated, with some volumes of *Sermons*, his own comic figure, from the painting by Reynolds, at the head of them. The *Sermons*, according to the opinion of Gray the poet, shew a strong imagination and a sensible heart; ‘but,’ he adds, ‘you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.’ The affected pauses and abrupt transitions which disfigure *Tristram* are not banished from the *Sermons*, but there is, of course, more connection and coherency in the subject. The *Sentimental Journey* is also more regular than *Tristram* in its plan and details; but, beautiful as some of its descriptions are, we want the oddities of Shandy, and the ever-pleasing good-nature and simplicity of Uncle Toby. Sterne himself is the only character. The pathetic passages are rather overstrained, but still finely conceived, and often expressed in his most felicitous manner. That ‘gentle spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes, turning the twilight of his prison into noonday brightness,’ was seldom absent long from the invocations of his English imitator, even when he

* The detection was first made by a Manchester physician, DR JOHN FERRIAR (1764–1815, who, in 1798, published his *Illustrations of Sterne*. Dr Ferriar was also the author of an *Essay on Apparitions*, and some medical treatises.

* *The Life of a Footman, or the Travels of James Macdonald*, 1790.

mounted his wildest hobby, and dabbled in the mire of sensuality.

Of the sentimental style of Sterne—his humour is either too subtle or too broad to be compressed within our limits—a few specimens are added.

The Story of Le Fevre.—From 'Tristram Shandy.'

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army,' said the landlord, 'who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. "I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me." If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,' added the landlord, 'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend,' continued he; 'we are all of us concerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,' cried my uncle Toby; 'and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.'

'Though I am persuaded,' said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host.' 'And of his whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.' 'Step after him,' said my uncle Toby; 'do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.'

'I have quite forgot it, truly,' said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can ask his son again.' 'Has he a son with him, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.'

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

'Stay in the room a little,' said my uncle Toby.

'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. 'Corporal!' said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.' 'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.' 'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?' 'Leave it, an't please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal. 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.' 'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.' 'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. 'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.' 'Is he in the army, then?' said my uncle Toby. 'He is,' said the corporal. 'And in what regiment?' said my uncle Toby. 'I'll tell your honour,' replied the corporal, 'everything straightforward as I learned it.' 'Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe,' said my uncle Toby, 'and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked—("That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby)—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. "If I get better, my dear," said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, "we can hire horses from hence." "But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence," said the landlady to me; "for I heard the death-watch all night long: and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, 'when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. "But I will do it for my father myself," said the youth. "Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman," said I, taking

up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. "I believe, sir," said he, very modestly, "I can please him best myself." "I am sure," said I, "his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier." The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. "Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar—" ("And thou mightst have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby)—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. "I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened the kitchen door, "your father will be well again." Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the corporal. "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. "I believe," said the landlord, "he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion."

"I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night," said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" replied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." 'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "But when a soldier," said I, "an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe," said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army—" "I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy." "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will shew it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our

duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. "Let it remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. "If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, "you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me." If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honour was. "Then," said he, "I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not," said he, a second time, musing. "Possibly he may my story," added he. "Pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent." "I remember the story, an' please your honour," said I, "very well." "Do you so?" said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; "then well may I." In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. "Here, Billy," said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—"I wish, Trim, I was asleep." "Your honour," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon." 'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good night.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honour knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's; and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three

weeks,' added my uncle Toby smiling, 'he might march.' 'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal. 'He will march,' said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. 'An' please your honour,' said the corporal, 'he will never march, but to his grave.' 'He shall march,' cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he shall march to his regiment.' 'He cannot stand it,' said the corporal. 'He shall be supported,' said my uncle Toby. 'He'll drop at last,' said the corporal; 'and what will become of his boy?' 'He shall not drop,' said my uncle Toby firmly. 'A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point, 'the poor soul will die.' 'He shall not die, by G—,' cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which led you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on? No.

The Starling—Captivity.

From the *Sentimental Journey*.

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine lives a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, aliveth a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the

end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion—I forget what—to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil, said I vauntingly, for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true,' said I, correcting the proposition, 'the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.' I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out.' I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage; 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity: 'I can't get out,' said the starling. 'God help thee!' said I, 'but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;' so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. 'I fear, poor creature,' said I, 'I cannot set thee at liberty.' 'No,' said the starling, 'I can't get out; I can't get out,' said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery,' said I, 'still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess,' addressing myself to Liberty, 'whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!' cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, 'grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for thee.'

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the

twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

A French Peasant's Supper.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back-apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their

constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

In 1760, the *Adventures of a Guinea*, by Charles Johnstone, amused the town by its sketches of contemporary satire. A second edition was published the same year, and a third in 1761, when the author considerably augmented the work. Johnstone published other novels, which are now utterly forgotten. He went to India in 1782, and was a proprietor of one of the Bengal newspapers. He died in 1800. As Dr Johnson—to whom the manuscript was shewn by the bookseller—advised the publication of the *Adventures of a Guinea*, and as it experienced considerable success, the novel may be presumed to have possessed superior merit. It exhibits a variety of incidents, related in the style of Le Sage and Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged, and the author, like Juvenal, was too fond of lashing and exaggerating the vices of his age.

HORACE WALPOLE.

In 1764, HORACE WALPOLE revived the Gothic romance in his interesting little story, the *Castle of Otranto*, which he at first published anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in the black-letter in 1529. 'I wished it to be believed ancient,' he said, 'and almost everybody was imposed upon.' The tale was so well received by the public, that a second edition was soon called for, to which the author prefixed his name. Though designed to blend the two kinds of romance—the ancient, in which all was imagination and improbability, and the modern, in which nature is copied, the peculiar taste of Walpole, who loved to 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass,' and the nature of his subject, led him to give the preponderance to the antique. The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; a helmet, that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through: a picture that walks out of its frame, or a skeleton's ghost in a hermit's cowl. Where Walpole has improved on the incredible and mysterious, is in his dialogues and style, which are pure and dramatic in effect, and in the more delicate and picturesque tone which he has given to chivalrous manners. Walpole was the third son of the Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole; was born in 1717, became fourth Earl of Orford 1791, and died in 1797; having not only outlived most of his illustrious contemporaries, but recorded their weaknesses and failings, their private history and peculiarities, in his unrivalled correspondence.

CLARA REEVE.

An early admiration of Horace Walpole's romance, the *Castle of Otranto*, induced MISS CLARA REEVE (1725-1803) to imitate it in a Gothic story, entitled the *Old English Baron*,

which was published in 1777. In some respects, the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, so as to produce mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of that of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, but they have failed to keep possession of public favour, and the fame of the author rests on her *Old English Baron*, which is now generally printed along with the *Castle of Otranto*.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the spring of 1766 came out a tale of about equal dimensions with Walpole's Gothic story, but as different in its nature as an English cottage or villa, with its honeysuckle hedge, wall-roses, neat garden, and general air of beauty and comfort, is from a gloomy feudal tower, with its dark walls, moat, and drawbridge. We allude to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The first edition was published on the 27th of March, a second was called for in June, and a third in August of the same year. What reader could be insensible to the charms of a work so full of kindness, benevolence, taste, and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated. Among the incidental remarks in the volume, for example, are some on the state of the criminal law of England, which shew how completely Goldsmith had anticipated and directed—in better language than any senator has since employed on the subject—all that parliament has effected in the reformation of our criminal code. These short, philosophical, and critical dissertations always arise naturally out of the progress of the tale. The character of the vicar gives the chief interest to the family group, though the peculiarities of Mrs Primrose, as her boasted skill in housewifery, her motherly vanity and desire to appear genteel, are finely brought out, and reproduced in her daughters. The vicar's support of the Whistonian theory as to marriage, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, to illustrate which he had his wife's epitaph written and placed over the chimney-piece, is a touch of humour and individuality that has never been excelled. Another weakness of the worthy vicar was the literary vanity which, notwithstanding his real learning, led him to be imposed upon by Jenkinson in the affair of the cosmogony; but these drawbacks only serve to endear him more closely to his readers; and when distress falls upon the virtuous household, the noble fortitude and resignation of the principal sufferer, and the efficacy of his example, form one of the most affecting and even sublime moral pictures. The numberless little traits of character, pathetic and lively incidents, and sketches of manners—as the family of the Flamboroughs, the quiet pedantry and simplicity of Moses, with his bargain of the shagreen spectacles; the family picture, in which Mrs Primrose was painted as Venus, and the vicar, in gown and band, presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and which picture, when completed, was too large for the house, and like

Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, could not be removed—all mark the perfect art as well as nature of this domestic novel. That Goldsmith derived many of his incidents from actual occurrences, which he had witnessed, is generally admitted. The story of George Primrose, particularly his going to Amsterdam to teach the Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, seems an exact transcript of the author's early adventures and blundering simplicity. Though Goldsmith carefully corrected the language of his miniature romance in the different editions, he did not meddle with the incidents, so that some improbabilities remain. These, however, have no effect on the reader in diminishing for a moment the interest of the work. Goethe read a translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in his twenty-fifth year—just at the critical moment of mental development—and ever afterwards acknowledged his obligation to the wise and genial story.

HENRY BROOKE.

In the same year with the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the first two volumes of a domestic novel, ultimately extended to five volumes, the *Fool of Quality*, were published by a countryman of Goldsmith's, HENRY BROOKE (1706–1783), who was the author of several dramatic pieces, and of a poem on *Universal Beauty*, which anticipated the style of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*. The poetry and prose of Brooke have both fallen into obscurity, but his novel was popular in its day, and contains several pleasing and instructive sketches, chiefly designed for the young. Several social questions of importance are discussed by Brooke with great ability, and in an enlightened spirit. He was an extensive miscellaneous writer—a man of public spirit and benevolent character. In the early part of his career he had been the friend of Swift, Pope, Chesterfield, and other eminent contemporaries. His daughter, CHARLOTTE BROOKE, published in 1789 a volume of *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, and a collection of her father's works, four volumes, 1792.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

The most successful imitator of Sterne in sentiment, pathos, and style; his superior in taste and delicacy, but greatly inferior to him in originality, force, and humour, was HENRY MACKENZIE (1745–1831), long the ornament of the literary circles of Edinburgh. Mr Mackenzie was the son of Dr Joshua Mackenzie, a respectable physician. He was educated at the High School and university of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied the law in his native city. The legal department selected by Mackenzie was the business of the Exchequer Court, and to improve himself in this he went to London in 1765, and studied the English Exchequer practice. Returning to Edinburgh, he mixed in its literary circles, which then numbered the great names of Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, &c. In 1771 appeared his novel, the *Man of Feeling*, which was followed by the *Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigné*. He was the principal contributor to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, and he wrote some dramatic pieces, which were brought out at Edinburgh with but indifferent success. Mackenzie supported the government of Mr Pitt with some pamphlets written with great acuteness

and discrimination. In real life the novelist was shrewd and practical: he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. In 1804 the government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which entailed upon him considerable labour and drudgery, but was highly lucrative. In this situation, with a numerous family—Mr Mackenzie had married Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, of Grant—enjoying the society of his friends and his favourite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature—for, he said, ‘the old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots’—the Man of Feeling lived to the advanced age of eighty-six.

The first novel of Mackenzie is the best of his works, unless we except some of his short contributions to the *Mirror* and *Lounger* (as the tale of La Roche), which fully supported his fame. There is no regular story in the *Man of Feeling*; but the character of Harley, his purity of mind, and his bashfulness, caused by excessive delicacy, interest the reader, though it is very unlike real life. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier, Atkins, and his daughter, are partly formed on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, but evince a facility in moral and pathetic painting that was then only surpassed by Richardson. His humour is chaste and natural. The *Man of the World* has less of the discursive manner of Sterne, but the character of Sir Thomas Sindall—the Lovelace of the novel—seems forced and unnatural. His plots against the family of Annesly, and his attempted seduction of Lucy—shew a deliberate villainy and disregard of public opinion, which, considering his rank and position in the world, appears improbable. His death-bed sensibility and penitence are undoubtedly out of keeping with the rest of his character. The adventures of young Annesly among the Indians are interesting and romantic, and are described with much spirit; his narrative, indeed, is one of the freest and boldest of Mackenzie’s sketches. *Julia de Roubigné* is still more melancholy than the *Man of the World*. It has no gorgeous descriptions or imaginative splendour to relieve the misery and desolation which overtake a group of innocent beings, whom for their virtues the reader would wish to see happy. It is worthy of remark that in this novel Mackenzie was one of the first to denounce the system of slave-labour in the West Indies.

Negro Servitude.

I have often been tempted to doubt whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness—often owing to despondency of mind—to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master. I am only talking as a merchant; but as a man—good Heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my

fellow-creatures groaning under servitude and misery!—great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture? No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lightedst up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe! Here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity and debases the species—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

Harley sets out on his Journey—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady’s affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down-stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her cradle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley’s father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said: ‘I will not weep.’ He sprang hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. ‘My dear master,’ said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, ‘I have been told as how London is a sad place.’ He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram’s horn; his knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

‘Our delicacies,’ said Harley to himself, ‘are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.’ The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both

unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, 'that if he wanted his fortune told'— Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. 'I would much rather learn,' said Harley, 'what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.'

'Master,' replied the beggar, 'I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?' 'True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; and amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion—I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people

are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.'

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket: but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur—a trick he had been taught—snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

The Death of Harley.

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it. . . .

'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is anything of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests, but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor do I think that I can ever

be better prepared for it than now; it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.'

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground: 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments: 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you, if my wishes can put any value on it. I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone for ever! . . .

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at least a memorial for those who survive. For some, indeed, a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue; but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

HISTORIANS.

A spirit of philosophical inquiry and reflection, united to the graces of literary composition, can hardly be said to have been presented by any English historian before the appearance of that illustrious triumvirate—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The early annalists of Britain recorded mere fables and superstitions, with a slight admixture of truth. The classic pen of Buchanan was

guided by party rancour, undignified by research. Even Milton, when he set himself to compose a history of his native country, included the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The history of the Long Parliament by May is a valuable fragment, and the works of Clarendon and Burnet are interesting though prejudiced pictures of the times. A taste for our national annals soon began to call for more extensive compilations; and in 1706 a *Complete History of England* was published, containing a collection of various works previous to the time of Charles I. and a continuation by White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough. M. Rapin, a French Protestant (1661–1725), who had come over to England with the Prince of Orange, and resided here several years, seems to have been interested in our affairs; for, on retiring to the Hague, he there composed a voluminous history of England, in French, which was speedily translated, and enjoyed great popularity. The work of Rapin is still considered valuable, and it possesses a property which no English author has yet been able to confer on a similar narration, that of impartiality; but it wants literary attractions. A more laborious, exact, and original historian appeared in THOMAS CARTE (1686–1754), who meditated a complete domestic or civil history of England, for which he had made large collections, encouraged by public subscriptions. His work was projected in 1743, and four years afterwards the first volume appeared. Unfortunately, Carte made allusion to a case, which he said had *come under his own observation*, of a person who had been cured of the king's-evil by the Pretender, then in exile in France; and this Jacobite sally proved the ruin of his work. Subscribers withdrew their names, and the historian was 'left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections.' A second and third volume, however, were published by the indefatigable collector, and a fourth, which he left incomplete, was published after his death. Carte was author also of a *Life of the Duke of Ormond*, remarkable for the fulness of its information, but disfigured by his Jacobite predilections.

The *Roman History* by NATHANIEL HOOKE (circa 1690–1763) also belongs to this period. It commences with the building of Rome, and is continued to the downfall of the commonwealth. Hooke was patronised by Pope—to whom he dedicated his first volume—and he produced a useful work, which still maintains its place. The first volume of this history was published in 1733, but the publication was not completed till 1771. Hooke wrote an *Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough*, usually termed an 'Apology,' for which the duchess is said to have given him £5000.

DR CONYERS MIDDLETON.

In 1741, DR CONYERS MIDDLETON (1683–1750), an English clergyman, and librarian of the public library at Cambridge, produced his historical *Life of Cicero*, in two volumes. Reviewing the whole of the celebrated orator's public career, and the principal transactions of his times—mixing up questions of philosophy, government, and politics with the details of biography, Middleton compiled a highly interesting work, full of varied and important information, and written with great care and

taste. An admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of Cicero seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; and perhaps no author, prior to Johnson's great works, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. The graces of Addison were wanting, but certainly no historical writings of the day were at all comparable to Middleton's memoir. One or two sentences from his summary of Cicero's character (of which Middleton was almost an idolater) will exemplify the author's style :

Character of Cicero.

He (Cicero) made a just distinction between bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death—the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself—there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there we could see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest services to his country when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtue seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero; discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

LORD HERVEY.

So recently as 1848, appeared, edited from the original manuscript by Mr John Wilson Croker, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II. from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline*—from 1727 to 1737—by JOHN, LORD HERVEY. This work is a valuable addition to our history of the Georgian period. It abounds in minute details drawn from personal observation; the characters are well painted and discriminated, and the style is plain, vigorous, and concise. Lord Hervey is well known as the Sporus of Pope, the husband of the beautiful Mary Lepell, celebrated by the poets, and as a supple politician, though a good parliamentary debater. He was successively vice-chamberlain

and lord privy seal, and a great favourite with Queen Caroline, which enabled him to become so thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the court. All the vices, coarseness, and dullness of that court he has described at length, and in some respects a more humiliating or disgusting picture has never been thrown open to the public gaze. Besides his *Memoirs*, Lord Hervey wrote occasional verses, and joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in endeavouring vainly to repel the evenomed shafts of Pope. He was a man of talent and energy, though contending with wretched health, drinking asses' milk, and rouging his countenance to conceal his ghastly appearance—all which personal infirmities, Pope mercilessly turned against him; but of moral or religious principle, or public honour, Hervey appears to have been wholly destitute. A few weeks before his death, we find him writing thus characteristically to Lady Mary: 'The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital, the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes, to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse.' He died in 1743, aged forty-seven. Lady Hervey survived till 1768. A volume of her Letters was published in 1821, and does honour to her acuteness and literary acquirements.

Personal Traits of George II. and Queen Caroline.

Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy: consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning. . . . I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short, and said: 'Yes, I am very lucky, truly: pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.' . . . The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was contorting, and obedient whilst she

was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: ‘And who do they say governs now?’ Whether this is a true or a false story of the king, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. . . . She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for ever at first to dare to controvert it (*‘Consilii quamvis egregii quoad ipse non afferret inimicus’*—‘An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.’—*Tacitus*). She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to—unless it was to sleep: she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance, or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him—if such influence so gained can bear the name of government—by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent, then, in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

DAVID HUME.

Relying on the valuable collections of Carte; animated by a strong love of literary fame, which he avowed to be his ruling passion; desirous also of combating the popular prejudices in favour of

Elizabeth and against the Stuarts; and master of a style singularly fascinating, simple, and graceful, the celebrated DAVID HUME left his philosophical studies to embark in historical composition. This eminent person was a native of Scotland, born of a good family, being the second son of Joseph Home—the historian first spelt the name Hume—laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, in Berwickshire. David was born in Edinburgh on the 26th of April 1711. After attending the university of Edinburgh, his friends were anxious that he should commence his study of the law, but a love of literature rendered him averse to this profession. An attempt was then made to establish him in business, and he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol. This employment was found equally ungenial, and Hume removed to France, where he passed three years in literary study and retirement, living with the utmost frugality and care on the small allowance made him by his family. He returned in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the *Treatise on Human Nature*, which appeared in January 1739, and which he acknowledges ‘fell dead-born from the press.’ A third part appeared in 1740; and in 1742 he produced two volumes, entitled *Essays, Moral and Philosophical*. Some of these miscellaneous productions are remarkable for research and discrimination, and for elegance of style. In 1745, he undertook the charge of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman of deranged mind; and in this humiliating employment the philosopher continued about a twelvemonth. He next made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in his native university, after which he fortunately obtained the situation of secretary to Lieutenant-general St Clair, who was first appointed to the command of an expedition against Canada, and afterwards ambassador to the courts of Vienna and Turin. In the latter, Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society. While at Turin he cast anew, as he says, the first part of his *Treatise on Human Nature*, and it was published in London under the title of an *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*. In this work he promulgated the theory of association, which excited much admiration for its simplicity and beauty. In 1751 he produced his *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, which he considered as incomparably his best work; and in the following year, having removed to Edinburgh, he published there his *Political Discourses*, the only work of Hume’s which was at first successful. At this time, with a view to the promotion of his studies, he assumed gratuitously the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and struck into the path of historical writing. In 1754 appeared the first volume of his *History of Great Britain*, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was assailed by the Whigs with unusual bitterness, and Hume was so disappointed, partly from the attacks on him, and partly because of the slow sale of the work, that he intended retiring to France, changing his name, and never more returning to his native country. The breaking out of the war with France prevented this step, but we suspect the complacency of Hume and his love of Scotland would otherwise have frustrated his intention. A second volume of the history was published, with more success, in 1757; a third and fourth in 1759; and the last two in 1762. The work became highly popular; edition

followed edition; and by universal consent, Hume was placed at the head of English historians. In 1763 he accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction. In 1766 he returned to Scotland, but was induced next year to accept the situation of under-secretary of state, which he held for two years. With a revenue of £1000 a year—which he considered opulence—the historian retired to his native city, where he continued to reside, in habits of intimacy with his literary friends, till his death, on the 25th of August 1776. His easy good-humoured disposition, his literary fame, his extensive knowledge, and respectable rank in society, rendered his company always agreeable and interesting, even to those who were most decidedly opposed to the tone of scepticism which pervades all his writings. His opinions were never obtruded on his friends: he threw out dogmas for the learned, not food for the multitude.

The *History* of Hume is not a work of high authority, but it is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. He was constantly subjecting it to revision in point of style, but was content to take his authorities at second-hand. The striking parts of his subject are related with a picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathise heartily with any political party; too sceptical on matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I: and the Earl of Strafford, the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts, excited with him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits and exaggerate the faults of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. Yet Hume was not a slavish worshipper of power. In his personal character he was liberal and independent: 'he had early in life,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'conceived an antipathy to the Calvinistic divines, and his temperament led him at all times to regard with disgust and derision that religious enthusiasm or bigotry with which the spirit of English freedom was, in his opinion, inseparably associated.' A love of paradox undoubtedly led to his formation of the theory that the English government was purely despotic and absolute before the accession of the Stuarts. A love of effect, no less than his constitutional indolence, may have betrayed the historian into inconsistencies, and prompted some of his exaggeration and high colouring relative to the unfortunate Charles I. his trial and execution. Thus, in one page we are informed that 'the height of all

iniquity and fanatical extravagance yet remained—the public trial and execution of the sovereign.' Three pages further on, the historian remarks: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of humankind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' With similar inconsistency, he in one part admits, and in another denies, that Charles was insincere in dealing with his opponents. To illustrate his theory of the sudden elevation of Cromwell into importance, the historian states that about the meeting of parliament in 1640, the name of Oliver is not to be found oftener than twice upon any committee, whereas the journals of the House of Commons shew that, before the time specified, Cromwell was in forty-five committees, and twelve special messages to the Lords. Careless as to facts of this kind—hundreds of which errors have been pointed out—we must look at the general character of Hume's *History*; at its clear and admirable narrative; the philosophic composure and dignity of its style; the sagacity with which the views of conflicting sects and parties are estimated and developed; the large admissions which the author makes to his opponents; and the high importance he everywhere assigns to the cultivation of letters, and the interests of learning and literature. Judged by this elevated standard, the work of Hume must ever be regarded as an honour to British literature. It differs as widely from the previous annals and compilations as a finished portrait by Reynolds differs from the rude draughts of a country artist. The latter may be the more faithful external likeness, but is wanting in all that gives grace and sentiment, sweetness or loftiness, to the general composition.

Ample information as to the life and character and studies of Hume was given to the world in the *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, two volumes, 1846, by John Hill Burton, advocate, author of the *History of Scotland*.

The Middle Ages—Progress of Freedom.

Those who cast their eye on the general revolutions of society, will find that, as almost all improvements of the human mind had reached nearly to their state of perfection about the age of Augustus, there was a sensible decline from that point or period; and men thenceforth gradually relapsed into ignorance and barbarism. The unlimited extent of the Roman empire, and the consequent despotism of its monarchs, extinguished all emulation, debased the generous spirits of men, and depressed the noble flame by which all the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened. The military government which soon succeeded, rendered even the lives and properties of men insecure and precarious; and proved destructive to those vulgar and more necessary arts of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in the end, to the military art and genius itself, by which alone the immense fabric of the empire could be supported. The irruption of the barbarous nations which soon followed, overwhelmed all human knowledge, which was already far in its decline; and men sunk every age deeper into ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; till the light of ancient science and history had very nearly suffered a total extinction in all the European nations.

But there is a point of depression as well as of exaltation, from which human affairs naturally return in a

contrary direction, and beyond which they seldom pass, either in their advancement or decline. The period in which the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance, and consequently in disorders of every kind, may justly be fixed at the eleventh century, about the age of William the Conqueror; and from that era the sun of science, beginning to reascend, threw out many gleams of light, which preceded the full morning when letters were revived in the fifteenth century. The Danes and other northern people who had so long infested all the coasts, and even the inland parts of Europe, by their depredations, having now learned the arts of tillage and agriculture, found a certain subsistence at home, and were no longer tempted to desert their industry in order to seek a precarious livelihood by rapine and by the plunder of their neighbours. The feudal governments also, among the more southern nations, were reduced to a kind of system; and though that strange species of civil polity was ill fitted to insure either liberty or tranquillity, it was preferable to the universal license and disorder which had everywhere preceded it.

It may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems, among the Greeks and Romans, to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty; but this difference in the events proceeded from a great difference in the circumstances which attended those institutions. The ancient barons, obliged to maintain themselves continually in a military posture, and little emulous of eloquence or splendour, employed not their vassals as domestic servants, much less as manufacturers; but composed their retinue of freemen, whose military spirit rendered the chieftain formidable to his neighbours, and who were ready to attend him in every warlike enterprise. The villeins were entirely occupied in the cultivation of their master's land, and paid their rents either in corn and cattle, and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices, which they performed about the baron's family, and upon the farms which he retained in his own possession. In proportion as agriculture improved and money increased, it was found that these services, though extremely burdensome to the villein, were of little advantage to the master; and that the produce of a large estate could be much more conveniently disposed of by the peasants themselves who raised it, than by the landlord or his bailiff who were formerly accustomed to receive it. A commutation was therefore made of rents for services, and of money-rents for those in kind; and as men, in a subsequent age, discovered that farms were better cultivated where the farmer enjoyed a security in his possession, the practice of granting leases to the peasant began to prevail, which entirely broke the bonds of servitude, already much relaxed from the former practices. After this manner villenage went gradually into disuse throughout the more civilised parts of Europe: the interest of the master as well as that of the slave concurred in this alteration. The latest laws which we find in England for enforcing or regulating this species of servitude, were enacted in the reign of Henry VII. And though the ancient statutes on this head remain unrepealed by parliament, it appears that, before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villein and freeman was totally though insensibly abolished, and that no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied.

Thus *personal* freedom became almost general in Europe; an advantage which paved the way for the increase of *political* or *civil* liberty, and which, even where it was not attended with this salutary effect, served to give the members of the community some of the most considerable advantages of it.

State of Parties at the Reformation in England.

The friends of the Reformation asserted that nothing could be more absurd than to conceal, in an unknown tongue, the word of God itself, and thus to counteract

the will of Heaven, which, for the purpose of universal salvation, had published that salutary doctrine to all nations; that if this practice were not very absurd, the artifice at least was very gross, and proved a consciousness that the glosses and traditions of the clergy stood in direct opposition to the original text dictated by Supreme intelligence; that it was now necessary for the people, so long abused by interested pretensions, to see with their own eyes, and to examine whether the claims of the ecclesiastics were founded on that charter which was on all hands acknowledged to be derived from Heaven; and that, as a spirit of research and curiosity was happily revived, and men were now obliged to make a choice among the contending doctrines of different sects, the proper materials for decision, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, should be set before them; and the revealed will of God, which the change of language had somewhat obscured, be again by their means revealed to mankind.

The favourers of the ancient religion maintained, on the other hand, that the pretence of making the people see with their own eyes was a mere cheat, and was itself a very gross artifice, by which the new preachers hoped to obtain the guidance of them, and to seduce them from those pastors whom the laws of ancient establishments, whom Heaven itself, had appointed for their spiritual direction; that the people were, by their ignorance, their stupidity, their necessary avocations, totally unqualified to choose their own principles; and it was a mockery to set materials before them of which they could not possibly make any proper use; that even in the affairs of common life, and in their temporal concerns, which lay more within the compass of human reason, the laws had in a great measure deprived them of the right of private judgment, and had, happily for their own and the public interest, regulated their conduct and behaviour; that theological questions were placed far beyond the sphere of vulgar comprehension; and ecclesiastics themselves, though assisted by all the advantages of education, erudition, and an assiduous study of the science, could not be fully assured of a just decision, except by the promise made them in Scripture, that God would be ever present with his church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; that the gross errors adopted by the wisest heathens prove how unfit men were to grope their own way through this profound darkness; nor would the Scriptures, if trusted to every man's judgment, be able to remedy, on the contrary, they would much augment those fatal illusions; that Sacred Writ itself was involved in so much obscurity, gave rise to so many difficulties, contained so many appearing contradictions, that it was the most dangerous weapon that could be intrusted into the hands of the ignorant and giddy multitude; that the poetical style in which a great part of it was composed, at the same time that it occasioned uncertainty in the sense by its multiplied tropes and figures, was sufficient to kindle the zeal of fanaticism, and thereby throw civil society into the most furious combustion; that a thousand sects must arise, which would pretend, each of them, to derive its tenets from the Scriptures; and would be able, by specious arguments, to seduce silly women and ignorant mechanics into a belief of the most monstrous principles; and that if ever this disorder, dangerous to the magistrate himself, received a remedy, it must be from the tacit acquiescence of the people in some new authority; and it was evidently better, without further contest or inquiry, to adhere peaceably to ancient, and therefore the more secure, establishments.

Character of Queen Elizabeth.

The council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her [the queen's] will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself

more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe! There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalryship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendancy over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendancy over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the

different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

DR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

DR WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, county of Edinburgh, September 19, 1721. His father was a clergyman, minister of Borthwick, and afterwards of the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh: the son was also educated for the church. In 1743 he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed, in 1758, to be incumbent of Lady Yester's parish in Edinburgh. He had distinguished himself by his talents in the General Assembly; but it was not till 1759 that he became known as a historian. In that year he published his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI. till his Accession to the Crown of England*, for the copyright of which he received £600. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by all who were illustrious for their rank or talents. He was appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle; in two years afterwards, he was nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and he was successively made principal of the university of Edinburgh, and historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of £200 per annum. Stimulated by such success, as well as by a love of composition, Dr Robertson continued his studies, and in 1769 he produced his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* in three volumes, quarto, for which he received from the booksellers the princely sum of £4500. It was equally well received with his former work. In 1777 he published his *History of America*, and in 1791 his *Historical Disquisition on Ancient India*, a slight work, to which he had been led by Major Rennel's *Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*. For many years Dr Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, in which capacity he is said to have evinced in the General Assembly a readiness and eloquence in debate which his friend Gibbon might have envied in the House of Commons. After a gradual decay of his powers, this accomplished historian died on the 11th of June 1793, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The *History of Scotland* possesses the interest and something of the character of a memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots. This unfortunate princess forms the attraction of the work; and though Robertson is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labours—with more of the art of the writer to produce a romantic and interesting narrative, than with the zeal of the philosopher to establish truth—to

awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. The luminous historical views and retrospects in which this historian excels, were indicated in his introductory chapter on Scottish history, prior to the birth of Mary. Though a brief and rapid summary, this chapter is finely written, and is remarkable equally for elegance and perspicuity. The style of Robertson seems to have surprised his contemporaries; and Horace Walpole, in a letter to the author, expresses the feeling with his usual point and vivacity, 'Before I read your *History*, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirises nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman by directing his studies by my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great a one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh—could I then suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies?' This is delicate though somewhat overstrained flattery. Two of the quarto volumes of Hume's *History* had then been published, and his inimitable essays were also before the world, shewing that in mere style a Scotchman could carry off the palm for ease and elegance. Robertson is more uniform and measured than Hume. He has few salient points, and no careless beauties. His style is a full and equable stream, that rolls everywhere the same, without lapsing into irregularity, or overflowing its prescribed course. It wants spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency; and when the subject awakens a train of lofty or philosophical ideas, the manner of the historian is in fine accordance with his matter. When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognise the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or of the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpses of the new world broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry. The whole of the *History of America* is indeed full of the strongest interest. The discovery of so vast a portion of the globe, the luxuriance of its soil, the primitive manners of its natives, the pomp, magnificence, and cruelty of its conquerors, all form a series of historical pictures and images that powerfully affect the mind. No history of America can ever supplant the work of Robertson, for his materials are so well arranged, his information so varied, his philosophical reflections so just and striking, and his narrative so graceful, that nothing could be added but mere details destitute of any great interest. His *History of the Reign of Charles V.* wants this natural romance, but the knowledge displayed by the historian, and the enlarged and

liberal spirit of his philosophical inquiries, are scarcely less worthy of commendation. The first volume, which describes the state of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, contains the result of much study and research, expressed in language often eloquent, and generally pleasing and harmonious. If the 'pomp and strut' which Cowper the poet imputes to Robertson be sometimes apparent in the orderly succession of well-balanced and equally flowing periods, it must be acknowledged that there is also much real dignity and power, springing from the true elevation of intellectual and moral character.

Character of Mary, Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her: we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration: and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the

lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

Martin Luther.—From the 'History of Charles V.'

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved, by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned everything which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with the admiration and gratitude which they thought he merited as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian Church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure or the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, that ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain his own system, abilities, both natural and acquired, to defend his principles, and unwearied industry in propagating them, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity and even austerity of manners as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples, remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebleness of spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself

to consider everything as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against such as disappointed him, in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and abilities of Erasmus, screened them from the same gross abuse with which he treated Tetzl or Eccius.

But these indecencies, of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin, and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which appear to us most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted.

Discovery of America.

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. . . .

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to

reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. . . .

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; and impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe the passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of 'Land! Land!' was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating

themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

Chivalry.

The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and

remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Characters of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.

During twenty-eight years, an avowed rivalry subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. which involved not only their own dominions, but the greatest part of Europe, in wars which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities

of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

SMOLLETT, TYTLER, LYTTTELTON, &c.

In 1758, DR SMOLLETT published, in four volumes quarto, his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Caesar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748. In extent and completeness of design, this history approaches nearest to the works of the historical masters; but its execution is unequal, and it abounds in errors and inconsistencies. It was rapidly composed; and though Smollett was too fluent and practised a writer to fail in narrative—his account of the rebellion in 1745-6, and his observations on the act for the relief of debtors in 1759, are excellent specimens of his best style and his benevolence of character—he could not, without adequate study and preparation, succeed in so important an undertaking. Smollett afterwards continued his work to the year 1765. The portion from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George II. is usually printed as a continuation to Hume.

The views which Dr Robertson had taken of the reign and character of Mary, Queen of Scots, were combated by WILLIAM TYTLER of Woodhouselee (1711-1792), who, in 1759, published an *Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr Robertson and Mr Hume with respect to that Evidence*. The work of Mr Tytler is acute and learned; it procured for the author the approbation and esteem of the most eminent men of his times; but, judged by the higher standards which now exist, it must be pronounced to be partial and inconclusive. LORD LYTTTELTON wrote a *History of the Reign of Henry II.* on which he had bestowed years of study; it is a valuable repertory of facts, but a dry and uninteresting composition. The first three volumes were published in 1764, and the conclusion in 1771. Of a similar character are the *Historical Memoirs and Lives*—Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh,

Henry, Prince of Wales, &c.—written by DR THOMAS BIRCH, of the Royal Society. These works drew attention to the materials that existed for a history of domestic manners, always more interesting than state diplomacy or wars;* and DR ROBERT HENRY (1718-1790) entered upon a *History of Great Britain*, in which particular attention was to be given to this department. The first volume was published in 1771, and four other at intervals between that time and 1785. This work realised to its author the large sum of £3300, and was rewarded with a pension from the crown of £100 per annum. Henry's work does not come further down than the reign of Henry VIII. In our own days, the plan of a history with copious information as to manners, arts, and improvements, has been admirably realised in the *Pictorial History of England*, published by Mr Charles Knight. Of Dr Henry, we may add that he was a native of St Ninians, in Stirlingshire, and one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

DR GILBERT STUART (1742-1786), a native of Edinburgh, wrote various historical works, a *History of Scotland*, a *Dissertation on the British Constitution*, a *History of the Reformation*, &c. His style is florid and high sounding, not wanting in elegance, but disfigured by affectation, and still more by the violent prejudices of its vindictive and unprincipled author.

About the year 1760, the London booksellers completed a compilation which had, for a long period, employed several professional authors—a *Universal History*, a large and valuable work, seven volumes being devoted to ancient, and sixteen to modern history. The writers were ARCHIBALD BOWER (1686-1766), a native of Dundee, who was educated at the Jesuits' College of St Omer, but afterwards fled to England and embraced the Protestant faith: he was author of a *History of the Popes*.—DR JOHN CAMPBELL (1709-1775), a son of Campbell of Glenlyon in Perthshire, wrote the *Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene*, *Lives of the Admirals*, a considerable portion of the *Biographia Britannica*, a *History of Europe*, a *Political Survey of Britain*, &c. Campbell was a candid and intelligent man, acquainted with Dr Johnson and most of the eminent men of his day.—WILLIAM GUTHRIE (1708-1770), a native of Brechin, was an indefatigable writer, author of a *History of England*, a *History of Scotland*, a *Geographical Grammar*, &c.—GEORGE SALE (1680-1736) translated the Koran, and was one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of learning.—GEORGE PSALMANAZAR (1679-1763), a native of France, deceived the world for some time by pretending to be a native of the island of Formosa, to support which he invented an alphabet and grammar. He afterwards became a hack author, was sincerely penitent, and was revered by Johnson for his piety. When the *Universal History* was completed, Goldsmith wrote a preface to it, for which he received three guineas!

* For at least part of our history, a mass of facts relating to events and individuals had been accumulated in the *Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly publication from 1711 to 1740, or in sixty volumes; and in the *Historical Register*, 1714-1738. The former miscellany was begun by ABEL BOYER (1666-1729), a French refugee, with a German appetite for work. Besides his *Political State*, Boyer compiled histories of Queen Anne and William III. and was author of a French and English dictionary, long popular.

Histories of Ireland, evincing antiquarian research, were published, the first in 1763-7 by DR WARNER, and another in 1773 by DR LELAND, the translator of our best English version of Demosthenes. A review of Celtic and Roman antiquities was in 1771-5 presented by JOHN WHITTAKER, grafted upon his *History of Manchester*; and the same author afterwards wrote a violent and prejudiced *Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots*. The *Biographical History of England* by GRANGER, and ORME'S *History of the British Transactions in Hindostan*, which appeared at this time, are also valuable works. In 1775, MACPHERSON, translator of Ossian, published a *History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, accompanied by original papers. The object of Macpherson was to support the Tory party, and to detract from the purity and patriotism of those who had planned and effected the Revolution of 1688. The secret history brought to light by his original papers—though Macpherson is charged with having tampered with them and falsified history—disclosed a degree of selfishness and intrigue for which the public were not prepared. In this task, the historian—if Macpherson be entitled to the venerable name—had the use of Carte's collections, for which he paid £200, and he received no less than £3000 for the copyright of his work. The *Annals of Scotland*, from Malcolm III. to Robert I. were published in 1776 by Sir David Dalrymple, LORD HAILES. In 1779 the same author produced a continuation to the accession of the House of Stuart. These works were invaluable at the time, and have since formed an excellent quarry for the historian. Lord Hailes was born in Edinburgh in 1726, the son of Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, Bart. He distinguished himself at the Scottish bar, and was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Session in 1766. He was the author of various legal and antiquarian treatises: of the *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, containing translations from the fathers, &c.; and of an inquiry into the secondary causes assigned by Gibbon the historian for the rapid growth of Christianity. Lord Hailes was a man of great erudition, an able lawyer, and upright judge. He died in 1792. In 1776, ROBERT WATSON (1730-1780), professor of rhetoric, and afterwards principal of one of the colleges of St Andrews, wrote a *History of Philip II. of Spain* as a continuation to Robertson, and left unfinished a *History of Philip III.* which was completed by Dr William Thomson, and published in 1783. In 1779, the first two volumes of a *History of Modern Europe*, by DR WILLIAM RUSSELL (1741-1793), were published with distinguished success, and three others were added in 1784, bringing down the history to the year 1763. Continuations to this valuable compendium have been made by Dr Coote and others, and it continues to be a standard work. Russell was a native of Selkirkshire, and fought his way to learning and distinction in the midst of considerable difficulties. The vast number of historical works published about this time shews how eagerly this noble branch of study was cultivated and appreciated by authors and the public. No department of literary labour seems then to have been so lucrative, or so sure of leading to distinction. But our greatest name yet remains behind.

EDWARD GIBBON.

The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was, by birth, education, and manners, distinctively an English gentleman. He was born at Putney, in Surrey, April 27, 1737. His father was of an ancient family settled at Beriton, near Petersfield, Hampshire. Of delicate health, young EDWARD GIBBON was privately educated, and at the age of fifteen he was placed at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was almost from infancy a close student, but his indiscriminate appetite for books 'subsided by degrees in the historic line.' He arrived at Oxford, he says, with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed. He spent fourteen months at college idly and unprofitably, as he himself states: and, studying the works of Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. He went to London, and at the feet of a priest, on the 8th of June 1753, he 'solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy.' His father, in order to reclaim him, placed him for some years at Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the charge of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist clergyman, whose judicious conduct prevailed upon his pupil to return to the bosom of the Protestant church. On Christmas-day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here,' says the historian, 'that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.' At Lausanne, a regular and severe system of study perfected Gibbon in the Latin and French languages, and in a general knowledge of literature. In 1758 he returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*. He accepted the commission of captain in the Hampshire militia; and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle,' he remarks, 'gave him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.' On the peace of 1762, Gibbon was released from his military duties, and paid a visit to France and Italy. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome, October 15, 1764, his choice was determined by an incident of a striking and romantic nature. 'As I sat musing,' he says, 'amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind.' Many years, however, elapsed before he realised his intentions. On returning to England in 1765, he seems to have been fashionable and idle; his father died in 1770, and he then began to form the plan of an independent life. The estate left him by his father was much involved in debt, and he determined on quitting the country and residing permanently in London. He then undertook the composition of the first volume of his history. 'At the outset,' he remarks, 'all was dark and doubtful: even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction,

the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.'

In 1774 he was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and America. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute; the great speakers filled him with despair, the bad ones with terror. Gibbon, however, supported by his vote the administration of Lord North, and was by this nobleman appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations. In 1776 the first quarto volume of his history was given to the world. Its success was almost unprecedented for a grave historical work: 'the first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin: the book was on every table, and almost on every toilet.' His brother-historians, Robertson and Hume, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' says Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.' There was another bond of sympathy between the English and the Scottish historian: Gibbon had insidiously, though too unequivocally, evinced his adoption of infidel principles. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all,' he remarks, 'considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' Some feeling of this kind constituted the whole of Gibbon's religious belief: the philosophers of France had triumphed over the lessons of the Calvinist minister of Lausanne, and the historian seems never to have returned to the faith and the humility of the Christian. In the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his work he gave an account of the growth and progress of Christianity, which he accounted for solely by secondary causes, without reference to its divine origin. Several answers were written to these memorable chapters, but the only one that excited general attention was the reply by Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff, entitled *An Apology for Christianity*. Gibbon's method of attacking our faith has been well described by Lord Byron, as

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer,
The lord of irony, that master spell.

He nowhere openly avows his disbelief. By tacitly sinking the early and astonishing spread of Christianity during the time of the Apostles, and dwelling with exaggerated colouring and minuteness on the errors and corruption by which it afterwards became debased, the historian in effect conveys an impression that its divine origin is but a poetical fable, like the golden age of the poets,

or the mystic absurdities of Mohammedanism. The Christian faith was a bold and successful innovation, and Gibbon hated all innovations. In his after-life, he was in favour of retaining even the Inquisition, with its tortures and its tyranny, because it was an ancient institution! Besides the 'solemn sneer' of Gibbon, there is another cardinal defect in his account of the progress of the Christian faith, which has been thus ably pointed out by the Rev. H. H. Milman: 'Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralised by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. There are occasions, indeed, when its pure and exalted humanity, when its manifestly beneficial influence, can compel even him, as it were, to fairness, and kindle his unguarded eloquence to its usual fervour; but in general he soon relapses into a frigid apathy; affects an ostentatiously severe impartiality; notes all the faults of Christians in every age with bitter and almost malignant sarcasm; reluctantly, and with exception and reservation, admits their claim to admiration. This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. While all the other assailants of the Roman empire, whether warlike or religious, the Goth, the Hun, the Arab, the Tatar, Alaric and Attila, Mohammed, and Zingis, and Tamerlane, are each introduced upon the scene almost with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full, complete, and unbroken narrative—the triumph of Christianity alone takes the form of a cold and critical disquisition. The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition, while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence, the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame, and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism. The glories of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate.' The second and third volumes of the history did not appear till 1781. After their publication, finding it necessary to retrench his expenditure, and being disappointed of a lucrative place which he had hoped for from ministerial patronage, he resolved to retire to Lausanne, where he was offered a residence by a friend of his youth, M. Deyverdun. Here he lived very happily for about four years, devoting his mornings to composition, and his evenings to the enlightened and polished society which had gathered in that city and neighbourhood. The completion of the history he thus describes: 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was

reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.* The historian adds two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six or even five quartos; his first rough manuscript, without an intermediate copy, was sent to the press, and not a sheet was seen by any person but the author and the printer. His lofty style, like that of Johnson, was, in fact, 'the image of his mind.'

Gibbon went to London to superintend the publication of his last three volumes, and afterwards returned to Lausanne, where he resided till 1793. The French Revolution had imbibed and divided the society of Lausanne; some of his friends were dead, and he anxiously wished himself again in England. At this time, the lady of his most intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, died, and he hastened to administer consolation: he arrived at Lord Sheffield's house in London, in June 1793. The health of the historian had, however, been indifferent for some time, owing to a long-settled complaint; and, exhausted by surgical operations, he died without pain, and apparently without any sense of his danger, on the 16th of January 1794.

In most of the essential qualifications of a historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson. In some, he was superior. He had greater depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar. All its accessories and tributaries—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, geography, down to its minutest point—every shade of manners, opinions, and public character, in Roman and contemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. Hume was elaborate, but it was only with respect to style. Errors in fact and theory were perpetuated through every edition, while the author was purifying his periods and weeding out Scotticisms. The labour of Gibbon was directed to higher objects—to the accumulation of facts, and the collation of ancient authors. His style once fixed, remained unaltered. In erudition, and comprehensiveness of intellect, Gibbon may therefore be pronounced the first of English historians. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of dignity which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious circuit, also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In concentrating his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid order, he is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quickening and adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other powers. He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints local scenery, national costume or manners, with all the force and animation of a native or eye-witness. These solid and bright acquirements of the historian were

not, however, without their drawbacks. His mind was more material or sensual than philosophical—more fond of splendour and display than of the beauty of virtue, or the grandeur of moral heroism. His taste was vitiated and impure, so that his style is not only deficient in chaste simplicity, but is disfigured by offensive pruriency and occasional grossness. His lofty ornate diction fatigues by its uniform pomp and dignity, notwithstanding the graces and splendour of his animated narrative. Deficient in depth of moral feeling and elevation of sentiment, Gibbon seldom touches the heart or inspires true enthusiasm. The reader admires his glittering sentences, his tournaments, and battle-pieces, his polished irony, and masterly sketches of character; he marvels at his inexhaustible learning, and is fascinated by his pictures of military conquest and Asiatic luxury, but he still feels that, as in the state of imperial Rome itself, the seeds of ruin are developed amidst flattering appearances: 'the florid bloom but ill conceals the fatal malady which preys upon the vitals.'* The want of one great harmonising spirit of humanity and genuine philosophy to give unity to the splendid mass, becomes painfully visible on a calm review of the entire history.

The work of Gibbon has been translated into French, with notes by M. Guizot, the distinguished philosopher and statesman. The remarks of Guizot, with those of Wencan, a German commentator, and numerous original illustrations and corrections, are embodied in a fine edition by Mr Milman, in twelve volumes, published by Mr Murray, London, in 1838. M. Guizot has thus recorded his own impressions on reading Gibbon's history: 'After a first rapid perusal, which allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative, always animated, and notwithstanding its extent and the variety of objects which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous, I entered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was composed, and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, singularly severe. I discovered in certain chapters errors which appeared to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me believe that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others, I was struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice which the English express by their happy term, *misrepresentation*. Some imperfect quotations, some passages omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased to my eyes by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflection—caused me to form on the whole work a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, shewed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing

* The house occupied by Gibbon is now an hotel, and the whole premises are much altered.

* Hall, *On the Causes of the Present Discontents*.

adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and, above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that under the toga, as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work; and that we may correct his errors, and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.'

Opinion of the Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favourable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future

state.* At the bar and in the senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no further than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (762 A.D.), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamoun, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Mocketar. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and

* This passage of Gibbon is finely illustrated in Hall's Funeral Sermon for Dr Ryland:

'If the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation—for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions—could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, "in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!" What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house, but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the symphony of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruitions of the beatific vision.'

boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne. In the west, the Omniades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrustured with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

Conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, 1099 A.D.

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the expe-

rience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichern, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead

bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Barcheed and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

Appearance and Character of Mohammed.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mohammed into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadajah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mohammed that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary

world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to explore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadajah: in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God.

Death and Character of Timour, or Tamerlane,

A. D. 1405.

The standard was unfurled for the invasion of China; the emirs made their report of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers of Iran and Touran; their baggage and provisions were transported by five hundred great wagons, and an immense train of horses and camels; and the troops might prepare for a long absence, since more than six months were employed in the tranquil journey of a caravan from Samarcand to Peking. Neither age nor the severity of the winter could retard the impatience of Timour; he mounted on horseback, passed the Sihoon on the ice, marched seventy-six parasangs (three hundred miles) from his capital, and pitched his last camp in the neighbourhood of Otrar, where he was expected by the angel of death. Fatigue, and the indiscreet use of iced water, accelerated the progress of his fever; and the conqueror of Asia expired in the seventieth year of his age, thirty-five years after he had ascended the throne of Zagatai. His designs were lost; his armies were disbanded; China was saved; and fourteen years after his decease, the most powerful of his children sent an embassy of friendship and commerce to the court of Peking.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the east and west; his posterity is still invested with the imperial title; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse, he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science; and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophecies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favourite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim, that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed, that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than

those of beneficence and favour. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six-and-thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastonade, and afterwards restored to honour and command. Perhaps his heart was not devoid of the social virtues; perhaps he was not incapable of loving his friends and pardoning his enemies; but the rules of morality are founded on the public interest; and it may be sufficient to applaud the wisdom of a monarch for the liberality by which he is not impoverished, and for the justice by which he is strengthened and enriched. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labours of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy, a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude that the Mogul emperor was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy was far more pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects; but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies—by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burned, or utterly destroyed in his presence, and by his troops; and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace and order. 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzak, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those distant provinces. From thence he departed laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to awe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. When he had broken the fabric of their ancient government, he abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were these evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy rigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the institutions of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren, the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by Sharokh, his youngest son; but after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century,

Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbeks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors—the great Moguls—extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber; and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants, of a remote island in the northern ocean.

THEOLOGIANs AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Without much originality—excepting in one memorable instance—there was great acuteness, controversial ability, and learning displayed in the department of theology. The higher dignitaries of the Church of England are generally well fitted, by education, talents, and the leisure they enjoy, for vindicating revealed religion from the attacks of all assailants; and even when the standard of duty was low among the inferior clergy, there was seldom any want of sound polemical divines. It seems to be admitted that there was a decay of piety and zeal in the church at this period.

BISHOP BUTLER.

To animate this drooping spirit, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, DR JOSEPH BUTLER published his great work on the *Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature*, which appeared in 1736. Without entering on the question of the miracles and prophecies, Dr Butler rested his evidence on the analogies of nature: 'he reasons from that part of the divine proceedings which comes under our view in the daily business of life, to that larger and more comprehensive part of these proceedings which is beyond our view, and which religion reveals.' His argument for a future life, from the changes which the human body undergoes at birth, and in its different stages of maturity; and from the instances of the same law of nature, in the change of worms into butterflies, and birds and insects bursting the shell, and entering into a new world, furnished with new powers, is one of the most conclusive pieces of reasoning in the language. The same train of argument, in support of the immortality of the soul, has been followed up in two admirable lectures in Dr T. Brown's *Philosophy*. The work of Butler, however, extends over a wide field—over the whole of the leading points, both in natural and revealed religion. The germ of his treatise is contained in a passage in Origen—one of the most eminent of the fathers, who died at Tyre in the year 254—which Butler quotes in his introduction. It is to the effect that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from the author of nature, may well believe that the same difficulties exist in it as in the constitution of nature. Hence, Butler infers that he who denies the Scripture to have come from God, on account of difficulties found in it, may, for the same reason, deny the world to have been formed by him. Inexplicable difficulties are found in the course of nature; no sound theist can therefore be surprised

to find similar difficulties in the Christian religion. If both proceed from the same author, the wonder would rather be, that, even on this inferior ground of difficulty and adaptation to the comprehension of man, there should not be found the impress of the same hand, whose *works* we can trace but a very little way, and whose *word* equally transcends on some points the feeble efforts of unassisted reason. All Butler's arguments on natural and revealed religion are marked by profound thought and sagacity. In a volume of sermons published by him, he shines equally as an ethical philosopher. In the first three, on human nature, he has laid the science of morals on a surer foundation than any previous writer. After shewing that our social affections are disinterested, he proceeds to vindicate the supremacy of the moral sentiments. Man is, in his view, a law to himself; but the intimations of this law are not to be deduced from the strength or temporary predominance of any single appetite or passion. They are to be deduced from the dictates of one principle, which is evidently intended to rule over the other parts of our nature, and which issues its mandates with authority. This master principle is conscience, which rests upon rectitude as its object, as disinterestedly as the social affections rest upon their appropriate objects, and as naturally as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food. The ethical system of Butler has been adopted by Reid, Stewart, and Brown. Sir James Mackintosh—who acknowledged that Bishop Butler was his father in philosophy—made an addition to it; he took the principle of utility as a test or criterion of the rectitude or virtue which, with Butler, he maintained to be the proper object of our moral affections. Butler's writings derive none of their value or popularity from mere literary excellence: his style is dry and inelegant. The life of this eminent prelate affords a pleasing instance of talent winning its way to distinction in the midst of difficulties. He was born in 1692, the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire. His father was a Presbyterian, and intended his son to be a minister of the same persuasion, but the latter conformed to the establishment, took orders, and was successively preacher at the Rolls Chapel, prebendary of Rochester, clerk of the closet to the queen, bishop of Bristol (1738), dean of St Paul's (1740), and bishop of Durham (1750). He owed much to Queen Caroline, who had a philosophical taste, and valued his talents and virtues. Butler died on the 16th of June 1752.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

No literary man of this period engrossed in his own time a larger share of attention than WILLIAM WARBURTON, bishop of Gloucester (1698–1779). Great powers of application and copious expression, a bold and original way of thinking, and indomitable self-will and arrogance, were the leading characteristics of this fortunate churchman. He was eager to astonish and arrest the attention of mankind, and his writings, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, have sunk into all but oblivion. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and entered life in the same profession, and at the same town. A passion for reading led Warburton in his twenty-fifth year to adopt the clerical profession. He took

deacon's orders, and by a dedication to a volume of translations published in 1723, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the literary society of the metropolis, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining from a patron the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself for a long series of years to study. His first work of any note was published in 1736, under the title of *The Alliance between Church and State; or the Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test Law*. This treatise, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the church, was extensively read, and brought the author into notice. His next work was *The Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated on the Principles of a Religious Deist, from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation* (1738–1741). In this celebrated work, the gigantic scholarship of Warburton shone out in all its vastness. It had often been objected to the pretensions of the Jewish religion, that it presented nowhere any acknowledgment of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, at once acknowledged it, but asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses. To establish this point, he ransacked the whole domains of pagan antiquity, and reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument, that mankind might be said to be awed by it into a partial concession to the author's views. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. If it had been consecrated to truth, instead of paradox, it would have been by far the most illustrious book of its age. As it is, we only look into it to wonder at its endless learning and misspent ingenuity.

The merits of the author, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the church: he rose through the grades of prebend of Gloucester, prebend of Durham, and dean of Bristol, to be (1759), bishop of Gloucester—a remarkable transition for the Newark attorney, though many English prelates have risen from a much humbler origin. Warburton early forced himself into notice by his writings, but one material cause of his advancement was his friendship with Pope. He had secured the poet's favour by defending the ethical principles enunciated in the *Essay on Man*, and by writing commentaries on that and other poetical essays of Pope; in return for which the latter left him the property or copyright of his works, the value of which Johnson estimated at £4000; but Pope had also introduced him to Ralph Allen, one of the wealthiest and most benevolent men of his day, the Squire Allworthy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and Warburton so far improved upon this introduction that he secured the hand of Allen's niece, and thus obtained a large fortune. To Pope he was also indebted for an acquaintance with Murray, Lord Mansfield, whom he propitiated by flattering attentions, and through whose influence he was made preacher of Lincoln's Inn (1746). Among the various theological works of Warburton are *The Principles of Natural and*

Revealed Religion, and a View of Bolingbroke's Philosophy (1755). He attacked Hume's *Natural History of Religion*. In 1747, he issued an edition of Shakspeare. The arrogance and dogmatism of Warburton have become almost proverbial. His great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations, and none of his theological or controversial works have in the slightest degree benefited Christianity. His notes and commentaries on Shakspeare and Pope are devoid of taste and genius, but often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day; but his contemporary fame has failed to receive the impartial award of posterity. Gibbon speaks of the *Divine Legation* as a brilliant ruin. The metaphor may be applied to Warburton's literary character and reputation. The once formidable fabric is now a ruin—a ruin not venerable from cherished associations, but great, unsightly, and incongruous.

The Grecian Mythology—the Various Lights in which it was regarded.—From the 'Divine Legation.'

Here matters rested; and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalised to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt, this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' Our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the

time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion, was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says: 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and, after all, ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorisers, as we learn from Lærtius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Heraclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories.

DR ROBERT LOWTH—DR C. MIDDLETON—REV. W. LAW—DR ISAAC WATTS, &C.

DR ROBERT LOWTH, second son of Dr William Lowth, was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, in 1710. He entered the church, and became

successively bishop of St David's, Oxford, and London; he died in 1787. The works of Lowth display both genius and learning. They consist of *Prellections on Hebrew Poetry* (1753), a *Life of William of Wykeham* (1758), a *Short Introduction to English Grammar*, and a *Translation of Isaiah* (1778). The last is the greatest of his productions. The spirit of eastern poetry is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and sublimity; and the work is an inestimable contribution to biblical criticism and learning, as well as illustrative of the exalted strains of the divine muse.

DR CONYERS MIDDLETON, distinguished for his *Life of Cicero*, mixed freely and eagerly in the religious controversies of the times. One writer, Dr Matthew Tindal (1657-1733), served as a fire-brand to the clergy. Tindal had embraced popery in the reign of James II. but afterwards renounced it. Being thus, as Drummond the poet said of Ben Jonson, 'of either religion, as versed in both,' he set himself to write on theology, and published *The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted*, and *Christianity as Old as the Creation*. The latter had a decided deistical tendency, and was answered by several divines, as Dr Conybeare, Dr Foster, and Dr Waterland. Middleton now joined in the argument, and wrote remarks on Dr Waterland's manner of vindicating Scripture against Tindal, which only increased the confusion by adding to the elements of discord. He also published (1747) *A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the Church*, which was answered by several of the High-Church clergy. These treatises have now fallen into oblivion. They were perhaps useful in preventing religious truths from stagnating in that lukewarm age; but in adverting to them, we are reminded of the fine saying of Hall: 'While Protestants attended more to the points on which they differed than those on which they agreed, while more zeal was employed in settling ceremonies and defending subtleties than in enforcing plain revealed truths, the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished under the storms of controversy.'

A permanent service was rendered to the cause of Christianity by the writings of the REV. WILLIAM LAW (1686-1761), author of a still popular work, *A Serious Call to a Holy Life* (1729), which, happening to fall into the hands of Dr Johnson at college, gave him 'the first occasion of thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry.' Law was a Jacobite nonconformist: he was tutor to the father of Gibbon the historian, and the latter has commemorated his wit and scholarship, while also noticing the gloom and mysticism which characterize some of Law's writings.

The two elementary works of DR ISAAC WATTS—his *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason*, published in 1724, and his *Improvement of the Mind*—a supplement to the former—were both designed to advance the interests of religion, and are well adapted to the purpose. Various theological treatises were also written by Watts.

Of the other theological and devotional productions of the established clergy of this age, there is only room to notice a few of the best. The dissertations of Bishop Newton on various parts of the Bible (1754-58); the *Lectures on the English Church Catechism*, by Archbishop Secker; Bishop Law's *Considerations on the Theory of Religion*,

and his *Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ*, are all works of standard excellence. The labours of Dr Kennicot, in the collation of various manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible, are also worthy of being here mentioned as an eminent service to sacred literature. He commenced his researches about 1753, and continued them till his death, in 1783. The Hebrew Bible of Dr Kennicot, with the various readings of manuscripts, appeared in 1776.

JORTIN—HURD—HORNE.

DR JOHN JORTIN (1698-1770), a prebendary of St Paul's, and archdeacon of London, was early distinguished as a scholar and an independent theologian. His *Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History*, published at intervals between 1751 and 1754 with an addition of two more volumes after his death, have been greatly admired, and he wrote *Six Dissertations upon various Subjects* (1755), which evince his classical taste and acquirements. His other works are a *Life of Erasmus*, 1758; *Remarks upon the Works of Erasmus*, 1760; and several tracts, philological, critical, and miscellaneous. Seven volumes of his *Sermons* were published after his decease.

DR RICHARD HURD (1720-1808), a friend and disciple of Warburton, was author of an *Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies* (1772), being the substance of twelve discourses delivered at Cambridge. Hurd was a man of taste and learning, author of a commentary on Horace, and editor of Cowley's works. He rose to enjoy high church preferment, and died bishop of Worcester, after having declined the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

DR GEORGE HORNE (1730-1792) was another divine whose talents and learning raised him to the bench of bishops. He wrote various works, the most important of which is a *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, which appeared in 1776 in two volumes quarto. It is still a text-book with theological students and divines, and unites extensive erudition with fervent piety.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD—JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

Connected with the English establishment, yet ultimately separating from it, were those two remarkable men, Whitefield and Wesley. Both were highly useful in their day and generation, and they enjoyed a popularity rarely attained by divines. GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born in Gloucester in 1714. He took orders, and preached in London with astonishing success. He made several voyages to America, where he was equally popular. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic doctrines, and preached them with incessant activity, and an eloquence unparalleled in its effects. As a popular orator, he was passionate and vehement, wielding his audiences almost at will; and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume the historian said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. He died in Newbury, New England, in 1770. His writings are tame and commonplace, and his admirers regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

JOHN WESLEY was more learned, and in all respects better fitted to become the leader and

founder of a sect. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where John was born in 1703. He was educated at Oxford, where he and his brother Charles, and a few other students, lived in a regular system of pious study and discipline, whence they were denominated Methodists. After officiating a short time as curate to his father, the young enthusiast set off as a missionary to Georgia, where he remained about two years. Shortly after his return in 1738, he commenced field-preaching, occasionally travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, where he established congregations of Methodists. Thousands flocked to his standard. The grand doctrine of Wesley was universal redemption, as contradistinguished from the Calvinistic doctrine of particular redemption, and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The Methodists also received lay converts as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies. Wesley continued writing, preaching, and travelling, till he was eighty-eight years of age; his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him everywhere profound respect. He had preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles. His highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the 2d of March 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. 'When he came to that part of the service, "forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.* At the time of Wesley's death, the number of Methodists in Europe, America, and the West India Islands, was 80,000: they are now above a million—three hundred thousand of which are in Great Britain and Ireland. The writings and journals of Wesley are very voluminous, and have been published in sixteen volumes (London, 1809). CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788) joined with his brother in publishing, in 1738, a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, some of which are among the most striking and beautiful in the language.

HERVEY—ERSKINE—WEBSTER.

The REV. JAMES HERVEY (1714-1758) was a popular writer on religious subjects. His *Meditations on the Tombs, on a Flower-garden, &c.* had an extraordinary sale, and the author is said to have received £700 for the copyright of the first part of his work—which sum he distributed in charity. Hervey was also author of *Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters and Dialogues on the most important Subjects; Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History; Eleven Letters to the Rev. John Wesley, in answer to his Remarks on Theron and Aspasio, &c.* After

his death, collections of his letters and sermons were printed, and these, with his works, are comprised in six volumes octavo. When Johnson, on one occasion, ridiculed Hervey's *Meditations*, Boswell could not join in this treatment of the admired volume. 'I am not an impartial judge,' he says, 'for Hervey's *Meditations* engaged my affections in my early years.' This apology may be pleaded by many readers, for the *Meditations* are written in a flowery, ornate style, which captivates the young and persons of immature taste. The inflated description and overstrained pathos with which the work abounds render it distasteful—almost ludicrous—to critical readers; but Hervey was a good man, whose works have soothed many an invalid and mourner, and quickened the efforts of benevolence and piety. He was rector of Weston-Favell, near Northampton, and was most exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The REV. EBENEZER ERSKINE (1680-1754) and his younger brother, the REV. RALPH ERSKINE (1685-1752), are both divines celebrated in the annals of the Scottish Church, but more remarkable for their personal influence and preaching than as contributors to our theological literature. The first was founder of the Secession Church, having isolated himself from the establishment in consequence of disagreement with the leaders of the General Assembly respecting the law of patronage and other ecclesiastical matters. Mr Erskine and three other clergymen abjured the authority of the Assembly, and held aloof from it for several years; and in 1740 they were formally severed from the Established Church by a judicial act of the Assembly. His congregation, however, adhered to him; other ministers also withdrew from the church, and the seceders took the name of Burghers. In this body differences also arose, and it became divided into two sections—Burghers and Anti-burghers. A collection of Erskine's *Sermons*, extending to five volumes, printed 1762-1765, has been published.—Ralph Erskine was minister of Dunfermline from 1711 to 1737, when, having joined the secession with his brother and the other ministers, he withdrew from the establishment. Ralph Erskine was a copious writer on religious subjects. His sermons are numerous, and his *Gospel Sonnets*, published in 1760, fill two large volumes. These works are devotional, not poetical, and are not of a nature to be subjected to literary criticism.

DR ALEXANDER WEBSTER (1707-1784), minister of the Tolbooth Church in Edinburgh, has the merit of originating the Ministers' Widows' Fund—a benevolent scheme sanctioned by parliament—and also of carrying out the first attempt at a census in Scotland. According to the returns obtained by Webster in 1755, Scotland had a population of 1,265,380. In 1798, a more careful and regular series of returns, obtained from the clergy by Sir John Sinclair, made the amount of the population 1,526,492. On the occasion of Whitefield's famous visit to Scotland in 1741, Webster acted a conspicuous part. On his journey to Ralph Erskine at Dunfermline, Whitefield was met and entertained at Edinburgh by Webster and some of his brethren; and learning from them the state of church prejudices and parties, he refused to connect himself with any particular sect. 'The spiritual tempest,' says Mr Burton in

* Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

his *History of Scotland*, 'was worked up to its wildest climax when, in an encampment of tents on the hill-side at Cambuslang, Whitefield, at the head of a band of clergy, held, day after day, a festival which might be called awful, but scarcely solemn, among a multitude calculated by contemporary writers to amount to 30,000 people. The Secession ministers imputed the whole to sorcery and the devil, and a fast was appointed as a penitence for these sins of the land. Dr Webster, on the other hand, wrote a pamphlet ascribing the conversions alleged to have been made by Whitefield to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Political agitation followed this religious fervour: the Stuart insurrection of 1745 broke out, and Webster lent all his energies and influence to the cause of the royalists. After the victory of Cul-loden he was appointed to preach the thanksgiving sermon, and this discourse, with a few other of his sermons, was printed. He is said also to have written several patriotic songs to animate the loyalty of his countrymen, and one amatory lyric on the lady to whom he was married.* Webster was employed by a gentleman of his acquaintance to gain Miss Erskine, a young lady of fortune related to the Dundonald family. He urged the suit of his friend with uncommon eloquence, but received a decided refusal, to which the lady naively added: 'Had you spoken as well for yourself, perhaps you might have succeeded better.' Upon this hint the minister spake, and became the husband of the heiress. Mr Chambers, in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, relates various anecdotes of this energetic clergyman, characterising him as 'a man eminent in his day on many accounts—a leading evangelical clergyman in Edinburgh, a statist and calculator of extraordinary talent, and a distinguished figure in festive scenes.' He is reported to have drawn up the first plan of the New Town of Edinburgh.

DR JOHN ERSKINE—DR HUGH BLAIR.

The REV. DR JOHN ERSKINE (1721—1803) was united with Dr Robertson, the historian, in the collegiate charge of the Old Greyfriars parish, Edinburgh. They were opposed to each other in the church courts, but were cordial personal friends. Dr Erskine was a learned and able divine, who maintained an extensive correspondence with eminent men at home and abroad,

* This song seems worthy of quotation as unique in its history and style:

O how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me!
On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
And, though I was nothing, yet pity my pain!

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And while beaux were still prating, read love in my eyes.

Oh, where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy?
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend.

When I see thee, I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire:
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth all is o'er,
And then live on friendship when passion's no more.

and wrote numerous *Discourses* and *Theological Dissertations* adapted to the times.

One of the most popular and influential of the Scottish clergy was DR HUGH BLAIR, born in Edinburgh in 1718. He was at first minister of a country church in Fifeshire, but, being celebrated for his pulpit eloquence, he was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh. In 1759 he commenced a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which extended his literary reputation; and in 1763 he published his *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, a production evincing both critical taste and learning. In 1777 appeared the first volume of his *Sermons*, which was so well received that the author published three other volumes, and a fifth which he had prepared was printed after his death. A royal pension of £200 per annum further rewarded its author. Blair next published his *Rhetorical Lectures*, and they also met with a favourable reception. Though somewhat hard and dry in style and manner, this work forms a useful guide to the young student; it is carefully arranged, contains abundance of examples in every department of literary composition, and has also detailed criticisms on ancient and modern authors. The sermons are the most valuable of Blair's works. They are written with taste and elegance, and by inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics, are suited to all classes of Christians. Profound thought, or reasoning, or impassioned eloquence they certainly do not possess, and in this respect they must be considered inferior to the posthumous sermons of Logan the poet, which, if occasionally irregular or faulty in style, have more of devotional ardour and vivid description. In society, Dr Blair was cheerful and polite, the friend of literature as well as of virtue. His predominant weakness seems to have been vanity, which was soon discovered by Burns, in his memorable residence in Edinburgh in 1787. Blair died on the 27th of December 1800. We subjoin two short extracts from his *Lectures*.

On the Cultivation of Taste.

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertain-

ments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

[These polished arts have humanised mankind,
Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind.]

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Difference between Taste and Genius.

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together, and therefore, by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out, and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius, always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

It is proper also to observe, that genius is a word which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry—of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved, but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts, is much more rare, or rather, indeed, such a one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any; although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds, that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely.

DR PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

DR PHILIP DODDRIDGE, a distinguished non-conformist divine and author, was born in London, June 26, 1702. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shepperton, in Middlesex, by the act of uniformity in 1662; and his father, a man engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, married the only daughter of a German, who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia, and the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when to abjure or emigrate were the only alternatives. In 1712, Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents dying within three years afterwards, he was solemnly admitted, in his and whilst there, a member of the nonconforming sixteenth year. His religious impressions were congregation sincere; and when, in 1718, the ardent and Bedford made him an offer to educate the Duchess's ministry in the Church of England, he declined, from conscientious scruples, Doddridge himself of this advantage. A generous
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friend, Dr Clarke of St Albans, now stepped forward to patronise the studious youth, and in 1719 he was placed at an academy established at Kibworth, Leicestershire, for the education of dissenters. Here he resided three years, pursuing his studies for the ministry, and cultivating a taste for elegant literature. To one of his fellow-pupils who had condoled with him on being buried alive, Doddridge writes in the following happy strain: 'Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a favourable Providence has made the business of my life. One day passeth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleasantly with me. As for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I live like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself. So that, instead of lamenting it as my misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am confined in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness too.' The obscure village had also further attractions. It appears from the correspondence of Doddridge (published by his great-grandson in 1829), that the young divine was of a susceptible temperament, and was generally in love with some fair one of the neighbourhood, with whom he kept up a constant and lively interchange of letters. The levity or gaiety of some of these epistles is remarkable in one of so staid and devout a public character. His style is always excellent—correct and playful like that of Cowper, and interesting from the very egotism and carelessness of the writer. To one of his female correspondents he thus describes his situation:

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fishponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the

air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. In 1729, he settled at Northampton, and became celebrated. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the *Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest*. He afterwards applied himself to the composition of practical religious works. His *Sermons on the Education of Children* (1732), *Sermons to Young People* (1735), and *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel* (1736), were all well received by the public. In 1741 appeared his *Practical Discourses on Regeneration*, and in 1745 *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. The latter forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience which has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature. In 1747 appeared his still popular work, *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745*. Gardiner was a brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough, and was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Stair on his embassy to Paris. From a gay libertine life he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he conceived to be a supernatural interference—namely, a visible representation of Christ upon the cross, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words: 'O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' From the period of this vision till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardiner maintained the life and character of a sincere and zealous Christian, united with that of an intrepid and active officer. Besides several single sermons and charges delivered at the ordination of some of his brethren, Dr Doddridge published an elaborate work, the result of many years' study, entitled *The Family Expositor, containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes, and a Practical Improvement of each Section*. This compendium of Scriptural knowledge was received with the greatest approbation both at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages. Doddridge continued his useful and laborious life at Northampton for many years; but his health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter. The generosity of his friends supplied ample funds for his stay abroad, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He arrived there on the 21st of October, but survived only five days, dying October 26, 1751. The solid learning, unquestioned piety, and truly catholic liberality and benevolence of Dr Doddridge, secured for him the warm respect and admiration of his contemporaries of all sects. Dr Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' The subject is his family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' which, in its primary signification, is not very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus:

'Live while you live,' the *epicure* would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'

'Live while you live,' the sacred *preacher* cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee!

Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge.

To Mrs Doddridge, from Northampton, October 1742.

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason, is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

Vindication of Religious Opinions.

Addressed, November 1742, to the Rev. Mr Bourne.

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had 'trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ,' I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly, would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith, and quite burdensome to enter, into a long detail and examination of arguments which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours;

and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected anything relating to this affair. But I have since been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but, on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honour of God, and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbes's *Leviathan*; and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in

what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial to a more practical and useful strain. I am persuaded, sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to, reverend and dear sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

NATHANIEL LARDNER—DR JAMES FOSTER—
JOHN LELAND.

DR NATHANIEL LARDNER (1684–1768) produced treatises of the highest importance to the theological student. His works fill eleven octavo volumes. The chief is his *Credibility of the Gospel History*, published between 1730 and 1757, in fifteen volumes, and in which proofs are brought from innumerable sources in the religious history and literature of the first five centuries in favour of the truth of Christianity. Another voluminous work, entitled *A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, appeared near the close of the author's life, and completed a design, which, making allowance for the interruptions occasioned by other studies and writings of less importance, occupied his attention for forty-three years.

DR JAMES FOSTER (1697–1753) is worthy of notice among the dissenting divines as having obtained the poetical praise of Pope. He was originally an Independent, but afterwards joined the Baptists, and was one of the most popular preachers in London. He published several volumes of sermons (1720–42), *Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue* (1749–52), and a defence of Christianity (1731).

JOHN LELAND (1691–1766) was pastor of a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Dublin. He wrote *A View of the Deistical Writers in England* (1754–56), and an elaborate work on the *Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Revelation*. The former is a solid and valuable treatise, and is still regarded as one of the best confutations of infidelity.

DR FRANCIS HUTCHESON.

The public taste has been almost wholly withdrawn from metaphysical pursuits, which at this time constituted a favourite study with men of letters. Ample scope was given for ingenious speculation in the inductive philosophy of the mind; and the example of a few great names, each connected with some particular theory of moral

science, kept alive a zeal for such minute and often fanciful inquiries. In the higher branch of ethics, honourable service was rendered by Bishop Butler, but it was in Scotland that speculative philosophy obtained most favour and celebrity. After a long interval of a century and a half, DR FRANCIS HUTCHESON (1694–1747) introduced into Scotland a taste for metaphysics, which, in the sixteenth century, had prevailed to a great extent in the northern universities. Hutcheson was a native of Ireland, but studied in the university of Glasgow for six years, after which he returned to his native country, and kept an academy in Dublin. About the year 1726 he published his *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*, and his reputation was so high that he was called to be professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow in the year 1729. His great work, *A System of Moral Philosophy*, did not appear till after his death, when it was published in two volumes, quarto, by his son. The rudiments of his philosophy were borrowed from Shaftesbury, but he introduced a new term, *the moral sense*, into the metaphysical vocabulary, and assigned to it a sphere of considerable importance. With him the moral sense was a capacity of perceiving moral qualities in action, which excite what he called ideas of those qualities, in the same manner as external things give us not merely pain or pleasure, but notions or ideas of hardness, form, and colour. We agree with Dr Brown in considering this a great error; a moral sense considered strictly and truly a sense, as much so as any of those which are the source of our direct external perceptions, and not a state or act of the understanding, seems a purely fanciful hypothesis. The ancient doctrine, that virtue consists in benevolence, was supported by Hutcheson with much acuteness; but when he asserts that even the approbation of our own conscience diminishes the merit of a benevolent action, we instinctively reject his theory as unnatural and visionary. On account of these paradoxes, Sir James Mackintosh charges Hutcheson with confounding the theory of moral sentiments with the criterion of moral actions, but bears testimony to the ingenuity of his views, and the elegant simplicity of his language.

DAVID HUME.

The system of Idealism, promulgated by Berkeley and the writings of Hutcheson, led to the first literary production of DAVID HUME—his *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1738. The leading doctrine of Hume is, that all the objects of our knowledge are divided into two classes—impressions and ideas. From the structure of our minds he contended that we must for ever dwell in ignorance; and thus, 'by perplexing the relations of cause and effect, he boldly aimed to introduce a universal scepticism, and to pour a more than Egyptian darkness into the whole region of morals.' The *Treatise on Human Nature* was afterwards recast and republished under the title of *An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding*; but it still failed to attract attention. He was now, however, known as a philosophical writer by his *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*, published in 1742; a miscellany of thoughts at once original, and calculated for popularity. The other metaphysical works of Hume are, *An Inquiry concerning the Principles of*

Morals, the Natural History of Religion, and Dialogues on Natural Religion, which were not published till after his death. The moral system of Hume, that the virtue of actions depends wholly upon their utility, has been often combated, and is generally held to be successfully refuted by Brown. In his own day, Dr Adam Smith thus ridiculed the doctrine. 'It seems impossible,' he says, 'that the approbation of virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that by which we approve of a convenient and well-contrived building; or that we should have no other reason for praising a man than for that for which we commend a chest of drawers!' Hume's theory as to miracles, that there was more probability in the error or bad faith of the reporter than in any interference with the ordinary laws of nature, which the observations of scientific men shew to be unswerving, was met, to the general satisfaction of the public, by the able disquisition of Dr George Campbell, whose leading argument in reply was, that we have equally to trust to human testimony for an account of those laws, as for a history of the transactions which are considered to be an exception from them. In drawing his metaphysical theories and distinctions, Hume seems to have been unmoved by any consideration of consequences. He saw that they led to universal scepticism—'to doubts that would not only shake all inductive science to pieces, but would put a stop to the whole business of life'—to the absurd contradiction in terms, 'a belief that there can be no belief'—but his love of theory and paradox, his philosophical acuteness and subtlety, involved him in the maze of scepticism, and he was content to be for ever in doubt. It is at the same time to be admitted, in favour of this remarkable man, that a genuine love of letters and of philosophy, and an honourable desire of distinction in these walks—which had been his predominating sentiment and motive from his earliest years, to the exclusion of more vulgar though dazzling ambition—had probably a large concern in misleading him.* In matters strictly philosophical, his thoughts were original and profound, and to him it might not be difficult to trace the origin of several ideas which have since been more fully elaborated, and exercised no small influence on human affairs.

On Delicacy of Taste.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice

in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasure and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improve with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite become an elegant passion.

On Simplicity and Refinement.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.

Estimate of the Effects of Luxury.

What has chiefly induced severe moralists to declaim against refinement in the arts, is the example of ancient Rome, which, joining to its poverty and rusticity virtue and public spirit, rose to such a surprising height of grandeur and liberty; but, having learned from its conquered provinces the Asiatic luxury, fell into every kind of corruption; whence arose sedition and civil wars, attended at last with the total loss of liberty. All the Latin classics whom we peruse in our infancy are full of these sentiments, and universally ascribe the ruin of their state to the arts and riches imported from the

* Of this ruling passion of Hume we have the following outburst in his account of the reign of James I.: 'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' This sentence Samuel Rogers was fond of quoting to his friends.

East; insomuch that Sallust represents a taste for painting as a vice, no less than lewdness and drinking. And so popular were these sentiments during the latter ages of the republic, that this author abounds in praises of the old rigid Roman virtue, though himself the most egregious instance of modern luxury and corruption; speaks contemptuously of the Grecian eloquence, though the most elegant writer in the world; nay, employs preposterous digressions and declamations to this purpose, though a model of taste and correctness.

But it would be easy to prove that these writers mistook the cause of the disorders in the Roman state, and ascribed to luxury and the arts what really proceeded from an ill-modelled government, and the unlimited extent of conquests. Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life has no natural tendency to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire; nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue; which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in human nature; and as the sentiments and opinions of civilised ages alone are transmitted to posterity, hence it is that we meet with so many severe judgments pronounced against luxury, and even science; and hence it is that at present we give so ready an assent to them. But the fallacy is easily perceived by comparing different nations that are contemporaries; where we both judge more impartially, and can better set in opposition those manners with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Treachery and cruelty, the most pernicious and most odious of all vices, seem peculiar to uncivilised ages, and by the refined Greeks and Romans were ascribed to all the barbarous nations which surrounded them. They might justly, therefore, have presumed that their own ancestors, so highly celebrated, possessed no greater virtue, and were as much inferior to their posterity in honour and humanity as in taste and science. An ancient Frank or Saxon may be highly extolled; but I believe every man would think his life or fortune much less secure in the hands of a Moor or Tartar than those of a French or English gentleman, the rank of men the most civilised in the most civilised nations.

We come now to the second position which we proposed to illustrate, to wit, that as innocent luxury or a refinement in the arts and conveniences of life is advantageous to the public, so wherever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial; and when carried a degree further, begins to be a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the most pernicious, to political society.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. Suppose that he correct the vice, and employ part of his expense in the education of his children, in the support of his friends, and in relieving the poor, would any prejudice result to society? On the contrary, the same consumption would arise; and that labour which at present is employed only in producing a slender gratification to one man, would relieve the necessitous, and bestow satisfaction on hundreds. The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months. To say that without a vicious luxury the

labour would not have been employed at all, is only to say that there is some other defect in human nature, such as indolence, selfishness, inattention to others, for which luxury in some measure provides a remedy; as one poison may be an antidote to another. But virtue, like wholesome food, is better than poisons, however corrected.

Suppose the same number of men that are at present in Great Britain, with the same soil and climate; I ask, is it not possible for them to be happier, by the most perfect way of life that can be imagined, and by the greatest reformation that omnipotence itself could work in their temper and disposition? To assert that they cannot, appears evidently ridiculous. As the land is able to maintain more than all its present inhabitants, they could never, in such a Utopian state, feel any other ills than those which arise from bodily sickness, and these are not the half of human miseries. All other ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. Let us, therefore, rest contented with asserting that two opposite vices in a state may be more advantageous than either of them alone; but let us never pronounce vice in itself advantageous. Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest, and in the next page maintain that vice is advantageous to the public? And indeed it seems, upon any system of morality, little less than a contradiction in terms to talk of a vice which is in general beneficial to society.

I thought this reasoning necessary, in order to give some light to a philosophical question which has been much disputed in England. I call it a philosophical question, not a political one; for whatever may be the consequence of such a miraculous transformation of mankind as would endow them with every species of virtue, and free them from every species of vice, this concerns not the magistrate who aims only at possibilities. He cannot cure every vice by substituting a virtue in its place. Very often he can only cure one vice by another, and in that case he ought to prefer what is least pernicious to society. Luxury, when excessive, is the source of many ills, but is in general preferable to sloth and idleness, which would commonly succeed in its place, and are more hurtful both to private persons and to the public. When sloth reigns, a mean uncultivated way of life prevails amongst individuals, without society, without enjoyment. And if the sovereign, in such a situation, demands the service of his subjects, the labour of the state suffices only to furnish the necessaries of life to the labourers, and can afford nothing to those who are employed in the public service.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

The great metaphysician and divine of America, JONATHAN EDWARDS, was born in 1703 at Windsor in Connecticut, and died in 1758 at Princeton in New Jersey. By his power of subtle argument, his religious fervour, and his peculiar doctrines respecting free-will, Edwards has obtained a high and lasting reputation. He has perhaps never been surpassed as a dialectician. Educated among the Calvinistic Puritans of New England, he imbibed their religious opinions and sentiments, and went so far as to assert that 'if the doctrines of Calvinism, in their whole length and breadth, were not rigidly maintained, a man could nowhere set his foot down with consistency

and safety short of deism, or even atheism itself, or rather universal scepticism.' His definition of true religion, however, is one that may be adopted by all sects. He says: 'True religion in a great measure consists in holy affections. A love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency is the spring of all holy affections.' On this passage, Sir James Mackintosh remarks: 'Had he [Edwards] suffered this noble principle to take the right road to all its fair consequences, he would entirely have concurred with Plato, with Shaftesbury, and Malebranche, in devotion to the "first good, first perfect, and first fair." But he thought it necessary afterwards to limit his doctrine to his own persuasion, by denying that such moral excellency could be discovered in divine things by those Christians who did not take the same view with him of their religion. All others, and some who hold his doctrines with a more enlarged spirit, may adopt his principle without any limitation.' Another of Edwards's doctrines, his ethical theory, relates to the principle of virtue, which, he argues, consists in benevolence or love to *being* in general. This is felt towards a particular being, first in proportion to his degree of existence—'for,' says he, 'that which is great has more existence and is further from nothing than that which is little'—and secondly, in proportion to the degree in which that particular being feels benevolence to others. Thus, God, having infinitely more existence and benevolence than man, ought to be infinitely more loved; and for the same reason, God must love himself infinitely more than he does all other beings. He can act only from regard to himself, and his end in creation can only be to manifest his whole nature, which is called acting for his own glory.' This startling doctrine of necessity has been combated by Mackintosh, Hall, and others. Virtue on such principles is an impossibility, 'for the system of being comprehending the great Supreme is *infinite*; and therefore, to maintain the proper proportion, the force of particular attachment must be infinitely less than the passion for the general good; but the limits of the human mind are not capable of any emotion so infinitely different in *degree*.' The ingenious speculations of Edwards on the freedom of the will, and on original sin, must be held to be airy abstractions, incapable of giving force either to moral or religious truth. He was, however, a zealous and faithful minister, and like most profound thinkers, a man of childlike simplicity of character. The warmth of his sensibilities may be estimated from the following account of his early impressions:

As I was walking there, and looked up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express it. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything: in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon a long time, and so in the daytime spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a loud voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder; and it used to strike me with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt

God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take an opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder.

Such outbreaks of poetical feeling form a strange contrast to the hard and stern arguments in Edwards's exposition of his theological and philosophical tenets. The works of this eminent person are numerous, but the most important are his *Treatise concerning Religious Affections*, 1746; *A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Notion of that Freedom of Will which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency*, 1754; *The Great Doctrine of Original Sin Defended*, 1758; and dissertations *On the Nature of True Virtue*, and *On God's Chief End in the Creation*—the last two not published until thirty years after his death.

The Hartleian theory at this time found admirers and followers in England. DR DAVID HARTLEY, an English physician (1705-1757), having imbibed from Locke the principles of logic and metaphysics, and from a hint of Newton the doctrine that there were vibrations in the substance of the brain that might throw new light on the phenomena of the mind, formed a system which he developed in his elaborate work, published in 1749, under the title of *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*. Hartley, besides his theory of the vibrations in the brain, refers all the operations of the intellect to the association of ideas, and represents that association as reducible to the single law, that ideas which enter the mind at the same time acquire a tendency to call up each other, which is in direct proportion to the frequency of their having entered together. His theory of vibrations has a tendency to materialism, but was not designed by its ingenious author to produce such an effect.

DR ADAM SMITH.

DR ADAM SMITH, after an interval of a few years, succeeded to Hutcheson as professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and not only inherited his love of metaphysics, but adopted some of his theories, which he blended with his own views of moral science. Smith was born in Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, in 1723. His father held the situation of comptroller of customs, but died before the birth of his son. At Glasgow University, Smith distinguished himself by his acquirements, and obtained a nomination to Balliol College, Oxford, where he continued for seven years. His friends had designed him for the church, but he preferred trusting to literature and science. He gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh on rhetoric and belles-lettres, which, in 1751, recommended him to the vacant chair of professor of logic in Glasgow, and this situation he next year exchanged for the more congenial one of moral philosophy professor. In 1759 he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and in 1764 he was prevailed upon to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch as travelling tutor on the continent. They were absent two years, and on his return, Smith retired to his native town, and pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on the *Wealth of Nations*. Two years afterwards, he was made one of the commissioners of customs,

and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in 1790.

The philosophical doctrines of Smith are vastly inferior in value to the language and illustrations he employs in enforcing them. He has been styled the most eloquent of modern moralists; and his work is embellished with such a variety of examples, with such true pictures of the passions, and of life and manners, that it may be read with pleasure and advantage by those who, like Gray the poet, cannot see in the darkness of metaphysics. His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, has been generally abandoned. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' says Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.'

The Results of Misdirected and Guilty Ambition.

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness. They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense; though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavour to efface, both from his own memory and from that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people,

amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Caesar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When, at the request of the senate, he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had, perhaps, lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals.

DR RICHARD PRICE.

DR RICHARD PRICE (1723–1791), a Nonconformist divine, published, in 1758, *A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals*, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume, even before Smith.' Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. On the other side, it is argued that reason is but a principle of our mental frame, like the principle which is the source of moral emotion, and has no peculiar claim to remain unaltered in the supposed general alteration of our mental constitution. Price was an able writer on finance and political economy, and took an active part in the political questions of the day at the time of the French Revolution. He was a republican in principle, and is attacked by Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution*.

DR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

DR GEORGE CAMPBELL (1719–1796), professor of divinity, and afterwards principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was a theologian and critic of vigorous intellect and various learning. His *Dissertation on Miracles*, written in reply to Hume, is a conclusive and masterly piece of reasoning, and his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, published in 1776, is perhaps the best book of the kind since Aristotle. Most of the other works on this subject are little else but compilations, but Campbell brought to it a high degree of philosophical acumen and learned research. Its utility is also equal to its depth and originality: the philosopher finds in it exercise for his ingenuity, and the student may safely consult it for its practical suggestions and illustrations. Dr Campbell's other works are—a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, worthy of his talents; some sermons preached on public occasions; and a series of *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, which were not published till after his death. It is worthy of remark that Hume himself admitted the 'ingenuity' of Campbell's reply to his sceptical opinions, and the 'great learning' of the author. The well-known hypothesis of

Hume is, that no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to a proof. To this Dr Campbell opposed the argument that testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience; in illustration of which he remarked, that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited. His answer is divided into two parts; first, that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, and religious miracles not less than others; and, secondly, that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded are sufficiently attested.

Christianity need not fear Discussion.

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and, by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light, as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood—however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to shew an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.

In the same manly spirit, and reliance on the ultimate triumph of truth, Dr Campbell was opposed to the penal laws against the Catholics; and in 1779, when the country was agitated with that intolerant zeal against popery, which in the following year burst out in riots in London, he issued an *Address to the People of Scotland*, remarkable for its cogency of argument and its just and enlightened sentiments. For this service to true religion and toleration the mob of Aberdeen broke the author's windows, and nicknamed him 'Pope Campbell.' In 1795, when far advanced in life, Dr Campbell received a pension of £300 from the crown, on which he resigned his professorship, and his situation as principal of Marischal College. He enjoyed this well-earned reward only one year, dying in 1796, in his seventy-seventh year. With the single exception of Dr Robertson, the historian—who shone in a totally different walk—the name of Dr Campbell is the greatest which the Scottish church, since the days of Knox, can number among its clergy.

DR REID.

The novelty and boldness of Hume's speculations, and the great talent and ingenuity with which

they were propounded and illustrated, continued the taste for metaphysical studies, especially in Scotland.

DR THOMAS REID'S *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, published in 1764, was an attack on the ideal theory, and on the sceptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candour to submit it to Hume before publication; and the latter, with his usual complacency and good-nature, acknowledged the merit of the treatise. In 1785 Reid published his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and in 1788 those on the *Active Powers*. The merit of Reid as a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning, has been generally admitted. The ideal theory which he combated, taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine Reid had himself believed, till, finding it led to important consequences, he asked himself the question: 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. Dugald Stewart says of Reid, that it is by the logical rigour of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects—imperfectly understood even by the disciples of Locke—still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stands so conspicuously distinguished among those who have hitherto prosecuted analytically the study of man. In the dedication of his *Inquiry*, Reid incidentally makes a definition which strikes us as very happy: 'The productions of imagination,' he says, 'require a genius which soars above the common rank; but the treasures of knowledge are commonly buried deep, and may be reached by those drudges who can dig with labour and patience, though they have not wings to fly.' Dr Reid was a native of Strachan, in Kincardineshire, where he was born on the 26th of April 1710. He was bred to the church, and obtained the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire. In 1752 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, which he quitted in 1763 for the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow. He died on the 7th of October 1796.

LORD KAMES.

HENRY HOME (1696-1782) was a native of Kames, in Berwickshire. Having studied for the legal profession, he was called to the bar in 1723. In 1752 he was raised to the bench, assuming the title of Lord Kames, and in 1763 he was made one of the Lords of Justiciary. In 1728 he published a report of *Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session*, but it is as a writer on metaphysical subjects that he is now known. His work, *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* (1751), combats those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from some single principle, and attempts to establish several principles of action. He here maintained philosophical necessity, but in a connection with the

duties of morality and religion, which he hoped might save him from the obloquy bestowed on other defenders of that doctrine; an expectation in which he was partially disappointed, as he narrowly escaped a citation before the General Assembly of his native church, on account of this book.

In 1762 appeared a larger work, perhaps the best of all his compositions—*The Elements of Criticism*, three volumes, a bold and original performance, which, discarding all arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, seeks for a proper set of rules in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart admits this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts. It is, however, greatly inferior to the work of Dr Campbell.

When advanced to near eighty years of age, he published a work entitled *Sketches of the History of Man* (two vols. 4to, 1773), which shews his usual ingenuity and acuteness, and presents many curious disquisitions on society. A volume, entitled *Loose Hints on Education*, published in 1781, and in which he anticipates some of the doctrines on that subject which have since been popular, completes the list of his philosophical works.

Lord Kames was also distinguished as an amateur agriculturist and improver of land, and some operations, devised by him for clearing away a superincumbent moss from his estate by means of water raised from a neighbouring river, help to mark the originality and boldness of his conceptions. This taste led to his producing, in 1777, a volume entitled *The Gentleman Farmer*, which he has himself sufficiently described as 'an attempt to improve agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles.'

DR BEATTIE.

Among the opponents of Hume was DR BEATTIE the poet, who, in 1770, published his *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism*. Inferior to most of the metaphysicians in logical precision, equanimity of temper, or patient research, Beattie brought great zeal and fervour to his task, a respectable share of philosophical knowledge, and a better command of popular language and imaginative illustration than most of his fellow-labourers in that dry and dusty field. These qualities, joined to the pious and beneficial tendency of his work, enabled him to produce a highly popular treatise. No work of the kind was ever so successful. It has fallen into equal neglect with other metaphysical treatises of the age, and is now considered unworthy the talents of its author. It has neither the dignity nor the acumen of the original philosopher, and is unsuited to the ordinary religious reader. The best of Beattie's prose works are his *Dissertations, Moral and Critical*, 1783, and his *Essays on Poetry, Music, &c.* 1762. He also published a digest of his college lectures, under the title of *Elements of Moral Science*. In these works, though not profoundly philosophical, the author's 'lively relish for the sublime and beautiful, his clear and elegant style,' and his happy quotations and critical examples, must strike every reader.

On the Love of Nature.—From Beattie's 'Essays.'

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance—'and the heart of the shepherd is glad.' Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works—if I may so express myself—there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table!

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim:

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.'

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

On Scottish Music.—From the same.

There is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own, is not surprising; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another, is not more surprising, perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterise the music of one nation or province, and distinguish it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern part of the kingdom as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. In the conclusion of a discourse on music, as it relates to the mind, it will not perhaps be impertinent to offer a conjecture on the cause of these peculiarities; which though it should not—and indeed I am satisfied that it will not—fully account for any one of them, may, however, incline the reader to think that they are not unaccountable, and may also throw some faint light on this part of philosophy.

Every thought that partakes of the nature of passion has a correspondent expression in the look and gesture; and so strict is the union between the passion and its outward sign, that where the former is not in some degree felt, the latter can never be perfectly natural, but if assumed, becomes awkward mimicry, instead of that genuine imitation of nature which draws forth the sympathy of the beholder. If, therefore, there be, in the circumstances of particular nations or persons, anything that gives a peculiarity to their passions and thoughts, it seems reasonable to expect that they will also have something peculiar in the expression of their countenance and even in the form of their features. Caius Marius, Jugurtha, Tamerlane, and some other great warriors, are celebrated for a peculiar ferocity of aspect, which they had no doubt contracted from a perpetual and unrestrained exertion of fortitude, contempt, and other violent emotions. These produced in the face their correspondent expressions, which, being often repeated, became at last as habitual to the features as the sentiments they arose from were to the heart. Savages, whose thoughts are little inured to control, have more of this significance of look than those men who, being born and bred in civilised nations, are accustomed from their childhood to suppress every emotion that tends to interrupt the peace of society. And while the bloom of youth lasts, and the smoothness of feature peculiar to that period, the human face is less marked with any strong character than in old age. A peevish or surly stripling may elude the eye of the physiognomist; but a wicked old man, whose visage does not betray the evil temperature of his heart, must have more cunning than it would be prudent for him to acknowledge. Even by the trade or profession, the human countenance may be characterised. They who employ themselves in the nicer mechanic arts, that require the earnest attention of the artist, do generally contract a fixedness of feature suited to that one uniform sentiment which engrosses them while at work. Whereas other artists, whose work requires less attention, and who may ply their trade and amuse themselves with conversation at the same time, have, for the most part, smoother and more unmeaning faces: their thoughts are more miscellaneous, and therefore their features are less fixed in one uniform configuration. A keen, penetrating look indicates thoughtfulness and spirit: a dull, torpid countenance is not often accompanied with great sagacity.

This, though there may be many an exception, is in general true of the visible signs of our passions; and it is no less true of the audible. A man habitually peevish, or passionate, or querulous, or imperious, may be known

by the sound of his voice, as well as by his physiognomy. May we not go a step further, and say that if a man under the influence of any passion, were to compose a discourse, or a poem, or a tune, his work would in some measure exhibit an image of his mind? I could not easily be persuaded that Swift and Juvenal were men of sweet tempers; or that Thomson, Arbuthnot, and Prior were ill-natured. The airs of Felton are so uniformly mournful that I cannot suppose him to have been a merry or even a cheerful man. If a musician in deep affliction were to attempt to compose a lively air, I believe he would not succeed: though I confess I do not well understand the nature of the connection that may take place between a mournful mind and a melancholy tune. It is easy to conceive how a poet or an orator should transfuse his passions into his work; for every passion suggests ideas congenial to its own nature; and the composition of the poet or of the orator must necessarily consist of those ideas that occur at the time he is composing. But musical sounds are not the signs of ideas; rarely are they even the imitations of natural sounds; so that I am at a loss to conceive how it should happen that a musician, overwhelmed with sorrow, for example, should put together a series of notes whose expression is contrary to that of another series which he had put together when elevated with joy. But of the fact I am not doubtful; though I have not sagacity or knowledge of music enough to be able to explain it. And my opinion in this matter is warranted by that of a more competent judge, who says, speaking of church voluntaries, that if the organist 'do not feel in himself the divine energy of devotion, he will labour in vain to raise it in others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy instantaneous thoughts which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions, and which the enraptured performer would gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they rise.' A man who has made music the study of his life, and is well acquainted with all the best examples of style and expression that are to be found in the works of former masters, may, by memory and much practice, attain a sort of mechanical dexterity in contriving music suitable to any given passion; but such music would, I presume, be vulgar and spiritless compared to what an artist of genius throws out when under the power of any ardent emotion. It is recorded of Lulli, that once, when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord, and struck off such a combination of sounds that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror. . . .

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon. Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. If these people, notwithstanding their reformation in religion, and more frequent intercourse with strangers, do still retain many of their old superstitions, we need not doubt but in former times they must have been more enslaved to the horrors of imagination, when beset with the bugbears of popery and the darkness of paganism. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second-sight wherewith

some of them are still supposed to be haunted, is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second-sight. Nor is it wonderful that persons of lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified; of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror, or of marriages and the arrival of strangers, and such-like matters of more agreeable curiosity. Let it be observed, also, that the ancient Highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war, professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardest native.

What, then, would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find, in fact, that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition: the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian: and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantic leisure and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

ABRAHAM TUCKER—DR PRIESTLEY.

ABRAHAM TUCKER (1705-1774) was an English squire, who, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, studied metaphysics at his country seat, and published (1768), under the fictitious name of Edward Search, a work entitled *The Light of Nature Pursued*, which Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind. Tucker, like Adam Smith, excelled in illustration, and he did not disdain the most homely subjects for examples. Mackintosh says he excels in mixed, not in pure philosophy, and that his intellectual views are of the Hartleian school. How truly, and at the same time how beautifully, has Tucker characterised in one short sentence his own favourite metaphysical studies: 'The science of abstruse learning,' he says, 'when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light upon the paths of life,

but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

In 1775, DR JOSEPH PRIESTLEY published an examination of the principles of Dr Reid and others, designed as a refutation of the doctrine of common sense, said to be employed as the test of truth by the Scottish metaphysicians. The doctrines of Priestley are of the school of Hartley. In 1777 he published a series of disquisitions on *Matter and Spirit*, in which he openly supported the material system. He also wrote in support of another unpopular doctrine—that of necessity. He settled in Birmingham in 1780, and officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation. His religious opinions were originally Calvinistic, but afterwards became decidedly anti-Trinitarian. His works excited so much opposition, that he ever after found it necessary, as he states, to write a pamphlet annually in their defence! Priestley was also an active and distinguished chemist, and wrote a history of discoveries relative to light and colours, a history of electricity, &c. At the period of the French Revolution in 1791, a mob of outrageous and brutal loyalists set fire to his house in Birmingham, and destroyed his library, apparatus, and specimens. Three years afterwards he emigrated to America, where he continued his studies in science and theology, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He was then in his seventy-first year, having been born at Birstal-Fieldhead, near Leeds, in 1733, son of a cloth-dresser. As an experimental philosopher and discoverer, Priestley was of a very high class; but as a metaphysical or ethical writer, he can only be considered subordinate. He was a man of intrepid spirit and of unceasing industry. One of his critics—in the *Edinburgh Review*—draws from his writings a lively picture of 'that indefatigable activity, that bigoted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher.' Robert Hall has thus eulogised him in one of his eloquent sentences: 'The religious tenets of Dr Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme: but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.' *

* This simile seems to have been suggested by the lines of Pope:

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Essay on Criticism.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

No work was more eagerly perused or more sharply criticised than the series of *Letters* written by PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, sometime envoy at the court of Dresden. The letters were never designed for publication. After the death of Mr Stanhope in 1768, it was found that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and two children. The widow disposed of the original letters to their proper owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and immediately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the letters were committed to the press. The copyright was sold for £1500—a sum almost unprecedented for such a work, and five editions were called for within twelve months. The correspondence began, as was stated in the preface, with ‘the dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a boy, rising gradually, by precepts and monition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth, to the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts.’ Mr Stanhope, however, was not calculated to shine; he was deficient in those graces which the anxious and courtly father so sedulously inculcated; his manners were distant, shy, and repulsive. The letters in point of morality are indefensible. Johnson said strongly that they taught the morals of a courtesan and the manners of a dancing-master; but they are also characterised by good sense and refined taste, and are written in pure and admirable English. Chesterfield was, perhaps, the most accomplished man of his age; but it was an age in which a low standard of morality prevailed among public men. As a statesman and diplomatist, he was ingenious, witty, and eloquent, without being high-spirited or profound. As lord-lieutenant of Ireland for a short period, his administration was conciliatory and enlightened. The speeches, state-papers, literary essays, and other miscellaneous writings of this celebrated peer were published by Dr Maty, accompanied with a memoir, in 1774, and a valuable edition of his *Letters*, edited, with notes, by Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), was given to the world in four volumes in 1845, and a fifth in 1853.

The importance which Chesterfield attached to ‘good-breeding’ may be seen from this passage:

On Good-Breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, ‘the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.’ Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good-manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws

are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another’s property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

Detached Thoughts.

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too. Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

Chesterfield occasionally wrote *vers-à-société*, of which the following is the best specimen:

On the Picture of Richard Nash, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies of Bath, placed at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr Pope at Bath.

The old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath;
Forgive them, god of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o’er his works in search of it,
You’ll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents men in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, published in 1765, exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind, and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Junius and others have attacked their author for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when Blackstone was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book! The *Commentaries* have not been supplanted by any subsequent work of the same kind, but various additions and corrections have been made by eminent lawyers in late editions. Blackstone thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy:

On Monarchy.

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief-magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiassed majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splanetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief-magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles; the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery

which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany, may shew us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

At the head of the men of letters at this time—especially of professional authors, as exercising a more commanding influence than any other of his contemporaries, may be placed DR JOHNSON, already noticed as a poet and essayist. In 1755 Johnson completed his *Dictionary*, which had occupied the greater part of his time for seven years, and for the copyright of which he received £1575. Before the publication of the *Dictionary* he had begun the *Rambler*, which he carried on for two years. For two more years (1758-1760) he was engaged in writing the essays entitled *The Idler*, and his novel of *Rasselas*, published in 1759. The latter he wrote in the nights of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. The scene is laid in the east, but the author makes no attempt to portray eastern manners. It is, in fact, a series of essays on various subjects of morality and religion—on the efficacy of pilgrimages, the state of departed souls, the probability of the reappearance of the dead, the dangers of solitude, &c. on all which the philosopher and prince of Abyssinia talk exactly as Johnson talked for more than twenty years in his house at Bolt Court, or in the club. The habitual melancholy of Johnson is apparent in this work—as when he nobly apostrophises the river Nile: 'Answer, great Father of waters! thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.' When Johnson afterwards penned his depreciatory criticism of Gray, and upbraided him for apostrophising the Thames, adding coarsely, 'Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself,' he forgot that he had written *Rasselas*.

In 1765 appeared Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, containing little that is valuable in the way of annotation, but introduced by a powerful and masterly preface. In 1770 and 1771 he wrote two political pamphlets in support of the measures of government, *The False Alarm*, and *Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands*. Though often harsh, contemptuous, and intolerant, these pamphlets are admirable pieces of composition—full of nerve and controversial zeal. In 1775 appeared his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*; and in 1781 his *Lives of the Poets*. It was the felicity of Johnson, as of Dryden, to improve as an author as he advanced in years, and to write best after he had passed that period of life when many men are almost incapable of intellectual exertion. The *Dictionary* is a valuable practical work, not remarkable for philological research, but for its happy and luminous definitions, the result of great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author, and have been much ridiculed. For example, 'Excise,' which—as a Tory hating Walpole and the Whig excise act—he defines, 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common

judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' A pension is defined to be 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country.' After such a definition, it is scarcely to be wondered that Johnson paused, and felt some 'punctuacious visitings,' before he accepted a pension himself! Oats he defines, 'A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' This gave mortal offence to the natives of Scotland, and is hardly yet forgiven; but the best reply was the happy observation of Lord Elibank: 'Yes, and where will you find such horses and such men?' The *Journey to the Western Isles* makes no pretension to scientific discovery, but it is an entertaining and finely written work. In the Highlands, the poetical imagination of Johnson expanded with the new scenery and forms of life presented to his contemplation. His love of feudalism, of clanship, and of ancient Jacobite families, found full scope; and as he was always a close observer, his descriptions convey much pleasing and original information. His complaints of the want of woods in Scotland, though dwelt upon with a ludicrous perseverance and querulousness, had the effect of setting the landlords to plant their bleak moors and mountains, and improve the aspect of the country. The *Lives of the Poets* have a freedom of style, a vigour of thought, and happiness of illustration, rarely attained even by their author. The plan of the work was defective, as the lives begin only with Cowley. Some feeble and worthless rhymsters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters in consequence of the political or personal prejudices of the author.—To Milton he is strikingly unjust, though his criticism on *Paradise Lost* is able and profound. Gray is treated with a coarseness and insensibility derogatory only to the critic; and in general, the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under the ponderous hand of Johnson. Its beauties were too airy and ethereal for his grasp—too subtle for his feelings or understanding.

From the Preface to the Dictionary.

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven by the fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few. . . .

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief

glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Reflections on Landing at Iona.

From the Journey to the Western Isles.

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence

savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Parallel between Pope and Dryden.

From the *Lives of the Poets*.

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over. I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference

of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

JUNIUS AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

On the 21st of January 1769 appeared the first of a series of political letters, bearing the signature of JUNIUS, which have since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation at the time. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The publication of the *North Briton*, a periodical edited by John Wilkes, and conducted with reckless violence and asperity, added fuel to the flame, and the prime-minister, Lord North, said justly, that 'the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people.' The government was by no means equal to the emergency, and indeed it would have required a cabinet of the highest powers and most energetic wisdom to have triumphed over the opposition of men like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of that day was the *Public Advertiser*, published by Woodfall, a man of education and respectability. To this journal the writer known as Junius had contributed under various signatures for about two years. The letters by which he is now distinguished were more carefully elaborated, and more highly polished,

than any of his previous communications. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public. Every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover their author, but in vain. 'It is not in the nature of things,' he writes to his publisher, 'that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known: all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual.' In another place he remarks, 'I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me.' The event has verified the prediction: he had drawn around himself so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of inquirers, political and literary, failed in dispelling the original darkness. The letters were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall, and revised by their author—who was equally unknown to his publisher—and printed in two volumes. They have since gone through innumerable editions; but the best is that published in 1812 by Woodfall's son, which includes the letters by the same writer under other signatures—probably along with others *not* written by him, for there is a want of direct evidence—with his private notes to his publisher, and fac-similes of his handwriting.

The *principles* of Junius are moderate, compared with his *personalities*. Some sound constitutional maxims are conveyed in his letters, but his style has undoubtedly been his passport to fame. His illustrations and metaphors are also sometimes uncommonly felicitous. The personal malevolence of his attacks it is impossible to justify. When the controversy as to the authorship of these memorable philippics had almost died away, a book appeared in 1816, bearing the title of *Junius identified with a Celebrated Living Character*. The living character was Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favour. 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr Chamier to the place of deputy-secretary at war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief-clerk of the War-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his

clerkship at the War-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.' Attention has been drawn to another individual, one of ten or more persons suspected at the time of publication. This is Lord George Sackville, latterly Viscount Sackville, an able but unpopular soldier, cashiered from the army in consequence of neglect of duty at the battle of Minden, but who afterwards regained the favour of the government, and acted as secretary at war throughout the whole period of the American contest. A work by Mr Coventry in 1825, and a volume by Mr Jaques in 1842, have been devoted to an endeavour to fix the authorship of Junius upon Lord George. In 1853 the Grenville Papers were published from the originals at Stowe, and an attempt was made by their editor, Mr W. J. Smith, to prove that Lord Temple was Junius, Lady Temple acting as the amanuensis. Junius had, without disclosing himself, written three letters to Lord Temple on political topics; but these only prove that the unknown looked for the patronage of the Temples, should that family gain an ascendancy in the government. It is probable that more than one person was connected with the letters, and Temple may have been one of these supplying hints; but the evidence given to prove that he was really Junius must be pronounced inconclusive. The claim of Francis still remains the best. In 1871 it was further strengthened by a series of fac-similes by Mr Charles Chabot, expert, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. E. Twiston.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin in 1740, and at the early age of sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham), he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinoul as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and in 1763 he was appointed to a considerable situation in the War-office, which he held till 1772. Next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, from whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in parliament, supporting Whig principles, and was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey. He died in 1818. It must be acknowledged that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and dispositions of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect of Woodfall's celebrated correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without

genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labour earnestly for the public weal. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures.

Of the literary excellences of Junius, his sarcasm, compressed energy, and brilliant illustration, a few specimens may be quoted. His finest metaphor—as just in sentiment as beautiful in expression—is contained in the conclusion to the forty-second letter: ‘The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king’s honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.’

Thus also he remarks: ‘In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved; while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.’

Of the supposed enmity of George III. to Wilkes, and the injudicious prosecution of that demagogue, Junius happily remarks: ‘He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty’s personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.’

The letter to the king is the most dignified of the letters of Junius; those to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the most severe. The Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II. and this afforded the satirist scope for invective: ‘The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of

reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II. without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.’

In the same strain of elaborate and refined sarcasm the Duke of Bedford is addressed:

On the Duke of Bedford.

My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted. . . .

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps: Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishmen will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business,

though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

These are certainly brilliant pieces of composition. The tone and spirit in which they are conceived are harsh and reprehensible—in some parts almost fiendish—but they are the emanations of a powerful and cultivated mind, that, under better moral discipline, might have done lasting honour to literature and virtue. The acknowledged productions of Sir Philip Francis have equal animation, but less studied brevity and force of style. The soaring ardour of youth had flown; his hopes were crushed; he was not writing under the mask of a fearless and impenetrable secrecy. Yet in a letter to Earl Grey on the subject of the blockade of Norway, we find such vigorous sentences as the following:

State of England in 1812.

Though a nation may be bought and sold, deceived or betrayed, oppressed or beggared, and in every other sense undone, *all* is not lost, as long as a sense of national honour survives the general ruin. Even an individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if, in the wreck and ruin of his fortune, the character of the man remains unblemished. That force is elastic, and, with the help of resolution, will raise him again out of any depth of calamity. But if the injured sufferer, whether it be a great or a little community, a number of individuals or a single person, be content to submit in silence, and to endure without resentment—if no complaints shall be uttered, no murmur shall be heard, *deploratum est*—there must be something celestial in the spirit that rises from that descent.

In March 1798, I had your voluntary and entire concurrence in the following, as well as many other abandoned propositions—when we drank pure wine together—when *you* were young, and *I* was not superannuated—when we left the cold infusions of prudence to fine ladies and gentle politicians—when true wisdom was not degraded by the name of moderation—when we cared but little by what majorities the nation was betrayed, or how many felons were acquitted by their peers—and when we were not afraid of being intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified. In England and Scotland, the general disposition of the people may be fairly judged of by the means which are said to be necessary to counteract it—an immense standing army, barracks in every part of the country, the bill of rights suspended, and, in effect, a military despotism.

In the last of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall—the last, indeed, of his appearances in that character—he says, with his characteristic ardour and impatience, ‘I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.’ This was written in January 1773. Forty-three years afterwards, in 1816, Sir Philip

Francis thus writes in a letter on public affairs, addressed to Lord Holland, and the similarity in manner and sentiment is striking. The style is not unworthy of Junius: ‘My mind sickens and revolts at the scenes of public depravity, of personal baseness, and of ruinous folly, little less than universal, which have passed before us, not in dramatic representation, but in real action, since the year 1792, in the government of this once flourishing as well as glorious kingdom. In that period, a deadly revolution has taken place in the moral character of the nation, and even in the instinct of the gregarious multitude. Passion of any kind, if it existed, might excite action. With still many generous exceptions, the body of the country is lost in apathy and indifference—sometimes strutting on stilts—for the most part grovelling on its belly—no life-blood in the heart—and instead of reason or reflection, a *caput mortuum* for a head-piece; of all revolutions this one is the worst, because it makes any other impossible.’*

Among the lighter sketches of Francis may be taken the following:

Characters of Fox and Pitt.

They know nothing of Mr Fox who think that he was what is commonly called *well educated*. I know that it was directly or very nearly the reverse. His mind educated itself, not by early study or instruction, but by active listening and rapid apprehension. He said so in the House of Commons when he and Mr Burke parted. His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Mr Pitt was a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind—a smooth bark, with the deciduous pomp and decoration of a rich foliage, and blossoms and flowers which drop off of themselves, and leave the tree naked at last to be judged by its fruits. *He*, indeed, as I suspect, had been educated more than enough, until there was nothing natural and spontaneous left in him. He was too polished and accurate in the minor embellishments of his art to be a great artist in anything. He could have painted the boat, and the fish, and the broken nets, but not the two fishermen. He knew his audience, and, with or without eloquence, how to summon the generous passions to his applause. The human eye soon grows weary of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolce riposo*,

* The character of Francis is seen in the following admirable observation, which is at once acute and profound: ‘With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sublimity says: “Incline our hearts unto wisdom.” Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial.’—*Reflections on the abundance of Paper*, 1810. Francis excelled in pointed and pithy expression. After his return to parliament in 1784, he gave great offence to Mr Pitt, by exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on Lord Chatham: ‘But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!’ The writer of a memoir of Francis, in the *Annual Obituary* (1820), states that one of his maxims was, ‘That the views of every one should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence, without which no man can be happy, or even honest.’ There is a remarkable coincidence—too close to be accidental—in a private letter by Junius to his publisher, Woodfall, dated March 5, 1772: ‘As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. Without it, no man can be happy, nor even honest.’ It is obvious, however, that Francis may have copied from Junius, and it has been surmised that, notwithstanding his denials of the authorship, he was not unwilling to bear the imputation.

in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling-green as long as it is near. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never lose it, are compounded of grand inequalities.

From Junius's Letter to the King.

To the Printer of the *Public Advertiser*.—December 19, 1769.

SIR—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared—and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased

with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman,* believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man that does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their

* The king, in his first speech from the throne, said he 'gloried in the name of Briton.'

expressions : and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend ; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational ; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible : armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example ; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE—M. DE-LOLME.

As a philologist or grammarian, JOHN HORNE TOOKE (1736-1812) is known in literature, but his chief celebrity arises from his political and social character. He was the son of Mr Horne, a wealthy London poulterer, and hence the punning answer made to his school-fellows who asked what his father was. 'A *Turkey* merchant,' was the boy's reply. John Horne was well educated—first at Westminster, then at Eton, and afterwards at St John's College, Cambridge. His father designed him for the church, and he took orders, but disliking the clerical profession, he studied law at the Middle Temple. He travelled in France and Italy as travelling tutor, first to a son of Elwes the miser, and secondly to a Mr Taylor of Surrey ; and having cast off the clerical character in these continental tours, he never again resumed it. He became an active politician and supporter of John Wilkes, in favour of whom he wrote an anonymous pamphlet in 1765. In 1770, he distinguished himself by the part he took in a memorable public event. The king (George III.) having from the throne censured an address presented by the city authorities, the latter waited upon the sovereign with another 'humble address,' remonstrance, and petition, reiterating their request for the dissolution of parliament and the dismissal of ministers. They were again repulsed, the king stating that he would consider such a use of his prerogative as dangerous to the interests and constitution of the country. Horne Tooke, anticipating such a reception, suggested to his friend, Mr Beckford, the lord mayor, the idea of a reply to the sovereign ; a measure unexampled in our history. When the lord mayor had retired from the royal presence, 'I saw Beckford,' said Tooke, 'just after he came from St James's. I asked him what he had said to the king ; and he replied, that he had been so confused, he scarcely knew what he had said. "But," cried I, "*your speech* must be sent to the papers ; I'll write it for you.'" He did so ; it was printed and diffused over the kingdom, and was engraved on the

pedestal of a statue of Beckford erected in Guildhall.* This famous unspoken speech, the composition of Horne Tooke, is as follows :

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN—Will your majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the mayor of your loyal city of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your majesty's displeasure would, at all times, affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest affliction. Permit me, sire, to assure your majesty, that your majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your majesty, that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, without some prospect, at least of redress. Permit me, sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, to alienate your majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

There seems little to excite popular enthusiasm in this address, but it had the appearance of 'bearding the king upon the throne,' and the nation was then in a state of political ferment. Horne Tooke's subsequent quarrel with Wilkes and controversy with Junius are well known. In the latter, he was completely and eminently successful. He had ere this formally severed himself from the church (1773), and again taken to the study of the law. His spirited opposition to an inclosure bill, which it was attempted to hurry through parliament, procured him the favour of a wealthy client, Mr Tooke of Purley, from whom he inherited a fortune of about £8000, and whose surname of Tooke he afterwards assumed. To this connection we must also ascribe part of the title of his greatest work, *Epea Pteroenta, or the Diversions of Purley*. So early as 1778, Tooke had addressed a *Letter to Mr Dunning* on the rudiments of grammar, and the principles there laid down were followed up and treated at length in the *Diversions*, of which the first part appeared in 1786, and a second part in 1805. Wit, politics, metaphysics, etymology, and grammar are curiously mingled in this work. The chief object of its author was an attempt to prove that all the parts of speech, including those which grammarians considered as expletives and unmeaning particles, may be resolved into nouns and verbs. As respects the English language, he was considered to have been successful ; and his knowledge of the northern languages, no less than his liveliness and acuteness, was highly commended. But his idea that the etymological history of words is a true guide, both as to the *present* import of the words themselves, and as to the nature of those things which they are intended to signify, is a fanciful and fallacious assumption. However witty and well informed as an etymologist, Horne

* The best account of this political manœuvre is given in the *Recollections of Samuel Rogers*, 1856.

Tooke was meagre in definition and metaphysics. He *diverted* himself and friends with philosophical studies, but made politics and social pleasure the real business of his life—thus reminding us more of the French *savans* of the last century than of any class of English students or authors. In 1794 Horne Tooke was tried for high treason—accused with Hardy, Thelwall, and others of conspiring and corresponding with the French Convention to overthrow the English constitution. His trial excited intense interest, to which the eloquence of Erskine, his counsel, has given something more than temporary importance. It lasted several days, and ended in his acquittal. For a short time Horne Tooke sat in parliament, as member for Old Sarum, but did not distinguish himself as a legislator or debater. His latter years were spent in a sort of lettered retirement at Wimbledon, entertaining his friends to Sunday dinners and quiet parties, and delighting them with his lively and varied conversation—often more amusing and pungent than delicate or correct.

The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government, by JOHN LEWIS DE-LOLME (1740–1806), was recommended by Junius ‘as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.’ The author was a native of Geneva, who had studied the law. His work on the English constitution was first published in Holland, in the French language. The English edition, enlarged and dedicated by the author to King George III., appeared in 1775. De-Lolme wrote several slight political treatises, and expected to be patronised by the British government. In this he was disappointed; and his circumstances were so reduced, that he was glad to accept of relief from the Literary Fund. The praise of Junius has not been confirmed by the present generation, for De-Lolme’s work has fallen into neglect.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

A series of letters, written at this time, has been published. The collection is inferior in literary value, but its author was one of the greatest men of his age—perhaps the first of English orators and statesmen. We allude to a volume of letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. This work contains much excellent advice as to life and conduct, a sincere admiration of classical learning, and great kindness of domestic feeling and affection. Another collection of the correspondence of Lord Chatham was made and published in 1840, in four volumes. Some light is thrown on contemporary history and public events by this correspondence; but its principal value is of a reflex nature, derived from our interest in all that relates to the lofty and commanding intellect which shaped the destinies of Europe. WILLIAM PITT was born on the 15th of November 1708. He was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Trinity College, Oxford. He was afterwards a cornet in the Blues. His military career, however, was of short duration; for in 1735 he had a seat in parliament, being returned member for Old Sarum. His talents for debate were soon conspicuous; and on the occasion of a bill for registering seamen in 1740, he made his memorable reply to the elder Horatio Walpole (brother of Sir Robert), who had taunted him on account of his youth. This burst

of youthful ardour has been immortalised by Dr Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman’s Magazine*.

Speech of Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, on being taunted on Account of Youth.

SIR—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

The style of this speech is eminently Johnsonian—not the style of Pitt. We need not follow the public career of Pitt, which is, in fact, a part of the history of England during a long and agitated period. His style of oratory was of the highest class, rapid, vehement, and overpowering, and it was adorned by all the graces of action and delivery. His public conduct was singularly pure and disinterested, considering the venality of the times in which he lived; but as a statesman, he was often inconsistent, haughty, and impracticable. His acceptance of a peerage

(in 1766) hurt his popularity with the nation, who loved and revered him as 'the great commoner;' but he still 'shook the senate' with the resistless appeals of his eloquence. His speech—delivered when he was upwards of sixty, and broken down and enfeebled by disease—against the employment of Indians in the war with America, is too characteristic, too noble to be omitted:

Speech of Chatham against the Employment of Indians in the War with America.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hiring cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature

have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last public appearance and death of Lord Chatham are thus described by WILLIAM BELSHAM (1753–1827), essayist and historian, in his *History of Great Britain*:

The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting 'that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the

powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. "My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be 'totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter.'

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired, May 11, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

Grattan, the Irish orator (1750-1820) has drawn the character of Lord Chatham with felicity and vigour of style. The glittering point and antithesis of the sketch are united to great originality and force:

Character of Lord Chatham by Grattan.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England,

not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

EDMUND BURKE.

As an orator, politician, and author, the name of EDMUND BURKE stood high with his contemporaries, and time has abated little of its lustre. He is still by far the most eloquent and imaginative of all our writers on public affairs, and the most philosophical of English statesmen. Burke was born in Dublin, January 12, 1728-9, the son of a respectable solicitor, a Protestant. His mother's name was Nagle, of a Roman Catholic family. He was educated first at a popular school at Ballitore in Kildare, kept by Abraham Shackleton, a Quaker, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1750 he removed to London, where he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, but he seems soon to have abandoned his intention of prosecuting the law as a profession. In 1756 he published anonymously a parody on the style and manner of Bolingbroke, a *Vindication of Natural Society*, in which the paradoxical reasoning of the noble sceptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and its absurdity very happily exposed. In 1757, he published *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, and an *Account of European Settlements in America*. He obtained an introduction to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and the other eminent men of the day. Burke, however, was still struggling with difficulties, and compiling for booksellers. He suggested to Dodsley the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing the whole of the original matter

for 1758 and 1759. He continued for several years to write the historical portion of this valuable compilation. In 1761, Burke accompanied Mr W. G. Hamilton (best known as 'Single-speech Hamilton') to Ireland, partly in the capacity of private secretary to Hamilton (who had been appointed chief-secretary to the Earl of Halifax, lord-lieutenant of Ireland), and partly as a personal friend. This connection did not last long, Burke being too independent to serve as a mere tool of party. In 1765, he became secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was returned to the House of Commons as member for Wendover. He soon distinguished himself in parliament, but the Rockingham administration was dissolved in 1766, and Burke joined the opposition. In 1769, he wrote an able reply to a pamphlet, by Mr Grenville, on the State of the Nation; and in the following year, another political disquisition, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*. This is a powerful argumentative treatise. We shall not attempt to follow Burke's parliamentary career. His speeches on American affairs were among his most vigorous and felicitous appearances; his most important public duty was the part he took in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, and his opposition to the Regency Bill of Pitt. Stormier times, however, were at hand: the French Revolution was then 'blackening the horizon'—to use one of his own metaphors—and he early predicted the course it would take. He strenuously warned his countrymen against the dangerous influence of French principles, and published his memorable treatise, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 1790. A rupture now took place between him and his Whig friends, Mr Fox in particular; but with characteristic ardour Burke went on denouncing the doctrines of the Revolution, and published his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, his *Letters to a Noble Lord*, and his *Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France*. The splendour of these compositions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the first literary productions of their time. Such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of state policy and government. At the same time, Burke was eminently practical in his views. His greatest efforts will be found directed to the redress of some existing wrong, or the preservation of some existing good—to hatred of actual oppression, to the removal of useless restrictions, and to the calm and sober improvement of the laws and government which he venerated, without 'coining to himself Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution.' Where inconsistencies are found in his writings between his early and later opinions, they will be seen to consist chiefly in matters of detail or in expression. The leading principles of his public life were always the same. He wished, as he says, to preserve consistency, but only by varying his means to secure the unity of his end: 'when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, he is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.' When the revolution broke out, his sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful con-

sequences which it would entail upon France and the world, and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and almost bombastic, and sometimes full of prophetic fire. In one of the debates on the Revolution, after mentioning that he understood that three thousand daggers had been ordered from Birmingham, Burke drew one from under his coat, and throwing it on the floor, exclaimed: 'This is what you are to gain by an alliance with France—this is your fraternisation!' Such a melodramatic exhibition was wholly unworthy of Burke, and naturally provoked ridicule. He stood aloof from most of his old associates, when, like a venerable tower, he was sinking into ruin and decay. Posterity, however, has done ample justice to his genius and character, and has confirmed the opinion of one of his contemporaries, that if—as he did not attempt to conceal—Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his own character in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and philosophy, he infinitely surpassed the original. Burke retired from parliament in 1794. The friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham had enabled him to purchase an estate near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, and there the orator spent exclusively his few remaining years. In 1795, he was rewarded with a handsome pension from the civil list. It was in contemplation to elevate him to the peerage, but the death of his only son—who was his colleague in the representation of Malton—rendered him indifferent, if not averse, to such a distinction. The force and energy of his mind, and the creative richness of his imagination, continued with him to the last. His *Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension* (1796), his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1796 and 1797), and his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority* (1797), bear no trace of decaying vigour, though written after the age of sixty. The keen and lively interest with which he regarded passing events, particularly the great political drama then in action in France, is still manifest in these works, with general observations and reflections that strike from their profundity and their universal application. 'He possessed,' says Coleridge, 'and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a scientific statesman.' His imagination, it is admitted, was not always guided by correct taste; some of his images are low, and even border on disgust.* His language and his

* One of the happiest of his homely similes is contained in his reply to Pitt, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France in 1767. Pitt, he contended, had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds—'as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations. He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the *Fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the old *Red Lion*, for which should obtain the best custom.' In replying to the argument, that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said: 'They are our children, it is true, but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parent, and to respect the beautiful countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?' His account of the ill-assorted administration of Lord Chatham is no less ludicrous than correct. 'He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a

conceptions are often hyperbolic; or it may be said, his mind, like the soil of the East, which he loved to paint, threw up a rank and luxuriant vegetation, in which unsightly weeds were mingled with the choicest flowers and the most precious fruit. He was at once a poet, an orator, a philosopher, and practical statesman; and his knowledge, his industry, and perseverance were as remarkable as his genius. The protracted and brilliant career of this great man was terminated on the 9th of July 1797, and he was interred in the church at Beaconsfield.

A complete edition of Burke's works has been published in sixteen volumes. His correspondence between the year 1744 and his decease, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir R. Bourke, was published in 1844, in four volumes; and copious Lives of Burke have been written by Prior, Croly, and Macknight. Burke's political, and not his philosophical writings, are now chiefly read. His *Disquisition on the Sublime and beautiful* is incorrect in theory and in many of its illustrations, though containing some just remarks and elegant criticism. His mighty understanding, as Sir James Mackintosh observed, was best employed in 'the middle region, between the details of business and the generalities of speculation.' A generous political opponent, and not less eloquent—though less original and less powerful—writer, has thus sketched the character of Burke:

'It is pretended,' says Robert Hall, 'that the moment we quit a state of nature, as we have given up the control of our actions in return for the superior advantages of law and government, we can never appeal again to any original principles, but must rest content with the advantages that are secured by the terms of the society. These are the views which distinguish the political writings of Mr Burke, an author whose splendid and unequal powers have given a vogue and fashion to certain tenets which, from any other pen, would have appeared abject and contemptible. In the field of reason, the encounter would not be difficult, but who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipt in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific: a world of itself, where he dwells in the midst of chimerical alarms—is the dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at the spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, however, are wide, and variegated, rather than distinct; and

tesselated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask: "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Mr Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

the light he has let in on the British constitution, in particular, resembles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of mimic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted for ornament than use.'

Sir James Mackintosh considered that Burke's best style was before the Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him. It was more chaste and simple; but his writings and speeches at this period can hardly be said to equal his later productions in vigour, fancy, or originality. The excitement of the times seemed to give a new development to his mental energies. The early speeches have most constitutional and practical value—the late ones, most genius. The former are a solid and durable structure, and the latter its 'Corinthian columns.'

From the Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775.

Mr Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst* might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et qua sit poterit cognoscere virtus*. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which—by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils—was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord-chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him: 'Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day! . . .

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts." If you drive the people from one place, they

* Allen, first Earl Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift, born in 1684, died in 1775.

will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tatars, and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must, be the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—'increase and multiply.' Such would be the happy result of an endeavour to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God, by an express charter, has given to the children of men. Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. We have invited the husbandman to look to authority for his title. We have taught him piously to believe in the mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. We have thrown each tract of land, as it was peopled, into districts, that the ruling power should never be wholly out of sight. We have settled all we could, and we have carefully attended every settlement with government.

Adhering, sir, as I do to this policy, as well as for the reasons I have just given, I think this new project of hedging in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shewn a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offence; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that of course we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them unserviceable, in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course; and that discontent will increase with misery; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.*

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are

ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. . . .

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.*

Destruction of the Carnatic.

From speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 1785.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse

* At the conclusion of this speech, Mr Burke moved that the right of parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies, but his motion was negatived by 270 to 78. Indeed, his most brilliant orations made little impression on the House of Commons, the ministerial party being omnipotent in numbers. The manner of the orator was also ungraceful, and detracted from the effect of his speeches.

itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march did they not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. . . . The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself,

Mr Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation!

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

From Reflections on the Revolution in France.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

The British Monarchy.

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are

all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoiliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

*The Difference between Mr Burke and the Duke of Bedford.**

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and opposed—and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his, are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptions about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain

in quiet, I should have said: 'Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side: 'Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions: he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? . . . Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief-governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

* The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr Burke and his pension in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796), one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions.

Burke's Account of his Son.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and—whatever my querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation—which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

REYNOLDS—PENNANT.

The *Discourses on Painting*, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792), are elegant and agreeable compositions, containing a variety of literary illustration, and suggestive thought, but they are not always correct or definite in their criticism and rules for artists. Sir Joshua was elected president of the Royal Academy on its institution in 1769, and from that time to 1790, he delivered fifteen lectures or discourses on the principles and prac-

tice of painting. The readers of Johnson and Goldsmith need not be told how much Reynolds was beloved and respected by his associates, while his exquisite taste and skill as a portrait-painter have preserved to us, as Macaulay remarks, 'the thoughtful foreheads of many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of many noble matrons.'

THOMAS PENNANT (1726-1798) commenced in 1761 a body of British zoology, originally published in four volumes folio, and afterwards gave to the world treatises on quadrupeds, birds, arctic zoology, and other departments of natural science. He made tours into Scotland and Wales, of which he published copious accounts; but though a lively and pleasant traveller, and diligent antiquary, Pennant was neither correct nor profound. The popularity of his works stimulated others, and had the effect of greatly promoting the extension of his favourite studies.

THOMAS AMORY.

THOMAS AMORY (1692-1789) was an eccentric miscellaneous writer, a humorist of an extreme stamp. He was most probably a native of Ireland, where his father, a counsellor, acquired considerable property as secretary for the confiscated estates. Thomas is said to have been bred a physician, but is not known to have practised. He is found residing in Westminster in 1757. Previous to this, in 1755, he published *Memoirs: containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain*; and afterwards he issued the *Life of John Bunce, Esq.* 1756-66. The 'Ladies' whose charms and virtues Amory commemorates, appear to have been fictitious characters. The object of the author, in this work, as well as in the *Life of Bunce*, was to extol and propagate unitarian opinions. He describes himself as travelling among the hills of Northumberland, and meeting there, in a secluded spot (which he invests with all the beauty and softness of a scene in Kent or Devon), a young lady, the daughter of a deceased college friend, who had been disinherited for refusing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. The young lady entertains her father's friend, and introduces him to other ladies. They undertake a visit to the Western Islands, and encounter various adventures and vicissitudes, besides indulging in philosophical and polemical discussions. The *Life of John Bunce* is of a similar complexion, but in the form of an autobiography. Bunce has seven wives, all wooed and won upon his peculiar 'Christian principles.' To such reviewers as should attempt to raise the laugh against him, he replies: 'I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman.' And in the spirit of this philosophy, John Bunce proceeds after each bereavement, always in high animal spirits, relishing good cheer, and making fresh converts to his views and opinions. The character, appearance, and acquirements of each wife, with her family history, are related at length. The progeny he casts into shade. 'As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives,' he explains, 'some readers may

perhaps wonder at this; and therefore, to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the *succession*; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I ever heard of—only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.' In lieu of this, the reader is treated to dissertations on the origin of earthquakes, on muscular motion, of phlogiston, fluxions, the Athanasian creed, and fifty other topics brought together in heroic contempt of the unities of time and place. Such a fantastic and desultory work would be intolerable if it were not, like Rabelais and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—though in a greatly inferior degree—redolent of wit, scholarship, and quaint original thought. Amory promised to give the world an account of Dean Swift. 'I knew him well,' he says, 'though I never was within sight of his house, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagances of any man. I had him often to myself in his rides and walks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his time of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity.' Unfortunately, though Amory lived thirty years after making this declaration, he never redeemed his promise.

Portrait of Marinda Bruce.

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit ancient monuments, and discover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This is Hali-farm. It is a beautiful vale surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest flowery greens. The streams all round were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kind of singing-birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place; they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house; and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn, the picture fine.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean as a country-maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size, between the disagreeable extremes; her face, a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind; her mouth, like a rose-bud that is just beginning to blow; and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear. The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half-a-dozen pair.

She had a volume of Shakspeare in her hand as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant; and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which *Titania* speaks in the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that she did not see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprised if I had dropped from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her if she was not the daughter of Mr John Bruce,

as I supposed, from a similitude of faces, and informing her that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. Marinda replied: 'You are not wrong,' and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to Hali-farm, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes wrought into the prettiest mat, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making; and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grotto, was the finest *strix capite aurito, corpore rufa*, that I have seen, that is, the great eagle owl. This beautiful bird, in a niche like a ruin, looked vastly fine. As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in; but on inspection, it appeared that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by Marinda's hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss Bruce returned. One of the maids brought in a supper—such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream-cheese, new bread and butter. Everything was excellent in its kind. The cider and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in Marinda's behaviour; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance was concealed a valuable knowledge.

CHARLOTTE LENNOX—CATHERINE MACAULAY.

Among the literary names preserved by Boswell and Horace Walpole are those of MRS CHARLOTTE LENNOX (1720-1804), and MRS CATHERINE MACAULAY (1733-1791). The former wrote several novels, one of which, *The Female Quixote*, 1752, is an amusing picture of female extravagance consequent on romance-reading. Mrs Lennox also published a feeble critical work, *Shakspeare Illustrated*, and translated from the French Brumoy's *Greek Theatre*, *The Life of Sully*, &c. The first novel of this lady (*Harriot Stuart*, 1751) was celebrated by Johnson and a party of ladies and gentlemen in the Devil Tavern, where a sumptuous supper was provided, and Johnson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel!

Mrs Macaulay was an ardent politician, and in sentiment a republican—'the hen-brood of faction,' according to Walpole. Her chief work was a *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover*, 8 vols. 1763-83. Though a work of no authority or original information, this history has passages of animated composition. To ridicule Mrs Macaulay's republicanism, Johnson one day proposed that her footman, 'a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen,' should be allowed to sit down to dinner with them. The lady, of course, was indignant; but she held to her levelling doctrines in theory, and before her death, had visited George Washington in America, and written against Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution.

MRS MONTAGU AND MRS CHAPONE.

MRS ELIZABETH MONTAGU (1720-1800) and MRS HESTER CHAPONE (1727-1801) were ladies of learning and ability, holding—particularly the former—a prominent place in the literary society

of the period. Mrs Montagu was left a widow with a large fortune, and her house became the popular resort of persons of both sexes distinguished for rank, classical taste, and literary talent. Numerous references to this circle will be found in Boswell's *Johnson*, in the *Life of Dr Beattie*, the works of Hannah More, &c. Mrs Montagu was authoress of a work highly popular in its day, *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with some Remarks upon the Misrepresentations of M. de Voltaire*, 1769. This essay is now chiefly valued as shewing the low state of poetical and Shakspearean criticism at the time it was written. A memoir, with letters, of Mrs Montagu was published in 1873 by Dr Doran, under the title of *A Lady of the Last Century*. Mrs Chaponé's principal work is *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, 1773. Two years afterwards she published a volume of *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. All her writings are distinguished for their piety and good sense.

DR RICHARD FARMER—GEORGE STEEVENS—
JACOB BRYANT.

In 1766, DR RICHARD FARMER, of Emanuel College, Cambridge (1735-1797), published an *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, which was considered to have for ever put an end to the dispute concerning the classic knowledge of the great dramatist. Farmer certainly shewed that Shakspeare had implicitly followed English translations of the ancient authors—as North's *Plutarch*—copying even their errors; but more careful and reverent study of the poet has weakened the force of many of the critic's conclusions. The due appreciation of Shakspeare had not then begun.

A dramatic critic and biographer, GEORGE STEEVENS (1736-1800), was associated with Johnson in the second edition of his *Shakspeare*, 1773. In 1793 he published an enlarged edition of his *Shakspeare*. He was acute and well read in dramatic literature, but prone to literary mystification and deception. Gifford styled him the 'Puck of commentators.'

A student and scholar, JACOB BRYANT (1715-1804) engaged the attention of the learned and critical world throughout a long life by his erudition, inventive fancy, and love of paradox. His most celebrated works are—*A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, 1774-76; *Observations on the Plain of Troy*, 1795; and a *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy*, 1796. The object of Bryant was to shew that the expedition of the Greeks, as described by Homer, is fabulous, and that no such city as Troy existed. A host of classic adversaries rose up against him, to one of whom—Mr J. B. S. Morritt, the friend of Sir Walter Scott—he replied, but his theory has not obtained general acquiescence. Bryant also wrote several theological treatises and papers on classical subjects. It is worthy of remark that though this able and amiable man doubted and denied concerning Homer, he was a believer in the fabrications of Chatterton, having written observations to prove the authenticity of the Rowley poems.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This invaluable American author and patriot (1706-1790), by his writings and life, inculcated

the virtues of industry, frugality, and independence of thought, and may be reckoned one of the benefactors of mankind. Franklin was a native of Boston in America, and was brought up to the trade of a printer. By unceasing industry and strong natural talents, which he assiduously cultivated, he rose to be one of the representatives of Philadelphia, and after the separation of America from Britain, he was ambassador for the states at the court of France. Several important treaties were negotiated by him, and in all the fame and fortunes of his native country—its struggles, disasters, and successes—he bore a prominent part. The writings of Franklin are not numerous; he always, as he informs us, 'set a greater value on a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation.' His *Poor Richard's Almanac*, containing some homely and valuable rules of life, was begun in 1732. Between the year 1747 and 1754 he communicated to his friend, Peter Collinson, a series of letters detailing *New Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia*, in which he established the scientific fact, that electricity and lightning are the same. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and set it up into the air, with a common key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the result; clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came; it agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. The discovery was thus made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested; and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died! The political, miscellaneous, and philosophical works of Franklin were published by him in 1779, and were afterwards republished, with additions, by his grandson, in six volumes. His memoir of himself is the most valuable of his miscellaneous pieces; his essays scarcely exceed mediocrity as literary compositions, but they are animated by a spirit of benevolence and practical wisdom. In 1817, Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, published two volumes of the *Private Correspondence of his grandfather between the years 1753 and 1790*. These are less known than his essays and autobiography—which have always been popular—and we shall subjoin a few extracts.

The Cost of Wars, and Eulogium on Washington.

I hope mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for in my opinion *there never was a good war or a bad peace*. What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working-people, who might have performed the useful labour! . . .

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see

your Excellency [George Washington] in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit. Here (in France) you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance. At present, I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age. I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly, after the war is over, like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

A New Device for the American Coin.

Instead of repeating continually upon every half-penny the dull story that everybody knows—and what it would have been no loss to mankind if nobody had ever known—that George III. is King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. to put on one side some important proverb of Solomon, some pious, moral, prudential, or economical precept, the frequent inculcation of which, by seeing it every time one receives a piece of money, might make an impression upon the mind, especially of young persons, and tend to regulate the conduct; such as on some, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*; on others, *Honesty is the best policy*; on others, *He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive*; on others, *A penny saved is a penny got*; on others, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; on others, *He that buys what he has no need of, will soon be forced to sell his necessaries*; on others, *Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*; and so on to a great variety.

Argument for Contentment.

All human situations have their inconveniences. We feel those that we find in the present; and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come

and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.

WILLIAM MELMOTH—DR JOHN BROWN.

The refined classical taste and learning of WILLIAM MELMOTH (1710-1799) enriched this period with a translation of Pliny's *Letters*. Under the name of Fitzosborne, Melmoth also published a volume of *Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects*, remarkable for elegance of style, and translated Cicero's *Letters* and the treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, to which he appended annotations. Melmoth was an amiable, accomplished, and pious man. His translations are still the best we possess; and his style, though sometimes feeble from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and musical in construction.

DR JOHN BROWN (1715-1766), an English divine, was popular in his own day as author of *Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftesbury* (1751), and an *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* (1757). The latter was written at a period when there was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with public men and measures, and by its caustic severity and animated appeals excited much attention. Cowper says:

The inestimable Estimate of Brown
Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town.

But Pitt was called to the helm of the state, things looked brighter, and down came Brown's paper Estimate:

For measures planned and executed well,
Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.

Dr Brown wrote other occasional prose treatises now forgotten, and he evinced his command of verse by an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to Warburton, and prefixed by Warburton to his edition of Pope. In almost every department of literature this versatile and indefatigable writer ventured with tolerable success; and he has been praised by Wordsworth as one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of the scenery of the English Lakes. This was in 1753; Gray, who has been considered one of the earliest explorers of our romantic districts, did not visit the Lake country till 1769.

Description of the Vale of Keswick—A Letter to a Friend.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick,

you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests: a variety of waterfalls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories; in other parts, they finely retire from it; and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity:

Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen.

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances—beauty, horror, and immensity united—the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert; neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful: and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields; these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of

thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty; islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface. By still moonlight (at which time the distant waterfalls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797) would have held but an insignificant place in British literature, if it had not been for his correspondence and memoirs, those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gaiety, shrewd observation, sarcasm, censoriousness, high life, and sparkling language. His situation and circumstances were exactly suited to his character and habits. He had in early life travelled with his friend Gray, the poet, and imbibed in Italy a taste for antiquity and the arts, fostered, no doubt, by the kindred genius of Gray, who delighted in ancient architecture and in classic studies. He next tried public life, and sat in parliament for twenty-six years. This added to his observation of men and manners, but without increasing his reputation, for Horace Walpole was no orator or statesman. His aristocratic habits prevented him from courting distinction as a general author, and he accordingly commenced collecting antiques, building a baronial castle, and chronicling in secret his opinions and impressions of his contemporaries. His income, from sinecure offices and private sources, was about £4000 per annum; and, as he was never married, his fortune enabled him, under good management and methodical arrangement, to gratify his tastes as a virtuoso. When thirty years old, he had purchased some land at Twickenham, near London, and here he commenced improving a small house, which by degrees swelled into a feudal castle, with turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, windows of stained glass, armorial bearings, and all the other appropriate insignia of a Gothic baronial mansion. Who has not heard of Strawberry Hill—that 'little plaything house,' as Walpole himself styled it, in which were gathered curiosities of all descriptions, works of art, rare editions, valuable letters, memorials of virtue and of vice, of genius, beauty, taste, and fashion, mouldered into dust! This valuable collection was in 1842 scattered to the winds—dispersed at a public sale. The delight with which Walpole contemplated his suburban retreat, is evinced in many of his letters. In one to General Conway—the only man he seems ever to have really loved or regarded—he runs on in this enthusiastic manner:

Strawberry Hill.

You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got out of this Chevenix's shop [Strawberry Hill had been occupied by Mrs Chevenix, a toy-woman !], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

The literary performances with which Walpole varied his life at Strawberry Hill are all characteristic of the man. In 1758 appeared his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*; in 1761 his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*; in 1765 his *Castle of Otranto*; and in 1767 his *Historical Doubts* as to the character and person of Richard III. He left for publication *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*, and a large collection of copies of his letters. A complete collection of the whole, chronologically arranged, and edited by Mr Peter Cunningham, was published in 1857-59 in nine volumes. The writings of Walpole are all ingenious and entertaining, and though his judgments on men and books or passing events are often inaccurate, and never profound, it is impossible not to be amused by the liveliness of his style, his wit, his acuteness, and even his malevolence. The peculiarity of his information, his private scandal, his anecdotes of the great, and the constant exhibition of his own tastes and pursuits, furnish abundant amusement to the reader. Another Horace Walpole, like another Boswell, the world has not supplied, and probably never will. The following letters are addressed to Sir Horace Mann, British envoy at the court of Tuscany, from 1741 to 1760.

The Scottish Rebellion.—Nov. 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty-three. The king had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party-point against Mr Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure—or at least what was called so—just now. The prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr Pelham see what, like everything else, he did not know—how strong he is. The king will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handsyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have

deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men sailed to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire; before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them; if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty,¹ a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen-and-ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The prince,² while the princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr Pelham:

‘Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!’

[Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.—DRYDEN.]

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suareses joy of all their espousals. Does the princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abatue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good-night! I intend you shall still be resident from King George.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penrith. We were put into great spirits by a heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the

¹ Donagh Maccarty, Earl of Clancarty, was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.

² Frederick, Prince of Wales (1707-1751).

rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying: 'And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together.' But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The king spoke of him at his levée with great encomiums; and Lord Stair said: 'Yes, sir, Mr Patterson has behaved very bravely.' The Duke of Bedford interrupted him: 'My lord, his name is not *Patterson*; that is a Scotch name: his name is *Pattinson*.' But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr Pattinson, or Patterson—for now his name may be which one pleases—instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

August 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the

bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. . . .

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say guilty upon my honour.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my lord was guilty, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'

London Earthquakes and London Gossip.—Mar. 11, 1751.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last—exactly a month since the first shock—the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrats and orange-flower water; I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

* Dryden's *All for Love*.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court : the Prince in a green frock—and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat—sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise ! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster ; the high-bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

DR ADAM SMITH.

DR ADAM SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776, laid the foundation of the science of political economy. Some of its leading principles had been indicated by Hobbes and Locke ; Mandeville had also in his *Fable of the Bees* (see *ante*, page 571) illustrated the advantages of free trade, and Hume in his essays had shewn that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world. Several French writers, moreover, had made considerable advances towards the formation of a system. Smith, however, after a labour of ten years, produced a complete system of political economy ; and the execution of his work evinces such indefatigable research, so much sagacity, learning, and information, derived from arts and manufactures, no less than from books, that the *Wealth of Nations* must always be regarded as one of the greatest works on political philosophy. Its leading principles, as enumerated by its best and latest commentator, Mr M'Culloch, may be thus summed up : 'He shewed that the only source of the opulence of nations is *labour* ; that the natural wish to augment our fortunes and rise in the world is the cause of riches being accumulated. He demonstrated that labour is productive of wealth, when employed in manufactures and commerce, as well as when it is employed in the cultivation of land ; he traced the various means by which labour may be rendered most effective ; and gave a most admirable analysis and exposition of the prodigious addition made to its efficacy by its division among different individuals and countries, and by the employment of accumulated wealth or capital in industrious undertakings. He also shewed, in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life ; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way ; that, in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are at the same time advantageous to the public ; and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to determine the species of commercial intercourse to be carried on between different parts of the same country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious.*' Though correct in his fundamental positions, Dr Smith has been shewn to be guilty of several errors. He does not always reason correctly from the

principles he lays down ; and some of his distinctions—as that between the different classes of society as productive and unproductive consumers—have been shewn, by a more careful analysis and observation, to be unfounded. In this work, as in his *Moral Sentiments*, Smith is copious and happy in his illustrations. The following account of the advantages of the division of labour is very finely written :

Advantages of the Division of Labour.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country ! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world ! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen ! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences ; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation

* M'Culloch's *Principles of Political Economy*.

must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

ADAM FERGUSON—LORD MONBODDO.

DR ADAM FERGUSON (1724-1816), son of the minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, was educated at St Andrews; removing to Edinburgh, he became an associate of Dr Robertson, Blair, Home, &c. In 1744, he entered the 42d regiment as chaplain, and continued in that situation till 1757, when he resigned it, and became tutor in the family of Lord Bute. He was afterwards professor of natural philosophy and of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. In 1778, he went to America as secretary to the commissioners appointed to negotiate with the revolted colonies: on his return, he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence at St Andrews, where he died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. The works of Dr Ferguson are—*The History of Civil Society*, published in 1766; *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, 1769; *A Reply to Dr Price on Civil and Religious Liberty*, 1776; *The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic*, 1783; and *Principles of Moral and Political Science*, 1792. Sir Walter Scott, who was personally acquainted with Ferguson, supplies some interesting information as to the latter years of this venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. He had a shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life, from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. The deep interest which he took in the French war had long seemed to be the main tie which connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*.

On the Changes in Society.

From the *Essay on the History of Civil Society*.

Mankind have twice within the compass of history ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, however known to the

geographer, has furnished few materials for history; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture and the practice of commerce are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, the ruins of time and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pine-apple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even assuage the rigours of despotical government: and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow-creatures; firm and ardent in his purposes; devoted to friendship or to enmity; jealous of his independence and his honour, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life; in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both, the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes: in both, the spirit is prepared for servitude; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.

LORD MONBODDO'S *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language*, published in 1771-3 and 1776, is one of those singular works which at once provoke study and ridicule. The author was a man of real learning and talents, but a humorist in character and opinions. He was an enthusiast in Greek literature and antiquities, and a worshipper of Homer. So far did he carry this, that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but made all his journeys to London—which he visited once a year—and other places on horseback, and continued the practice till he was upwards of eighty. He said it was a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting upon his back! The eccentric philosopher was less careful of the dignity of human nature in some of his opinions. He gravely maintains in his *Essay* that men were originally monkeys, in which condition they remained for ages destitute of speech, reason, and social affections. They gradually improved, according to Monboddo's theory, as geologists say the earth was changed by successive revolutions; but he contends that the orang-outangs are still of the human species, and that in the Bay of Bengal there exists a nation of human beings with tails like monkeys, which had been

discovered a hundred and thirty years before by a Swedish skipper. When Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, Monboddò inquired after the long-tailed men, and, according to Dr Johnson, was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. All the moral sentiments and domestic affections were, according to this whimsical philosopher, the result of art, contrivance, and experience, as much as writing, ship-building, or any other mechanical invention; and hence he places man, in his natural state, below beavers and sea-cats, which he terms social and political animals! The laughable absurdity of these doctrines must have protected their author from the fulminations of the clergy, who were then so eager to attack all the metaphysical opponents of revealed religion. In 1779, Monboddò published an elaborate work on ancient metaphysics, in three volumes quarto, which, like his former publication, is equally learned and equally whimsical. James Burnet, Lord Monboddò, died in Edinburgh, May 26, 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

WILLIAM HARRIS (1720-1770), a dissenting divine in Devonshire, published historical memoirs of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. These works were written in imitation of the manner of Bayle, the text being subordinate to the notes and illustrations. Very frequently only a single line of the memoir is contained in the page, the rest being wholly notes. As depositories of original papers, the memoirs of Harris—which are still to be met with in five volumes—were valuable until superseded by better works: the original part is trifling in extent, and written without either merit or pretension.

JAMES HARRIS of Salisbury (1709-1780), a learned benevolent man, published in 1744 treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness. He afterwards (1751) produced his celebrated work, *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar*. The definitions of Harris are considered arbitrary, and often unnecessary, and his rules are complicated; but his profound acquaintance with Greek literature, and his general learning, supplying numerous illustrations, enabled him to produce a curious and valuable publication. Every writer on the history and philosophy of grammar must consult *Hermes*. Unfortunately the study of the ancient dialects of the northern nations was little prevalent at the time of Mr Harris, and to this cause—as was the case also with many of the etymological distinctions in Johnson's Dictionary—must be attributed some of his errors and the imperfection of his plan. Mr Harris was a man of rank and fortune: he sat several years in parliament, and was successively a lord of the admiralty and lord of the treasury. In 1774, he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, which he held till his death in 1780. His son, Lord Malmesbury, published, in 1801, a complete edition of his works in two volumes quarto. Harris relates the following interesting anecdote of a Greek pilot, to shew that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not extinct: 'When the late Mr Anson—Lord Anson's brother—was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the Isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along,

said with some satisfaction: "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr Anson demanded: "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man, a little piqued at the question; "why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy." As a specimen of Harris's ingenious though often unsound grammatical speculations, we subjoin a short and lively definition from his *Hermes*:

Of Pronouns.

All conversation passes between individuals, who will often happen to be till that instant unacquainted with each other. What, then, is to be done? How shall the speaker address the other, when he knows not his name? or how explain himself by his own name, of which the other is wholly ignorant? Nouns, as they have been described, cannot answer this purpose. The first expedient upon this occasion seems to have been pointing, or indicating by the finger or hand; some traces of which are still to be observed, as a part of that action which naturally attends our speaking. But the authors of language were not content with this. They invented a race of words to supply this pointing; which words, as they always stood for substantives or nouns, were characterised by the name of *pronouns*. These also they distinguished into three several sorts, calling them pronouns of the first, the second, and the third person, with a view to certain distinctions, which may be explained as follows: Suppose the parties conversing to be wholly unacquainted, neither name nor countenance on either side known, and the subject of the conversation to be the speaker himself. Here, to supply the place of pointing by a word of equal power, the inventors of language furnished the speaker with the pronoun *I*. *I* write, *I* say, *I* desire, &c.; and as the speaker is always principal with respect to his own discourse, this they called, for that reason, the pronoun of the first person. Again, suppose the subject of the conversation to be the party addressed. Here, for similar reasons, they invented the pronoun *thou*; *thou* writest, *thou* walkest, &c. And as the party addressed is next in dignity to the speaker, or at least comes next with reference to the discourse, this pronoun they therefore called the pronoun of the second person. Lastly, suppose the subject of conversation neither the speaker nor the party addressed, but some third object different from both. Here they provided another pronoun, *he, she, or it*; which, in distinction to the two former, was called the pronoun of the third person. And thus it was that pronouns came to be distinguished by their respective *persons*.

Two distinguished antiquarian writers, whose researches illustrate the history of their native country, may be here mentioned—WILLIAM STUKELEY (1687-1765), who published *Itinerarium Curiosum, or an Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain, An Account of Stonehenge, &c. &c.* Stukeley studied medicine, but afterwards took orders, and at the time of his death, was rector of St George's Church, Queen Square, London. EDWARD KING (1735-1807), an English barrister, published *Observations on Ancient Castles*, and an elaborate work, in three folio volumes, *Munimenta Antiqua*, descriptive of English architecture anterior to the Norman conquest. A still more valuable literary pioneer was DR THOMAS BIRCH (1705-1766), one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, and a trustee of the British Museum. Birch wrote elaborate but dull Lives of Queen Elizabeth; Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I.; of Dr Ward, Archbishop Tillotson, &c. He edited Thurloe's *State Papers*, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and Milton's prose works.

He collected a great amount of materials, literary and historical, and deserves honourable mention in any retrospect of British literature.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND MAGAZINES.

The *Cyclopædia* of EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, published in 1728, in two folio volumes, was the first dictionary or repertory of general knowledge produced in Britain. Chambers, who had been reared to the business of a globe-maker, and was a man of respectable though not profound attainments, died in 1740. His work was printed five times during the subsequent eighteen years, and has finally been extended, in the present century, under the care of DR ABRAHAM REES, to forty volumes in quarto. The *Preceptor* of ROBERT DODSLEY, published in 1748, long continued to be a favourite and useful book. It embraced within the compass of two volumes, in octavo, treatises on elocution, composition, arithmetic, geography, logic, moral philosophy, human life and manners, and a few other branches of knowledge, then supposed to form a complete course of education. In 1751-54 appeared Barrow's *New and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*. The celebrated French *Encyclopædia* was published between the years 1751 and 1765, and the popularising of scientific knowledge went rapidly forward both in France and Britain.

This reign may also be termed the epoch of magazines, reviews, and journals. Of the latter, there were no less than fifty-five weekly publications—enumerated by Nichols in his *Literary Anecdotes*—and some of them were conducted with spirit and ability. The *Grub Street Journal* was begun in 1730, and continued till 1737, enriched by the personal attacks of Pope, and by some acute and lively criticism. Fielding also had his *True Patriot's Journal* and *Covent Garden Journal*. The monthly form of publication was first adopted by EDWARD CAVE, Johnson's humble literary friend and patron, who commenced in 1731 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which still exists. Cave, in his introduction, said: 'Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that, besides divers written accounts, no less than 200 half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment.'

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Hence the sagacious printer argued that a magazine was necessary to preserve what was valuable in the multifarious half-sheets. Original communications were afterwards admitted, and Cave's success led to rival works of the same kind. The *London Magazine*, the *Universal*, the *Grand*, the *Town and Country*, and others followed. The *Literary Magazine* or *Universal Review*, commenced in 1756, was chiefly supported, during its three years of existence, by the admirable criticisms of Johnson. The *Lady's Magazine* and *Public Ledger* contained many of the fine essays of Goldsmith; and about the same time Smollett started the *British Magazine*, which appeared under the distinction of the royal license. At this period many other monthly miscellanies were commenced, but most of them were short-lived and obscure. Scotland was not long behind the sister-country in having a monthly periodical. In January 1739 was issued the first number of the *Scots Magazine*, produced, among other reasons, as stated by the publishers, that 'the Caledonian Muse might not be restrained by want of a public echo to her song!' This magazine continued down to 1826.

The first periodical devoted exclusively to criticism on new books was the *Monthly Review*, established in 1749 by Griffiths, a bookseller, assisted by Dr Kippis, Ralph, Langhorne, Grainger, and others. As the *Monthly* was Whig and Low Church, the Tory and High Church party in 1756 set up a rival, the *Critical Review*, which was placed under the editorship of Smollett, and led the irritable novelist into many feuds and wars. Griffiths, indignant at having his province invaded, said his review was not written by 'physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment.' Smollett, in reply, said the *Critical Review* was not written by 'a parcel of obscure hirelings under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles.' Both reviews kept the field for a long period, and were the chief publications of the kind previous to the commencement of the *British Critic* in 1793.

Another useful and valuable periodical was commenced in 1758—the *Annual Register*, towards which, as previously stated, Burke was a contributor, and which is still (1875) continued in a generally improved form. It is the best record we have of the history, political and literary, of the times at home and abroad.

END OF VOL. I.





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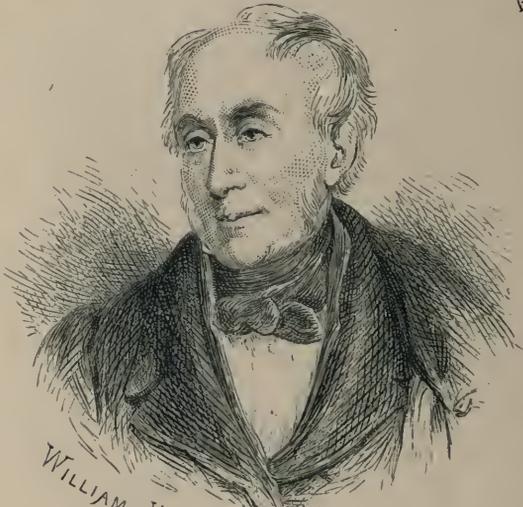
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WILLIAM GOWPER



ROBERT SOUTHEY.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

J.R. P. del.

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CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS
WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THIRD EDITION

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

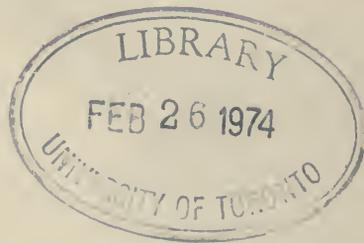
IN TWO VOLUMES

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

SEVENTH PERIOD.

1780-1830: REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

THIS period presents several illustrious names, and accelerated progress in every department of literature. In poetry, the period was pre-eminently distinguished, and is the only one which challenges comparison, in any degree, with the brilliant Elizabethan age. In fiction, or imaginative invention, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*; and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, or the fancy of Moore, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the chivalry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. 'The literature of England,' says Shelley, 'has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among such philosophers and poets as surpass beyond comparison

any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unflinching herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day, without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

'It is not Sir William Jones's poetry,' says Southey, 'that can perpetuate his name.' This is true: it was as an oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels. His varied learning and philological

researches—he was master of twenty-eight languages—were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. Sir William was born in London in 1746. His father was an eminent mathematician, but died when his son was only three years of age. The care of educating young Jones devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the duty by her virtues and extensive learning. When in his fifth year, the imagination of the young scholar was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced. In 1753 he was placed at Harrow School, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine himself merely to the ancient authors usually studied, but added a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and acquired sufficient Hebrew to read the Psalms. In 1764 he was entered of University College, Oxford. Here his taste for oriental literature continued, and he engaged a native of Aleppo, whom he had discovered in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians. In his nineteenth year, Jones accepted an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favourite and unremitting studies. An opportunity of displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and in 1769 accompanied his pupil to the continent. Next year, feeling anxious to attain an independent station in life, he entered himself a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession, he contemplated with pleasure the ‘stately edifice of the laws of England,’ and mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774, he published *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. A patriotic feeling was mingled with this resolution. ‘Had I lived at Rome or Athens,’ he said, ‘I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens—connected as they were with banishment and even death—to the groves of the poets or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens.’ Jones now practised at the bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war and to the slave-trade, then so prevalent, and in 1781 he

produced his noble Alcaic Ode, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. He was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. He married the daughter of Dr Shipley, bishop of St Asaph; and in April 1783, in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India, never to return. Sir William Jones entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia. In 1784, his health being affected by the climate and the closeness of his application, he made a tour through various parts of India, in the course of which he wrote *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife*, a poetical tale, and a *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*. He also studied the Sanscrit language, being unwilling to continue at the mercy of the Pundits, who dealt out Hindu law as they pleased. Some translations from oriental authors, and original poems and essays, he contributed to a periodical established at Calcutta, entitled *The Asiatic Miscellany*. He meditated an epic poem on the discovery of England by Brutus, and had matured his design so far as to write the arguments of the intended books of his epic, but the poem itself he did not live to attempt. In 1789, Sir William translated an ancient Indian drama, *Sacotala, or the Fatal Ring*, which exhibits a picture of Hindu manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws; and in 1794 he translated the *Ordinances of Menu*, or the Hindu system of duties, religious and civil. His motive to this task, like his inducement to the digest, was to aid the benevolent intentions of our legislature in securing to the natives, in a qualified degree, the administration of justice by their own laws. Sir William died April 27, 1794. Every honour was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St Paul’s Cathedral. The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how he had comprised them in his short life of forty-eight years. With respect to the division of his time, he had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:

Sir Edward Coke:

Six hours in sleep, in law’s grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.*

An Ode, in Imitation of Alcaeus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

* As respects sleep, the example of Sir Walter Scott may be added to that of Sir William Jones, for the great novelist has stated that he required seven hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day.

Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No : men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :
 These constitute a state,
 And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore !
 No more shall Freedom smile ?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck enfold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bokhara's haunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
 Tell them, their Eden cannot shew
 A stream so clear as Rochnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh ! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display,
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrowed gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate : ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy :
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
 Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage—

While music charms the ravished ear ;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard ?
 And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still :
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung :
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
 But oh ! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung !

The Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's Siris imitated.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth :
 Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray :
 Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

Tetrastic—From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;
 So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON (1721-1788) wrote *Visions in Verse*, for children, and a volume of poetical *Miscellanies*. He followed the medical profession in St Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.'

The Fireside.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance ;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
 No noisy neighbour enters here ;
 Nor intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam :
 The world has nothing to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explored the sacred bark.

* The following is the last sentence of the *Siris* : 'He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
 If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their minds, with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs :
 They'll grow in virtue every day ;
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs! we envy not your state ;
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
 But then how little do we need !
 For nature's calls are few :
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power ;
 For, if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given ;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
 The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go ;
 Its checkered paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead :

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800), 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey has designated him, belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the son of

Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families in England, descended by four different lines from King Henry III. This lofty lineage cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility. Dr Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, and there the poet was born, November 15, 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered through all his life—and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows, who held in complete subjection and abject fear the timid and home-sick boy, led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster School, where he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At the age of eighteen he was removed, in order to be articled to an attorney. Having passed through this training—with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow for his fellow-clerk—Cowper, in 1754, was called to the bar. He never made the law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' and in his chambers in the Temple he wrote gay verses, and associated with Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the *Connoisseur* and to the *St James's Chronicle*, both conducted by his friends. Darker days were at hand. Cowper's father was now dead, his patrimony was small, and he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him in the deepest misery and distress. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; the appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to a private madhouse at St Albans, kept by Dr Cotton. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery, he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a further sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement. The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished: his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervour, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr Unwin him-

self was suddenly removed, the same connection was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be united with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline :

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

After the death of Mr Unwin in 1767, the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton—a remarkable man in many respects—to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern division of Buckinghamshire, where Mr Newton himself officiated as curate. This was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery is more varied and attractive, and abounds in fine retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased corresponding with his friends, and associated only with Mrs Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 it became a case of decided insanity. About two years were passed in this unhappy state. The poet, as appears from a diary kept by Newton, would have been married to Mrs Unwin but for this calamity. On his recovery, Cowper took to gardening, rearing hares, drawing landscapes, and composing poetry. The latter was fortunately the most permanent enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782. The sale of the work was slow; but his friends were eager in its praise, and it received the approbation of Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence was resumed, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party, Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Olney, and whose conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit of Cowper. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' Lady Austen also prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprang the noble poem of *The Task*. This memorable friendship was at length dissolved. The lady exacted too much of the time and attention of the poet—perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin, with respect to the superior charms and attractions of her rival, intervened to increase the alienation—and before *The Task* was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney without any intention of returning to it. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided. The public were glad to hear the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of *The Task*, they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated. '*The Task*,' says Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when com-

pared with *The Task*, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' As soon as he had completed his labours for the publication of his second volume, Cowper entered upon an undertaking of a still more arduous nature—a translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster School, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple, and he was impressed with but a poor opinion of the translation of Pope. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses. He published by subscription, in which his friends were generously active. The work appeared in 1791, in two volumes quarto. In the interval the poet and Mrs Unwin had removed to Weston, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, a woman of refined and fascinating manners, had visited him; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. His malady, however, returned upon him with full force, and Mrs Unwin being rendered helpless by palsy, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. A careful revision of his Homer, and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton, were the last literary undertakings of Cowper. The former he completed, but without improving the first edition: his second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasionally bright intervals. A visit to his friend Hayley, at Earham, produced a short cessation of his mental suffering, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs Unwin to Norfolk, on a visit to some relations, and there Mrs Unwin died on the 17th of December 1796. The unhappy poet would not believe that his long-tried friend was actually dead; he went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time he never mentioned her name or spoke of her again. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was the *Castaway*, a strain of touching and beautiful verse, which shewed no decay of his poetical powers: at length death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800. So sad and strange a destiny has never before or since been that of a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life plunged in the darkest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall which he despaired of ever being able to scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress,' surpasses the elaborate efforts of others made under the most favourable circumstances; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity, seems undoubted; but the predisposing causes were as surely aggravated by his strict and secluded mode of life. Lady Hesketh was a better guide and

companion than John Newton; and no one can read his letters without observing that cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. The iron frame of Newton could stand unmoved amidst shocks that destroyed the shrinking and apprehensive mind of Cowper. All, however, have now gone to their account—the stern yet kind minister, the faithful Mary Unwin, the gentle high-born relations who forsook ease, and luxury, and society to soothe the misery of one wretched being, and that immortal being himself has passed away, scarcely conscious that he had bequeathed an imperishable treasure to mankind. We have greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton are spirits of ethereal kind: Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates, but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him for ever.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was coldly received. The subjects of his poems (*Table Talk, the Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, &c.*) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate a fastidious public. He was both too harsh and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rich declamatory grandeur and brilliancy of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would, from principle, have rejected. There are passages, however, in these evangelical works of Cowper of masterly execution and lively fancy. His character of Chatham has rarely been surpassed even by Pope or Dryden:

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so; the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Neither has the fine simile with which the following retrospect closes:

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a dayspring into distant climes,

Ennobling every region that he chose.
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again.

The poem of *Conversation* in this volume is rich in Addisonian humour and satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to *The Task*. In *Hope* and *Retirement*, we see traces of the descriptive powers and natural pleasantries afterwards so finely developed. The highest flight in the whole, and the one most characteristic of Cowper, is his sketch of

The Greenland Missionaries.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And stills it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the furthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.

O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilising streams your fields divide,
That shew reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this mixture of argument and piety, poetry and plain sense, we have the distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. The freedom acquired by composition, and especially the presence of Lady Austen, led to more valuable results; and when he entered upon *The Task*, he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to launch into general description. His versification underwent a similar improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly *The Task* was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the

higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable grace and melody. In this respect, Cowper, as already mentioned, has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of *The Task* in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the poet then elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features :

Rural Sounds.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night ; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

The freedom of this versification, and the admirable variety of pause and cadence, must strike the most uncritical reader. With the same playful strength and equal power of landscape-painting, he describes

The Diversified Character of Creation.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studios of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man ; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,

Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shews,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odiferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the beginning to the end of *The Task* we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, when a boy,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink ;

his walks with Mrs Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years ;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill and taste of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display. The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are drawn up with the most solemn truths, and satire, pathos, and reproof alternately mingle or repel each other, are characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. His inimitable ease and colloquial freedom, which lends such a charm to his letters, is never long absent from his poetry ; and his peculiar tastes, as seen in that somewhat grandiloquent line,

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,

are all pictured in the pure and lucid pages of *The Task*. It cannot be said that Cowper ever abandoned his sectarian religious tenets, yet they are little seen in his great work. His piety is that which all should feel and venerate ; and if his sad experience of the world had tinged the prospect of life, 'its fluctuations and its vast concerns,' with a deeper shade than seems consonant with the general welfare and happiness, it also imparted a higher authority and more impressive wisdom to his earnest and solemn appeals. He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd,' conscious of the follies and wants of those he left behind, and inspired with power to minister to the delight and instruction of the whole human race.

From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'er taken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again ;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk ;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he :

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop, significant and budge ;
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
 He says but little, and that little said,
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home :
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity of love ;
 But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
 To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us in recitals of disease
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
 Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot ;
 Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill ;
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !
 They put on a damp night-cap, and relapse ;
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad ;
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much :
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
 You fall at once into a lower key—
 That's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light ;
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
 With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
 He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
 Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
 Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress.
 He likes yours little, and his own still less ;
 Thus always teasing others, always teased,
 His only pleasure is to be displeas'd.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
 Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
 And bear the marks upon a blushing face
 Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
 Our sensibilities are so acute,
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.
 We sometimes think we could a speech produce
 Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;
 But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
 Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip ;
 Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say :
 'Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
 Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it—here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !

Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
 Off gave me promise of a quick return :
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
 By disappointment every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes :
 All this, still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissud flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin—
 And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
 The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
 ' Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ; '*
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchored at thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my prond pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again :
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Voltaire and the Lace-worker.—From ' Truth.'

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit ;
 Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such—
 Toilsome and indigent—she renders much ;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 O happy peasant ! O unhappy bard !
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
 He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home ;
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of hers.

To Mary (Mrs Unwin).

Autumn, 1793.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast ;
 Ah, would that this might be the last !
 My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow ;
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
 My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
 My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads, with magic art,
 Have wound themselves about this heart,
 My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language uttered in a dream ;
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
 My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
 Are still more lovely in my sight
 Than golden beams of orient light,
 My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
 What sight worth seeing could I see ?
 The sun would rise in vain for me,
 My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
 Thy hands their little force resign ;
 Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
 That now at every step thou mov'st
 Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,
 My Mary !

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
 How oft the sadness that I shew,
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
 My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
 My Mary !

Winter Evening in the Country.—From ' The Task.'

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unrinkled face reflected bright ;
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
 locks ;
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch !
 Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh the important budget ! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ? have our troops awaked ?

* Garth. (See Vol. I. of this work, page 507.)

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening who, with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
 Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.

Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto,* with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all. . . .

Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know. . . .

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
 A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
 Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
 And whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 When they command whom man was born to please,
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Love of Nature.—From the same.

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
 Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
 Infused at the creation of the kind.
 And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
 Discriminated each from each, by strokes
 And touches of his hand, with so much art
 Diversified, that two were never found
 Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
 That all discern a beauty in his works,
 And all can taste them: minds that have been formed
 And tutored, with a relish more exact,
 But none without some relish, none unmoved.
 It is a flame that dies not even there,
 Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
 Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
 Whatever else they smother of true worth
 In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
 The villas with which London stands begirt,
 Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
 Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
 A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
 That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
 That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
 Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
 He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
 That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green

* A noted conjuror of the day.

Is still the livery she delights to wear,
 Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
 What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
 The Frenchman's darling? * Are they not all proofs
 That man, immured in cities, still retains
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
 By supplemental shifts the best he may?
 The most unfurnished with the means of life,
 And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
 To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
 Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
 And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
 The country, with what ardour he contrives
 A peep at nature, when he can no more.

English Liberty.—From the same.

We love

The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
 And reigns content within them; him we serve
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
 But recollecting still that he is man,
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,
 And king in England too, he may be weak,
 And vain enough to be ambitious still;
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
 To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
 But not to warp or change it. We are his
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
 We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
 We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
 You the regardless author of its woes;
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
 You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake:
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought. . . .

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science, blinds
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets
 In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence, till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
 My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft

* Mignonette.

And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or, flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
 Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
 Of that one feature can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
 But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
 Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
 And shock me. I should then with double pain
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
 And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
 I would at least bewail it under skies
 Milder, among a people less austere;
 In scenes which, having never known me free,
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
 Do I forebode impossible events,
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
 Designed by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
 Incurs derision for his easy faith,
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
 For when was public virtue to be found
 Where private was not? Can he love the whole
 Who loves no part?—he be a nation's friend,
 Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?

*From 'Yardley Oak.'**

Relic of ages!—could a mind, imbued
 With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
 I might with reverence kneel and worship thee. . . .
 Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
 Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
 Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
 The Auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
 The yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
 And all thy embryo vastness, at a gulp.
 But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
 Beneath thy parent tree, mellowed the soil
 Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
 With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
 The soft receptacle in which, secure,
 Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . . .
 Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou
 speak,
 As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
 Oracular, I would not curious ask
 The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
 Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
 By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
 The clock of history, facts and events
 Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
 Recovering, and misstated setting right—
 Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again! . . .
 What exhibitions various hath the world

* A tree in Yardley Chace, near Olney, said to have been planted by Judith, daughter of William the Conqueror, and wife of Earl Walthef.

Witnessed of mutability in all
 That we account most durable below !
 Change is the diet on which all subsist,
 Created changeable, and change at last
 Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
 Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
 Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
 Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
 Invigorate by turns the springs of life
 In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
 And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
 Fine passing thought, even in her coarsest works,
 Delight in agitation, yet sustain
 The force that agitates, not unimpaired ;
 But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
 Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
 The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
 From almost nullity into a state
 Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
 Slow, into such magnificent decay.
 Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
 Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
 When tempest could not. At thy firmest age
 Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
 That might have ribbed the sides and planked the
 deck

Of some flagged admiral ; and tortuous arms,
 The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
 To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
 Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load !
 But the axe spared thee. In those thrifter days
 Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
 The bottomless demands of contest waged
 For senatorial honours. Thus to time
 The task was left to whittle thee away
 With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
 Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
 Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
 Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
 By man performed, made all the forest ring.

Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
 Possessing nought but the scooped rind—that seems
 An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
 Which it would give in rivulets to thy root—
 Thou temptest none, but rather much forbiddest
 The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
 Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
 A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
 Which crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
 The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
 Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
 Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
 Pulverised of venality, a shell
 Stands now, and semblance only of itself !

The Diverting History of John Gilpin :

Shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe
 home again,

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear :
 ' Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

' To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

' My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.'

He soon replied : ' I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear ;
 Therefore it shall be done.

' I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs Gilpin : ' That's well said ;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
 O'erjoyed was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
 Where they did all get in ;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad ;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down-stairs :
 ' The wine is left behind !'

' Good lack !' quoth he—' yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs Gilpin—careful soul !—
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out : ' Well done !'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house !'
They all at once did cry ;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired !'
Said Gilpin : ' So am I !'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

'What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

'I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,*
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit :
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John : ' It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

* We may add to the poet's text an explanation of the old phrase 'a merry pin,' as given in Fuller's *Church History*: 'At a grand synod of the clergy and laity, 3 Henry I. (1102 A.D.), priests were prohibited from drinking at pins. This was a Dutch trick, but used in England, of artificial drunkenness, out of a cup marked with certain pins, and he accounted the best man who could nick the pin, drinking even unto it, whereas to go above or beneath it was a forfeiture. Hence probably the proverb, he is in a merry pin.'

So turning to his horse, he said :
 ' I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first ;
 For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell :
 ' This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain !
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :

' Stop thief ! stop thief ! a highwayman !'
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The tollmen thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he ;
 And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

WILLIAM HAYLEY (1745–1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote various poetical works which enjoyed great popularity in their day. His principal work is *The Triumphs of Temper*, a poem in six cantos (1781). He wrote also an *Essay on History*, addressed to Gibbon (1780), an *Essay*

on *Epic Poetry* (1782), an *Essay on Old Maids* (1785), *Essays on Sculpture*, addressed to Flaxman (1800), *The Triumph of Music* (1804), &c. He wrote also various dramatic pieces and a *Life of Milton* (1796). A gentleman by education and fortune, and fond of literary communication, Hayley enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the eminent men of his times. His over-strained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and accomplished man. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension. He had what appears to have been to him a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction—the task of writing epitaphs for most of his friends, including Mrs Unwin and Cowper. His life of Cowper appeared in 1803, and three years afterwards it was enlarged by a supplement. Hayley prepared memoirs of his own life, which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the remainder of his life. This annuity he enjoyed for twelve years. The memoirs appeared in two fine quarto volumes, but they failed to attract attention. Hayley had outlived his popularity, and his smooth but often unmeaning lines had vanished like chaff before the vigorous and natural outpourings of the modern muse. As a specimen of this once much-praised poet, we subjoin from his *Essay on Epic Poetry* some lines on the death of his mother, which had the merit of delighting Gibbon, and with which Southey has remarked Cowper would sympathise deeply :

Tribute to a Mother, on her Death.

For me who feel, when'er I touch the lyre,
 My talents sink below my proud desire ;
 Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
 When friends assure me that my verse will live ;
 Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
 Led into pensive shade and soothing song ;
 Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
 May meet in present or in future times,
 Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
 Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy ;
 Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
 And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
 While keener poets, querulously proud,
 Lament the ill of poesy aloud,
 And magnify with irritation's zeal,
 Those common evils we too strongly feel,
 The envious comment and the subtle style
 Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile ;
 Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
 And think those blessings for her ills atone ;
 Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
 Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
 The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
 'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
 Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
 O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled,
 And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
 Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
 He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme ;
 While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
 Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare ;
 Marking the early temper of his soul,
 Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control !
 Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
 Than ever child to parent owed before ;
 In life's first season, when the fever's flame
 Shrank to deformity his shrivelled frame,

And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer:
Nor prayed in vain; thy child from powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues trained me—let the praise be thine.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

On the Tomb of Mrs Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN (1731-1802), an ingenious philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St John's College, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in

1770; and after her decease, Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession, but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention, and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole of Radbourne Hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs Pole; and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the *Loves of the Plants*. Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses, into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions:

Extract from 'Loves of the Plants.'

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.*
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells, blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

* Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both; and on their marriage has constructed his invaluable system of botany.
—DARWIN.

This is certainly melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression :

Roll on, ye stars ! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time ;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach ;
Flowers of the sky ! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field !
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all !
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same !

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway, with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses in the following happy and vigorous lines, to *Moses concealed on the Nile*, and the slavery of the Africans :

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight ;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast ;
With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar ;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves ;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips ;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod ;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's
 hands,
And broke, cursed slavery ! thy iron bands.
Hark ! heard ye not that piercing cry,
 Which shook the waves and rent the sky ?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars ;
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell ;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound !
Ye bands of senators ! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys ;
Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save !
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court ;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms ;
But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates ! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression, shares the crime !'

The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connection or dependence one on the other. He has such a throng of startling metaphors and descriptions; the latter drawn out to an excessive

length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the *Botanic Garden* was added in 1792 ; (he received £900 for the copyright of the whole). Darwin next published his *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*, part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others, have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*. He also wrote a short treatise on *Female Education*, intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed, he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his *Botanic Garden* he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April 1802. Shortly after his death, was published a poem, the *Temple of Nature*, which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The *Temple of Nature* aimed, like the *Botanic Garden*, to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his *song* for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of Flora had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the *Pleasures of Hope* of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse, was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers. His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire ; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants ? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos except in very brief episodical

passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects.

Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.

From the *Botanic Garden.*

'Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts unfold
The legion-fiends of glory and of gold!
Stay, whose false lips seductive simpers part,
While cunning nestles in the harlot heart!
For you no dryads dress the roseate bowers,
For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
Unmarked by you, light graces swim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.

'But thou whose mind the well-temper'd ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
Whose finer sense with soft vibration owns
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly pinions play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way;
My plummy pairs in gay embroidery dressed,
Form with ingenious bill the pensile nest,
To love's sweet notes attune the listening dell,
And Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.

'And if with thee some hapless maid should stray,
Disastrous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
Where, as meek evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moonbeams glitter through the trembling trees,
The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear;
There, as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale and whispers round the grot,
The sister woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.

'Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dew;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold.'
Thus spoke the genius as he stepped along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill,
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willow mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground,
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;

The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the panted grounds.
Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind.

From the *Economy of Vegetation.*

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoll heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains
bowed;

Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
'O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
O strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God!"
Sylphs! in what dread array with pennons broad,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;
Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venom'd tempest sings,
Man falls on man, on buckler, buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish, anguish yields,
And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden.

From the *Loves of the Plants.*

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lipping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!
'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won!'

A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!—
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
'O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return!'
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from
far!

The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
'O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
'Eliza' echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps
tread,

O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,
'Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand,'
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.'
'She'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
'O heavens!' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!'
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.*

Song to May.—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering wing
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

* Those who have the opportunity may compare this death-scene (much to the advantage of the living author) with that of Gertrude of Wyoming, which may have been suggested, very remotely and quite unconsciously, by Darwin's Eliza. Sir Walter Scott excels in painting battle-pieces, as overseen by some interested spectator. Eliza at Minden is circumstanced so nearly like Clara at Flodden, that the mighty Minstrel of the North may possibly have caught the idea of the latter from the Lichfield botanist; but oh, how has he triumphed!—*Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry*, 1833.

Song to Echo.—From the same.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams?

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh! soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD (1747-1809) was the daughter of the Rev. Mr Seward, canon-residentary of Lichfield, himself a poet, and one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. This lady was early trained to a taste for poetry, and, before she was nine years of age, she could repeat the first three books of *Paradise Lost*. Even at this time she says, she was charmed with the numbers of Milton. Miss Seward wrote several elegiac poems—an *Elegy to the Memory of Captain Cook*, a *Monody on the Death of Major André*, &c.—which, from the popular nature of the subjects, and the animated though inflated style of the composition enjoyed great celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. A poetical novel, entitled *Louisa*, was published by Miss Seward in 1782, and passed through several editions. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he pronounced execrable. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, and that publisher gave to the world six volumes of her letters. Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins, destroyed equally her poetry and prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination.

THE ROLLIAD.

A series of political satires, commencing about 1784, and written by a few men of wit and fashion attracted much attention, and became extensively popular. They appeared first in a London newspaper, the earliest—from which the name of the collection was derived—being a satire on Colonel afterwards Lord Rolle. The *Rolliad*—consisting of pretended criticism on an imaginary epic poem—was followed by *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, and *Political Eclogues*. The design of the *Probationary Odes* was probably suggested by Pope's ridicule of Cibber; and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized

upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Kenyon, Sir Cecil Wray, Dr Prettyman (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), and others, were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives; while among literary men, Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, and Macpherson (the translator of *Ossian*), were selected for attack. The contributors to this gallery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were: 1. DR LAURENCE (called 'French Laurence') the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires: he died in 1809. 2. GENERAL RICHARD FITZPATRICK (1747-1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who was long in parliament, and held successively the offices of Secretary-at-war and Irish Secretary. Fitzpatrick was the intimate friend of Charles James Fox—a fact recorded on his tomb—and his quatrain on that eminent statesman may be quoted as remarkable for condensed and happy expression:

A patriot's even course he steered,
Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved;
By all who marked his mind revered,
By all who knew his heart beloved.

3. RICHARD TICKELL, the grandson of Addison's friend, and the brother-in-law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the *Rolliad*, was author of *The Wreath of Fashion* and other poetical pieces, and of a lively political pamphlet entitled *Anticipation*, 1778. Tickell was a commissioner of stamps; he was a great favourite in society; yet in a moment of despondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, November 4, 1793, and was killed on the spot. 4. JOSEPH RICHARDSON (1758-1803) was author of a comedy, called *The Fugitive*, and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. Among the other contributors to the *Rolliad* were LORD JOHN TOWNSEND (1757-1833); Mr GEORGE ELLIS, the poetical antiquary and friend of Scott; SIR R. ADAIR; and GENERAL BURGOYNE, author of some dramatic pieces. All these were gay, fashionable, and somewhat hard-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles.' Some of their sallies, however, are coarsely personal, and often irreverent in style and allusion. The topics of their satire are now in a great measure forgotten—superseded by other party-men and party-measures; and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, have sunk it sooner in oblivion.

Character of Mr Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than Shelburne gleaned from
age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow;
He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs.

Nor rum-contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue.
O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles!—
Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store.
Fain would I praise—if I like thee could praise—
Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.

Crit. on the Rolliad, No. 2.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, a poet, translator, and critic, afforded a remarkable example of successful application to science and literature under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in April 1756. His father had been a painter and glazier, but both the parents of the poet died when he was young; and after some little education, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man who was supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he says, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the *Coasting Pilot*.' Whilst thus pursuing his life of a cabin-boy, Gifford was often seen by the fish-women of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating his change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of the auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced him to such a state of wretchedness. His godfather was on this account induced to recall him from the sea, and put him again to school. He made rapid progress, and even hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmaster. In his fifteenth year, however, his godfather, conceiving that he had got learning enough, and that his own duty towards him was fairly discharged, put him apprentice to a shoemaker. Gifford hated his new profession with a perfect hatred. At this time he possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, of which he had no knowledge; but meeting with Fenning's *Introduction*, he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he states, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore—in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.' He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' falling into the hands of Mr Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of Ashburton, that gentleman set about a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of his

apprenticeship, and enabling him to procure a better education. The scheme was successful; and in little more than two years, Gifford had made such extraordinary application, that he was pronounced fit for the university. The place of Biblical Lecturer was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to live, at least till he had taken a degree. An accidental circumstance led to Gifford's advancement. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a person in London, his letters being inclosed in covers, and sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. One day he inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents; and after seeing the writer, and hearing him relate the circumstances of his life, undertook the charge of his present support and future establishment; and, till this last could be effected to his wish, invited him to come and reside with him. 'These,' says the grateful scholar, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of this time, it may be remarked, was spent in attending the earl's eldest son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which must have tended greatly to inform and expand the mind of the scholar. Gifford appeared as an author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem entitled *The Baviad*, which was directed against a class of sentimental poetasters of that day, usually passing under the collective appellation of the Della Cruscan School—Mrs Piozzi, Mrs Robinson, Mr Greathead, Mr Merry, Weston, Parsons, &c.—conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments on one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' he remarks, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Lichfield. Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlando, &c. sunk into instant and irretrievable contempt; and the worst of the number—a man Williams, who assumed the name of Pasquin for his 'ribald strains'—was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher. The satire was universally read and admired. In the present day, it seems unnecessarily merciless and severe, yet lines like the following still possess interest. The allusion to Pope is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful:

Degeneracy of Modern Literature.

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:

Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?

F.—'Tis pitiful, Heaven knows;
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their strength; agreed; but we atone,
For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.
For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
And bathes the landscape'—

P.—Pshaw; I have it here.
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wondering I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances.'

F.—You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
'The mighty mother'—

P.—Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed!—O 'memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage.

The contributions of Mrs Piozzi to this fantastic garland of exotic verse are characterised in one felicitous couplet:

See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her laboured nothings home!

The tasteless bibliomaniac is also finely sketched:

Others like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has blessed them with *The Bote of Gode Advice*,
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The *Baviad* was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced the *Mæviad*, an imitation of Horace, levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. Here also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse; but Gifford was more critical than just in including O'Keefe, the amusing farce-writer, among the objects of his condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also characterises as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' a sentence too unqualified and severe.

Gifford tried a third satire, an *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (Dr Wolcot), which, being founded on

personal animosity, is more remarkable for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with *A Cut at a Cobbler*, equally unworthy of his fame. These satirical labours of our author pointed him out as a fit person to edit the *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper set up by Canning and others for the purpose of ridiculing and exposing the political agitators of the times. It was established in November 1797, and continued only till the July following. The connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford. He obtained the situation of paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners, and was made a commissioner of the lottery, the emoluments of the two offices being about £900 per annum. In 1802, he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, one of the most interesting and unaffected of autobiographies. This translation of Juvenal was attacked in the *Critical Review*, and Gifford replied in a pamphlet, *An Examination of the Strictures*, &c. which contains one remarkable passage :

A Reviewer compared to a Toad.

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub;* though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself; and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eyes then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

Never was a toad more picturesquely treated! Besides his version of Juvenal, Gifford translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808, when Sir Walter Scott and others resolved on starting a Review, in opposition to the celebrated one established in Edinburgh, Mr Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands, the *Quarterly Review* became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading statesmen and authors equally contributed. He continued to

discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death, which took place on the 31st of December 1826. Gifford claimed for himself

A soul
That spurned the crowd's malign control—
A fixed contempt of wrong.

He was high-spirited, courageous, and sincere. In most of his writings, however, there was a strong tinge of personal acerbity, and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, he had seldom time to cool. His literary criticism, also, where no such prejudices could interfere, was frequently disfigured by the same severity of style or temper; and whoever, dead or living, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed wrong comments on his favourite dramatists, were assailed with a vehemence that was ludicrously disproportioned to the offence. His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, and others, in the *Quarterly Review*, have no pretensions to fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety and good taste. Even the best of his criticisms, though acute and spirited, want candour and comprehensiveness of design. As a politician, he looked with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of America, and kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards that country, which was as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated that great English classic from the unjust aspersions of his countrymen. His satirical poetry is pungent, and often happy in expression, but without rising into moral grandeur or pathos. His small but sinewy intellect, as some one has said, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his short copies of verses possess a quiet, plaintive melancholy and tenderness; but his fame must rest on his influence and talents as a critic and annotator, or more properly, on the story of his life and early struggles—honourable to himself, and ultimately to his country—which will be read and remembered when his other writings are forgotten.

The Grave of Anna.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

* Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III.:

Scrub. What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Archer. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw beer.

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

The above affecting elegiac stanzas were written by Gifford on a faithful attendant who died in his service. He erected a tombstone to her memory in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, with the following inscription and epitaph:

Here lies the body of Ann Davies, (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for her long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy duteous love, with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves—as soon it must—may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illumine my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief is reaped in joy:
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Greenwich Hill.

FIRST OF MAY.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed:

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet, who knows!—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant, from that dome-crowned hill,
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, 'nothing loath,'
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wanted for a while,
And sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part—
As close to mine thy cheek was laid—
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid—my sweet employ—
From truth, from innocence of soul:

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft—and yet it seemed to thrill—
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And oh! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
Till now the boatman on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN POETRY.

We have alluded to the *Anti-Jacobin* weekly paper, of which Mr Gifford was editor. In this publication, various copies of verses were inserted chiefly of a satirical nature. The poetry, like the prose, of the *Anti-Jacobin* was designed to ridicule and discountenance the doctrines of the French Revolution; and as party-spirit ran high, those effusions were marked occasionally by fierce personality and declamatory violence. Others, however, written in travesty, or contempt of the bad taste and affectation of some of the works of the day, contained well-directed and witty satire aimed by no common hand, and pointed with

irresistible keenness. Among those who mixed in this loyal warfare was Mr J. H. FRERE (noticed in a subsequent section), and GEORGE CANNING (1770-1827), whose fame as an orator and statesman fills so large a space in the modern history of Britain. Canning was then young and ardent, full of hope and ambition. Without family distinction or influence, he relied on his talents for future advancement; and from interest, no less than feeling and principle, he exerted them in support of the existing administration. Previous to this, he had distinguished himself at Eton School for his classical acquirements and literary talents. To a periodical work, the *Microcosm*, he contributed several clever essays. Entering parliament in 1793, he was, in 1796, appointed under-secretary of state, and it was at the close of the following year that the *Anti-Jacobin* was commenced, Gifford being editor. The contributions of Mr Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin, the greater part of *The Rovers*—a burlesque on the sentimental German drama—and *New Morality*, a spirited and caustic satire, directed against French principles, and their supporters in England. In this poem of *New Morality* occur four lines often quoted :

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
 But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

As party effusions, these pieces were highly popular and effective; and that they are still read with pleasure on account of their wit and humour, and also perhaps on account of their slashing and ferocious style, is instanced by the fact, that the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, collected and published in a separate form, has attained to a sixth edition. The genius of Canning found afterwards a more appropriate field in parliament. As a statesman, 'just alike to freedom and the throne,' though somewhat prone to intrigue, and as an orator, eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste, his reputation is established. He had, however, a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have become no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been so incessantly occupied with its cares and duties. From a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823, we extract a short passage containing a fine simile :

Ships of the Line in Port.

The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently

concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

In this piece, Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life :

'Cold was the night-wind : drifting fast the snows fell;
 Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
 When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
 Weary and way-sore.'

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going?
 Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
 Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in 't,
 So have your breeches !

Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
 Scissors to grind O !'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
 Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit ?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
 Paine ?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir ;
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d—d first—
 Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
 vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast !

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
 transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
 thropy.]

Song by Rogero in 'The Rovers.'

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen,
 niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.*

[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

The following epitaph on his son who died in 1820, shews that Canning could write in a tender and elegiac as well as satirical strain.

Mr Canning's Epitaph on his Son.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain—save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!—
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

A satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was

* It is stated by Mr C. Edmonds, editor of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (1854), that the above song 'having been accidentally seen, previous to its publication, by Mr Pitt, he was so amused with it that he took a pen, and composed the last stanza on the spot.

the *Pursuits of Literature*, in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr Mathias was majesty-time treasurer of the household to her majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the *Pursuits of Literature*, Mr Mathias was author of some *Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue; The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George III.* (1794), *The Shade of Alexander Pope*, a satirical poem (1798); and various other light evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The *Pursuits of Literature* contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten.

DR JOHN WOLCOT.

DR JOHN WOLCOT (1738-1819) was a coarse but lively satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbroke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took the charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine, and 'walked the hospitals' in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church, which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tailed pigeons! The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment, and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro, in Cornwall. He inherited about £2000 by the death

of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opic—

The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished. He also materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage; and when Opic's name was well established, the poet and his protégé, forsaking the country, repaired to London, as affording a wider field for the exertions of both. Wolcot had already acquired some distinction by his satirical efforts; and he now poured forth a series of odes and epistles, commencing with the Royal Academicians, whom he ridiculed with great success and some justice. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786 he published *The Lousiad, a Heroic-comic Poem*, in five cantos, which had its foundation in the fact, that an obnoxious insect—either of the garden or the body—had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was an admirable theme. The publication of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited a humorous poetical epistle to the biographer, commencing :

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail!
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yes, his broad wing had raised thee—no bad hack—
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

In addition to this effusion, Wolcot levelled another attack on Boswell, entitled *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers*. The personal habits of the king were ridiculed in *Peeps at St James's, Royal Visits, Lyric Odes, &c.* Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire :

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies, &c.

He had also *Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat; Peter's Pension; Peter's Prophecy; Epistle to a Fallen Minister; Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssinian Traveller; Odes to Mr Paine; Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China; Ode to the Liver of London, and brochures* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795, he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250,

payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had recourse to an amanuensis, in whose absence, however, he continued to write himself, till within a short period of his death. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem: the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.' In 1796, his poetical effusions were collected and published in four volumes 8vo, and subsequent editions have been issued; but most of the poems have sunk into oblivion. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and the poems of Wolcot were in their nature of an ephemeral description; while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the want of decency, of principle, and moral feeling, that characterises nearly the whole, precipitated their downfall. He died at his house in Somers' Town on the 14th January 1819, and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and serious effusions are tender and pleasing; but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. His critical acuteness is evinced in his *Odes to the Royal Academicians*, and in various passages scattered throughout his works; while his ease and felicity, both of expression and illustration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr Johnson's style :

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.
A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried ;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimble hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

'How now !' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim
broke,
'You lazy lubber !'
'Confound it !' cried the t' other, "'tis no joke ;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear :
As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;
No ! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe !

'But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

'How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye ?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, bear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke : 'What's this ? what's this ?
what, what ?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand ;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple : he
cried :

''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed !
What makes it, pray, so hard ?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying : 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed ! strange thing !'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king.
''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces :
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream !
But, goody, tell me where, where, where 's the seam ?'

'Sir, there 's no seam,' quoth she ; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew* ;'
'No !' cried the staring monarch with a grin ;
'How, how the devil got the apple in ?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start ;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker ;
And, lo ! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker !

Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame ;
Quoth he unto the queen : 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen !'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made :
Poor gentleman ! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;
And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine :
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land ;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street ;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the rare show
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes :
For lo ! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask ;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen !
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves—a pretty luncheon—
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon :
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh !
And lo ! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man !

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep :
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water !

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,

A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop ;
And lo ! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hae hae? What's that? What's this?
What's that?'

So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small* :
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn ;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew ;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried :
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to
end?'

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend :
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen ;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed ;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire ;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion ;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quare.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say :
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats ;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an 't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops,
hops, hops?'

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive ;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, L' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine ;
On which the bell rung out—how very proper !—
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—

Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs ;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own ;
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed : 'O heavens ! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine ?

Heavens ! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal ?'
To which the king assented with a nod ;
On which the brewer bowed, and said : 'Good God !'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,

Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way :
'Whitbread, d' ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d' ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

'D' ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old ;
You'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day ;
Yes, yes, I've heard so ; yes, yes, so I'm told ;
Don't, don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay ;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare ;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

'Whitbread, d' ye keep a coach, or job one, pray ?
Job, job, that's cheapest ; yes, that's best, that's
best.

You put your liveries on the draymen—hae ?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your
nest.

What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock ?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said : 'May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first.'

Then searched his brains with ruminating eye ;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

Lord Gregory.

Burns admired this ballad of Wolcot's, and wrote another on the same subject.

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs ;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

'Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom ?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'Alas ! thou heardest a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee :
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part ;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.'

Epigram on Sleep.

Thomas Warton wrote the following Latin epigram to be placed under the statue of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist, and Wolcot translated it with a beauty and felicity worthy of the original.

Somme levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori ;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est ; sic sine morte mori.

Come, gentle sleep ! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair ;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die !

THE REV. WILLIAM CROWE.

WILLIAM CROWE (*circa* 1746-1829) was the son of a carpenter at Winchester, and was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He was transferred to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1773. He rose to be Professor of Poetry and Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes. Crowe was author of *Lewesdon Hill* (1786), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces. Several editions of his *Poems* have been published, the latest in 1827. There is poetry of a very high order in the works of Crowe, though it has never been popular.

Wreck of the 'Halsewell,' East Indiaman.

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea ; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shattered and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst,
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory
Where still St Alban's high-built chapel stands.

But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast ;
And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs
Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight,
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallowed up quick ! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this ; freighted with hopeful youth,
And beauty and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love,
Strong and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perished all, all in one hour ! *

The Miseries of War.

From 'Verses intended to have been spoken in the Theatre of Oxford, on the Installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.'

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else ;
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix ;
Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow ;
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
Whom justice arms for vengeance. But alas !
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heavier on th' exposéd innocent ;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves
Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding.—Oh, who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of war ?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph—hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works !
Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughtered sons !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Several ladies cultivated poetry with success at this time. Among these was MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH (whose admirable prose fictions will afterwards be noticed). She was the daughter of Mr Turner of Stoke House, in Surrey, and born on the 4th of May 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively playful humour that shewed itself in conversation, and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr Smith, the son and partner of a rich West India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen ! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr Smith was careless and extravagant,

* The *Halsewell*, Captain Pierce, was wrecked in January 1786, having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck, between Peverel Point and St Alban's Head. All the passengers perished ; but out of 240 souls on board, 74 were saved. Seven interesting and accomplished young ladies (two of them daughters of the captain) were among the drowned.

business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Law-suits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement. After an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. In eight months she completed her novel of *Emmeline*, published in 1788. In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled *Ethelinde*; and in 1791, a third under the name of *Celestina*. She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled *Desmond*. This work arrayed against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale, the *Old Manor-house*, which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Earham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of *Conversations; A History of British Birds*; a descriptive poem on *Beachy Head*, &c. She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October 1806. The poetry of Mrs Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast.

Sonnets.

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
 Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
 Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
 Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
 And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Written at the Close of Spring.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
 Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
 Anemones that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
 Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?
 Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
 Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
 And, though his path through thorns and roughness
 lay,
 Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers;
 Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
 The sense of sorrow he a while may lose;
 So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
 So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
 But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
 Darker with new clouds of evil yet to come;
 Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
 And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
 And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
 Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

Recollections of English Scenery.—From 'Beachy Head.'

Haunts of my youth!
 Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
 Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
 To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
 By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
 Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
 There seeking shelter from the noonday sun:
 And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
 To look beneath upon the hollow way,
 While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
 And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
 To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
 The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
 The prospect widens, and the village church
 But little o'er the lowly roofs around
 Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
 Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
 By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
 When on each bough the rosy tintured bloom
 Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
 For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
 Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
 Console them, for the vineyards of the south
 Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beech,
 And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
 There wanders by a little nameless stream
 That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
 But still refreshing in its shallow course
 The cottage garden; most for use designed,
 Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
 Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
 And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
 Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
 There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
 Almost uncultured; some with dark-green leaves
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
 Others like velvet robes of regal state
 Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now
 In spring and summer, what delight I felt
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
 An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
 I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedgerows bordering unrequented lanes,
 Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

MISS BLAMIRE.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747-1794), a Cumberland lady, was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry, which has all the idiomatic ease and grace of a native minstrel. Miss Blamire was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, beloved by a circle of friends and acquaintance, with whom she associated in what were called *merry neets*, or merry evening-parties, in her native district. Her sister becoming the wife of Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, Susanna accompanied the pair to Scotland, where she remained some years, and imbibed that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her beautiful lyrics, *The Nabob*, *The Siller Crown*, &c. She also wrote some pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of some length, entitled *Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village*. Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle, in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected and published in one volume, with a preface, memoir, and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some pency chieils, a new-sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged clms;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these wacu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scences still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

'This song seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labour bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed.'—*Maxwell's Memoir of Miss Blamire.*

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I 'll ca' t' a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I 'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect :

Auld Robin Forbes.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that 's bypast and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my
wit,
And sliely telt Willy that cudn't be it.

But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
 And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
 It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
 That he offen said—na pleace was leyke his awn
 heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
 Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile,
 He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
 And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
 But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
 There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
 And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
 When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him
 heame,
 And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
 Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
 But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
 O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
 That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
 For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
 Is the turf that has covered my Willie frae me.

MRS BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, the daughter of Dr John Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father at this time kept a seminary for the education of boys, and Anna received the same instruction, being early initiated into a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758, Dr Aikin undertaking the office of classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, his daughter accompanied him, and resided there fifteen years. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which four editions were called for in one year. In May 1774, she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Protestant, who was minister of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and who had just opened a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The poetess participated with her husband in the task of instruction. In 1775, she came forward with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and another volume of *Hymns in Prose* for children. In 1786, Mr and Mrs Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled *Evenings at Home*, and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1803, Mrs Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the *Spectator*, *Tattler*, and *Guardian*, to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and in the following year she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a life of the novelist. She afterwards edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. Mrs Barbauld died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of her lyrical pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her *Ode to Spring* is a happy imitation of Collins. Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

A Memoir of Mrs Barbauld, including Notices of her Family and Friends, was published in 1874 by her grand-niece, Anna le Breton.

The following stanza in a poem entitled *Life*, was much admired by Wordsworth and Rogers:

Life! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
 Bid me 'Good-morning.'

Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
 Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
 Whose unshorn locks with leaves
 And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth—
 Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade—
 Turn, hither turn thy step,
 O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
 Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
 And through the stormy deep
 Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
 With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
 Thy blooming wilds among,
 And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
 To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
 Of him, the favoured youth
 That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
 That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
 And silent dews that swell
 The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
 And call those winds, which through the whispering
 boughs
 With warm and pleasant breath
 Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
 And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
 And watch with patient eye
 Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun
 With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
 Throws his young maiden beams,
 And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
 Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade
 Protects thy modest blooms
 From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
 Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
 Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
 Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
 For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
 Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
 Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring ! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair : to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you ;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned ;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows :
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these ;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Hymn to Content.

Natura beatos

Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—CLAUDIAN.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye !
O seldom found, yet ever nigh !
Receive my temperate vow :
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight ;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell ;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye ;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even-tide,
That rarely ebb or flow ;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wit :
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy !
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale ?

The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway ?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

MRS OPIE—MRS HUNTER—MRS GRANT—
MRS TIGHE.

MRS AMELIA OPIE (1769-1853) was the daughter of a popular physician, Dr Alderson, of Norwich, and widow of John Opie, the celebrated artist. In 1802 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, characterised by a simple and placid tenderness. She is more celebrated for her novels—to be afterwards noticed—and for her general literary merits and association with all the eminent persons of her day.—MRS ANNE HUNTER (1742-1821) was a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon. Having written several copies of verses, which were extensively circulated, and some songs that even Haydn had married to immortal music, Mrs Hunter was induced, in 1806, to collect her pieces and commit them to the press.—MRS ANNE GRANT (1755-1838) in 1803 published a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly in illustration of the people and manners of the Scottish Highlands. She was widow of the minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. Mrs Grant was author of several interesting prose works. She wrote *Letters from the Mountains*, giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country ; also *Memoirs of an American Lady* (1810) ; and *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape-painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

An Irish poetess, MRS MARY TIGHE (1773-1810), evinced a more passionate and refined imagination than any of her tuneful sisterhood. Her poem of *Psyche*, founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul, is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period. It was privately printed in 1805, and after the death of the authoress, reprinted, with the addition of other poems, in 1811. Mrs Tighe was daughter of the Rev. W. Blackford, county of Wicklow, and was married to Henry Tighe, M.P., county of Wicklow. Her history seems to be little known, unless to private friends ; but her early death, after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in his beautiful lyric—

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

We subjoin some selections from the works of each of the above ladies :

The Orphan Boy's Tale.—From Mrs Opie's Poems.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale ;
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake ;
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame !
 To force me home, my mother sought ;
 She could not bear to see my joy ;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
 'Rejoice ! rejoice !' still cried the crowd ;
 My mother answered with her tears.
 'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
 'While others laugh and shout with joy ?'
 She kissed me—and, with such a sigh !
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

'What is an orphan boy ?' I cried,
 As in her face I looked, and smiled ;
 My mother through her tears replied :
 'You 'll know too soon, ill-fated child !'
 And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy ;
 O lady, I have learned too well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep !—ha !—this to me ?
 You 'll give me clothing, food, employ ?
 Look down, dear parents ! look, and see
 Your happy, happy, orphan boy !

Song.—From the same.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !
 Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot ;
 But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
 Forget me not ! forget me not !

Yet, should the thought of my distress
 'Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me :
 But oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou require a soothing friend,
 Forget me not ! forget me not !

Song.—From Mrs Hunter's Poems.

The season comes when first we met,
 But you return no more ;
 Why cannot I the days forget,
 Which time can ne'er restore ?
 O days too sweet, too bright to last,
 Are you indeed for ever past ?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
 In memory I trace ;
 In fancy stop their rapid flight,
 And all the past replace :
 But, ah ! I wake to endless woes,
 And tears the fading visions close !

Song.—From the same.

O tuneful voice ! I still deplore
 Those accents which, though heard no more,
 Still vibrate on my heart ;
 In echo's cave I long to dwell,
 And still would hear the sad farewell,
 When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes, O that the task were mine
 To guard the liquid fires that shine,
 And round your orbits play ;
 To watch them with a vestal's care,
 And feed with smiles a light so fair,
 That it may ne'er decay !

The Death-song, written for, and adapted to, an Original Indian Air.—From the same.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.
 Begin, you tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
 Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the
 pain ?
 No ; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
 Now the flame rises fast ; you exult in my pain ;
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
 Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
 And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to complain.

The Lot of Thousands.—From the same.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
 By secret sorrow close concealed,
 We shrink lest looks or words impart
 What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep ;
 To speak when one would silent be ;
 To wake when one should wish to sleep,
 And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
 Who wander in this world of care,
 And bend beneath the bitter blast,
 To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
 Where disappointment cannot come ;
 And time guides with unerring feet
 The weary wanderers home.

On a Sprig of Heath.—From Mrs Grant's Poems.

Flower of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
 For thee the brake and tangled wood—
 To thy protecting shade she runs,
 Thy tender buds supply her food ;
 Her young forsake her downy plumes
 To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !
 The deer that range the mountain free,
 The graceful doe, the stately hart,
 Their food and shelter seek from thee ;
 The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
 And draws from thee her choicest sweets.
 Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom
 Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor
 Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
 Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
 Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
 Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
 Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
 Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
 Nor garden's artful varied pride,
 With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
 Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild
 Of peace and freedom seem to breathe ;
 To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
 And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
 Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
 Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
 Alas, when distant, far more dear !
 When he from some cold foreign strand,
 Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
 How must his aching heart deplore,
 That home and thee he sees no more !

The Highland Poor.

From Mrs Grant's Poem of *The Highlander*.

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
 The narrow opening glens that intervene
 Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
 One poorer than the rest—where all are poor ;
 Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
 Who to her secret breast confines her grief ;
 Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
 And lonely muses all the summer day :
 Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
 Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
 Return no more ; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
 Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main ;
 In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
 For heroes—fated to return no more !
 Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
 Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
 That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
 Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast ;
 And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
 Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
 Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
 And chased the pleasing images away !
 No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
 For ah ! a heart once broken heals no more.
 The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
 The 'still small voice' of sacred sympathy,
 In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
 Or steal from weary woe one languid smile ;
 Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
 So often opened for the wandering poor,
 To her each cottager complacent deals,
 While the kind glance the melting heart reveals ;
 And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
 The milky tribute from the lowing fold
 With cheerful haste officious children bring,
 And every smiling flower that decks the spring :
 Ah ! little know the fond attentive train,
 That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain :
 Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
 And of their little all a part bestow.

Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
 With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
 Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
 The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve :
 Far different these ; while from a bounteous heart
 With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
 Humbly they own that all they have is given
 A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven ;
 And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
 Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

From Mrs Tighe's 'Psyche.'

The marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the Palace of Love
 Psyche afterwards gazes on Love while asleep, and is banished from
 the Island of Pleasure.

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
 On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene :
 Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
 Upon a sloping bank of softest green ;
 A fairer edifice was never seen ;
 The high-ranged columns own no mortal hand,
 But seem a temple meet for beauty's queen ;
 Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
 In grace-attempered majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
 Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
 The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
 And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
 The passing breezes with their odours fill ;
 Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
 And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
 Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
 And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
 And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide ;
 The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
 Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
 While closing round it with majestic pride,
 The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise ;
 'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
 As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
 And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charms
 eyes.

When lo ! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
 From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound ;
 'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
 At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
 And bids for thee immortal joys abound ;
 For thee the palace rose at his command,
 For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned ;
 He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
 Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band.

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
 For now the pompous portals opened wide,
 There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
 Through halls high domed, enriched with sculpture
 pride,
 While gay saloons appeared on either side,
 In splendid vista opening to her sight ;
 And all with precious gems so beautified,
 And furnished with such exquisite delight,
 That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustrous
 bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
 And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
 The chrysobery, and the sapphire blue
 As the clear azure of a sunny day,
 Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play ;
 The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
 The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
 And there the gem which bears his luckless name
 Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured his
 deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow
 And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
 With all that India and Peru can shew,
 Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
 To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight :
 The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze ;
 And all that can the female heart delight
 Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
 And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands ;
 Self-poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl ;
 The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands ;
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands :
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
 To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
 And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
 Lo ! the bright folding doors retiring far,
 Display to Psyche's captivated eye
 All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
 To soothe the spirits in serene repose :
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
 Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain ;
 Far other voices now attune the lay :
 The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
 And then retiring, faint dissolved away :
 The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
 And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie :
 Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
 When through the obscuring gloom she nought can
 spy,
 But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write ! whose hearts can melt,
 At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
 You know what charm, unutterably felt,
 Attends the unexpected voice of love :
 Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
 With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
 And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;
 You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
 When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer ! deep imprest
 Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,
 The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
 A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
 But, ere the breezes of the morning call
 Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
 Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall ;
 Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
 While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids
 spread.

The Lily.—By Mrs Tighe.

How withered, perished seems the form
 Of yon obscure unsightly root !
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
 It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty in the scaly folds,
 Nor see within the dark embrace
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
 Till vernal suns and vernal gases
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
 The undelighting slighted thing ;
 There in the cold earth buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
 In gloom upon the barren earth,
 While still, in undisturbed repose,
 Uninjured lies the future birth :

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view :
 Or mock her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
 The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
 The promised verdant shoot appear,
 And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silky string,
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
 And thy soft petals' silvery light
 In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
 And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom ;
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766-1823), author of the *Farmer's Boy*, and other poems illustrative of English rural life and customs, was born at Honington, near Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. Here he remained only two years, being too weak and diminutive for field-labour, and he was taken to London by an elder brother, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. His two years of country service, and occasional visits to his friends in Suffolk, were of inestimable importance to him as a poet, for they afforded materials for his *Farmer's Boy*, and gave a freshness and reality to his descriptions. It was in the shoemaker's garret, however, that his poetry was chiefly composed ; and the merit of introducing it to the world belongs to Mr Capel Lofft, a literary gentleman residing at Troston, near Bury, to whom the manuscript was shewn, after being rejected by several London booksellers. Mr Lofft warmly befriended the poet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his prognostications of success fully verified. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had three children. The *Farmer's Boy* immediately became popular ; the Duke of Grafton patronised the poet, settling on him a small annuity, and through the influence of this nobleman, he was appointed to a situation in the Seal-office. In 1810, Bloomfield published a collection of *Rural Tales*, which fully supported his reputation ; and

to these were afterwards added *Wild Flowers*, *Hazlewood Hall*, a village drama, and *Mayday with the Muses*. The last was published in the year of his death, and opens with a fine burst of poetical, though melancholy feeling.

O for the strength to paint my joy once more !
That joy I feel when winter's reign is o'er ;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow ;
Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain ;
Though time creeps o'er me with his palsied hand,
And frost-like bids the stream of passion stand.

The worldly circumstances of the author seem to have been such as to confirm the common idea as to the infelicity of poets. His situation in the Seal-office was irksome and laborious, and he was forced to resign it from ill-health. He engaged in the bookselling business, but was unsuccessful. In his latter years he resorted to making Æolian harps, which he sold among his friends. We have been informed by the poet's son—a modest and intelligent man, a printer—that Mr Rogers exerted himself to procure a pension for Bloomfield, and Mr Southey also took much interest in his welfare ; but his last days were embittered by ill-health and poverty. So severe were the sufferings of Bloomfield from continual headache and nervous irritability, that fears were entertained for his reason, when, happily, death stepped in, and released him from 'the world's poor strife.' He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August 1823. The first remarkable feature in the poetry of this humble bard is the easy smoothness and correctness of his versification. His ear was attuned to harmony, and his taste to the beauties of expression, before he had learned anything of criticism, or had enjoyed opportunities for study. This may be seen from the opening of his principal poem :

Humble Pleasures.

O come, blest Spirit ! whatsoever thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart ;
Sweet inmate, hail ! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself can not destroy,
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse ;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topped hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still :
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies ;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow :
O point these raptures ! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days !
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells ;
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong :
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes :
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own
Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles, meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more ;

No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued,
His life was constant, cheerful servitude ;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book ;
And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

It is interesting to contrast the cheerful tone of Bloomfield's descriptions of rural life in its hardest and least inviting forms, with those of Crabbe, also a native of Suffolk. Both are true, but coloured with the respective peculiarities, in their style of observation and feeling, of the two poets. Bloomfield describes the various occupations of a farm-boy in seed-time, at harvest, tending cattle and sheep, and other occupations. In his tales, he embodies more moral feeling and painting, and his incidents are pleasing and well arranged. His want of vigour and passion, joined to the humility of his themes, is perhaps the cause of his being now little read ; but he is one of the most characteristic and faithful of our national poets.

Harvest.

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where heaven's munificence makes all things shew,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday-morning's round ;
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide ;
What is there here to flatter human pride ?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise ;
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God ;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth ;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plummy top appears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows !
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark ! where the sweeping scythe now rips along :
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries ;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come Health ! come Jollity ! light-footed come ;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own ;
Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown :
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed :
E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid
Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down :

Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by ;
While unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Rosy Hannah.

A spring, o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approached my view ;
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam ;
The stranger nodded 'How-d'ye-do ?'
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away ;
With me her glowing image stayed ;
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew ;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown ;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

Lines addressed to my Children.

Occasioned by a visit to Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire,
in August 1800.

Genius of the forest shades !
Lend thy power, and lend thine ear ;
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer ;
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain ;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy silvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me !
From all but nature's converse born,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honoured leaves the green oaks reared,
And crowned the upland's graceful swell ;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower.
The deep-toned low from either hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green—
The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill—
Roared echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charmed heart the numbers sprung,
Though birds had ceased the choral lay ;
I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had seldom strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
Sweet Emma's love, 'the Nut-brown Maid.'

Shaking his matted mane on high,
The grazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed ;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
Through bowers of ever-varying form.
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves ?
How would the prone descending shower
From the green canopy rebound ?
How would the lowland torrents pour ?
How deep the pealing thunder sound ?

But peace was there : no lightnings blazed ;
No clouds obscured the face of heaven ;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
My thoughts to home and you were given.
Oh, tender minds ! in life's gay morn,
Some clouds must dim your coming day ;
Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again ;
Here fleeting fancy travelled wide ;
My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
Whose trunks—with bark no longer sheathed—
Had reached their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed !

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy ;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks ; we meet no more !
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

Description of a Blind Youth.

For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight ;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
Fond to excess was he of all that grew ;
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow and weep upon his cheek ;
Each varying leaf that brushed where'er he came,
Pressed to his rosy lip he called by name ;
He grasped the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring's months throw
Profusely round, till his young heart confessed
That all was beauty, and himself was blessed.
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain ;
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam without a guide.

May-day with the Muses.

Banquet of an English Squire.

Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign a while, and be exhaled at ten.

O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
 Forth came the conquering sun, and looked abroad ;
 Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
 Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
 Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,
 With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
 Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain ;
 But change the scene, and make him laugh again,
 His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
 A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
 From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
 Was that high-swelling lawn, that destined green,
 Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
 The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride ;
 To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
 Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five ;
 There his whole household laboured in his view—
 But light is labour where the task is new.
 Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
 Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
 Rough-ringed and bold, as master of the place ;
 Five generations of the Higham race
 Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his
 sway,

Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
 Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
 To bask in open day on English ground :
 And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
 Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew.
 Some spread the snowy canvas, propped on high,
 O'er-sheltering tables with their whole supply ;
 Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
 And cropped the daisies for a dancing space ;
 Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might,
 From prison darkness into cheerful light,
 And fenced him round with cans ; and others bore
 The creaking hamper with its costly store,
 Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that
 came

From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
 Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
 To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
 A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
 Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
 When every path was thronged with old and young,
 And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
 To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
 But, for May-day at least, had banished care ;
 No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
 No timid glance—they knew their host too well—
 Freedom was there, and joy in every eye :
 Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
 Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
 His guests an ample crescent formed around ;
 Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
 Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
 The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
 And silence followed as he stretched his hand :
 The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
 The animation of a scene like this.
 At length the damasked cloths were whisked away
 Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day ;
 The heyday of enjoyment found repose ;
 The worthy baronet majestic rose.
 They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
 The monarch of his own paternal ground.
 His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
 Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
 Nor stopped a dainty form or phrase to cull.
 His heart clated, like his cup was full :
 'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall ?
 Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'
 Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
 Who would not instantly be on his feet :
 An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
 'Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race !'

May-day with the Muses.

The Soldier's Home.

'The topic is trite, but in Mr Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burns's *Soldier's Return* is not, to our taste, one whit superior.'—PROFESSOR WILSON.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
 Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume !
 Brief be my verse, a task within my power ;
 I tell my feelings in one happy hour :
 But what an hour was that ! when from the main
 I reached this lovely valley once again !
 A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
 Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light ;
 On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
 The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
 I gazed around, but not a soul appeared ;
 I listened on the threshold, nothing heard ;
 I called my father thrice, but no one came ;
 It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
 But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
 Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
 The door invitingly stood open wide ;
 I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
 And take possession of my father's chair !
 Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
 Appeared the rough initials of my name,
 Cut forty years before ! The same old clock
 Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
 I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
 And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
 Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
 And up they flew like banners in the wind ;
 Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
 And told of twenty years that I had spent
 Far from my native land. That instant came
 A robin on the threshold ; though so tame,
 At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
 And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
 And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
 'Ah ha ! old worn-out soldier, is it you ?'
 Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee
 And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free ;
 Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
 That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor ;
 That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
 O'er undulating waves the broom had made ;
 Reminding me of those of hideous forms
 That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
 Where high and loud they break, and peace come
 never ;

They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
 But here was peace, that peace which home can yield
 The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
 And ticking clock, were all at once become
 The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
 While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
 On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
 I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
 Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
 And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
 And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
 Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose ;
 My heart felt everything but calm repose ;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and burst into tears ;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
 On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
 In stepped my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasped me to his heart.

Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid ;
 And stooping to the child, the old man said :
 ' Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
 This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
 The child approached, and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
 But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be ?
 Happy old soldier ! what's the world to me !

JOHN LEYDEN.

JOHN LEYDEN (1775–1811), a distinguished oriental scholar as well as poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents, but the ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the church, and he was entered of Edinburgh College in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress ; was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home ; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. ' In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, ' in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk—excepting during divine service—is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.' From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799, published a sketch of the *Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa*. He wrote also various copies of verses and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the *Edin-*

burgh Magazine. In 1800, Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the *Minstrelsy*, that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His strong desire to visit foreign countries induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the east. The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon's assistant ; and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. ' The sudden change of his profession,' says Scott, ' gave great amusement to some of his friends.' In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He finished his poem, the *Scenes of Infancy*, descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arrival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal College. This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment, namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was, as usual, devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. ' I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, ' but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his *Scenes of Infancy*, he expresses his anticipation of such an event :

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
 Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill ;
 While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
 Reared on the confines of the world below.
 Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream ?
 Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
 By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
 The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
 Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
 Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away ?
 Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
 ' Rash youth ! unmindful of thy early days,
 Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot ?
 Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
 The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
 And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by ?
 And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
 How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
 And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
 From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain ?
 Rash youth, beware ! thy home-bred virtues save,
 And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811, Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. ' His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, ' led him literally to rush upon death ; for, with another volunteer who

attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books. The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just : he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.* The *Poetical Remains of Leyden* were published in 1819, with a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his *Lord of the Isles* :

Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar,
And lonely Colonsay ;
Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour :
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled *The Mermaid*, the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan, and which was published with another, *The Coot of Keeldar*, in the *Border Minstrelsy*. His longest poem is his *Scenes of Infancy*, descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical ; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his *Scenes of Infancy* (1803). Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of *The Mermaid*, as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Sonnet on the Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still ;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;
And echo answers softer from the hill ;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :
So smiled the day when the first morn arose ! *

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine !
What vanity has brought thee here ?

How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm ;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music went to cheer.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the will,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave ;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer :
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine ;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true !
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart ; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha ! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays' tipt with death was borne ?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey ;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn !
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay !

From the 'Mermaid.'

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee !
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea !

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay :
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
'The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle !

* Jeffrey considered (*Edinburgh Review*, 1805) that Grahame borrowed the opening description in his *Sabbath* from the above sonnet by Leyden. The images are common to poetry, besides being congenial to Scottish habits and feelings.

“When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,” she said, “the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.”

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay :

‘Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

‘Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

‘As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore ;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar !

‘If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

‘Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

‘Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail !
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale !’

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green ;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah ! long beside thy feign'd bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say ;
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay !

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear ;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave ;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave. . . .

No form he saw of mortal mould ;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam ;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild ;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay ;
‘Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay ?

‘Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set ;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

‘How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight scene !

‘And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.’ . . .

Proud swells her heart ! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea !
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day ;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, a young poet, who has accomplished more by the example of his life than by his writings, was a native of Nottingham, where he was born on the 21st of August 1785. His father was a butcher—an ‘ungentle craft,’ which, however, has had the honour of giving to England one of its most distinguished churchmen, Cardinal Wolsey, and the two poets, Akenside and White. Henry was a rhymer and a student from his earliest years. He assisted at his father's business for some time, but in his fourteenth year was put apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Disliking, as he said, ‘the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings, he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions.’ He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying

his leisure hours to the study of languages, he was able, in the course of ten months, to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. His habits of study and application were unremitting. A London magazine, called the *Monthly Preceptor*, having proposed prize-themes for the youth of both sexes, Henry became a candidate, and while only in his fifteenth year, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He next became a correspondent in the *Monthly Mirror*, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr Capel Lofft and of Mr Hill, the proprietor of the above periodical. Their encouragement induced him to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1803. The longest piece in the collection is a descriptive poem in the style of Goldsmith, entitled *Clifton Grove*, which shews a remarkable proficiency in smooth and elegant versification and language. In his preface to the volume, Henry had stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him 'to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.' Such a declaration should have disarmed the severity of criticism; but the volume was contemptuously noticed in the *Monthly Review*, and Henry felt the most exquisite pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately, the volume fell into the hands of Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succour his genius, and procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's *Force of Truth*, and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St John's College. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of the term was pronounced the first man of his year. Mr Catton—his tutor—by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr Simeon and other friends. This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. 'Were I,' he said, 'to paint Fame crowning an undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty.' He died on the 10th of October 1806. Southey wrote a sketch of his life, and edited his *Remains*, which proved to be highly popular. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr Francis Boot of Boston,

and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth :

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came ;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh ! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe !
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and shewed what White had been ;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave :
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Byron has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White. The poetry of Henry was all written before his twentieth year, and hence should not be severely judged. If compared, however, with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that no indications are given of great future genius. Whether force and originality would have come with manhood and learning, is a point which, notwithstanding the example of Byron—a very different mind—may fairly be doubted. It is enough, however, for Henry Kirke White to have afforded one of the finest examples on record of youthful talent and perseverance devoted to the purest and noblest objects.

To an Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's
way,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Sonnet.

What art thou, Mighty One ! and where thy seat ?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet ;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead
noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude

Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Britain a Thousand Years Hence.

Where now is Britain ?—Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls ? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence ; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished ;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful ; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness ;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world : and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

The Christiad.

Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil ; thus far have sung

Of godlike deeds, far loftier than bescem
The lyre which I in early days have strung ;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress ; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard
no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again ?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay ?
Oh ! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day ;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree !
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am
free.

JAMES GRAHAME.

The REV. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow in the year 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill-health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher ; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September 1811. The works of Grahame consist of *Mary, Queen of Scotland*, a dramatic poem published in 1801 ; *The Sabbath* (1804), *Sabbath Walks* (1805), *Biblical Pictures*, *The Birds of Scotland* (1806), and *British Georgics* (1809), all in blank verse. *The Sabbath* is the best of his productions, and the *Georgics* the least interesting ; for though the latter contains some fine descriptions, the poet is too minute and too practical in his rural lessons. The amiable personal feelings of the author constantly appear. He thus warmly and tenderly apostrophises his native country :

Apostrophe to Scotland.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank !
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path ; how sweet the
sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name !
And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree ?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues !
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land :
But to my parchèd mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget.

An anecdote is related of the modest poet connected with the publication of *The Sabbath*, which

affords an interesting illustration of his character. He had not prefixed his name to the work, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition, and taking a copy of the volume home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; and at length she broke out into praise of the poem, adding: 'Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!' The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides. Grahame in some respects resembles Cowper. He has no humour or satire, it is true, and he has many prosaic lines, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and *national* poets. There is no author, excepting Burns or Scott, whom an intelligent Scotsman, resident abroad, would read with more delight than Grahame. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly and distinctly, without exaggeration, and often imparting to his descriptions a feeling of tenderness or solemnity. He was content with humble things; but he paints the charms of a retired cottage-life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation, that the reader is constrained to see and feel with his author, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation that are scattered around him, existing in the humblest objects, and in those humane and pious sentiments which impart to external nature a moral interest and beauty. The religion of Grahame was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English church, and the simple hill-worship of the Covenanters. He is sometimes gloomy in his seriousness, from intense religious anxiety or sympathy with his fellow-men suffering under oppression or misfortune, but he has less of this harsh fruit,

Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,

than his brother-poet Cowper. His prevailing tone is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

From 'The Sabbath.'

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of teded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the glad some lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, 'with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggl'ing bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

A Summer Sabbath Walk.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,

Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
 While every other woodland lay is mute,
 Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
 And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
 The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
 Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
 That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
 The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
 Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
 Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
 A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay.
 The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
 Watches his time to spring; or from above,
 Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
 Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
 Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
 He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
 (Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
 Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
 Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
 Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
 And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
 Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
 Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
 For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate. . . .

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
 The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
 Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
 And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
 Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
 Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
 Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
 The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
 As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
 How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
 Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
 But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
 'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
 Away, now rises full; it is the song
 Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
 Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
 It is the music of the heart, the voice
 Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
 In kindly circle seated on the ground
 Before their wicker-door. Behold the man!
 The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
 Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
 Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
 His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
 While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
 Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

An Autumn Sabbath Walk.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
 I love to linger in the narrow field
 Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
 And think of some who silent sleep below.
 Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
 Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
 The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddy sweep,
 Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
 But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
 His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
 The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
 A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
 Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
 Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
 He was a welcome guest through all his range—
 It was not wide—no dog would bay at him:
 Children would run to meet him on his way,
 And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
 His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
 Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
 The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
 And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
 Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.

Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
 Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
 To see thee wandering darkling on thy way!

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
 And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
 As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
 That cospse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
 A second blow of many flowers appears,
 Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
 But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
 That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
 Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
 Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
 With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
 In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
 And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
 Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
 Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A Winter Sabbath Walk.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
 The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
 Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
 Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
 Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
 Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
 High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
 The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
 Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
 No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
 And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
 Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
 On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
 To visit nature in her grand attire.
 Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
 A noble recompense the danger brings.
 How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
 Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
 With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
 But what the beauty of the plain, compared
 To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
 Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
 Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
 To steps the most adventurously bold?
 There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
 Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
 The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
 No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
 Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
 Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
 Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
 Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
 Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
 Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
 While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
 Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
 Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
 And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
 Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away:
 So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
 From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
 Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
 Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
 Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
 He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
 The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

To My Son.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
 Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;

Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
 By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
 Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
 More precious far than periods thrice refined!
 Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
 I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
 Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
 I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
 Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
 Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
 Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
 And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
 And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
 Till added years his memory firmness give!
 For, oh! it would a joy in death impart
 To think I still survived within his heart;
 To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
 A retrospective look bedimmed with tears,
 And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
 What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
 How gently I would lead him by the hand;
 How gently use the accent of command;
 What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
 And how the man descended to the child;
 How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
 To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
 To teach religion, unallied to strife,
 And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
 But far and further still my view I bend,
 And now I see a child thy steps attend;
 To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
 While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
 Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
 Pointing, thou tell'st him, 'There thy grandsire lies.'

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
 The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
 Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roared,
 Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
 And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
 The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
 And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
 The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
 Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
 And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
 The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends;
 Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
 Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
 Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
 Heaven fills each heart; yet home will oft intrude,
 And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
 The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
 Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
 While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
 On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, whom Byron has characterised as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was of humble origin, and born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas-eve of 1754. His father was collector of the salt-duties, or salt-master, as he was termed, and though of poor circumstances and violent temper, he exerted himself to give George a superior education. It is pleasing to know that the old man lived to reap his reward, in witnessing the celebrity of his son, and to transcribe, with parental fondness, in his own handwriting, the poem of *The Library*. Crabbe has described the unpromising scene of his nativity with his usual force and correctness:

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown
 o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;
 There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
 Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
 Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
 Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

The poet was put apprentice in his fourteenth year to a surgeon, and afterwards practised in Aldborough; but his prospects were so gloomy, that he abandoned his profession, and proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. His whole stock of money amounted to only three pounds. Having completed some poetical pieces, he offered them for publication, but they were rejected. In the course of the year, however, he issued a poetical epistle, *The Candidate*, addressed to the authors of the *Monthly Review*. It was coldly received, and his publisher failing at the same time, the young poet was plunged into great perplexity and want. He wrote to the premier, Lord North, to Lord-chancellor Thurlow, and to other noblemen, requesting assistance; but in no case was an answer returned. At length, when his affairs were desperate, he applied to Edmund Burke, and in a modest yet manly statement disclosed to him the situation in which he stood. Burke received him into his own house, and exercised towards him the most generous hospitality. While under his happy roof, the poet met Mr Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's distinguished friends. In the same year (1781) he published his poem *The Library*, which was favourably noticed by the critics. Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for a hundred pounds. Crabbe entered into sacred orders, and was licensed as curate to the rector of his native parish of Aldborough. In a short time, Burke procured for him the situation of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. This was a great advancement for the poor poet, and he never afterwards was in fear of want. He seems, however, to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in his poem of *The Patron*, and other parts of his writings, has strongly depicted the evils of such a situation. In 1783 appeared *The Village*, which had been seen and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small livings then in his gift, telling him at the

ame time, with an oath, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. The poet now married a young lady of Suffolk, the object of an early attachment, and taking the curacy of Stathern, adjoining Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage in the village. Four happy years were spent in this retirement, when the poet obtained the exchange of his two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Crabbe remained silent as a poet for many years. 'Out of doors,' says his son, 'he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.' In 1807 he published his *Parish Register*, which had been previously submitted to Mr Fox, and parts of this poem—especially the story of Phœbe Dawson—were the last compositions of their kind that 'engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.' The success of this work was not only decided, but nearly unprecedented. In 1810 he came forward with *The Borough*, a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete; and two years afterwards he produced his *Tales in Verse*, containing perhaps the finest of all his humble but happy delineations of life and character. 'The public voice,' says his biographer, 'was again highly favourable, and some of these relations were poken of with the utmost warmth of commendation, as, The Parting Hour, The Patron, Edward Shore, and The Confidant.' In 1814, the Duke of Rutland appointed him to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and he went thither to reside. His income amounted to about £800 per annum, a large portion of which he spent in charity. He still continued his attachment to literature, and in 1817 and 1818 was engaged on his last great work, *The Tales of the Hall*. 'He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.' In 1819, the *Tales* were published by Mr Murray, who, for them and the remaining copyright of all Crabbe's previous poems, gave the munificent sum of £3000. In an account of the negotiation for the sale of these copyrights, written by Moore for the life of his brother-poet, we have the following amusing illustration of Crabbe's simplicity of manner: 'When he received the bills for £3000, we—Moore and Rogers—earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must "take them with him to Trowbridge, and shew them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good-luck at home if they did not see the bills." On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested—Mr Everett, the banker—seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill success. "There was no

fear," he said, "of his losing them, and he must shew them to his son John." Another poetical friend, Thomas Campbell, who met him at this time in London, remarks of him: 'His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation, I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly.' This fine remark is characteristic of Crabbe's genius, as well as of his manners. It gathered its materials slowly and silently with intent but unobtrusive observation. The *Tales of the Hall* were received with that pleasure and approbation due to an old and established favourite, but with less enthusiasm than some of his previous works. In 1822, the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark, that, as to the city itself, he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old. His latter years were spent in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. His attachment to botany and geology seemed to increase with age; and at three-score and ten, he was busy, cheerful, and affectionate. His death took place at Trowbridge on the 3d of February 1832, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in the church of that place, where he had officiated for nineteen years. A complete collection of his works, with some new pieces and an admirable memoir, was published in 1834 by his son, the Rev. G. Crabbe.

The Village, Parish Register, and shorter tales of Crabbe, are his most popular productions. The *Tales of the Hall* are less interesting. They relate principally to the higher classes of society, and the poet was not so happy in describing their peculiarities as when supporting his character of the poet of the poor. Some of the episodes, however, are in his best style—Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories, are all marked with the peculiar genius of Crabbe. The redeeming and distinguishing feature of that genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified. The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and misery, irascible gloom and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. He not only could have 'wheeled his sofa round,' 'let fall the curtains, and, with the bubbling and loud hissing urn' on

the table, 'welcome peaceful evening in,' but the amenities of refined and intellectual society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms.

He stirred up the dregs of human society, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot *the parish*. It is true that village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor and game laws and non-resident clergy, was composed of various materials, some bright and some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the lowly English poor as the Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont of Scott are to the Scottish character. His story of the real mourner, the faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor, is a beautiful tribute to the force and purity of humble affection. In *The Parting Hour* and *The Patron* are also passages equally honourable to the poor and middle classes, and full of pathetic and graceful composition. It must be confessed, however, that Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life—that he was fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable—and that, either for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the bad of life predominate over the good. His pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, startling, or humiliating to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow—

Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

The minuteness with which he dwells on such subjects sometimes makes his descriptions tedious, and apparently unfeeling. He drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educating something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the purpose of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moral poet, purifying the heart, as the object of tragedy has been defined, by terror and pity, and by fearful delineations of the misery and desolation caused by unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey is a domestic tragedy of this kind, related with almost terrific power, and with lyrical energy of versification. His general style of versification is the couplet of Pope—he has been wittily called 'Pope in worsted stockings'—but less flowing and melodious, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus, in describing his cottage furniture, he says—

No wheels are here for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards made up of sundry packs.

His thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness—

Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

This jingling style heightens the effect of his

humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a manner, and mars the finer passages. Crabbe has high merit as a painter of English scenery. He is here as original and forcible as in delineating character. His marine landscapes are peculiarly fresh and striking; and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheep-walk, and even the pebbles, sea-weed, and shells amid

The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

He was a great lover of the sea, and once, as his son relates, after being some time absent from it, mounted his horse and rode alone sixty miles from his house, that he might inhale its freshness and gaze upon its waters.

The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary.

From *The Village*.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,

With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye ;
 A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
 Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect ;
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
 Impatience marked in his averted eyes ;
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
 His drooping patient, long injured to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant.

From the Parish Register.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestioned and his soul serene :
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
 And with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none ;
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
 Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind
 To miss one favour which their neighbours find—
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few :
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim ;
 Christian and countryman was all with him ;
 True to his church he came ; no Sunday-shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour ;
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
 By the strong glare of their new light direct ;
 ' On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
 But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
 His strength departed and his labour done ;

When, save his honest fame, he kept no more ;
 But lost his wife and saw his children poor ;
 'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
 Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent :
 ' Kind are your laws—'tis not to be denied—
 That in yon house for ruined age provide,
 And they are just ; when young, we give you all,
 And then for comforts in our weakness call.
 Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
 To join your poor and eat the parish bread ?
 But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
 Who gains his plenty by the sons of need ;
 He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
 And gauges stomachs with an anxious look :
 On some old master I could well depend ;
 See him with joy, and thank him as a friend ;
 But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
 And counts our chances who at night may die :
 Yet help me, Heaven ! and let me not complain
 Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew ;
 Daily he placed the workhouse in his view !
 But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
 He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
 No more that awful glance on playful wight
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight ;
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there. . . .
 But he is blest, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man contented to be poor.

Phoebe Dawson.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
 The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there ;
 When Phoebe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
 In haste to see, and happy to be seen ;
 Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
 And ease of heart her every look conveyed ;
 A native skill her simple robes expressed,
 As with untutored elegance she dressed ;
 The lads around admired so fair a sight,
 And Phoebe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
 Admirers soon of every age she gained,
 Her beauty won them and her worth retained ;
 Envy itself could no contempt display,
 They wished her well, whom yet they wished away.
 Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
 Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
 But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
 With secret joy she felt that beauty's power ;
 When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
 That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.

At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
 Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed ;
 With looks less timid made his passion known,
 And pleased by manners, most unlike her own ;
 Loud though in love, and confident though young ;
 Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;
 By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
 He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made ;
 Yet now, would Phoebe her consent afford,
 Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
 With her should years of growing love be spent,
 And growing wealth : she sighed and looked consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the
 green—
 Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—

Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid—
 Led by the lover, walked the silent maid :
 Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
 Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile ;
 Where, as he painted every blissful view,
 And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
 The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
 Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears :
 Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
 The lover loitered at the master's gate ;
 There he pronounced adieu ! and yet would stay,
 Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away !
 He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
 And oft retire and oft return again ;
 When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
 The grief assumed compelled her to be kind !
 For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
 That she resented first, and then forgave,
 And to his grief and penance yielded more
 Than his presumption had required before :

Ah ! fly temptation, youth ; refrain ! refrain !
 Each yielding maid and each presuming swain !

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
 And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
 One who an infant in her arms sustains,
 And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
 Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
 Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled ;
 Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
 And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
 Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
 Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again. . . .

But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?
 'Tis Phoebe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair ;
 Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
 Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
 Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
 For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart :
 'And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
 And win the coldest of the sex to love :'
 But ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
 Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired ;
 The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
 A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
 If present, railing till he saw her pained ;
 If absent, spending what their labours gained ;
 Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
 And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
 Then fly temptation, youth ; resist ! refrain !
 Nor let me preach for ever and in vain !

Dream of the Condemned Felon.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes ! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
 He hears the sentence and he feels the chain ;
 He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
 And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes :
 Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
 Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again : it shews each scene,
 With each small circumstance that comes between—
 The call to suffering, and the very deed—
 There crowds go with him, follow, and precede ;
 Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
 While he in fancied envy looks at them ;
 He seems the place for that sad act to see,
 And dreams the very thirst which then will be ;
 A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
 In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight ;
 He sees his native village with delight ;
 The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
 His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed ;
 Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
 The days of joy, the joys themselves, are come ;
 The hours of innocence, the timid look
 Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took

And told his hope ; her trembling joy appears,
 Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
 All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
 Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream !
 Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
 Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
 Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile ;
 Then come his sister and his village friend,
 And he will now the sweetest moments spend
 Life has to yield : no, never will he find
 Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
 He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
 Love in their looks and honour on the tongue ;
 Nay, there 's a charm beyond what nature shews,
 The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows ;
 Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
 Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
 And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum ;
 Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
 Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
 O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay ;
 The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
 The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
 The ships at distance, and the boats at hand ;
 And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
 Counting the number, and what kind they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea ;
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glittering waters on the shingles rolled :
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
 With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
 And those live lucid jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glittering by ;
 Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the parlour fire.
 Tokens of bliss ! 'Oh, horrible ! a wave
 Roars as it rises—save me, Edward, save !'
 She cries. Alas ! the watchman on his way
 Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

Story of a Betrothed Pair in Humble Life.

From The Borough.

Yes, there are real mourners ; I have seen
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention through the day her duties claimed,
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed ;
 Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep :
 Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid ;
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;
 In every place she wandered where they'd been,
 And sadly sacred held the parting scene
 Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace ;
 For long the courtship was, and he would say
 Each time he sailed : 'This once, and then the day ;'
 Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
 He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
 That he should softly sleep, and smartly look ;

White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow ;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak ;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and preface with a sigh
A lover's message : ' Thomas, I must die ;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go I if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !
Give me one look before my life be gone ;
Oh, give me that ! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'

He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said :
' Yes, I must die'—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away ;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head ;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear ;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—' Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard ;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few ;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered : ' Thou must go to rest.'
' I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound ;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love :
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit ;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found ;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

An English Fen—Gipsies.

From *Tales—Lover's Journey.*

On either side

Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :

Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between :
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume ;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;
Here the dwarf shallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh ;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound ;
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun ;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side ;
Where, lo ! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared ;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet.
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand ;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try ;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes ;
Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race,
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast.
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face.
Within, the father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by ;
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast ;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stained ;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
With gipsy state engrossed the only chair ;
Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life ; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood,
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years ;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat ;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approach their later end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !

Gradual Approaches of Age.—From 'Tales of the Hall.'

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
 When time began to play his usual tricks;
 The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
 Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
 The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
 I rode or walked as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more;
 A moderate pace would now my body heat;
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I shewed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
 But said: 'The view is poor; we need not climb.'
 At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed.
 I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
 My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
 In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
 I loved my trees in order to dispose;
 I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
 Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

Song of the Crazy Maiden.—From the same.

Let me not have this gloomy view
 About my room, about my bed;
 But morning roses, wet with dew,
 To cool my burning brow instead;
 As flowers that once in Eden grew,
 Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
 And every day their sweets renew,
 Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
 Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
 Let them be placed about my bier,
 And grace the gloomy house of death.
 I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
 Where only Lucy's self shall know,
 Where runs the pure pellucid rill
 Upon its gravelly bed below;
 There violets on the borders blow,
 And insects their soft light display,
 Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
 The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn;
 The soil a pure and silver sand;
 The green cold moss above it grown,
 Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
 In virgin earth, till then unturned,
 There let my maiden form be laid;
 Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
 Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
 In air, on earth, securely play:
 And Lucy to my grave resort,
 As innocent, but not so gay.

I will not have the churchyard ground
 With bones all black and ugly grown,
 To press my shivering body round,
 Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
 In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
 Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
 And on the shrouded bosom prey.

I will not have the bell proclaim
 When those sad marriage rites begin,
 And boys, without regard or shame,
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
 I cannot these cold truths allow;
 These thoughts may not afflict me there,
 But oh! they vex and tease me now!
 Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
 That man a maiden's grave may trace,
 But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
 And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
 Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
 And, in some pure and blessed state,
 Let me my sister minds behold:
 From gross and sordid views refined,
 Our heaven of spotless love to share,
 For only generous souls designed,
 And not a man to meet us there.

Sketches of Autumn.—From the same.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
 And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
 As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost,
 Appears with more magnificence and cost:
 The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
 Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
 Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
 The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill,
 Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
 By the same passage to return at night,
 While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
 Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
 Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
 Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
 Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
 While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
 Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
 But to his own reflections made reply,
 And said aloud: 'Yes; doubtless we must die.'
 'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
 To feel what dotage and decay will give;
 But we yet taste whatever we behold;
 The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
 There is delicious quiet in this scene,
 At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
 Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
 Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
 This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
 The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
 See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
 That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
 Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
 Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
 The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
 Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the
 floods:

All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
 That still displayed their melancholy hue;
 Save the green holly with its berries red,
 And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

There is a poetry of taste as well as of the pas-
 sions, which can only be relished by the intel-
 lectual classes, but is capable of imparting exquisite
 pleasure to those who have the key to its hidden
 mysteries. It is somewhat akin to that delicate
 appreciation of the fine arts, or of music, which in
 some men amounts to almost a new sense. SAMUEL

ROGERS, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, was a votary of this school of refinement. We have everywhere in his works a classic and graceful beauty; no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre; and occasionally trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. His diction is clear and polished—finished with great care and scrupulous nicety. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has no forcible or original invention, no deep paths that thrill the soul, and no kindling energy that fires the imagination. In his shadowy poem of *Columbus*, he seems often to verge on the sublime, but does not attain it. His late works are his best. Parts of *Human Life* possess deeper feeling than are to be found in the *Pleasures of Memory*; and in the easy half-conversational sketches of his *Italy*, there are delightful glimpses of Italian life, and scenery, and old traditions. The poet was an accomplished traveller, a lover of the fair and good, and a worshipper of the classic glories of the past. Samuel Rogers was born at Stoke Newington, one of the suburbs of London, on the 30th July 1763. His father was a banker in the City, and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking establishment, of which he continued a partner up to the time of his death. He appeared as an author in 1786, the same year that witnessed the advent of Burns. The production of Rogers was a thin quarto of a few pages, an *Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems*. In 1792, he produced the *Pleasures of Memory*; in 1798, his *Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems*; in 1812, *Columbus*; and in 1814, *Jacqueline*, a tale, published in conjunction with Byron's *Lara*—

Like morning brought by night.

In 1819, appeared *Human Life*, and in 1822, the first part of *Italy*, a descriptive poem in blank verse. Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer. In his *Table Talk*, published by Mr Dyce, the poet is represented as saying: 'I was engaged on the *Pleasures of Memory* for nine years; on *Human Life* for nearly the same space of time; and *Italy* was not completed in less than sixteen years.' The collected works of Mr Rogers have been published in various forms—one of them containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard and Turner, and forming no inconsiderable trophy of British art. The poet was enabled to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtue, and to entertain his friends with a generous and unostentatious hospitality. His conversation was rich and various, abounding in critical remarks, shrewd observation, and personal anecdote. It is gratifying to add that his bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan, and was exerted to a large extent annually in behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius languishing for want of patronage,' says Mr Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr Rogers a generous patron. His purse was ever open to the distressed: of the prompt assistance which he rendered in the hour of need to various well-known individuals, there is ample record; but of his many acts of kindness and charity to the wholly obscure, there is no memorial—at least on earth. The taste of Mr Rogers had been cultivated to the utmost refine-

ment; and, till the failure of his mental powers, a short time previous to his death, he retained that love of the beautiful which was in him a passion: when more than ninety, and a close prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colours of the evening sky—to repeat passages of his favourite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls. By slow decay, and without any suffering, he died in St James's Place, 18th December 1855.' The poet bequeathed three of his pictures—a Titian, a Guido, and a Giorgione—to the National Gallery. The Titian he considered the most valuable in his possession. It had been in the Orleans Gallery, and when that princely collection was broken up, it was sold for four hundred guineas. Mr Rogers, however, gave more than double that sum for it in 1828.

It was as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half-century and more, that Mr Rogers chiefly engaged the public attention. At his celebrated breakfast-parties, persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St James's Place. There, discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy saying of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some social trait of Fox, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. A certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm, though rarely taking an offensive form, also characterised Rogers's conversation. Many of his sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf: 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr Knight being a great speaker and bad listener. The late Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on the poet, who retaliated with that epigrammatic couplet, which has never been surpassed—

Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

The poet, it is said, on one occasion tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of Junius, but Francis gave a surly rebuff, and Rogers remarked that if he was not Junius, he was at least *Brutus*. We may remark that the poet's recipe for long life was, 'temperance, the bath and flesh brush, and don't fret.' The felicity of his own lot he has thus gracefully alluded to:

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.

Italy.

From the '*Pleasures of Memory*.'

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.

Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
 What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew
 Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades and life forgets to charm ;
 Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
 The sage's precept and the poet's song.
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustrous play ;
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
 The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant feet across the lawn :
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
 With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
 Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
 Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest
 shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :
 And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbbled my fluttering pulse with hopes and
 fears,

To learn the colour of my future years !
 Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast ;
 This truth once known—to bless is to be blest !
 We led the bending beggar on his way—
 Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt :
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness
 live !'

'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give
 The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
 And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
 Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
 The dear abode of peace and privacy ;

And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
 The village-common spotted white with sheep,
 The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;
 All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
 And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
 Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
 And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
 That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail ;
 So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
 Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
 And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
 While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
 Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
 Long watched the streaming signal from the mast ;
 Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
 And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
 Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
 Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
 That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light :
 But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
 Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade :
 All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
 And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
 As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
 And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
 Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
 Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh ;
 This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
 For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
 Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
 When exile wore his blooming years away,
 To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
 When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
 For this he roused her sanguinary laws ;
 Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
 And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart ;
 Hence Fiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
 Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
 Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale ;
 In wild Vauluse with love and Laura dwell,
 And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
 'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
 Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
 Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
 Steered through the waves, and when he struck the
 land,

Such in his soul the adore to explore,
 Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
 'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
 We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :
 So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
 On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;
 When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed,
 The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
 And as he long in sweet delusion hung
 Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung ;
 Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
 His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves ?
 In Rome's great Forum, who but hears him roll
 His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone ;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

From 'Human Life.'

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
For in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled.'

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour! . . .

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shews!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Ginevra.—From 'Italy.'

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket—in its chain it hangs

Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song;
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun,
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to
foot,

An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oak chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
'Tis but to make a trial of our love!
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland—1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

Tarbet,¹ thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region past,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;²
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);

¹ Signifying, in the Gaelic language, an isthmus.

² Loch Long.

Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!
O blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and water-fall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the lady of the Glen!

Pæstum.¹—From 'Italy.'

They stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
All silent now, as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground; and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,

¹ The temples of Pæstum are three in number, and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them, but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

Towns like the living rock from which they grew?

A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.

The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost—
Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul—
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; and she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala fitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries—
Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung—
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place.¹

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
And what within them? What but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

On a Tear.

O that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age:
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

An artist-poet of rare but wild and wayward genius—touched with a 'fine poetic madness'—appeared in WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827), whose life has been written with admirable taste and feeling by Allan Cunningham (*Lives of British Painters*, 1830), and in a more copious form by Alexander Gilchrist (1863). Blake was a native of London, son of a hosier. He was apprenticed to an engraver, but devoted all his leisure to drawing (in which he had occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli), and in composing verses. Between his twelfth and twentieth years he produced a variety of songs, ballads, and a dramatic poem. A collection of these was printed at the cost of Flaxman and a gentleman named Matthews, who presented the sheets to their author to dispose of for his own advantage. In 1789 Blake himself published a series of *Songs of Innocence*, with a great number of illustrations etched on copper by the poet and his wife—the affectionate, 'dark-eyed Kate.' His wife, we are told, worked off the plates in the press, and Blake tinted the impressions, designs, and letter-press with a variety of pleasing colours. His next work was a series of sixteen small designs, entitled *The Gates of Paradise* (1793); these were followed by *Urizen*, or twenty-seven designs representing hell and its mysteries; and shortly afterwards by a series of illustrations of Young's *Night Thoughts*—a congenial theme. Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley the poet, and Hayley persuaded the artist to remove to Felpham in Sussex, to make engravings for the *Life of Cowper*. At Felpham Blake resided three years (1800-3), and in the comparative solitude of the country, in lonely musings by the seashore, indulged in those hallucinations which indicated a state of diseased imagination or chronic insanity. 'He conceived that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses, with Pindar and Virgil, with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered: 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men' (Cunningham). Blake laboured indefatigably, but with little worldly gain, at his strange fanciful illustrations. A work entitled *Jerusalem* comprised a hundred designs; he executed twelve designs for Blair's *Grave*, and a water-colour painting of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, which was exhibited with other productions of the artist. These were explained in a *Descriptive Catalogue* as eccentric as the designs, but which had a criticism on Chaucer admired by Charles Lamb as displaying 'wonderful power and spirit.' Lamb also considered Blake's little poem on the tiger as 'glorious.' The remaining works of the artist were *Twenty-one Illustrations to the Book of Job*, and two works of *Prophecies* (1793-4), one on America in eighteen plates, and the other on Europe in seventeen; he also illustrated Dante, but only seven of his illustrations were engraved. Three days before his death he was working on one of his prophetic works, the 'Ancient of Days.' 'He sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours, and in his happiest style. He touched and re-touched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw

¹ They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

it from him, exclaiming: "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made it a fine likeness. The poems of Blake have been frequently printed—at least in part—and his designs are now eagerly sought after.

To the Muses.—From 'Poetical Sketches.'

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Song.—From the same.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance
And where lips the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence' (1789).

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a lamb:'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again:'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read'

So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb.—From the same.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek, and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

The Tiger.—From 'Songs of Experience' (1794).

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most original of modern poets, was a native of Cocker-mouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His father was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, but died when the poet was in his seventh year. William and his brother—Dr Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity College—after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, were sent by their uncles to the university of

Cambridge. William was entered of St John's in 1787. Having finished his academical course, and taken his degree, he travelled for a short time. In the autumn of 1790, he accomplished a tour on the continent in company with a fellow-student, Mr Robert Jones. 'We went staff in hand,' he said, 'without knapsacks, and carrying each his sediments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about £20 a piece in our pockets.' With this friend, Wordsworth made a tour in North Wales the following year, after taking his degree in college. He was again in France towards the close of the year 1791, and remained in that country about a twelvemonth. He had hailed the French Revolution with feelings of enthusiastic admiration.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*,
But to be *young* was very heaven.

Young poets escaped the contagion. Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell all felt the flame, and looked for a new era of liberty and happiness. Wordsworth abandoned his political theory. His friends were desirous he should enter the church, but his republican sentiments and the unsettled state of his mind rendered himaverse to such a step. To the profession of the law he was equally opposed. Poetry was to be the sole business of his life. A young friend, Ainsley Calvert, dying in 1795, left him a sum of £900. 'Upon the interest of the £900,' he says, £400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the *Lyrical Ballads* brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, nearly eight.' A further sum of about £1000 came to him as part of the estate of his father, who had died intestate; and with this small competence, Wordsworth devoted himself to study and seclusion. He first appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his work was *Descriptive Sketches*, which was followed the same year by the *Evening Walk*. The walk among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend Jones. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith; but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of poetry which then buoyed up the young poet, appear in such lines as the following:

O give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tide shall stay,'
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
With all his creatures, sink to rise no more!

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Somersetshire, where they were visited in the summer of 1797 by Coleridge. The poets were charmed with each other's society, and became friends for life. Wordsworth and his sister next moved to a residence near Coleridge's, at Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey. At this place many of his smaller poems were written, and also a tragedy, the *Borderers*, which he attempted to get acted at Covent Garden Theatre, but it was re-

jected. In 1798, appeared the *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed his *Ancient Mariner*. A generous provincial bookseller, Joseph Cottle of Bristol, gave thirty guineas for the copyright of this volume; he ventured on an impression of five hundred copies, but was soon glad to dispose of the largest proportion of the five hundred at a loss, to a London bookseller. The ballads were designed by their author as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that 'really used by men.' The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as *The Idiot Boy*, and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success. It was often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worst ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any wish to conciliate.

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge went to Germany, the latter parting from them at Hamburg, and going to Ratzburg, where he resided four months; while the Wordsworths proceeded to Goslar, and remained there about half a year. On their return to England, they settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where they lived for eight years. In 1800 he reprinted his *Lyrical Ballads*, with the addition of many new pieces, the work now forming two volumes. In October 1802, the poet was married to Mary Hutchinson, a lady with whom he had been early intimate, and on whom he wrote, in the third year of his married life, the exquisite lines, 'She was a Phantom of Delight.'

*She came, no more a Phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low:
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.**

The Prelude.

In 1803, accompanied by Coleridge and his sister,

* This respected lady died at Rydal Mount, January 17. 1859. For some years her powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she continued cheerful and 'bright,' and full of conversational power as in former days.

Wordsworth made a tour in Scotland, which forms an epoch in his literary history, as it led to the production of some of his most popular minor poems. He had been for some years engaged on a poem in blank verse, *The Prelude, or Growth of my own Mind*, which he brought to a close in 1805, but it was not published till after his death. In 1805, also, he wrote his *Waggoner*, not published till 1819. Since Pope, no poet has been more careful of his fame than Wordsworth, and he was enabled to practise this abstinence in publication, because, like Pope, he was content with moderate means and limited desires. His circumstances, however, were at this time so favourable, that he purchased, for £1000, a small cottage and estate at the head of Ulleswater. Lord Lonsdale generously offered £800 to complete this purchase, but the poet accepted only of a fourth of the sum. In 1807 appeared two volumes of *Poems* from his pen. They were assailed with all the severity of criticism, but it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favourite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In 1809 the poet struck out into a new path. He came forward as a political writer, with an *Essay on the Convention of Cintra*, an event to which he was strongly opposed. His prose was as unsuccessful as his poetry, so far as sale was concerned; but there are fine vigorous passages in this pamphlet, and Canning is said to have pronounced it the most eloquent production since the days of Burke. Wordsworth had now abandoned his republican dreams, and was henceforward conservative of all time-honoured institutions in church and state. His views were never servile—they were those of a recluse politician, honest but impracticable. In the spring of 1813 occurred Wordsworth's removal from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, one of the grand events of his life; and there he resided for the long period of thirty-seven years—a period of cheerful and dignified poetical retirement—

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

Prologue to 'Peter Bell.'

The circle of his admirers was gradually extending, and he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentient and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his

age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. It turned the public taste from pompous inanity the study of man and nature; he banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favour of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his muse are simple, pure, and lasting. In working out a plan of his *Excursion*, the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar who traverses the mountains in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for sure it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the 'Wanderer,' the poet is introduced to a 'Solitary,' who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the home of the pastor, who—in the style of Crabbe's *Parish Register*—recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made to the three to a neighbouring lake, the poem concludes. *The Excursion* is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, *The Recluse*, 'having for its principal object the sensations and opinions of poet living in retirement.' The narrative part of *The Excursion* is a mere framework, rude and unskilful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to shew how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering.

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life;
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes—so relenting justice wills—
From palpable oppressions of despair.

Book I

In a still loftier style of moral observation on the changes of life, the 'gray-haired wanderer' claims:

So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their sphere
The stars of human glory are cast down;

Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man himself
Departs ; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of desolation aimed ; to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow ;
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire ; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory.

Book VII.

The picturesque parts of *The Excursion* are all of a quiet and tender beauty characteristic of the author. We subjoin two passages, the first descriptive of a peasant youth, the hero of his native vale :

A Noble Peasant.

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms ; and ye may have marked
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn. The pool
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
Such and so glorious did this youth appear ;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form ;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals—if such fables without blame
May find chance mention on this sacred ground—
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone ;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
Whizzed from the stripling's arm ! If touched by
him,
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting file !
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glede,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

Book VII.

The peasant youth, with others in the vale, roused

by the cry to arms, studies the rudiments of war,
but dies suddenly :

To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle ; but every face
Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
With tears that wept not then ; nor were the few
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced
Through the still air the closing of the grave ;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation never heard before.

A description of deafness in a peasant would seem to be a subject hardly susceptible of poetical ornament ; yet, by contrasting it with the surrounding objects—the pleasant sounds and stir of nature—and by his vein of pensive and graceful reflection, Wordsworth has made this one of his finest pictures :

The Deaf Dalesman.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward ; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul ;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons ; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture : evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours ; the steep mountain side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog ;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed ;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers.

Book VII.

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, was ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather have believed all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lived under the habitual 'sway' of nature :

To me the meaneft flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The removal of the poet to Rydal was marked by an incident of considerable importance in his personal history. Through the influence of the Earl of Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland, which added greatly to his income, without engrossing all his time. He was now placed beyond the frowns of Fortune—if Fortune can ever be said to have frowned on one so independent of her smiles. The subsequent works of the poet were numerous—*The White Doe of Rylstone*, a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with his peculiar genius; *Sonnets on the River Duddon*; *The Waggoner*; *Peter Bell*; *Ecclesiastical Sketches*; *Yarrow Revisited*; &c. Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works were arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it was one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet's works formed six volumes. A seventh, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life—as is stated—and the tragedy which had long lain past the author, were added in 1842. The tragedy is not happy, for Wordsworth had less dramatic power than any other contemporary poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful.

The latter years of Wordsworth's life were gladdened by his increasing fame, by academic honours conferred upon him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, by his appointment to the office of poet-laureate on the death of his friend Southey in 1843, and by a pension from the crown of £300 per annum. In 1847, he was shaken by a severe domestic calamity, the death of his only daughter, Dora, Mrs Quillinan. This lady was worthy of her sire. Shortly before her death she published anonymously a *Journal of a Residence in Portugal*, whither she had gone in pursuit of health.* Having attained to the great age of eighty, in the enjoyment of generally robust health (most of his poems were composed in the open air), Wordsworth died on the 23d of April 1850—the anniversary of St George, the patron saint of England—and was interred by the side of his daughter in the beautiful churchyard of Grasmere.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth was Coleridge, so long his friend and asso-

ciate, and who looked up to him with a sort of filial veneration and respect. He has drawn his poetical character at length in the *Biographia Literaria*, and if we consider it as applying to the higher characteristics of Wordsworth, without reference to the absurdity or puerility of some of his early fables, incidents, and language, it will be found equally just and felicitous. *First*, 'An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly*, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility: a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of fancy, Wordsworth, to my feelings is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unbordered, and his own. To employ his own words which are at once an instance and an illustration he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects

Add the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,
'The consecration and the poet's dream.'

The fame of Wordsworth was daily extending, and we have said, before his death. The few ridiculous or puerile passages which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, had been partly removed by himself, or were by his admirer either quietly overlooked, or considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoked a smile while his higher attributes commanded admiration and he had secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, had arisen to do him homage, and in some instances they carried the feeling to a wild but pardonable excess. Many of his former deprecators also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works the poet did himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too little *sensuous*, to us the phrase of Milton, ever to become general

* Mr Edward Quillinan, son-in-law of Wordsworth, was a native of Oporto, but was educated in England. He was one of Wordsworth's most constant admirers, and was himself a poet of considerable talent, and an accomplished scholar. He was first married to a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and having quitted the army, he settled in the Lake country. There Mrs Quillinan died by an unfortunate accident—her dress having caught fire—and left two daughters, in whom the Wordsworth family took great interest. In 1847, the intimacy between Dora Wordsworth and Mr Quillinan, which first sprang out of the root of grief, was crowned by their marriage. She lived only about six years afterwards, and Mr Quillinan himself died suddenly in 1851. A volume of his *Poems* was published in 1853, and part of a translation of the *Lusitad*, which no man in England could have done so well. He was also engaged on a translation of the *History of Portugal* by Senor Herculanó.

popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper objects of poetry, he ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often minds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His *Laodamia*, the *Vernal Ode*, the *Ode Lycoris and Dion*, are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterises his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has surpassed—if even he has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

Sonnets.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

The World is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingered—and wandering on, as loath to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

His Intimations of Immortality, and Lines on Tintern Abbey, are the finest examples of his rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor. His simpler effusions are pathetic and tender. He has little strong passion; but in one piece, *Vaudracour and Julia*, he has painted the passion of love with more warmth than might be anticipated from his abstract idealism:

His present mind

Was under fascination; he beheld
 A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
 Arabian fiction never filled the world
 With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
 Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
 Life turned the meanness of her implements
 Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
 The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
 Her chamber window did surpass in glory
 The portals of the dawn; all paradise
 Could, by the simple opening of a door,
 Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
 Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
 Surcharged within him—overblest to move
 Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
 To its dull round of ordinary cares;
 A man too happy for mortality!

The lovers parted under circumstances of danger,
 but had a stolen interview at night:

Through all her courts

The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,
 Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
 Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss!
 To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
 On that brief meeting's slender filament!

This is of the style of Ford or Massinger. Living mostly apart from the world, and nursing with solitary complacency his poetical system, and all that could bear upon his works and pursuits as a poet, Wordsworth fell into those errors of taste, and that want of discrimination, to which we have already alluded. His most puerile ballads and attempts at humour were apparently as much prized by him, and classed with the same nicety and care, as the most majestic of his conceptions, or the most natural and beautiful of his descriptions. The art of condensation was also rarely practised by him. But if the poet's retirement or peculiar disposition was a cause of his weakness, it was also one of the sources of his strength.

It left him untouched by the artificial or mechanical tastes of his age ; it gave an originality to his conceptions and to the whole colour of his thoughts ; and it completely imbued him with that purer antique life and knowledge of the phenomena of nature—the sky, lakes, and mountains of his native district, in all their tints and forms—which he has depicted with such power and enthusiasm. A less complacent poet would have been chilled by the long neglect and ridicule he experienced. His spirit was self-supported, and his genius, at once observant and meditative, was left to shape out its own creations, and extend its sympathies to that world which lay beyond his happy mountain solitude.

Lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

We are Seven.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

‘Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?’
‘How many? Seven in all,’ she said,
And wondering looked at me.

‘And where are they? I pray you tell.’
She answered, ‘Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

‘Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard-cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother.’

‘You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?’

Then did the little maid reply,
‘Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.’

‘You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.’

‘Their graves are green, they may be seen,’
The little maid replied,
‘Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

‘My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

‘And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

‘The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

‘So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

‘And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go—
And he lies by her side.’

‘How many are you then,’ said I,
‘If they two are in heaven?’
The little maiden did reply,
‘O master! we are seven.’

‘But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!’
’Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘Nay, we are seven!’

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment’s ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight’s, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

*Lines composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on
 Revisiting the Banks of the Wye, during a Tour,
 July 13, 1798.*

Five years have passed ; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ; and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
 Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up in silence from among the trees !
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
 The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration : feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet oh ! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye !—thou wanderer through the woods—
 How often has my spirit turned to thee !
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again :
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills ; when, like a roe,
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
 The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
 And their glad animal movements all gone by—
 To me was all in all. I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling and a love
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
 In nature, and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
 For thou art with me here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;

And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee : and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came,
 Unwearing in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake ! *

Picture of Christmas-Eve.

Addressed to the Rev. Dr Wordsworth, with Sonnets to the
 River Duddon, &c.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
 To-night beneath my cottage eaves :
 While, smitten by a lofty moon,
 The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
 Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
 That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
 Had sunk to rest with folded wings ;
 Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
 Nor check the music of the strings ;
 So stout and hardy were the band
 That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened till was paid
 Respect to every inmate's claim ;
 The greeting given, the music played
 In honour of each household name,

* In our admiration of the external forms of nature, the mind is redeemed from a sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure ; and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure ; or, as Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself—

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Wordsworth, has been, as much as is possible, imparted by the celebrated *Lines written in 1798, a few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. . . . The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena.—*Quarterly Review* for 1834.

In illustration of this remark, every episode in the *Excursion* might also be cited (particularly the affecting and beautiful tale of Margaret in the first book) ; and the poems of the *Cumberland Beggar*, *Michael*, and the *Fountain*—the last unquestionably one of the finest of the ballads—are also striking instances.

Duly pronounced with lusty call,
 And 'merry Christmas' wished to all ?

O brother ! I revere the choice
 That took thee from thy native hills ;
 And it is given thee to rejoice :
 Though public care full often tills—
 Heaven only witness of the toil—
 A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
 Hadst heard this never-failing rite ;
 And seen on other faces shine
 A true revival of the light
 Which nature, and these rustic powers,
 In simple childhood spread through ours !

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
 On these expected annual rounds,
 Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
 Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
 Or they are offered at the door
 That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when at midnight sweep
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
 To hear—and sink again to sleep !
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
 By blazing fire, the still suspense
 Of self-complacent innocence ;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
 And some unbidden tears that rise
 For names once heard, and heard no more ;
 Tears brightened by the serenade
 For infant in the cradle laid !

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
 With ambient streams more pure and bright
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone
 Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared
 The ground where we were born and reared !

Hail, ancient manners ! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
 Remnants of love, whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
 Hail, usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, mountains old !

Bear with me, brother, quench the thought
 That slights this passion or condemns ;
 If these fond fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,
 To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
 Short leisure even in busiest days,
 Moments—to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy.

To a Highland Girl.

At Inversneyd, upon Loch Lomond.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head :

And these gray rocks ; this household lawn ;
 These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water, that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay, a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode—
 In truth, together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart :
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away :
 For never saw I mien or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and homebred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress
 And maidenly shamefacedness :
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a mountaineer :
 A face with gladness overspread !
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech :
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful ?
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality :
 Thou art to me but as a wave
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood.
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !
 Thy elder brother I would be—
 Thy father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place.
 Joy have I had ; and going hence,
 I bear away my recompense.
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
 Then, why should I be loath to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her ;
 To give new pleasure like the past,
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,
 As fair before me shall behold,
 As I do now, the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
 And thee, the spirit of them all !

Laodamia.

⁴ With sacrifice before the rising morn,
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;

And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required :
 Celestial pity I again implore ;
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
 Her countenance brightens and her eye expands ;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !
 What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?
 Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?
 His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?
 It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he !
 And a god leads him, winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
 That calms all fear : 'Such grace hath crowned thy
 prayer,

Laodamia ! that at Jove's command
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper air ;
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;
 Accept the gift ; behold him face to face !'

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp,
 Again that consummation she essayed ;
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
 And reassume his place before her sight.

'Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice.
 This is our palace—yonder is thy throne ;
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon ; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;
 But in reward of thy fidelity.
 And something also did my worth obtain ;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 Should die : but me the threat could not withhold :
 A generous cause a victim did demand ;
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes ; bravest, noblest, best !
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
 Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
 That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave.
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this ;
 Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
 To me, this day, a second time thy bride !'
 Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ threw
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past ;
 Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys

Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains ;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

‘Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion ; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.’

‘Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcester, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth ’mid youthful peers.

‘The gods to us are merciful ; and they
Yet further may relent ; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman’s
breast.

‘But if thou goest, I follow.’ ‘Peace!’ he said ;
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered ;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beautiful—imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. ‘Ill,’ said he,
‘The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night :

‘And while my youthful peers before my eyes—
Each hero following his peculiar bent—
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports ; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained—
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘The wished-for wind was given : I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter was the pang,
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life ;
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,
flowers ;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
“Behold they tremble ! haughty their array ;
Yet of their number no one dares to die !”
In soul I swept the indignity away :

Old frailties then recurred ; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

‘Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled : her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.’

Aloud she shrieked ; for Hermes reappears !
Round the dear shade she would have clung ; ’tis
vain ;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved ;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason’s spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

Memoirs of Wordsworth were published in 1851
two volumes, by the poet’s nephew, CHRISTOPHER
WORDSWORTH, D.D. This is rather a meagre
unsatisfactory work, but no better has since ap-
peared. Many interesting anecdotes, reports of
conversation, letters, &c. will be found in the
Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson, 1869. In 1877
was published *Recollections of a Tour made in
Scotland, A.D. 1803*, by DOROTHY WORDSWORTH
sister of the poet, to whose talents and observa-
tion, no less than to her devoted affection, he
brother was largely indebted.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a profound
thinker and rich imaginative poet, enjoyed a high
reputation during the latter years of his life for
his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and
critical powers, of which only a few fragmentary
specimens remain. His poetry also indicated more
than was achieved. Visions of grace, tenderness
and majesty seem ever to have haunted him.
Some of these he embodied in exquisite verse,
but he wanted concentration and steadiness for
purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intel-
lectual riches. A happier destiny was also perhaps
wanting ; for much of Coleridge’s life was spent
in poverty and dependence, amidst disappoint-
ment and ill-health, and in the irregularity caused
by an unfortunate and excessive use of opium.

which tyrannised over him for many years with unrelenting severity. Amidst daily drudgery for the periodical press, and in nightly dreams disempowered and feverish, he wasted, to use his own expression, 'the prime and manhood of his intellect.' The poet was a native of Devonshire, born on the 20th of October 1772 at Ottery St Mary, of which parish his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a school-fellow. He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo laborum*;' and in this instance, 'the child was wretched of the man; for such was Coleridge to the end of his life. A stranger whom he had accidentally met one day on the streets of London, and who was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the catalogue, folios and all. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed. He had no ambition; his father was dead, and he actually thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. The head-master, Bowyer interfered, and prevented this additional honour to the craft of St Crispin, made illustrious by Gifford and Bloomfield. Coleridge became deputy-Grecian, or head-scholar, and obtained an exhibition or representation from Christ's Hospital to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1791 to 1793. In his first year at college he gained the Brown gold medal for the Greek ode; next year he stood for the Craven scholarship, but lost it; and in 1793 he was again unsuccessful in a competition for the Greek ode on astronomy. By this time he had incurred some debts, not amounting to £100; but this so weighed on his mind and spirits, that he suddenly left college, and went to London. He had also become obnoxious to his superiors from his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution.

When France in oath her giant-limbs upreared,
 And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
 Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
 And when to whelm the disenchanting nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swollen the patriot emotion,
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed, and vain retreat!
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light, or damped thy holy flame;
 But blest the pæans of delivered France,
 And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

France, an Ode.

In London, Coleridge soon felt himself forlorn and destitute, and he enlisted as a soldier in the 5th, Elliot's Light Dragoons. 'On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment,' says his friend and biographer, Mr Gillman, 'the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at

Coleridge, with a military air, inquired: "What's your name, sir?" "Comberbach." (The name he had assumed.) "What do you come here for, sir?" as if doubting whether he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I do not know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks. The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his comrades, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service—December 1793 to April 1794—the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. According to one account, he had written under his saddle on the stable-wall, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, which led to inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for the classics than Ensign Northerton in *Tom Jones*. Another account attributes the termination of his military career to a chance recognition on the street. His family being apprised of his situation, his discharge was obtained on the 10th of April 1794.* He seems then to have set about publishing his *Juvenile Poems* by subscription, and while at Oxford in June of the same year, he met with Southey, and an intimacy immediately sprung up between them. Coleridge was then an ardent republican and a Socinian—full of high hopes and anticipations, 'the golden exhalations of the dawn.' In conjunction with his new friend Southey; with Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker; George Burnett, a fellow-collegian from Somersetshire; Robert Allen, then at Corpus Christi College; and Edmund Seaward, of a Herefordshire family, also a fellow-collegian, Coleridge planned and proposed to carry out a scheme of emigration to America. They were to found in the New World a *Pantisocracy*, or state of society in which each was to have his portion of work, and their wives—all were to be married—were to cook and perform domestic offices, the poets cultivating literature in their hours of leisure, with neither king nor priest to mar their felicity. 'From building castles in the air,' as Southey has said, 'to framing commonwealths was an easy transition.' For some months this delusion lasted; but funds were wanting, and could not be readily raised. Southey and Coleridge gave a course of public lectures, and wrote a tragedy on the *Fall of Robespierre*, and the former soon afterwards proceeding with his uncle to Spain and Portugal, the Pantisocratic scheme was abandoned. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters—Lovell, who died in the following year, had previously been married to a third sister—ladies of the name of Fricker, amiable, but wholly without fortune.

Coleridge, still ardent, wrote two political pamphlets, concluding 'that truth should be

* Miss Mitford states that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge was made at her father's house at Reading. Captain Ogle—in whose troop the poet served—related at table one day the story of the learned recruit, when it was resolved to make exertions for his discharge. There would have been some difficulty in the case, had not one of the servants waiting at table been induced to enlist in his place. The poet, Miss Mitford says, never forgot her father's zeal in the cause.

spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous.' He established also a periodical in prose and verse, entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain. Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one day to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir,' replied Nanny, 'why, it is only *Watchmen*.' He went to reside in a cottage at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which he has commemorated in his poetry :

And now, beloved Stowey ! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friends;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace ! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tread.

At Stowey, Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his *Ode on the Departing Year*; *Fears in Solitude*; *France, an Ode*; *Frost at Midnight*; the first part of *Christabel*; the *Ancient Mariner*; and his tragedy of *Remorse*. The luxuriant fulness and individuality of his poetry shews that he was then happy, no less than eager, in his studies. Wordsworth thus described his appearance :

A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be ;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depressed by weight of musing fantasy ;
Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

The two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been at once the most felicitous and the most illustrious of Coleridge's literary life. He had established his name for ever, though it was long in struggling to distinction. During his residence at Stowey, the poet officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury.* In

* Hazlitt walked ten miles in a winter day to hear Coleridge preach. 'When I got there,' he says, 'the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr Coleridge rose and gave out his text : " He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes ; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild-honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore ! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to shew the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood :

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung :"

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.'

1798, the 'generous and munificent patronage' of Messrs Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, Staffordshire, enabled the poet to proceed to Germany to complete his education, and he resided there fourteen months. At Ratzeburg and Göttingen he acquired a well-grounded knowledge of the German language and literature, and was confirmed in his bias towards philosophical and metaphysical studies. On his return in 1800, he found Southey established at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Grasmere. He went to live with the former, and there his opinions underwent a total change. The Jacobin became a royalist, and the Unitarian a warm and devoted believer in the Trinity. In the same year he published his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, into which he had thrown some of the finest graces of his own fancy. The following passage may be considered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical :

Oh ! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his house, his birthplace ;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
*The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason !*
But still the heart doth need a language ; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

The lines which we have printed in Italics are an expansion of two of Schiller's, which Mr Hayward—another German poetical translator—thus literally renders :

The old fable-existences are no more ;
The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).

As a means of subsistence, Coleridge reluctantly consented to undertake the literary and political department of the *Morning Post*, in which he supported the measures of government. In 1804, we find him in Malta, secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He held this office only nine months, and, after a tour in Italy, returned to England to resume his precarious labours as an author and lecturer. The desultory, irregular habits of the poet, caused partly by his addiction to opium, and the dreamy indolence and procrastination which marked him throughout life, seem to have frustrated every chance and opportunity of self-advancement. Living again at Grasmere, he issued a second periodical, *The*

friend, which extended to twenty-seven numbers. The essays were sometimes acute and eloquent, ut as often rhapsodical, imperfect, and full of German mysticism. In 1816, chiefly at the recommendation of Lord Byron, the 'wild and wondrous tale' of *Christabel* was published. The first part, as we have mentioned, was written at Stowey as far back as 1797, and a second had been added on his return from Germany in 1800. The poem was still unfinished; but it would have been almost as difficult to complete the *Faëry Queen*, as to continue in the same spirit that witching train of supernatural fancy and melodious verse. Another drama, *Zapoyla*—founded on the *Winter's Tale*—was published by Coleridge in 1818, and, with the exception of some minor poems, completes his poetical works. He wrote several characteristic prose disquisitions—*The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight; A Lay Sermon* (1816); *A Second Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents* (1817); *Biographia Literaria*, two volumes (1817); *Aids to Reflection* (1825); *On the Constitution of the Church and State* (1830); &c. He meditated a great theological and philosophical work, his *magnum opus*, on 'Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity,' which was to 'reduce all knowledge into harmony'—to 'unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror.' He planned also an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, which he considered the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. 'Here,' said he, 'there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat.*' This ambition to execute some great work, and his constitutional infirmity of purpose, which made him defer or recoil from such an effort, he has portrayed with great beauty and pathos in an address to Wordsworth, composed after the latter had recited to him a poem 'on the growth of an individual mind:'

Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

These were prophetic breathings, and should be a warning to young and ardent genius. In such magnificent alternations of hope and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy—some-

times committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication—the poet's time glided past. He had found an asylum in the house of a private friend, Mr James Gillman, surgeon, Highgate, where he resided for the last nineteen years of his life. Here he was visited by numerous friends and admirers, who were happy to listen to his inspired monologues, which he poured forth with exhaustless fecundity. 'We believe,' says one of these rapt and enthusiastic listeners, 'it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines, has never yet been published in print, and, if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr Coleridge said that, with pen in hand, he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.*' Mr Coleridge died at Highgate on the 25th of July 1834. In the preceding winter he had written the following epitaph, striking from its simplicity and humility, for himself:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

It is characteristic of this remarkable man that on the last evening of his life (as related by his daughter) 'he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was specially anxious to have accurately recorded.' Immediately on the death of Coleridge, several compilations were made of his table-talk, correspondence, and literary remains. His fame had been gradually extending, and public curiosity was excited with respect to the genius and opinions of a man who combined such various and dissimilar powers, and who was supposed capable of any task, however gigantic. Some of these Titanic fragments are valuable—particularly his Shakspearean criticism. They attest his profound thought and curious

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lii. p. 5. With one so impulsive as Coleridge, and liable to fits of depression and to ill-health, these appearances must have been very unequal. Carlyle, in his *Life of Sterling*, ridicules Coleridge's monologues as generally tedious, hazy, and unintelligible. We have known three men of genius, all poets, who frequently listened to him, and yet described him as generally obscure, pedantic, and tedious. In his happiest moods he must, however, have been great. His voice and countenance were harmonious and beautiful.

erudition, and display his fine critical taste and discernment. In penetrating into and embracing the whole meaning of a favourite author—unfolding the nice shades and distinctions of thought, character, feeling, or melody—darting on it the light of his own creative mind and suggestive fancy—and perhaps linking the whole to some glorious original conception or image, Coleridge stands unrivalled. He does not appear as a critic, but as an eloquent and gifted expounder of kindred excellence and genius. He seems like one who has the key to every hidden chamber of profound and subtle thought and every ethereal conception. We cannot think, however, that he could ever have built up a regular system of ethics or criticism. He wanted the art to combine and arrange his materials. He was too languid and irresolute. He had never attained the art of writing with clearness and precision; for he is often unintelligible, turgid, and verbose, as if he struggled in vain after perspicacity and method. His intellect could not subordinate the 'shaping spirit' of his imagination.

The poetical works of Coleridge have been collected and published in three volumes. They are various in style and manner, embracing ode, tragedy, and epigram, love-poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition—a wild witchery of imagination and, at other times, severe and stately thought and intellectual retrospection. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. Many of his minor poems are characterised by tenderness and beauty, but others are disfigured by passages of turgid sentimentalism and puerile affectation. The most original and striking of his productions is his well-known tale of *The Ancient Mariner*. According to De Quincey, the germ of this story is contained in a passage of Shelvocke, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, who states that his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship, upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate the circumstances attending his act of inhumanity to one of three wedding-guests whom he meets and detains on his way to the marriage-feast. 'He holds him with his glittering eye,' and invests his narration with a deep preternatural character and interest, and with touches of exquisite tenderness and energetic description. The versification is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original imagination. 'There is nothing else like it,' says one of his critics; 'it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions, in *pari-materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' Coleridge further illustrates his theory of the connection between the material and the spiritual world in his unfinished poem of *Christabel*, a romantic supernatural tale, filled with wild imagery and the most remarkable modulation of verse. The versification is founded on what the poet calls a new principle—though it was evidently practised by Chaucer and Shakspeare—namely, that of counting in each line the number of accentuated

words, not the number of syllables. 'Though the latter,' he says, 'may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four.' This irregular harmony delighted both Scott and Byron, by whom it was imitated. We add a brief specimen:

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria shield her well!
She foldeth her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

A finer passage is that describing broken friendships:

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And conscious lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

This metrical harmony of Coleridge exercises a sort of fascination even when it is found united to incoherent images and absurd conceptions. Thus in *Khubla Khan*, a fragment written from recollections of a dream, we have the following melodious rhapsody:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of paradise.

The odes of Coleridge are highly passionate and elevated in conception. That on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest English ode of modern times. The hymn on Chamouni is equally lofty and brilliant. His *Genevieve* is a pure and exquisite love-poem, without that gorgeous diffuseness which characterises the odes, yet more chastely and carefully finished, and abounding in the delicate and subtle traits of his imagination. Coleridge was deficient in the rapid energy and strong passion necessary for the drama. The poetical beauty of certain passages would not, on the stage, atone for the paucity of action and want of interest in his two plays, rough, as works of genius, they vastly excel those of a more recent date which prove highly successful in representation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three;
 'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin;
 The guests are met, the feast is set;
 Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
 'There was a ship,' quoth he.
 'Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!'
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The wedding-guest stood still,
 And listens like a three-year's child;
 The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed mariner:

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he;
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon'—
 The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed mariner:

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong;
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dripping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold;
 And ice-mast-high came floating by
 As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
 Did send a dismal sheen;
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around;
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a s wound!

'At length did cross an albatross,
 Through the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew;
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up behind,
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus!
 Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-bow
 I shot the albatross.

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right,
 Out of the sea came he;
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

'And the good south-wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow;
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe;
 For all averred I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 "Ah, wretch," said they, "the bird to slay
 That made the breeze to blow!"

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist ;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist."

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot ; O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

'Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried : "A sail ! a sail !"

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See ! see !" I cried, "she tacks no more,
Hither to work us woe ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel."

'The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

'And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven's mother send us grace !—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas ! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears ;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres ?

'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ;
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a death, and are there two ?
Is death that woman's mate ?

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

'We listened and looked sideways up ;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

'One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

'Four times fifty living men—
And I heard nor sigh nor groan—
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.'

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not wedd.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

'The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

'Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags shewn;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient mariner!
'Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corsets came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.'

[The ship is driven onward, but at length the curse is finally expiated. A wind springs up:

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears.
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The mariner sees his native country. The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light, each waving his hand to the shore. A boat with a pilot and hermit on board approaches the ship, which suddenly sinks. The mariner is rescued; he entreats the hermit to shrive him, and the penance of life falls on him.]

'Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to pray.

'O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

From the 'Ode to the Departing Year' (1795).

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of time!

It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!

Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholly madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!

From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!

Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee

Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard Thy spell
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueror stay
Groans not her chariot on 'its onward way?'

Fly, mailèd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!

Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's gluttèd hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,

Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
Foul her life, and dark her doom—
Mighty armies of the dead

Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

Departing year ! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My soul beheld thy vision ! Where alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
 Aye Memory sits : thy robe inscribed with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours ! Silence ensued,
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with
 glories shone.
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
 From the choired gods advancing,
 The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion ! O my mother isle !
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks) ;
 And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
 Speaks safety to his island-child !
 Hence, for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore !
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer,
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
 Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink !
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded—and the silence came—
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
 'God !' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, 'God !'
 'God !' sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, 'God !'

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !
 Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise ;
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve ;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight ;
 She stood and listened to my lay
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
 She loves me best when'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darkness shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay ;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng ;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stepped aside ;
As conscious of my look she staid—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride !

From 'Frost at Midnight.'

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought !
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, make it ask.
'Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the evedrops
fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm
rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces ;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these appear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive ;
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies ;
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to
Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Among the day-dreams of Coleridge, as we
have already mentioned, was the hope of produc-
ing a great philosophical work, which he conceived
would ultimately effect a revolution in what has
been called philosophy or metaphysics in Eng-
land and France. The only completed philo-
sophical attempt of the poet was a slight intro-
duction to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, a
preliminary treatise on *Method*, from which we
subjoin an extract.

Importance of Method.

The habit of method should always be present and
effective; but in order to render it so, a certain train-
ing or education of the mind is indispensably neces-
sary. Events and images, the lively and spirit-stirring
machinery of the external world, are like light, and air,
and moisture to the seed of the mind, which would else
perish. In all processes of mental evolution the

objects of the senses must stimulate the mind; and the
mind must in turn assimilate and digest the food which
it thus receives from without. Method, therefore, must
result from the due mean or balance between our pas-
sive impressions and the mind's reaction on them. So
in the healthful state of the human body, waking and
sleeping, rest and labour, reciprocally succeed each other,
and mutually contribute to liveliness, and activity, and
strength. There are certain stores proper, and, as it
were, indigenous to the mind—such as the ideas of
number and figure, and the logical forms and combina-
tions of conception or thought. The mind that is rich
and exuberant in this intellectual wealth is apt, like a
miser, to dwell upon the vain contemplation of its
riches, is disposed to generalise and methodise to excess,
ever philosophising, and never descending to action;
spreading its wings high in the air above some beloved
spot, but never flying far and wide over earth and sea,
to seek food, or to enjoy the endless beauties of nature;
the fresh morning, and the warm noon, and the dewy
eve. On the other hand, still less is to be expected,
towards the methodising of science, from the man who
flutters about in blindness like the bat; or is carried
hither and thither, like the turtle sleeping on the
wave, and fancying, because he moves, that he is in
progress. . . .

It is not solely in the formation of the human under-
standing, and in the constructions of science and litera-
ture, that the employment of method is indispensably
necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally
acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of
active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth
or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the
arsenal, the first merit—that which admits neither
substitute nor equivalent—is, that *everything is in its
place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit
either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground
of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is
eminently possessed we say, proverbially, that he is
like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the
point of regularity, and yet falls far short of the truth.
Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent
and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the
man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits
does more; he realises its ideal divisions, and gives
a character and individuality to its moments. If the
idle are described as killing time, he may be justly
said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes
it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but
of the conscience. He organises the hours, and gives
them a soul; and to that, the very essence of which is
to fleet and to *have been*, he communicates an imperish-
able and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful
servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus method-
ised, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than
that time lives in him. His days, months, and years,
as the stops and punctual marks in the records of
duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds,
and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850)
enjoys the distinction of having 'delighted and
inspired' the genius of Coleridge. His first pub-
lication was a small volume of sonnets published
in 1789, to which additions were made from time
to time, and in 1805 the collection had reached a
ninth edition. Various other poetical works pre-
ceded from the pen of Mr Bowles: *Coombe Ellen
and St Michael's Mount*, 1798; *Battle of the Nile*,
1799; *Sorrows of Switzerland*, 1801; *Spirit of
Discovery*, 1805; *The Missionary of the Andes*,
1815; *Days Departed*, 1828; *St John in Patmos*,
1833; &c. None of these works can be said to
have been popular, though all of them contain

passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. Mr Bowles had the true poetical feeling and imagination, refined by classical taste and acquisitions. Coleridge was one of his earliest and most devoted admirers. A volume of Mr Bowles's sonnets falling into the hands of the enthusiastic young poet, converted him from some 'perilous errors' to the love of a style of poetry at once tender and manly. The pupil outstripped his master in richness and luxuriance, though not in elegance or correctness. Mr Bowles, in 1806, edited an edition of Pope's works, which, being attacked by Campbell in his *Specimens of the Poets*, led to a literary controversy, in which Lord Byron and others took a part. Bowles insisted strongly on descriptive poetry forming an indispensable part of the poetical character; 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety.' Campbell, on the other hand, objected to this Dutch minuteness and perspicacity of colouring, and claimed for the poet (what Bowles never could have denied) nature, moral as well as external, the poetry of the passions, and the lights and shades of human manners. In reality, Pope occupied a middle position, inclining to the artificial side of life. Mr Bowles was born at King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, and was educated first at Winchester School, under Joseph Warton, and subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford. He long held the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire (of which George Herbert and Norris of Bemerton had also been incumbents), and from 1828 till his death he was a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. He is described by his neighbour, Moore the poet, as a simple, amiable, absent-minded scholar, poet, and musician.

Sonnets.

To Time.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense—
The faint pang stealst, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Winter Evening at Home.

Fair Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I
gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft, appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

Hope.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense
steal.

Bamborough Castle.

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind sweep.
For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat;
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave.

South American Scenery.

Beneath aerial cliffs and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime; the parrot flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysolom and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumed,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

Sun-dial in a Churchyard.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie—
 Say, hoary chronicler of ages past—
 Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
 Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast ?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
 Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath
 The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
 And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
 Careless alike ; the hour still seems to smile,
 As hope, and youth, and life were in our power ;
 So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village-bells, with gladsome sound—
 When to these scenes a stranger I drew near—
 Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
 While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
 Ring merrily when my brief days are gone ;
 While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
 And strangers gaze upon my humble stone !

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
 The hour that bears us to the silent sod ;
 Blameless improve the time that Heaven has lent,
 And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

BLANCO WHITE.

It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard. The REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE (1775-1841) was a native of Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic merchant settled in Spain. He was author of *Letters from Spain by Don Eucadoïn Doblado* (1822), *Internal Evidence against Catholicism* (1825), and other works both in English and Spanish. A very interesting memoir of this remarkable man, with portions of his correspondence, &c. was published by J. H. Thom (London, 3 vols. 1845):

Sonnet on Night.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came :
 And lo ! Creation widened in man's view !
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
 Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

One of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period was ROBERT SOUTHEY, L.D., the poet-laureate. A poet, scholar, anti-uary, critic, and historian, Southey wrote more than even Scott, and he is said to have turned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day and hour had its appropriate and select task ; his library was his world within which he was content to range, and his books were his

most cherished and constant companions. In one of his poems, he says :

My days among the dead are passed ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse night and day.

It is melancholy to reflect, that for nearly three years preceding his death, Mr Southey sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind, the victim of disease. This distinguished author was a native of Bristol, the son of a respectable linen-draper of the same name, and was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was indebted to a maternal uncle for most of his education. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained between three and four years, but having in conjunction with several of his school associates set on foot a periodical entitled *The Flagellant*, in which a sarcastic article on corporal punishment appeared, the head-master, Dr Vincent, commenced a prosecution against the publisher, and Southey was compelled to leave the school. This harsh exercise of authority probably had considerable effect in disgusting the young enthusiast with the institutions of his country. In November 1792 he was entered of Balliol College, Oxford. He had then distinguished himself by poetical productions, and had formed literary plans enough for many years or many lives. In political opinions he was a democrat ; in religion, a Unitarian ; consequently he could not take orders in the church, or look for any official appointment. He fell in with Coleridge, as already related, and joined in the plan of emigration. His academic career was abruptly closed in 1794. The same year, he published a volume of poems in conjunction with Mr Robert Lovell, under the names of Moschus and Bion. About the same time he composed his drama of *Wat Tyler*, a revolutionary brochure, which was long afterwards published surreptitiously by a knavish bookseller to annoy its author. 'In my youth,' he says, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted of such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acquired in the course of a scholastic education—when my heart was full of poetry and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's end—I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution was then scattering throughout Europe ; and following those opinions with ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and those more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with those opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote *Wat Tyler*, as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty in such times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem, indeed, is a miserable production, and was harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey, in 1793, had composed his *Foan of Arc*, an epic poem, displaying fertility of language and

boldness of imagination, but at the same time diffuse in style, and in many parts wild and incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter, down to the hero conqueror of Agincourt :

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.

They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great ! the glorious ! the august !
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter ; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accursed liberticide ;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of humankind misnamed ;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.

As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth :
'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans ! hither turn thine eyes ;
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo ! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England !'

In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the vision of the Maid of Orleans, and every thing miraculous, was omitted. When the poem first appeared, its author was on his way to Lisbon, in company with his uncle, Dr Herbert, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. Previous to his departure in November 1795, Southey had married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, sister of the lady with whom Coleridge united himself ; and immediately after the ceremony they parted. 'My mother,' says the poet's son and biographer, 'wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.' Cottle, the generous Bristol bookseller, had given Southey money to purchase the ring. The poet was six months with his uncle in Lisbon, during which time he had applied himself to the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, in which he afterwards became a proficient. The death of his brother-in-law and brother-poet, Lovell, occurred during his absence abroad, and Southey on his return set about raising something for his young friend's widow. She afterwards found a home with Southey

—one of the many generous and affectionate acts of his busy life. In 1797 he published his *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, and took up his residence in London, in order to commence the study of the law. A college-friend, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, gave him an annuity of £160, which he continued to receive until 1807, when he relinquished it on obtaining a pension from the crown of £200. The study of the law was never a congenial pursuit with Southey ; he kept his terms at Gray's Inn but his health failed, and in the spring of 1800 he again visited Portugal. After a twelvemonth's residence in that fine climate, he returned to England, lived in Bristol a short time, and then made a journey into Cumberland, for the double purpose of seeing the lakes and visiting Coleridge, who was at that time residing at Greta Hall, Keswick—the house in which Southey himself was henceforth to spend the greater portion of his life. A short trial of official life also awaited him. He was offered and accepted the appointment of private secretary to Mr Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland ; the terms, prudently limited to one year, being a salary of about £350, English currency. His official duties were more nominal than real, but Southey soon got tired of the light bondage, and before half of the stipulated period of twelve months was over, he had got, as he said, *unsecretaryfied*, and entered on that course of professional authorship which was at once his business and delight. In the autumn of 1803, he was again at Greta Hall, Keswick. While in Portugal, Southey had finished a second epic poem, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, an Arabian fiction of great beauty and magnificence. For the copyright of this work he received a hundred guineas, and it was published in 1801. The sale was not rapid, but three hundred copies being sold by the end of the year, its reception, considering the peculiar style of the poem, was not discouraging. The form of verse adopted by the poet in this work is irregular, without rhyme ; and it possesses a peculiar charm and rhythmical harmony, though, like the redundant descriptions in the work, it becomes wearisome in so long a poem. The opening stanzas convey an exquisite picture of a widowed mother wandering over the sands of the East during the silence of night :

Night in the Desert.

I.

How beautiful is night !
A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven :
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night !

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,

Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers :
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race ;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart ;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.

But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming : ' Praised be the Lord !
He gave, he takes away !
The Lord our God is good !'

The metre of *Thalaba*, as may be seen from this specimen, has great power, as well as harmony, and skilful hands. It is in accordance with the subject of the poem, and is, as the author himself remarks, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey had now cast off his revolutionary opinions, and his future writings were all marked by a somewhat intolerant attachment to church and state. He established himself on the banks of the river Greta, near Keswick, subsisting by his pen and a pension which he had received from government. In 1804, he published a volume of *Metrical Tales*, and in 1805, *Madoc*, an epic poem, founded on a Welsh story, but inferior to its predecessors. In 1810, appeared his greatest poetical work, *The Curse of Kehama*, a poem of the same class and structure as *Thalaba*, but in a more sublime style. With characteristic egotism, Southey prefixed to *The Curse of Kehama* a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for anyone :

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins.

Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who, like Dr Faustus, obtains and sports with supernatural power. His adventures are sufficiently startling, and afford room for the author's striking amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbersome, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are, a man who approaches almost to omnipotence ; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature ; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of

horrors are described with the power of Milton ; and Scott has said that the following account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, or the Indian Hades, is equal in grandeur to any passage which he ever perused :

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort ; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamant rock
Which girt the world of woe : on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage ; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo ! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound ;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

When the curse is removed from the sufferer, Ladurlad, and he is transported to his family in the Bower of Bliss, the poet breaks out into that apostrophe to Love which is so often quoted, but never can be read without emotion :

Love.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible :
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

Besides its wonderful display of imagination and invention, and its vivid scene-painting, *The Curse of Kehama* possesses the recommendation of being, in manners, sentiments, scenery, and costume, distinctively and exclusively Hindu. Its author was too diligent a student to omit whatever was characteristic in the landscape or the people. Passing over his prose works, we next find Southey appear in a native poetical dress, in blank verse. In 1814 he published *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, a noble and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundant description. The style of the versification may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch,

when he finds his throne occupied by the Moors after his long absence :

The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth ;
The unaccustomed face of humankind
Confused him now—and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,
Roderick received the alms ; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groan suppressed : the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, ‘ Christ Jesus for his Mother’s sake
Have mercy on thee !’ With a look that seemed
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring a while ; then bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

Or the following description :

A Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends ! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope ;
Here o’er the chestnut’s fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread ; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms ; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills ; and oh ! how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene !
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels
The silence of the earth ; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him ; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Southey having in 1813, accepted the office of poet-laureate, composed some courtly strains that tended little to advance his reputation. His *Carmen Triumphale* (1814) and *The Vision of Judgment* (1821) provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion, if Lord Byron had not published another *Vision of Judgment*—one of the most powerful, though wild and profane, of his productions, in which the laureate received a merciless and witty castigation, that even his admirers admitted to be not unmerited. The latest of our author’s poetical works was a

volume of narrative verse, *All for Love*, and *The Pilgrim of Compostella* (1829). He continued his ceaseless round of study and composition, writing on all subjects, and filling ream after ream of paper with his lucubrations on morals, philosophy, poetry, and politics. He was offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, both of which he prudently declined. His fame and his fortune, he knew, could only be preserved by adhering to his solitary studies ; but these were too constant an uninterrupted. The poet forgot one of his own maxims, that ‘ frequent change of air is of all things that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.’ From the year 1833 to 1837 he was chiefly engaged in editing the works of Cowper, published in fifteen volumes. About the year 1834, his wife the early partner of his affections, sank into a state of mental imbecility, ‘ a pitiable state of existence, in which she continued for about three years, and though he bore up wonderfully during this period of affliction, his health was irretrievably shattered. In about a year and a half afterwards, however, he married a second time, the object of his choice being Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. ‘ My spirits,’ he says, ‘ would hardly recover their habitual and healthful cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon Miss Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There is just such a disparity of age as is fitting ; we have been well acquainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect conformity of disposition could not exist.’ Some members of the poet’s grown-up family seem to have been averse to this union, but the devoted attentions of the lady, and her exemplary domestic virtues, soothed the few remaining years of the poet’s existence. Those attentions were soon painfully requisite. Southey’s intellect became clouded, his accustomed labour was suspended, and though he continued his habit of reading, the power of comprehension was gone. ‘ His dearly prized books,’ says his son, ‘ were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically. Wordsworth, writing to Lady Frederick Bentinck in July 1840, says, that on visiting his early friend he did not recognise him till he was told. ‘ The his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which had found him, patting with both hands his book affectionately like a child.’ Three years were passed in this deplorable condition, and it was a matter of satisfaction rather than regret that death at length stepped in to shroud this painful spectacle from the eyes of affection as well as from the gaze of vulgar curiosity. He died in his house at Greta on the 21st of March 1843. He left at his death a sum of about £12,000, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. The life and correspondence of Southey have been published by his son the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, in six volumes. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warton, published his *Commonplace Book*, 4 vols., and *Selections from his Letters*, 4 vols. In these works the amiable private life of Southey—his indefatigable application, his habitual cheerfulness and lively fancy, and his steady friendships and true generosity, are strikingly displayed. The only drawback is the poet’s egotism, which was a little ordinate, and the hasty uncharitable judgment

ometimes passed on his contemporaries, the result partly of temperament and partly of his seclusion from general society. Southey was interred in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and in the church is a marble monument to his memory, a full-length recumbent figure, with the following inscription by Wordsworth on the base of the monument :

Wordsworth's Epitaph on Southey.

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed ; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own ;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal ;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top ; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

Few authors have written so much and so well, with so little real popularity, as Southey. Of all his prose works, admirable as they are in purity of style, the *Life of Nelson* alone is a general favourite. The magnificent creations of his poetry—piled up like clouds at sunset, in the calm serenity of his spacious intellect—have always been duly appreciated by poetical students and critical readers ; but by the public at large they are neglected. An attempt to revive them, by the publication of the whole poetical works in ten uniform and cheap volumes, has only shewn that they are unsuited to the taste of the present generation. The reason of this may be found both in the subjects of Southey's poetry, and in his manner of treating them. His fictions are wild and supernatural, and have no hold on human affections. Gorgeous and sublime as some of his images and descriptions are, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' They are too remote, too fanciful, and often too learned. The Grecian mythology is graceful and familiar ; but Southey's Hindu superstitions are extravagant and strange. To relish them requires considerable previous reading and research, and this is a task which few will undertake. The dramatic art or power of vivid delineation is also comparatively unknown to Southey, and hence the dialogues in *Madoc* and *Roderick* are generally flat and uninteresting. His observation was of books, not nature. Some affectations of style and expression also marred the effect of his conceptions, and the copious flow of his versification, unrelieved by bursts of passion or eloquent sentiment, sometimes becomes heavy and monotonous in its uniform smoothness and dignity.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries :
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.'

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.'

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.'

'And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win.'
'And what good came of it at last ?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

The Holly Tree.

O reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree ?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralise :
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness shew,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

Some of the youthful ballads of Southey were extremely popular. His *Lord William*, *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, *The Well of St Keyne*, and *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, were the delight of most young readers seventy years since. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie ; and one satirical piece of this kind, *The Devil's Thoughts*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, had the honour of being ascribed to various persons. The conception of the piece was Southey's, who led off with the following opening stanzas :

From his brimstone bed at break of day
 A-walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,
 And backward and forward he switched his long
 tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

But the best and most piquant verses are by Coleridge : one of these has passed into a proverb :

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility ;
 And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This gentleman, the representative of an ancient family, was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. He was educated

at Rugby School, whence he was transferred to Trinity College, Oxford. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated as far back as 1795. The poet was intended for the army, but, like Southey, he imbibed republican sentiments, and for that cause declined engaging in the profession of arms. His father then offered him an allowance of £400 per annum, on condition that he should study the law, with this alternative, if he refused, that his income should be restricted to one-third of the sum. The independent poet preferred the smaller income with literature as his companion. He must soon, however, have succeeded to the family estates, for in 1806, exasperated by the bad conduct of some of his tenants, he is said to have sold possessions in Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and pulled down a handsome house he had built. This rash impulsiveness will be found pervading his literature as well as his life. In 1808, Mr Landor joined the Spaniards in their first insurrectionary movement, raising a troop at his own expense, and contributing 20,000 reals to aid in the struggle. In 1815, he took up his residence in Italy, having purchased a villa near Florence. There he lived for many years, cultivating art and literature, but he again returned to England and settled in Bath. The early poetical works of Landor were collected and republished in 1831. They consist of *Gebir*, a sort of epic poem, originally written in Latin (*Gebirus*, 1802), which De Quincey said had for some time 'the sublime distinction of having enjoyed only two readers—Southey and himself ;' *Count Julian*, a tragedy, highly praised by Southey ; and various miscellaneous poems, to which he continued almost every year to make additions. He also 'cultivated private renown,' as Byron said, in the shape of Latin verses and essays, for which the noble poet styled him the 'deep-mouthed Bœotian, Savage Landor.' This satire, however, was pointless ; for as a ripe scholar, imbued with the spirit of antiquity, Mr Landor transcended most of his contemporaries. His acquirements and genius were afterwards fully displayed in his *Imaginary Conversations*, a series of dialogues published at intervals between 1824 and 1846, by which time they had amounted to one hundred and twenty-five in number, ranging over all history, all times, and almost all subjects. Mr Landor's poetry is inferior to his prose. In *Gebir* there is a fine passage, amplified by Wordsworth in his *Excursion*, which describes the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear :

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

In *Count Julian*, Mr Landor adduces the following beautiful illustration of grief :

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men ;
 As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immovable,
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
 In the cold light.

His smaller poems are mostly of the same mediative and intellectual character. An English eene is thus described :

Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height ;
The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime ;
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower,
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

The Maid's Lament is a short lyrical flow of picturesque expression and pathos, resembling the fusions of Barry Cornwall :

I loved him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death !
I waste for him my breath,
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears !
'Merciful God !' such was his latest prayer,
'These may she never share !'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, who'er ye be,
And oh ! pray, too, for me !

We quote one more chaste and graceful fancy :

Sixteen.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me ?

Lucilla asks if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before ?
Ah yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

Mr Landor continued to write far beyond his eightieth year. In 1851, he published a pamphlet entitled *Popery, British and Foreign*, and about

this time he contributed largely to the columns of the *Examiner* weekly journal. Though living the life of a recluse, he was an acute observer of public events, and an eager though inconsistent and impracticable politician. In 1853, he issued a volume of essays and poetical pieces, entitled *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree* ; and in 1858, another volume of the same kind, called *Dry Sticks fagoted by Walter Savage Landor*. For certain grossly indecent verses and slanders in this work, directed against a lady in Bath, the author underwent the indignity of a trial for defamation, was convicted, and amerced in damages to the amount of £1000. Shortly before this, Mr Landor had published a declaration that of his fortune he had but a small sum left, with which he proposed to endow the widow of any person who should assassinate the Emperor of the French ! Thus poor, old, and dishonoured, Mr Landor again left England—a spectacle more pitiable, considering his high intellectual endowments, his early friendships, and his once noble aspirations, than any other calamity recorded in our literary annals. 'After some months of wretchedness at Fiesole,' says a memoir of Landor in the *English Cyclopædia*, 'his friends came to his rescue. A plain but comfortable lodging was found for him at Florence, his surviving brothers undertook to supply an annuity of £200, which Robert Browning generously saw duly employed as long as he remained in Florence. And thus one more gleam of sunshine seemed to settle on the "old man eloquent." Though deaf and ailing, he continued to find solace in his pen. He wrote and published occasional verses, and two or three more *Imaginary Conversations*, in which the old fire burned not dimly ; collected some earlier scraps, which appeared as *Heroic Idylls*, and was still working in his 90th year at new *Conversations*, when, on the 17th of September 1864, death ended his labours and sorrows.' A biography of Landor by John Forster, was published in 1869.

The writings of Walter Savage Landor have been said to 'bear the stamp of the old mocking paganism.' A moody egotistic nature, ill at ease with the common things of life, had flourished up in his case into a most portentous crop of crotchets and prejudices, which, regardless of the reprobation of his fellow-men, he issued forth in prodigious confusion, often in language offensive in the last degree to good taste. Eager to contradict whatever is generally received, he never stops to consider how far his own professed opinions may be consistent with each other : hence he contradicts himself almost as often as he does others. Jeffrey, in one of his most brilliant papers, has characterised in happy terms the class of minds to which Mr Landor belongs. 'The work before us,' says he, 'is an edifying example of the spirit of literary Jacobinism—flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with its own. This spirit admits neither of equal nor superior, follower nor precursor : "it travels in a road so narrow, where but one goes abreast." It claims a monopoly of sense, wit, and wisdom. All their ambition, all their endeavour is, to seem wiser than the whole world besides. They hate whatever falls short of, whatever goes beyond, their favourite theories. In the one case, they hurry on before to get the start of you ; in the other, they suddenly turn back to hinder you, and

defeat themselves. An inordinate, restless, incorrigible self-love is the key to all their actions and opinions, extravagances and meannesses, servility and arrogance. Whatever soothes and pampers this, they applaud; whatever wounds or interferes with it, they utterly and vindictively abhor. A general is with them a hero, if he is unsuccessful or a traitor; if he is a conqueror in the cause of liberty, or a martyr to it, he is a poltroon. Whatever is doubtful, remote, visionary in philosophy, or wild and dangerous in politics, they fasten upon eagerly, "recommending and insisting on nothing less;" reduce the one to demonstration, the other to practice, and they turn their backs upon their own most darling schemes, and leave them in the lurch immediately.' When the reader learns that Mr Landor justifies Tiberius and Nero, speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, and Fox as a charlatan, declares Alfieri to have been the greatest man in Europe, and recommends the Greeks, in their struggles with the Turks, to discard firearms, and return to the use of the bow, he will not deem this general description far from applicable in the case of Landor. And yet his *Imaginary Conversations* and other writings are amongst the most remarkable prose productions of our age, written in pure nervous English, and full of thoughts which fasten themselves on the mind and are 'a joy for ever.' It would require many specimens from these works to make good what is here said for and against their author; we subjoin a few passages affording both an example of his love of paradox, and of the extraordinary beauties of thought and expression by which he leads us captive.

Conversation between Lords Chatham and Chesterfield.

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

Chesterfield. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr Locke.

Chatham. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors.

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn; yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it no unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I a all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: find nothing idle or redundant in him.

Chesterfield. But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What, then, can be the reason why Plato so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present; I had read all the titles of his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attack of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

Chatham. Severe he is indeed, and although he set no example of regularity, he exacts few observances and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is no likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And who would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these : 'I don't know that I may seem to the world ; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

Chesterfield. Surely nature, who had given him the plumes of her greater mysteries to unseal ; who had sent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language ; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

Conversation between William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

Peterborough. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer : but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two ; the real and the ideal : nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage : it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who act negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the best impression left on my mind of such characters as on Quixote and Sancho : yet probably a very indifferent one might do it ; for we cannot master our senses, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest ; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Landseer ; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who here stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Grandiloquent Writing.

Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic

and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing ; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander ; nor are the rampires always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry ; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field.

Milton.

As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth. . . . I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space ! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton : what do they see ? dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes ! Other men have better things : other men, therefore, are nobler ! The stars themselves are only bright by distance ; go close, and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these ; from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they ; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and Milton.*

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1788-1872) was author of *The Last Days of Herculeanum* (1821), and *The Fall of Nineveh* (1828), both poems in blank verse, and remarkable for splendour of diction and copiousness of description. The first is founded on the well-known destruction of the city of Herculeanum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first year of the emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era. Mr Atherstone has followed the account of this awful occurrence given by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus, and has drawn some powerful pictures of the desolating fire and its attendant circumstances. There is perhaps too much of terrible and gloomy painting, yet it enchains the attention of the reader, and impresses the imagination with something like dramatic force. Mr Atherstone's second subject is of the same elevated cast : the downfall of an Asiatic empire afforded ample room for his love of strong and magnificent description, and he has availed himself of this license so fully, as to border in many passages on extravagance and bombast.

The following passage, descriptive of the

* A very few of Mr Landor's aphorisms and remarks may be added : He says of fame : 'Fame, they tell you, is air ; but without air there is no life for any ; without fame there is none for the best.' 'The happy man,' he says, 'is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground ; he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.' Of light wit or sarcasm, he observes : 'Quickness is amongst the least of the mind's properties. I would persuade you that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities ; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.'

splendour of Sardanapalus's state, may be cited as a happy specimen of Mr Atherstone's style :

Banquet in Sardanapalus's Palace.

The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that high on jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .

Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.

Sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice.

Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro in:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson, and azure, purple, green, and gold ;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there ;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song ;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .

Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying ; and with his own strong arm upraised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold ; and, standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount—
Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed—he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.

At that sight
The plain was in a stir : the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upraised ; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads ;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds : from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
' Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings !
' May the king live for ever ! ' Thrice the flag
The monarch waved ; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, a poet and a delightful essayist, of quaint peculiar humour and fancy, was born in London on the 10th February 1775. His father was in humble circumstances, servant and friend to one of the benchers of the Inner Temple ;

but Charles was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, and from his seventh to his fifteenth year he was an inmate of that ancient and munificent asylum. Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy : ' while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.' He would have obtained an exhibition at school, admitting him to college, but these exhibitions were given under the implied if not expressed condition of entering into holy orders, and Lamb had an impediment in his speech which proved an insuperable obstacle. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, residing with his parents ; and ' on their death,' says Serjeant Talfourd, ' he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy, and well, indeed, he performed it. To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence, seeking thenceforth no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.' A sad tragedy was connected with the early history of this devoted pair. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family ; Charles had himself, at the close of the year 1795, been six weeks confined in an asylum at Hoxton, and in September of the following year, Mary Lamb, in a paroxysm of insanity, stabbed her mother to death with a knife snatched from the dinner-table. A verdict of lunacy was returned by the jury who sat on the coroner's inquest, and the unhappy young lady was placed in a private asylum at Islington. Reason was speedily restored. ' My poor dear, dearest sister,' writes Charles Lamb to his bosom-friend Coleridge, ' the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses ; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive, as it must be, to the end of life, but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder.' In confinement, however, Mary Lamb continued until the death of her father, an imbecile old man ; and then Charles came to her deliverance. He satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life, and he kept his word. ' For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage ; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of the recurrence of the malady which caused it.' The malady did again recur at intervals, rendering restraint necessary, but Charles, though at times wayward and prone to habits of excess—or rather to over-sociality with a few tried friends—seems never again to have relapsed into aberration of mind. He bore his trials meekly, manfully, and with prudence as well as fortitude. The first compositions of Lamb were in verse.

* *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, by T. N. Talfourd.

ompted, probably, by the poetry of his friend Coleridge. A warm admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists led him to imitate their style and manner in a tragedy named *John Woodvil*, which was published in 1801, and mercilessly ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review* as a specimen of the latest state of the drama. There is much that is exquisite both in sentiment and expression in Lamb's play, but the plot is certainly meagre, and the style had then an appearance of affectation. The following description of the sports in the forest has a truly antique air, like a passage in Heywood or Shirley:

Forest Scenes.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amouirist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide,
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1802 Lamb paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and clambered up to the top of Skiddaw. Notwithstanding his partiality for a London life, he was deeply struck with the solitary grandeur and beauty of the lakes. 'Fleet Street and the Strand,' he says, 'are better places to live in for good and ill than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness. I could spend a year, or two, or three years among them, but I must have a respect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' A second dramatic attempt was made by Lamb in 1804. This was a farce entitled *Mr H.*, which was accepted by the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and acted for one night; but so indifferently received, that it was never brought forward afterwards. 'Lamb saw that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.' In 1807 he published a series of tales founded on the plays of Shakspeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, and in the following year appeared his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*, a work evincing a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the old dramatists, and a fine critical taste in analysing their genius. Some of his poetical pieces were also composed about this time; but in these efforts Lamb barely indicated his powers, which were not fully displayed till the publication of his essays signed *Elia*, originally printed in the *London Magazine*. In these his curious reading, nice observation, and poetical conceptions found

a genial and befitting field. 'They are all,' says his biographer, Serjeant Talfourd, 'carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all.' In 1825 Lamb was emancipated from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House, retiring with a handsome pension, which enabled him to enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus describes his sensations after his release: 'I came home for EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibility of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walking. I am daily steady, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master.' He removed to a cottage near Islington, and in the following summer, went with his faithful sister and companion on a long visit to Enfield, which ultimately led to his giving up his cottage, and becoming a constant resident at that place. There he lived for about five years, delighting his friends with his correspondence and occasional visits to London, displaying his social easy humour and active benevolence. In 1830 he committed to the press a small volume of poems, entitled *Album Verses*, the gleanings of several years, and he occasionally sent a contribution to some literary periodical. In December 1834, whilst taking his daily walk on the London road, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The accident appeared trifling, but erysipelas in the face came on, and proved fatal on the 27th December 1834. He was buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, amidst the tears and regrets of a circle of warmly attached friends, and his memory was consecrated by a tribute from the muse of Wordsworth. His sister survived till May 20, 1847. A complete edition of Lamb's works was published by his friend Mr Moxon, and his reputation is still on the increase. For this he is mainly indebted to his essays. We cannot class him among the favoured sons of Apollo, though in heart and feeling he might sit with the proudest. The peculiarities of his style were doubtless grafted upon him by his constant study and lifelong admiration of the old English writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jeremy Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and others of the elder worthies (down to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle), were his chosen companions. He knew all their fine sayings and noble thoughts; and, consulting his own heart after his hard day's plodding at the India House, at his quiet fireside

(ere his reputation was established, and he came to be 'over-companied' by social visitors), he invested his original thoughts and fancies, and drew up his curious analogies and speculations in a garb similar to that which his favourites wore. Then Lamb was essentially a *town-man*—a true Londoner—fond as Johnson of Fleet Street and the Strand—a frequenter of the theatre, and attached to social habits, courtesies, and observances. His acute powers of observation were constantly called into play, and his warm sympathies excited by the shifting scenes around him. His kindness of nature, his whims, puns, and prejudices, give a strong individuality to his writings; while in playful humour, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master. Mr Proctor (Barry Cornwall), who wrote a slight *Memoir* of his friend in 1866, said he saw the essence of Lamb's genius in the facts that he wrote from his feelings, and that he loved old books and old times.'

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was trained in Nature's school ;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning ?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind—
Still the phrase is wide or scant—
To take leave of thee, Great Plant !
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate :
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;
While each man, through thy height'nin'
steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express—
Fancy and wit in richest dress—
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Duc to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn

Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant ; only thou
His true Indian conquest art ;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume ;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain :
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant ;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison ;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike ;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that 's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what 's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must—nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must—leave thee ;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,

Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces ;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

The following are selections from Lamb's *Essays*, some of which, amidst their quaint fancies, contain more of the exquisite materials of poetry than his short occasional verses.

Dream-children—A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grand-dame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk—a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived—which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too—committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county ; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to shew their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman ; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was ; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain ; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told

how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house ; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept ; but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm ;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them ; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at ; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me ; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth ; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if he mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L.—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us ; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out ; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries ; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially ; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain ; and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed ; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death ; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me ; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him—for we

quarrelled sometimes—rather than not have him again ; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John ; and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n ; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens ; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was ; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech : 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee ; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name ;' and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Poor Relations.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr —.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency : 'My dear, perhaps Mr — will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think 'they have seen him before.' Every one speculateth upon his condition ; and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent ; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken

for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; and refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, and institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insult you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the L—s, or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

The Origin of Roast Pig.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every

part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!'—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape,

for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST FIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

WILLIAM SOTHEY, an accomplished scholar and translator, was born in London on the 9th of November 1757. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow School. At the age of seventeen he entered the army as an officer in the 10th Dragoons. He quitted the army in the year 1780, and purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he continued to reside for the next ten years. Here Mr Sothey cultivated his taste for literature, and translated some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. In 1788, he made a pedestrian tour through Wales, of which he wrote a poetical description, published, together with some odes and sonnets, in 1789. In 1798, he published a translation from the *Oberon* of Wieland, which greatly extended

his reputation, and procured him the thanks and friendship of the German poet. He now became a frequent competitor for poetical fame. In 1799, he wrote a poem commemorative of the battle of the Nile; in 1800, appeared his translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil; in 1801, he produced a *Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting*; and in 1802, a tragedy on the model of the ancient Greek drama, entitled *Orestes*. He next devoted himself to the composition of an original sacred poem, in blank verse, under the title of *Saul*, which appeared in 1807. The fame of Scott induced him to attempt the romantic metrical style of narrative and description; and in 1810, he published *Constance de Castille*, a poem in ten cantos. In 1814, he republished his *Orestes*, together with four other tragedies; and in 1815, a second corrected edition of the *Georgics*. This translation is one of the best of a classic poet in our language. A tour on the continent gave occasion to another poetical work, *Italy*. He next began a labour which he had long contemplated, the translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though he was upwards of seventy years of age before he entered upon the Herculean task. The summer and autumn of 1829 were spent in a tour to Scotland; and the following verses, written in a steam-boat during an excursion to Staffa and Iona, shew the undiminished powers of the veteran poet:

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unruffled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:

Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Mr Sothey's translation of the *Iliad* was published in 1831, and was generally esteemed spirited and faithful. The *Odyssey* he completed in the following year. He died on the 30th of December 1833. The original poetical productions of Mr Sothey have not been reprinted; his translations are the chief source of his reputation. Wieland, it is said, was charmed with the genius of his translator; and the rich beauty of diction in the *Oberon*, and its facility of versification, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by a difficult measure, were culogised by the critics. In his tragedies, Mr Sothey displays considerable warmth of passion and figurative language, but his plots are ill constructed. Byron said of Mr Sothey, that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines.

Hark ! hark ! the clash and clang
 Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
 Of martial movement regular ; the swell
 Sonorous of the brazen trump of war ;
 Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
 Of beat on silver bars ; and sweet, in pause
 Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
 Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
 Choirs, whose matched voices filled the air afar
 With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn ;
 And ever and anon irregular burst
 Of loudest acclamation to each host
 Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him, youths
 In robes succinct for swiftness ; oft they struck
 Their staves against the ground, and warned the throng
 Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
 Of chariots rolled with each an armed band ;
 Earth groaned afar beneath their iron wheels :
 Part armed with scythe for battle, part adorned
 For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
 Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
 Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
 Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
 Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
 Of size and comeliness above their peers,
 Pride of their race. Radiant their armour : some
 In silver cased, scale over scale, that played
 All pliant to the litheness of the limb ;
 Some mailed in twisted gold, link within link
 Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
 Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
 When act of war the strength of man provoked,
 The motion of the muscles, as they worked
 In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
 Swung in the 'broideder baldric ; each right hand
 Grasped a long-shadowing spear. Like them, their
 chiefs

Arrayed ; save on their shields of solid ore,
 And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
 Its subtlety in rich device of war ;
 And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
 Gracefully played ; where the winged shuttle, shot
 By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
 Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.
 Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnished mail
 Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to song kept time ;
 And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
 And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
 The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
 Wide glittered. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
 Gorgeously mailed, but more by pride of port
 Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
 Of war and regal ornament, the king,
 Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
 Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
 Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flowed
 A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starred
 With blaze of orient gems ; the clasp that bound
 Its gathered folds his ample chest athwart,
 Sapphire ; and o'er his casque where rubies burned,
 A cherub flamed and waved his wings in gold.

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

EDWARD HOVELL THURLOW, Lord Thurlow
 (1781-1829), published several small volumes of
 poetry : *Select Poems* (1821) ; *Poems on Several
 Occasions* ; *Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus* ;
Arcita and Palamon, after Chaucer ; &c. Amidst
 much affectation and bad taste, there is real poetry
 in the works of this nobleman. He was a source
 of ridicule and sarcasm to wits and reviewers—
 including Moore and Byron—and not undeserv-

edly ; yet in pieces like the following, there is a
 freshness of fancy and feeling, and a richness of
 expression, that resembles Herrick or Moore :

Song to May.

May ! queen of blossoms,
 And fulfilling flowers,
 With what pretty music
 Shall we charm the hours ?
 Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
 Blown in the open mead ?
 Or to the lute give heed
 In the green bowers ?

Thou hast no need of us,
 Or pipe or wire,
 That hast the golden bee
 Ripened with fire ;
 And many thousand more
 Songsters, that thee adore,
 Filling earth's grassy floor
 With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
 Tame, and free livers ;
 Doubt not, thy music too
 In the deep rivers ;
 And the whole plummy flight,
 Warbling the day and night—
 Up at the gates of light,
 See, the lark quivers !

When with the jacinth
 Coy fountains are tressed ;
 And for the mournful bird
 Greenwood are dressed,
 That did for Tereus pine ;
 Then shall our songs be thine,
 To whom our hearts incline :
 May, be thou blest !

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
 The skies are bright with azure and with gold ;
 The mavis, and the nightingale, by turns,
 Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold :
 The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
 Their tender leaves unto the air have spread ;
 The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
 Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed :
 The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
 The angels on the golden banks recline,
 Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
 Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine :
 Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
 O Amoret ! and think these sweets have place.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
 And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
 How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
 How hold with fond imagination play !
 By thy broad taper I call up the time
 When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
 Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
 And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !
 On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
 Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
 When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
 And all, but honour, to the foe were gone !
 Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
 But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes !

Charles Lamb, in a communication to the
London Magazine, says of Lord Thurlow : ' A pro-
 fusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate

lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think, one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.

To a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter.

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral ree,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

THOMAS MOORE.

A rare union of wit and sensibility, of brilliant fancy and of varied and diligent study, is exemplified in the poetical works of THOMAS MOORE. Mr Moore was a native of Dublin, born on the 28th of May 1779. He early began to rhyme, and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine,* to which he contributed other pieces. The parents of our poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments, and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, 'hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand.' The poet states that in 1792 he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure.' Parliament having, in 1793, opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In 1799, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period, Mr Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obli-

gations to his royal highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fête given by the prince in 1811 on his being made regent. In 1801, Moore ventured on a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name of *Thomas Little*—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence did not stand in the way of his preferment. In 1803 Mr Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; and this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of *Odes and Epistles*, published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed, and in all his writings there is nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship by moonlight:

A Moonlight Scene at Sea.

Sweet moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend. . . .
Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think, if friends were near,
How should we feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

The following was also produced during the voyage:

Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

* Mr Whyte was also the teacher of Sheridan, and it is curious to learn that, after about a year's trial, *Sherry* was pronounced; both by tutor and parent, to be an incorrigible dunce! 'At the time,' says Mr Moore, 'when I first began to attend his school, Mr Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite show-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St Paul's*, Master Moore.'"

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon :
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh ! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs !
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Mr Moore now became a satirist, attempting first the grave serious style, in which he failed, but succeeding beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with abundance of humorous and witty illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His *Twopenny Post-bag*, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers, to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled in their own peculiar walk by any satirical compositions in the language. It is difficult to select a specimen of these ; but the following contains a proportion of the wit and poignancy distributed over all. It appeared at a time when an abundance of mawkish reminiscences and memoirs had been showered from the press.

Literary Advertisement.

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither ;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like . . . [Southey], to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics ;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat ;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high-life in the King's Bench community ;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good 'Reminiscences' (threescore or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per page*,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they 'll only remember the *quantum* desired ;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that 's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprits*,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each fanciful frolic ;
Or kindly inform us, like Madam Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the colic. . . .

Funds, Phisic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny ;

To write upon all, is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence ;
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that 's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to shew
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—' *Quodcumque in Fund is*,
assess it.'*

As early as 1806, Mr Moore entered upon his noble poetical and patriotic task—writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country. His *Irish Songs* displayed a fervour and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. 'Dryden,' he adds, 'has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry :"' and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.' Part of the inspiration must also be attributed to national feelings. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, beauty, or sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the *Irish Melodies*, in connection with Mr Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Without detracting from the merits of the rest, it appears to us very forcibly, that the particular ditties in which he hints at the woes of his native country, and transmutes into verse the breathings of its unfortunate patriots, are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. This particularly applies to *When he who adores thee ; Oh, blame not the bard ;* and *Oh, breathe not his name ;* the first of which, referring evidently to the fate of Mr Emmet, is as follows :

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
Yes, weep ! and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee !

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

Next to the patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realise in lyrics for music—as in the following example :

* According to the common reading, 'Quodcumque infundis, acescit.' [A punning travesty of a maxim, Ep. ii., b. i., which Francis renders—'For tainted vessels sour what they contain.']

Irish Melody—'I saw from the Beach.'

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on :
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from
us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best
light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his
frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame !

In 1817 Mr Moore produced his most elaborate poem, *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which, connected by a slight narrative, like the ballad stories in Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, constitute the entire poem, the most simple is *Paradise and the Peri*, and it is the one most frequently read and remembered. Still, the first—*The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*—though improbable and extravagant as a fiction, is a poem of great energy and power. The genius of the poet moves with grace and freedom under his load of Eastern magnificence, and the reader is fascinated by his prolific fancy, and the scenes of loveliness and splendour which are depicted with such vividness and truth. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. But if not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners, unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The patient research and extensive reading required to gather the materials, would have damped the spirit and extinguished the fancy of almost any other poet. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, he says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was 'as good as riding on the back of a camel.' The romance of *Vathek* alone equals *Lalla Rookh*, among English fictions, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale. Some touches of sentiment and description have the grace and polish of ancient cameos. Thus, of retired beauty :

Beauty.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hidden in more chaste obscurity. . . .
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Or this picture of nature after a summer storm,
closing with a rich voluptuous simile :

Nature after a Storm.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them !
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs !
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heavens
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

As true and picturesque, and more profound in
feeling, is the poet's allusion to the fickleness of
love :

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity !
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken—
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin ;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;

And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone.

After the publication of his work, the poet set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. The 'groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France,' supplied the materials for his satire, entitled *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), which in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with *Lalla Rookh*. In 1819 Mr Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his *Rhymes on the Road*, a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822. He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place £500 at his disposal ; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this the uncle of his deputy—a rich London merchant—had been brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and £500 from the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*. The latter were partly written while Mr Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The *Loves of the Angels* (1823) was written in Paris. The poem is founded on 'the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,' with which Mr Moore shadowed out 'the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited.' The stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them. He afterwards contributed a great number of political squibs to the *Times* newspaper—witty sarcastic effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about £400 per annum ! His latest imaginative work was *The Epicurean*, an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry ; and forming, perhaps, his highest and

best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance. Thus, remarkable for industry, genius, and acquirements, Mr Moore's career was one of high honour and success. No poet was more universally read, or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort, without the anxieties of protracted authorship. He resided in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841–42 he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal, and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were after his death placed for publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work (which extended to eight vols. 1852–6) a sum of £3000 was realised for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner-parties, visits, and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honoured. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty. Goldsmith was not more potent in raising money, and melting the hearts of booksellers. Lord John Russell admits that the defect of Moore's journal is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion, or notices the instructive portions of the conversations in which he bore a part. To do this would have required great time and constant attention. Instead of an admired and applauded talker, the poet must have become a silent and patient listener, and have possessed Boswell's servility of spirit and complete devotion to his hero and subject. Moore said that it was in high-life one met the best society. His friend Rogers disputed the position: and we suspect it will be found that, however agreeable such company may be occasionally, literary men only find real society among their equals. Moore loved high-life, sought after it, and from his genius, fame, and musical talents, was courted by the titled and the great. Too much of his time was frittered away in fashionable parties. Such a glittering career is dangerous. The noble and masculine mind of Burns was injured by similar patronage ; and in recent times a man of great powers, Theodore Hook, was ruined by it. Another feature in Moore's journal is his undisguised vanity, which overflows on all occasions. He is never tired of recording the compliments paid to

his talents. But Lord John Russell has justly characterised this weakness in Moore as being wholly free from envy. It never took the shape of depreciating others that his own superiority might become conspicuous. 'His love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others—he relished the works of Byron and Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them.' Ill success might have tinctured the poet's egotism with bitterness, but this he never knew; and such a feeling could not have remained long with a man so constitutionally genial and light-hearted.

When time shall have destroyed the remembrance of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. Yet he often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection, which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. The combinations of his wit are wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, 'a creature of the elements,' that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires 'give delight and hurt not.' They are never coarse, and always witty. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he could be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crossed his path, and he instantly followed it into the open and genial region where he loved most to indulge. He never dipped his pen in malignity. For an author who has written so much as Moore on the subject of love and the gay delights of good-fellowship, it was scarcely possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far-fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette of a stage-dancer. He exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple—ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth. The *Irish Melodies* are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The songs are read and

remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in periods of suffering and solemnity, by that imaginative and warm-hearted people.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

'I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

In 1817, Mr Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work*, by

William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table. The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy imitation of the Pulci and Casti school of the Italian poets. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some elegant and scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society, who had chosen to amuse himself in comic verse, without incurring the responsibilities of declared authorship. To two cantos published in the above year, a third and fourth were soon after added. The poem opens with a feast held by King Arthur at Carlisle amidst his knights, who are thus introduced :

They looked a manly generous generation ;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and
thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick ;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

In a valley near Carlisle lived a race of giants ;
and this place is finely described :

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels under ground ;
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule :
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height ;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright ;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit ; and in due time they overcome those grim personages, and relieve the captives from the castle in which they had been immured :

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected :
Many details I must forbear to tell ;
Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
But by supreme good-luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

This closes the second canto. The third opens in the following playful strain :

I've a proposal here from Mr Murray.
He offers handsomely—the money down ;

My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey ;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front-parlour for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think ;
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock ;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink ;
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages ;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear ;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes ;
By Monday next I'll compass a new pair :
Come now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air ;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phoebe bring
The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' who keep for a long time on good terms with their neighbours. Being fond of music, the giants would sometimes approach the sacred pile, attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from it ; and here occurs a beautiful piece of description :

Oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus for each would venture : 'Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
In music !'

Unfortunately, this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion :

The solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded
When the first peal burst forth at break of day :
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say ;
And—though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet—Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation ;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation ;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place;
Not so the mountain giants (as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race);
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

This is evidently meant as a good-humoured satire against violent personifications in poetry. Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream. Here occurs another beautiful descriptive passage :

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John, placed here by mere chance, is apprised of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm. Amidst the preparations for defence, to which he exhorts his brethren, the abbot dies, and John is elected to succeed him. A stout resistance is made by the monks, whom their new superior takes care to feed well by way of keeping them in heart, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which had formerly been described—no bad burlesque of the endless episodes of the Italian romantic poets.

It was soon discovered that the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit* was the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, a person of high political consequence, who had been employed a few years before by the British government to take charge of diplomatic transactions in Spain in connection with the army under General Sir John Moore. The Whistlecraft poetry was carried no further; but the peculiar stanza (the *ottava rima* of Italy), and the sarcastic pleasantry, formed the immediate exemplar which guided Byron when he wrote his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*; and one couplet—

Adown thy slope, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides—

became at a subsequent period the basis of an allusion almost historical in importance, with reference to a small party in the House of Commons. Thus the national poem attained a place of some consequence in our modern literature. It is only to be regretted that the poet, captivated by indolence or the elegances of a luxurious taste, gave no further specimen of his talents to the world.

For many years Mr Frere resided in Malta, in

the enjoyment of a handsome pension, conferred for diplomatic services, of £1516 per annum, and at Malta he died on the 7th January 1846, aged seventy-seven. In the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, there are some particulars respecting the meeting of the declining novelist with his friend, the author of Whistlecraft. We there learn from Scott, that the remarkable war-song upon the victory at Brunnenburg, which appears in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*, and might pass in a court of critics as a genuine composition of the fourteenth century, was written by Mr Frere while an Eton school-boy, as an illustration on one side of the celebrated Rowley controversy. We are also informed by Mrs John Davy, in her diary, quoted by Mr Lockhart, that Sir Walter on this occasion 'repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid—published in the appendix to Southey's quarto—and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, "to suit the action to the word." We may here redeem from comparative obscurity a piece of poetry so much admired by Scott :

The gates were then thrown open,
and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
the battle soon must join,
'My men, stand here in order,
ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank
before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
he gave his horse the rein;
'You see yon foremost squadron there,
the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honours it,
shew the duty that he owes.'
Earnestly the Cid called out,
'For Heaven's sake be still!
Bermuez cried, 'I cannot hold,'
so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on
amid the Moorish rout:
They strove to win the banner,
and compassed him about.
Had not his armour been so true,
he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
'For Heaven's sake succour him!
Their shields before their breasts,
forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest
levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
waving in a row,

Their heads all stooping down
 towards the saddle-bow.
 The Cid was in the midst,
 his shout was heard afar :
 ' I am Rui Diaz,
 the champion of Bivar ;
 Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
 for sweet mercies' sake !'
 There where Bermuez fought
 amidst the foe they brake ;
 Three hundred bannered knights,
 it was a gallant show ;
 Three hundred Moors they killed,
 a man at every blow :
 When they wheeled and turned,
 as many more lay slain,
 You might see them raise their lances,
 and level them again.
 There you might see the breast-plates,
 how they were cleft in twain,
 And many a Moorish shield
 lie scattered on the plain.
 The pennons that were white
 marked with a crimson stain,
 The horses running wild
 whose riders had been slain.

In 1871, the *Works of Frere, in Verse and Prose, and a Memoir* by his nephews, were published in 2 vols.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in the city of Glasgow, July 27, 1777. He was of a good Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyllshire, who traced their origin from the first Norman lord of Lochawe. The property, however, had passed from the ancient race, and the poet's father carried on business in Glasgow as a merchant or trader with Virginia. He was unsuccessful, and in his latter days subsisted on some small income derived from a merchants' society and provident institution, aided by his industrious wife, who received into their house as boarders young men attending college. Thomas received a good education, and was distinguished at the university, particularly for his translations from the Greek. The Greek professor, John Young, pronounced his translation of part of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes the best version that had ever been given in by any student. He had previously received a prize for an English poem, an *Essay on the Origin of Evil*, modelled on the style of Pope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth and sixteenth year, evince Campbell's peculiar delicacy of taste and select poetical diction. He became tutor in a family resident in the island of Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the West,' the daughter of a minister of Inveraray. The winter of 1795 saw him again in Glasgow, attending college, and supporting himself by private tuition. Next year he was some time tutor in the family of Mr Downie of Appin, also in the Highlands; and this engagement completed, he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between the church and the law as a profession, but soon abandoning all hopes of either, he employed himself in private teaching and in literary work for the booksellers. Poetry was not neglected, and in April 1799 appeared his *Pleasures of Hope*. The copyright was sold for £60; but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50

on every new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in 1803, to publish a quarto subscription-copy, by which he realised about £1000. It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edinburgh, that the *Pleasures of Hope* was composed; and the fine opening simile was suggested by the scenery of the Firth of Forth as seen from the Calton Hill. The poem was instantly successful. The volume went through four editions in a twelvemonth. After the publication of the first edition, 154 lines were added to the poem. It captivated all readers by its varying and exquisite melody, its polished diction, and the vein of generous and lofty sentiment which seemed to embalm and sanctify the entire poem. The touching and beautiful episodes with which it abounds constituted also a source of deep interest; and in picturing the horrors of war, and the infamous partition of Poland, the poet kindled up into a strain of noble indignant zeal and prophet-like inspiration.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time !
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career :
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;
 Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
 Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Traces of juvenility may be found in the *Pleasures of Hope*—a want of connection between the different parts of the poem, some florid lines and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures, so pure and elevated a tone of moral feeling, and such terse, vigorous, and polished versification, were never perhaps before found united in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. Shortly after its publication, Campbell visited the continent. He sailed from Leith for Hamburg on the 1st of June 1800; and proceeding from thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the decisive action which gave Ratisbon to the French. The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St James, on the ramparts near the monastery, while a charge of Klenau's cavalry was made upon the French. He saw no other scenes of actual warfare, but made various excursions into the interior, and was well received by General Moreau and the other French officers. It has been generally supposed that Campbell was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, but it was not fought until some weeks after he had left Bavaria. During his residence on the Danube and the Elbe, the poet wrote some of his exquisite minor poems, which were published in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper. The first of these was the *Exile of Erin*, which was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollett at Boulogne—namely, meeting with a party of political exiles who retained a strong love of their native country.

Campbell's 'Exile' was a person named Anthony M'Cann, who, with Hamilton Rowan and others, had been concerned in the Irish rebellion. So jealous was the British government of that day, that the poet was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Edinburgh, was subjected to an examination by the sheriff, but which ended in a scene of mirth and conviviality. Shortly afterwards, Campbell was received by Lord Minto as a sort of secretary and literary companion—a situation which his temper and somewhat democratic independence of spirit rendered uncongenial, and which did not last long. In this year (1802) he composed *Lochiel's Warning* and *Hohenlinden*—the latter one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that ever was drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death. *Lochiel's Warning* being read in manuscript to Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott, he requested a perusal of it himself, and then repeated the whole from memory—a striking instance of the great minstrel's powers of recollection, which was related to us by Mr Campbell himself. In 1803 the poet repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. He resided for some time with his friend, Mr Telford, the celebrated engineer. Telford continued his regard for the poet throughout a long life, and remembered him in his will by a legacy of £500.* Mr Campbell wrote several papers for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*—of which Telford had some share—including poetical biographies, an account of the drama, &c. He also compiled *Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*, in three volumes. Such compilations can only be considered in the light of mental drudgery; but Campbell, like Goldsmith, could sometimes impart grace and interest to task-work. In 1806, through the influence of Mr Fox, the government granted a pension to the poet—a well-merited tribute to the author of those national strains, *Ye Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*. In 1809 was published his second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale*. The subsequent literary labours of Mr Campbell were only, as regards his poetical fame, subordinate efforts. The best of them were contributed to

the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he edited for ten years (from 1820 to 1830); and one of these minor poems, the *Last Man*, may be ranked among his greatest conceptions: it is like a sketch by Michael Angelo or Rembrandt. Previous to this time the poet had visited Paris in company with Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, and enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre with such intensity, that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. 'Every step of approach,' he says, 'to the presence of the Apollo Belvidere, added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.' In 1818 he again visited Germany, and on his return the following year, he published his *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes. The justness and beauty of his critical dissertations have been universally admitted; some of them are perfect models of chaste yet animated criticism. In 1820 Mr Campbell delivered a course of lectures on poetry at the Surrey Institution; in 1824 he published *Theodric and other Poems*; and, though busy in establishing the London University, he was, in 1827, honoured with the graceful compliment of being elected lord rector of the university of his native city. This distinction was continued and heightened by his re-election the following two years. He afterwards made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account; and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet. This work was a slight narrative poem, unworthy of his fame, entitled *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*. Among the literary engagements of his latter years, was a *Life of Mrs Siddons*, and a *Life of Petrarch*. In the summer of 1843, he fixed his residence at Boulogne, but his health was by this time much impaired, and he died the following summer, June 15, 1844. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by some of the most eminent noblemen and statesmen of the day, with a numerous body of private friends. In 1849 a selection from his correspondence, with a life of the poet, was published by his affectionate friend and literary executor, Dr Beattie, himself the author of various works, and of some pleasing and picturesque poetry.

In genius and taste Campbell resembles Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. Campbell has greater sweetness and gentleness of pathos, springing from deep moral feeling, and a refined sensitiveness of nature. Neither can be termed boldly original or inventive, but they both possess sublimity—Gray in his two magnificent odes, and Campbell in his war-songs or lyrics, which form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. The general tone of his verse is calm, uniform, and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom-scenes of life, with images scattered separately, like flowers, on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—

* A similar amount was bequeathed to Mr Southey, and, with a good-luck which one would wish to see always attend poets' legacies, the sums were more than doubled in consequence of the testator's estate far exceeding what he believed to be its value. Thomas Telford (1757-1834) was himself a rhymester in his youth. He was born on poetic ground, amidst the scenes of old Scottish song, green hills, and the other adjuncts of a landscape of great sylvan and pastoral beauty. Eskdale, his native district—where he lived till nearly twenty, first as a shepherd, and afterwards as a stone-mason—was also the birthplace of Armstrong and Mickle. Telford wrote a poem descriptive of this classic dale, but it is only a feeble paraphrase of Goldsmith. He addressed an epistle to Burns, part of which is published by Currie. These boyish studies and predilections contrast strangely with the severer pursuits of his after-years as a mathematician and engineer. In his original occupation of a stone-mason, cutting names on tombstones (in which he excelled, as did also Hugh Miller), we can fancy him cheering his solitary labours with visions of literary eminence; but it is difficult to conceive him at the same time dreaming of works like the Menai Bridge or the Pont-cy-sylte aqueduct in Wales. He had, however, received an early architectural or engineering bias by poring over the plates and descriptions in Rollin's history, which he read by his mother's fireside, or in the open air while herding sheep. Telford was a liberal-minded and benevolent man.

which never quit the memory. Campbell is secure, as one of his critics has said, in an 'immortality of quotation.' Some of his lines have become household words—*e. g.*:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

And many other short passages might be cited. With all his classic predilections, Campbell was not—as he has himself remarked of Crabbe—a *laudator temporis acti*, but a decided lover of later times. Age never quenched his zeal for public freedom or for the unchained exercise of the human intellect; and, with equal consistency in tastes as in opinions, he was to the last meditating a work on Greek literature, by which, fifty years before, as a scholar, he first achieved distinction.

Many can date their first love of poetry from their perusal of Campbell. In youth, the *Pleasures of Hope* is generally preferred. In riper years, when the taste becomes matured, *Gertrude of Wyoming* rises in estimation. Its beautiful home-scenes go more closely to the heart, and its delineation of character and passion evinces a more luxuriant and perfect genius. The portrait of the savage chief Outalissi is finished with inimitable skill and effect:

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his pier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

The loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave, the patriarchal Albert, and the sketches of rich sequestered Pennsylvanian scenery, also shew the finished art of the poet. The poem of *O'Connor's Child* is another exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike colouring suited to the country and the times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.

Elegy Written in Mull (June 1795).

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care and fired the Muse's powers?—
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I went to roam;
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;

The dark-blue rocks in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild.

Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, untroubled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

Picture of Domestic Love.

From the *Pleasures of Hope*.

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Death of Gertrude.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound

With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frise, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green ;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow :
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild
alarm !

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew ;
Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls ! the dear old father bleeds !

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops ? Oh, God ! the life-blood is her own !
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
' Weep not, O love ! ' she cries, ' to see me bleed ;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ; yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed !

' Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonising as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words ; but knew not what
they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide : but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name ;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

' And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
His descendant wildly thus begun ;
' But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe !
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

' But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

' To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-loved home ?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers ;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours ;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers :
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead !

' Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp ; for there
The silence dwells of my despair !

' But hark, the trump ! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief !'

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,*
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ; when each
gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;

So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou ;*
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave ! †

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

* Captain Riou, styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and the good.—CAMPBELL.

† The first draft of the above noble poem was sent to Scott in 1805, and consists of thirty stanzas—all published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. The piece was greatly improved by the condensation, but the following omitted verses on the English sailors are striking :

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar ;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep—
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

* When first printed (Nelson being then living), this line stood,
'Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell.'

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.*

From 'The Last Man.'

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: 'We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. . . .

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'

A Thought suggested by the New Year.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

* Originally this last line stood:

'Shall mark the soldier's cemet'ry.'

Other verbal alterations were made, for Campbell was fond of retouching his pieces, and generally for the better. He had early tried the measure in which *Hohenlinden* is written. In his sixteenth year (1793), he composed some verses on the Queen of France (Marie Antoinette), which commence thus:

'Behold! where Gallia's captive queen,
With steady eye and look serene,
In life's last awful—awful scene,
Slow leaves her sad captivity.'

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, author of *The Monk*, was born in London in the year 1775. His father was deputy-secretary in the War-office, and owner of extensive West Indian possessions. Matthew was educated at Westminster School, where he was more remarkable for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of learning. On leaving Westminster, he was entered of Christ Church College, Oxford, but remained only a short period, being sent to Germany with the view of acquiring a knowledge of the language of that country. When a child, Lewis had pored over Glanville on Witches, and other books of diablerie; and in Germany he found abundant food of the same description. Romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and whilst resident abroad, he composed his story of *The Monk*, a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural machinery than any previous English tale of modern times, and disfigured with licentious passages. The novel was published in 1795, and attracted much attention. A prosecution, it is said, was threatened on account of the peccant scenes and descriptions; to avert which, Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies, and to recast the work in another edition. The author continued through life the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now infusing it into the scenes of a drama, and at other times expanding it into regular tales. His *Tales of Terror*, 1799; *Tales of Wonder* (to which Sir Walter Scott contributed); *Romantic Tales*, 1808; *The Bravo of Venice*, 1804; and *Feudal Tyrants*, 1806, both translated from the German, with numerous dramas, all bespeak the same parentage as *The Monk*, and none of them excels it. His best poetry, as well as prose, is to be found in this novel; for, like Mrs Radcliffe, Lewis introduced poetical compositions into his tales; and his ballads of *Alonzo the Brave* and *Durandarte* were as attractive as any of the adventures of Ambrosio the monk. Flushed with the brilliant success of his romance, and fond of distinction and high society, Lewis procured a seat in parliament, and was returned for the borough of Hindon, but he never attempted to address the House.

The theatres offered a more attractive field for his genius; and his play of *The Castle Spectre*, produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically and more universally than his romance. Connected with his dramatic fame, a very interesting anecdote is related in the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of Lewis, published in 1839. It illustrates his native benevolence, which, amidst all the frivolities of fashionable life, and the excitement of misapplied talents, was a conspicuous feature in his character:

'Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk Lewis*, waited upon him at the inn, to request the *very* trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called *The Hindoo Bride*, in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for, on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, *The Bride* was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B—. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment; from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity. "There now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too—after I've had the face to call on Mr Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!" "I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice; "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought"—The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathising author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses, and despatched a porter to the young actress with the epistle:

"MADAM—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my Hindoo Bride has behaved most im-

properly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene in which you lately sustained the character of 'The Daughter!' Brides of all denominations but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the inclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same, I remain, madam—with sentiments of respect and admiration—your sincere well-wisher—M. G. LEWIS."

Scott met Lewis in Edinburgh in 1798, and so humble were then his own aspirations, and so brilliant the reputation of the 'Monk,' that he declared, thirty years afterwards, he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel! Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect rhyme, and proved himself, as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. 'He had always,' he says, 'dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title: you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society.* Yet Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection. 'He was,' added he, 'one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat. restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The sterling worth of his character has been illustrated by the publication of his correspondence, which, slumbering twenty years after his death, first disclosed to the public the calm good sense, discretion, and right

* Of this weakness Byron records an amusing instance: 'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental: being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that"—Here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him—"never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it.*" Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. "I remember a picture of him," says Scott, "by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like—said aloud: "Like Mat. Lewis! Why, that picture's like a MAN!" He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's.'

feeling which were concealed by the exaggerated romance of his writings, and his gay and frivolous appearance and manners. The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, and kept journals, forming the most interesting and valuable production of his pen. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them he thus describes:

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere, may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loudest that I ever witnessed; they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—"Look massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!" Another complained—"So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last." As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—"them no care." The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my slaves.'

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the following year. He found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property, being generally absent on business of his own, and intrusting the whole to an overseer, who was of a tyrannical disposition. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his return home. The climate, however, had impaired his health, and he died of fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida in July 1818. Lewis may thus be said to have fallen a martyr to his love of justice and humanity, and the circumstance sheds a lustre on his memory far surpassing mere literary fame.

Durandarte and Belerma.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight:
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

'Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

'Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh! my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

'When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

'Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

'Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

'Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

'Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall thro' no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
'Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!

'Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light.

'Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee;
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?'

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogene.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogene said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled: 'I
pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His visor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning
ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogene!'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh—'mine own romantic town'—on the 15th of August 1771. His father was a respectable Writer to the Signet: his mother, Anne Rutherford, was daughter of a physician in extensive practice, and professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. By both parents the poet was remotely connected with some good ancient Scottish families—a circumstance gratifying to his feelings of nationality, and to his imagination. Delicate health, arising chiefly from lameness, led to his being placed under the charge of some relations in the country; and when a mere child, yet old enough to receive impressions from country life and Border stories, he resided with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a romantic situation a few miles from Kelso. The ruined tower of Smailholm—the scene of Scott's ballad, *The Eve of St John*—was close to the farm, and beside it were the Eildon Hills, the river Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, and other poetical and historical objects, all enshrined in the lonely contemplative boy's fancy and recollection. He afterwards resided with another relation at Kelso, and there, at the age of thirteen, he first read Percy's *Reliques*, in an antique garden, under the shade of a huge plane-tree, or oriental plane-tree. This work had as great an effect in making him a poet as Spenser

had on Cowley, but with Scott the seeds were long in germinating. Very early, however, he had tried his hand at verse. The following, among other lines, were discovered wrapped up in a cover inscribed by Dr Adam of the High School, 'Walter Scott, July 1783 :'

On the Setting Sun.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise ;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comaged within a span,
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The religious education of Scott may be seen in this effusion : his father was a rigid Presbyterian. The youthful poet passed through the High School and university of Edinburgh, and made some proficiency in Latin, and in the classes of ethics, moral philosophy, and history. He had an aversion to Greek, and we may regret, with Lord Lytton, that he refused 'to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored.' He knew generally, but not critically, the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was an insatiable reader, and during a long illness in his youth, stored his mind with a vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favourites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He also collected ballads from his earliest years. Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and put on his gown in his twenty-first year. His health was now vigorous and robust, and he made frequent excursions into the country, which he pleasantly denominated *raids*. The knowledge of rural life, character, traditions, and anecdotes, which he picked up in these rambles, formed afterwards a valuable mine to him, both as a poet and novelist. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. Scott joined the Tory party ; and when the dread of an invasion agitated the country, he became one of a band of volunteers, 'brothers true,' in which he held the rank of quarter-master. His exercises as a cavalry officer, and the jovialities of the mess-room, occupied much of his time ; but he still pursued, though irregularly, his literary studies, and an attachment to a Perthshire lady—though ultimately unfortunate—tended still more strongly to prevent his sinking into idle frivolity or dissipation. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' had introduced a taste for German literature into the intellectual classes of his native city, and Scott was one of its most eager and ardent votaries. In 1796 he published translations of Burger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*, ballads of singular wildness and power. Next year, while fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to 'take some new infection to his eye,' and meeting at Gilsland, a watering-place in Cumberland, with a young lady of French parentage, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and married on the 24th of Decem-

ber. Miss Carpenter had some fortune, and the young couple retired to a cottage at Lasswade, where they seem to have enjoyed sincere and unalloyed happiness. The ambition of Scott was now fairly awakened—his lighter vanities blown away. His life henceforward was one of severe but cheerful study and application. In 1799, appeared his translation of Goethe's tragedy, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and the same year he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 per annum. Scott now paid a series of visits to Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of the Border, an object in which he was eminently successful. In 1802, the result appeared in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which contained upwards of forty pieces never before published, and a large quantity of prose illustration, in which might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. A third volume was added next year, containing some imitations of the old minstrels by the poetical editor and his friends. It required little sagacity to foresee that Walter Scott was now to be a popular name in Scotland. His next task was editing the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Erchildoune, who flourished about the year 1280. The antiquarian knowledge of Scott, and his poetical taste, were exhibited in the dissertations which accompanied this work, and the imitation of the original which was added to complete the romance. At length, in January 1805, appeared the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play ; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from this first performance. His conception of the Minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to the irregularity of the ballad style. The unprecedented success of the poem inclined Scott to relax any exertions he had ever made to advance at the bar, although his cautious disposition made him at all times fear to depend over-much upon literature. He had altogether a clear income of about £1000 per annum ; but his views stretched beyond this easy competence ; he was ambitious of founding a family that might vie with the ancient Border names he venerated, and to attain this, it was necessary to become a landed proprietor, and to practise a liberal and graceful hospitality. Well was he fitted to adorn and dignify the character ! But his ambition, though free from any tinge of sordid acquisition, proved a snare for his strong good sense and penetration. Scott and his family had gone to reside at Ashestiel, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Tweed, as it was necessary for him, in his capacity of sheriff, to live part of the year in the county of Selkirk. Shortly after the publication of the *Lay*, he entered into partnership with his old school-fellow, James Ballantyne, then rising into extensive business as a printer in Edinburgh. The copartnery was kept a secret, and few things in business that require secrecy are prosperous or beneficial. The establishment, upon which was afterwards ingrafted a

publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and Scott's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a great amount. In 1806, the powerful friends of the poet procured him the appointment of one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Session, worth about £1300 per annum; but the emoluments were not received by Scott until six years after the date of his appointment, when his predecessor died. In his share of the printing business, and the certainty of his clerkship, the poet seemed, however, to have laid up—in addition to his literary gains and his sheriffdom—an honourable and even opulent provision for his family. In 1808, appeared his great poem of *Marmion* (for the copyright of which Constable paid one thousand guineas), the most magnificent of his chivalrous tales, and the same year he published his edition of Dryden. In 1810, appeared *The Lady of the Lake*, which was still more popular than either of its predecessors; in 1811, *The Vision of Don Roderick*; in 1813, *Rokeby*, and *The Bridal of Triermain*; in 1814, *The Lord of the Isles*; in 1815, *The Field of Waterloo*; and in 1817, *Harold the Dauntless*. Some dramatic pieces, scarcely worthy of his genius, were also written during this busy period. It could not be concealed that the later works of the Great Minstrel were inferior to his early ones. His style was now familiar, and the world had become tired of it. Byron had made his appearance, and the readers of poetry were bent on the new worship. Scott, however, was too dauntless and intrepid, and possessed of too great resources, to despond under this reverse. 'As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion,' says Bulwer-Lytton, 'the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in *Rokeby* and *Triermain* the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp in the shape of *Waverley*.' The long and magnificent series of his prose fictions we shall afterwards advert to. They were poured forth even more prodigally than his verse, and for seventeen years—from 1814 to 1831—the world hung with delight on the varied creations of the potent enchanter. Scott had now removed from his pleasant cottage at Ashiestiel: the territorial dream was about to be realised. In 1811, he purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the interesting and now immortal name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of *Cartley Hole*. Other purchases of land followed, generally at prices considerably above their value—Kaeside, £4100; Outfield of Toftfield, £6000; Toftfield and parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3000; field at Langside, £500; Shearing Flat, £3500; Broomilees, £4200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700; &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining, about £5000 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house—that 'romance of stone and lime,' as it has been termed—and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent. In his baronial residence the poet received innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades. His

mornings were devoted to composition—for he had long practised the invaluable habit of early rising—and the rest of the day to riding among his plantations, thinning or lopping his trees, and in the evening entertaining his guests and family. The honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate his genius. Never, certainly, had literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakspeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also become a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager or actor, not of the poet. Scott's splendour was purely the result of his pen: to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. His official income was but as a feather in the balance. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? It was suddenly and painfully dissolved. The commercial distresses of 1825-6 fell upon publishers as on other classes, and the bankruptcy of Constable and Company involved the poet in losses and engagements to a very large amount. His wealth, indeed, had been almost wholly illusory; for he had been paid for his works chiefly by bills, and these ultimately proved valueless. In the management of his publishing-house, Scott's sagacity seems to have forsaken him: unsaleable works were printed in thousands; and while these losses were yearly accumulating, the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford knew no check or pause. Heavy was the day of reckoning—terrible the reverse; for when the spell broke in January 1826, it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott's commercial liabilities exceeded £120,000, and there was a private debt of £10,000. If this was a blot in the poet's scutcheon, never, it might be said, did man make nobler efforts to redeem the honour of his name. He would listen to no overtures of composition with his creditors—his only demand was for time. He ceased 'doing the honours for all Scotland,' sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, laboured incessantly at his literary tasks. 'The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.' Before his death the commercial debt was reduced to £54,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is, Milton advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labours alone, a debt of £120,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, was the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honour and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrunk from the steady prosecution of his gigantic self-imposed labour. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away, amidst public cares and private calamity, and the pressure of increasing infirmities, ere the seed sown amidst clouds and storms was white in the field. In six years Milton had realised the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion

of *Paradise Lost*. His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide fields of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favourite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating his triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his living honour, genius, and integrity were extinguished by delirium and death.

In February 1830, Scott had an attack of paralysis. He continued, however, to write several hours every day. In April 1831, he suffered a still more severe attack; and he was prevailed upon, as a means of withdrawing him from mental labour, to undertake a foreign tour. The Admiralty furnished a ship of war, and the poet sailed for Malta and Naples. At the latter place he resided from the 17th of December 1831 to the 16th of April following. He still laboured at unfinished romances, but his mind was in ruins. From Naples the poet went to Rome. On the 11th of May, he began his return homewards, and reached London on the 13th of June. Another attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, had laid prostrate his powers, and he was conveyed to Abbotsford a helpless and almost unconscious wreck. He lingered on for some time, listening occasionally to passages read to him from the Bible, and from his favourite author Crabbe. Once he tried to write, but his fingers would not close upon the pen. He never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times his imagination was busy preparing for the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Abbotsford; at other times he was exercising the functions of a Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards those works which had filled all Europe with his fame. This fact is of interest in literary history. But the contest was soon to be over; 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' 'About half-past one, P.M.,' says Mr Lockhart, 'on the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The novelty and originality of Scott's style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed his first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to

go back to Spenser and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the elder worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment, and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his *Christabel* having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in *Marmion*, or the swell and agitation of a battle-field. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of 'hoar antiquity.' He was in the maturity of his powers—thirty-four years of age—when the *Lay* was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. Then, his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description. His diction was proverbially careless and incorrect. Neither in prose nor poetry was Scott a polished writer. He looked only at broad and general effects; his words had to make pictures, not melody. Whatever could be grouped and described, whatever was visible and tangible, lay within his reach. Below the surface he had less power. The language of the heart was not his familiar study; the passions did not obey his call. The contrasted effects of passion and situation he could portray vividly and distinctly—the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram, the pathetic character of Wilfrid, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, and the rugged virtues and savage death of Roderick Dhu, are all fine specimens of moral painting. Byron has nothing better, and indeed the noble poet in some of his tales copied or paraphrased the sterner passages of Scott. But even in these gloomy and powerful traits of his genius, the force lies in the situation, not in the thoughts and expression. There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart or usurp the memory; none of the impassioned and reflective style of Byron, the melodious pathos of Campbell, or the profound sympathy and philosophy of Wordsworth. The great strength of

Scott undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, in his fine healthy moral feeling, and in the abundant stores of his memory, that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for stirring and romantic poetry in the most minute and barren antiquarian details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the present, in scenery and manners, with a vividness and energy unknown since the period of Homer.

The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a Border story of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, the last of his race. The character of the aged minstrel, and that of Margaret of Branksome, are very finely drawn; Deloraine, a coarse Border chief or moss-trooper, is also a vigorous portrait; and in the description of the march of the English army, the personal combat with Musgrave, and the other feudal accessories of the piece, we have finished pictures of the olden time. The goblin page is no favourite of ours, except in so far as it makes the story more accordant with the times in which it is placed. The introductory lines to each canto form an exquisite *setting* to the dark feudal tale, and tended greatly to cause the popularity of the poem. The minstrel is thus described:

The Aged Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Not less picturesque are the following passages, which instantly became popular:

Description of Melrose Abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothingly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair! . . .

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed:

Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Love of Country.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,

Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,

Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;

Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Marmion is a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being connected with that memorable engagement. The poem does not possess the unity and completeness of the *Lay*, but if it has greater faults, it has also greater beauties. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the two opening stanzas of this romance:

Norham Castle at Sunset.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,

And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,

The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred ;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

The same minute painting of feudal times characterises both poems, but by a strange oversight—soon seen and regretted by the author—the hero is made to commit the crime of forgery, a crime unsuited to a chivalrous and half-civilised age. The battle of Flodden, and the death of Marmion, are among Scott's most spirited descriptions. The former is related as seen from a neighbouring hill ; and the progress of the action—the hurry, impetuosity, and confusion of the fight below, as the different armies rally or are repulsed—is given with such animation, that the whole scene is brought before the reader with the vividness of reality. The first tremendous onset is thus dashed off, with inimitable power, by the mighty minstrel :

Battle of Flodden.

' But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. . . .
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from the agitating scene.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed :
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

The hero receives his death-wound, and is borne off the field. The description, detached from the context, loses much of its interest ; but the mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering, of remorse and death, on a bad but brave spirit trained to war, is described with true sublimity :

Death of Marmion.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
' Where 's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace, where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
Redeem my pennon—charge again !
Cry—" Marmion to the rescue !"—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly ;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring ;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :

Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down—my life is left ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured : 'Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!'

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain side,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
 A little fountain-cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Spil . Grep .
 Who . built . this . cross . and . well .

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
 Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
 'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
 'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
 Then as remembrance rose—
 'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !'
 'Alas !' she said, 'the while—
 O think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She—died at Holy Isle.'
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 'Then it was truth !'—he said—'I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the church's prayers ;
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
 'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
 dying !'

So the notes rung ;
 'Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 O think on faith and bliss !
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this.'
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And 'Stanley !' was the cry ;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted 'Victory !—
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !'
 Were the last words of Marmion.

We may contrast with this the *silent* and appalling death-scene of Roderick Dhu, in the *Lady of the Lake*. The savage chief expires while listening to a tale chanted by the bard or minstrel of his clan :

At first, the chieftain to his chime,
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
 That motion ceased ; yet feeling strong,
 Varied his look as changed the song :
 At length no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel's melody can hear ;
 His face grows sharp ; his hands are clenched,
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu.

The *Lady of the Lake* is more richly picturesque than either of the former poems, and the plot is more regular and interesting. 'The subject,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is a common Highland irruption ; but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.' It was the most popular of the author's poems : in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and the district where the action of the poem lay was visited by countless thousands of tourists. With this work closed the great popularity of Scott as a poet. *Rokeby*, a tale of the English Cavaliers and Round-heads, was considered a failure, though displaying

the utmost art and talent in the delineation of character and passion. *Don Roderick* is vastly inferior to *Rokeby*; and *Harold* and *Triermain* are but faint copies of the Gothic epics, however finely finished in some of the tender passages. The *Lord of the Isles* is of a higher mood. It is a Scottish story of the days of Bruce, and has the characteristic fire and animation of the minstrel, when, like Rob Roy, he has his foot on his native heath. Bannockburn may be compared with Flodden Field in energy of description, though the poet is sometimes lost in the chronicler and antiquary. The interest of the tale is not well sustained throughout, and its chief attraction consists in the descriptive powers of the author, who, besides his feudal halls and battles, has drawn the magnificent scenery of the West Highlands—the cave of Staffa, and the dark desolate grandeur of the Coriusk lakes and mountains—with equal truth and sublimity. The lyrical pieces of Scott are often very happy. The old ballad strains may be said to have been his original nutriment as a poet, and he is consequently often warlike and romantic in his songs. But he has also gaiety, archness, and tenderness, and if he does not touch deeply the heart, he never fails to paint to the eye and imagination.

The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill.

The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore ;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye ?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply ?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill ;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Coronach.—From the 'Lady of the Lake.'

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,¹
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

Song from 'Quentin Durward.'

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh,
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy ?

Song from 'The Pirate.'

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps !
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling !

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

¹ Or *corri*, the hollow side of the hill where game usually lies.



LORD BYRON



ROBERT BURNS



SIR WALTER SCOTT.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN



JOHN WILSON

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Scott retreated from poetry into the wide and open field of prose fiction as the genius of Byron began to display its strength and fertility. A new, or at least a more finished, nervous, and lofty style of poetry was introduced by the noble author, who was as much a mannerist as Scott, but of a different school. He excelled in painting the strong and gloomy passions of our nature, contrasted with feminine softness and delicacy. Scott, intent upon the development of his plot, and the chivalrous machinery of his Gothic tales, is seldom personally present to the reader. Byron delighted in self-portraiture. His philosophy of life was false and pernicious ; but the splendour of the artist concealed the deformity of his design. Parts were so nobly finished, that there was enough for admiration to rest upon, without analysing the whole. He conducted his readers through scenes of surpassing beauty and splendour—by haunted streams and mountains, enriched with the glories of ancient poetry and valour ; but the same dark shadow was ever by his side—the same scorn and mockery of human hopes and ambition. The sententious force and elevation of his thoughts and language, his eloquent expression of sentiment, and the mournful and solemn melody of his tender and pathetic passages, seemed, however, to do more than atone for his want of moral truth and reality. The man and the poet were so intimately blended, and the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that Byron concentrated a degree of interest and anxiety on his successive public appearances, which no author ever before was able to boast. Scott had created the public taste for animated poetry, and Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field. For a few years it seemed as if the world held only one great poet. The chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the abstract theory and imagination of Southey, and even the lyrical beauties of Moore and Campbell, were for a time eclipsed by this new and greater light. The rank, youth, and misfortunes of Byron, his exile from England, the mystery which he loved to throw around his history and feelings, the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachments, and his very misanthropy and scepticism—relieved by bursts of tenderness and pity, and by the incidental expression of high and holy feelings—formed a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effects of his passionate and graceful poetry, which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature. Such a result is even more wonderful than the laurelled honours awarded to Virgil and Petrarch, if we consider the difference between ancient and

modern manners, and the temperament of the northern nations compared with that of the 'sunny south.' Has the spell yet broke? Has the glory faded into 'the common light of day?' Undoubtedly the later writings of the noble bard helped to dispel the illusion. To competent observers, these works added to the impression of Byron's powers as an original poet, but they tended to exorcise the spirit of romance from his name and history ; and what *Don Juan* failed to effect, was accomplished by the biography of Moore. His poetry, however, must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a 'rank unweeded garden,' it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The *art* of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few ; his *genius* will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society, and the rich effects of taste and imagination.

The incidents of Byron's life may be briefly related. He was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January 1788, the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The lady's fortune was soon squandered by her profligate husband, and she retired to the city of Aberdeen, to bring up her son on a reduced income of about £130 per annum. The little lame boy, endeared to all in spite of his mischief, succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in his eleventh year ; and the happy mother sold off her effects—which realised just £74, 17s. 4d.—and left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey. The seat of the Byrons was a large and ancient, but dilapidated structure, founded as a priory in the twelfth century by Henry II., and situated in the midst of the fertile and interesting district once known as Sherwood Forest. On the dissolution of the monasteries, it was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, who converted the venerable convent into a castellated mansion. The family was ennobled by Charles I., in consequence of high and honourable services rendered to the royal cause during the Civil War. On succeeding to the title, Byron was put to a private school at Dulwich, and from thence he was sent to Harrow. During his minority, the estate was let to another party, but its youthful lord occasionally visited the seat of his ancestors ; and whilst there in 1803, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, under her name of Mary Chaworth, has obtained a poetical immortality. So early as his eighth year, Byron fell in love with a simple Scottish maiden, Mary Duff ; and hearing of her marriage, several years afterwards, was, he says, like a thunder-stroke to him. He had also been captivated with a boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 'one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings,' who died about a year or two afterwards. He was fifteen when he met Mary Chaworth, and 'conceived an attachment which, young as he was even then for such a feeling, sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' The father of the lady had been killed in a duel by Lord Byron, the eccentric grand-uncle of the poet, and the union of the young peer with the heiress of Annesley Hall 'would,' said Byron, 'have healed feuds in

which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years—she was two years my elder—and—and—and—*what* has been the result?' Mary Chaworth saw little in the lame boy, and became the betrothed of another. They had one parting interview in the following year, which, in his poem of the *Dream*, Byron has described in the most exquisite colours of descriptive poetry.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him.

This boyish idolatry nursed the spirit of poetry in Byron's mind. He was recalled, however, from his day-dreams and disappointment, by his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1805. At Harrow he had been an idle irregular scholar, though he eagerly devoured all sorts of learning excepting that which was prescribed for him; and at Cambridge he pursued the same desultory course of study. In 1807 appeared his first volume of poetry, printed at Newark, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. There were indications of genius in the collection, but many errors of taste and judgment. The vulnerable points were fiercely assailed, the merits overlooked, in a short critique in the *Edinburgh Review*—understood to be written by Lord Brougham—and the young poet replied by his vigorous satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which disarmed, if it did not discomfit, his opponent. While his name was thus rising in renown, Byron left England for a course of foreign travel, and in two years visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and resided some time in Greece and Turkey. In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, the fruit of his foreign wanderings, and his splendidly enriched and matured poetical taste. 'I awoke one morning,' he said, 'and found myself famous.' A rapid succession of eastern tales followed—the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* in 1813; the *Corsair* and *Lara* in 1814. In the *Childe*, he had shewn his mastery over the complicated Spenserian stanza: in these he adopted the heroic couplet, and the lighter verse of Scott, with equal freedom and success. No poet had ever more command of the stores of the English language. At this auspicious and exultant period, Byron was the idol of the gay circles of London. He indulged in all their pleas-

ures and excesses—studying by fits and starts at midnight, to maintain the splendour of his reputation. Satiety and disgust succeeded to this round of heartless pleasures, and in a better mood, though without any fixed attachment, he proposed and was accepted in marriage by a northern heiress, Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a baronet in the county of Durham. The union cast a shade on his hitherto bright career. A twelvemonth's extravagance, embarrassments, and misunderstandings, dissolved the union, and the lady retired to the country seat of her parents from the discord and perplexity of her own home. She refused, like the wife of Milton, to return, and the world of England seemed to applaud her resolution. One child—afterwards Countess of Lovelace—was the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Before the separation took place, Byron's muse, which had been lulled or deadened by the comparative calm of domestic life, was stimulated to activity by his deepening misfortunes, and he produced the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. Miserable, reckless, yet conscious his own newly-awakened strength, Byron left England—

Once more upon the waters, yet once more!—

and visiting France and Brussels, pursued his course along the Rhine to Geneva. Here, in six months, he had composed the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and the *Prisoner of Chillon*. His mental energy gathered force from the loneliness of his situation, and his disgust with his native country. The scenery of Switzerland and Italy next breathed its inspiration: *Manfred* and the *Lament of Tasso* were produced in 1817. In the following year, whilst residing chiefly at Venice, and making one memorable visit to Rome, he completed *Childe Harold*, and threw off his light humorous poem of *Beppo*, the first-fruits of the more easy and genial manners of the continent on his excitable temperament. At Venice, and afterwards at Ravenna, Byron resided till 1821, writing various works—*Mazeppa*, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, and his dramas of *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, the *Two Foscari*, *Werner*, *Cain*, the *Deformed Transformed*, &c. The year 1822 he passed chiefly at Pisa, continuing *Don Juan*, which ultimately extended to sixteen cantos. We have not touched on his private history or indulgences. At Venice he plunged into the grossest excesses, and associated (says Shelley) with 'wretches who seemed almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man.' From this state of debasement he was partly rescued by an attachment to a young Romagnese lady of twenty, recently married to an old and wealthy nobleman, Count Guiccioli. The license of Italian manners permitted the intercourse until the lady took the bold step of deserting her husband. She was then thrown upon Byron, and they continued to live together until the poet departed for Greece. His genius had begun to 'pale its fire': his dramas were stiff, declamatory, and undramatic; and the successive cantos of *Don Juan* betrayed the downward course of the poet's habits. The wit and knowledge of that wonderful poem—its passion, variety, and originality—were now debased with inferior matter; and the world saw with rejoicing the poet break away from his Circean enchantments, and enter upon a new and nobler field of

exertion. He had sympathised deeply with the Italian Carbonari in their efforts for freedom, but a still more interesting country and people claimed his support. His youthful travels and poetical enthusiasm still endeared the 'blue Olympus' to his recollection, and in the summer of 1823 he set sail for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. His arrangements were made with judgment, as well as generosity. Byron knew mankind well, and his plans for the recovery and regeneration of Greece evinced a spirit of patriotic freedom and warm sympathy with the oppressed, happily tempered with practical wisdom and discretion. He arrived, after some danger and delay, at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 4th of January 1824. All was discord and confusion—a military mob and contending chiefs—turbulence, rapacity, and fraud. In three months he had done much, by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order. His fluctuating and uncertain health, however, gave way under so severe a discipline. On the 9th of April he was overtaken by a heavy shower whilst taking his daily ride, and an attack of fever and rheumatism followed. Prompt and copious bleeding might have subdued the inflammation, but to this remedy Byron was strongly opposed. It was at length resorted to after seven days of increasing fever, but the disease was then too powerful for remedy. The patient sank into a state of lethargy, and, though conscious of approaching death, could only mutter some indistinct expressions about his wife, his sister, and child. He lay insensible for twenty-four hours, and, opening his eyes for a moment, shut them for ever, and expired on the evening of the 19th of April 1824. The people of Greece publicly mourned for the irreparable loss they had sustained, and the sentiment of grief was soon conveyed to the poet's native country, where his name was still a talisman, and his early death was felt by all as a personal calamity. The body of Byron was brought to England, and after lying in state in London, was interred in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall, near Newstead.

Byron has been sometimes compared with Burns. Death and genius have levelled mere external distinctions, and the peer and peasant stand on the same elevation, to meet the gaze and scrutiny of posterity. Both wrote directly from strong personal feelings and impulses; both were the slaves of irregular, uncontrolled passion, and the prey of disappointed hopes and constitutional melancholy; both, by a strange perversity, loved to exaggerate their failings and dwell on their errors; and both died, after a life of extraordinary intellectual activity and excitement, at nearly the same age. We allow for the errors of Burns's position, and Byron's demands a not less tender and candid construction. Neglected in his youth—thwarted in his first love—left without control or domestic influence when his passions were strongest—

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe—

intoxicated with early success and the incense of almost universal admiration, his irregularities must be regarded more with pity than reprehension. After his unhappy marriage, the picture is clouded with darker shadows. The wild license of his continental life it would be impossible to

justify. His excesses, especially intemperance, became habitual, and impaired both his genius and his strength. He struggled on with untamed pride and trembling susceptibility, but he had almost exhausted the springs of his poetry and his life; and it is too obvious that the pestilential climate of Missolonghi only accelerated an event which a few years must have consummated in Italy.

The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* are perhaps the greatest poetical works of this century, and in the noble poet's tales and minor poems there is a grace, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness, that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. The *Giaour* has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life:

Picture of Modern Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished
earth!

The *Prisoner of Chillon* is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The *reality* of the scenes in *Don Juan* must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrences, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts; it is more dramatic and lifelike than any other of his

numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of all his heroines. His Gulnares and Medoras, his Corsairs and dark mysterious personages—

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—

are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tithe of the interest or permanent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in the Cyclades. The English descriptions in *Juan* are greatly inferior. There is a palpable falling off in poetical power, and the peculiar prejudices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought prominently forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the early light that 'led astray.' The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful and interesting—compared with Haidee, it is something like Fielding's Amelia coming after Sophia Western; and Newstead Abbey is described with a clearness and beauty not unworthy the author of *Childe Harold*. The Epicurean philosophy of the *Childe* is visible in every page of *Don Juan*, but it is no longer grave, dignified, and misanthropical: it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest penetration, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from colloquial carelessness and ease, to the highest and deepest tones of the lyre. The poet has the power of Mephistophiles over the scenes and passions of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings, and stripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Unfortunately, his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The distinctions between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured in his own mind, and they are undistinguishable in *Don Juan*. Early sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous emotions and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and then dashes them with burlesque humour, wild profanity, and unseasonable mockery. In *Childe Harold* we have none of this moral anatomy, or its accompanying licentiousness; but there is abundance of scorn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambition of mankind. The fairest portions of the earth are traversed in a spirit of bitterness and desolation by one satiated with pleasure, contemning society, the victim of a dreary and hopeless scepticism. Such a character would have been repulsive if the poem had not been adorned with the graces of animated description, and original and striking sentiment. The poet's sketches of Spanish and Grecian scenery, and his glimpses of the life and manners of the classic mountaineers, are as true as were ever transferred to canvas; and not less striking are the meditations of the Pilgrim on the particular events which adorned or cursed the soil he trod. Thus, on the field of Albuera, he conjures up a noble image:

Red Battle—The Demon of War.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorheth all it glares upon.
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction covers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most
sweet.

In surveying the ruins of Athens, the spirit of Byron soars to its loftiest flight, picturing its fallen glories, and indulging in the most touching and magnificent strain of his sceptical philosophy.

Ancient Greece.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things
that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of
power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built
on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound:
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling, nations mourned around:
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered
cell.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best ;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light !
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more !
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the
right !

The third canto of *Childe Harold* is more deeply imbued with a love of nature than any of his previous productions. A new power had been imparted to him on the shores of the 'Leman lake.' He had just escaped from the strife of London and his own domestic unhappiness, and his conversations with Shelley might have turned him more strongly to this pure poetical source. The poetry of Wordsworth had also unconsciously lent its influence. An evening scene by the side of the lake is thus exquisitely described :

Lake Leman (Geneva).

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reprov'd,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
moved.

It is the hush of night ; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood : on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill !
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
selves a star.

A forcible contrast to this still scene is then given in a brief description of the same landscape during a thunder-storm :

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night : most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the fourth canto there is a greater throng of images and objects. The poet opens with a sketch of the peculiar beauty and departed greatness of Venice, rising from the sea, 'with her tiara of proud towers' in airy distance. He then resumes his pilgrimage—moralises on the scenes of Petrarch and Tasso, Dante and Boccaccio—and visits the lake of Thrasimene and the temple of Clitumnus.

Temple of Clitumnus.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect and most clear !
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The funny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling
tales.

The Greek statues at Florence are then inimitably described, after which the poet visits Rome, and revels in the ruins of the Palatine and Coliseum, and the glorious remains of ancient art. We give two of these portraitures :

Statue of Apollo.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are expressed

All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

The Gladiator.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He wrecked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

The poem concludes abruptly with an apostrophe to the sea, his 'joy of youthful sports,' and a source of lofty enthusiasm and pleasure in his solitary wanderings on the shores of Italy and Greece.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

An Italian Evening on the Banks of the Brenta.

From *Childe Harold*.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within
it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Midnight Scene in Rome.—From 'Manfred.'

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,

'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome :
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near, from out the Caesars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot. Where the Caesars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
 But the gladiator's bloody circus stands
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old—
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns !

The following extracts are from *Don Juan* :

The Shipwreck.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shewn,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here. . . .

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony. . . .

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view ;
 But he died early ; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said : ' Heaven's will be
 done !
 I can do nothing ; ' and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;

Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed :
 And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth ; but in vain !

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
 And looked upon it long ; and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
 He watched it wistfully, until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Description of Haidee.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair ;
 Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
 In braids behind ; and though her stature were
 Even of the highest for a female mould,
 They nearly reached her heels ; and in her air
 There was a something which bespoke command,
 As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes
 Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
 Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
 Deepest attraction ; for when to the view
 Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
 Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew :
 'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
 And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low ; her cheek's pure dye,
 Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun ;
 Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
 Ever to have seen such ; for she was one
 Fit for the model of a statuary
 (A race of mere impostors when all's done—
 I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

Haidee visits the shipwrecked Don Juan.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
 And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
 While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
 And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
 Taking her for her sister ; just the same
 Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
 Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
 Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
 All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
 That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept :
 And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
 (For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
 And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
 Should reach his blood ; then o'er him, still as death,
 Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn
 breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
 Who die in righteousness, she leaned ; and there
 All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
 As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air :

But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
 Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
 Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
 She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
 And words repeated after her, he took
 A lesson in her tongue ; but by surmise,
 No doubt, less of her language than her look :
 As he who studies fervently the skies,
 Turns oftener to the stars than to his book :
 Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
 From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
 By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
 When both the teacher and the taught are young ;
 As was the case, at least, where I have been ;
 They smile so when one's right, and when one's
 wrong.

They smile still more, and then there intervene
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss ;
 I learned the little that I know by this.

Haidee and Juan at the Feast.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
 On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue ;
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete
 Of the apartment—and appeared quite new ;
 The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
 A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
 Had done their work of splendour ; Indian mats
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
 Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such-like things, that gain
 Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
 To say, by degradation—mingled there
 As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid
 With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
 Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
 Fretted with gold or silver—by command,
 The greater part of these were ready spread
 With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
 Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haidee's :
 She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow ;
 Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow ;
 With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
 All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
 And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
 Like fleecy clouds about the moon flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
 Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
 That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
 The limb which it adorned its only mould ;
 So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
 And clinging as if loath to lose its hold :
 The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
 That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
 A light gold bar above her instep rolled
 Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on her hand ;
 Her hair was starred with gems ; her veil's fine fold
 Below her breast was fastened with a band
 Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;
 Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furled
 About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
 Flowed like an alpine torrent, which the sun
 Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
 Her person if allowed at large to run,
 And still they seemed resentfully to feel
 The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
 Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
 To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life ;
 The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
 They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
 With all we can imagine of the skies,
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
 Too pure even for the purest human ties ;
 Her overpowering presence made you feel
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged—
 It is the country's custom—but in vain ;
 For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
 The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
 And in her native beauty stood avenged :
 Her nails were touched with henna ; but again
 The power of art was turned to nothing, for
 They could not look more rosy than before.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
 But a white baracan, and so transparent
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
 Like small stars through the Milky-way apparent ;
 His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,
 An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in 't
 Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
 Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet ;
 Which made their new establishment complete ;
 The last was of great fame, and liked to shew it :
 His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,
 As the Psalms say, ' inditing a good matter.'

The Death of Haidee.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
 Her human clay is kindled ; full of power
 For good or evil, burning from its birth,
 The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
 And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth :
 Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower ;
 But her large dark eye shewed deep Passion's force,
 Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
 Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
 Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
 Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
 Had held till now her soft and milky way ;
 But, overwrought with passion and despair,
 The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
 Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'er-mastered and cut down ;
 His blood was running on the very floor
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own ;
 Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
 Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan ;
 On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
 Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
 And her head drooped as when the lily lies
 O'rcharged with rain : her summoned handmaids
 bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store :
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still ;
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead :
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope : to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. . . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away ;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day ;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot ;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay ;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be
weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp :
The harper came and tuned his instrument :
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent ;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart
re-sent ;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin, wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love ; the fierce name struck through
all
Her recollection ; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being : in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus ; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed :
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack !

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away ;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair ;
No one is there to shew, no tongue to say
What was ; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at his father's seat, Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, August 4, 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley (who afterwards succeeded to the title

and estate), was a member of the House of Commons. The family was of great antiquity, tracing its descent from one of the followers of William of Normandy. In worldly prospects and distinction the poet therefore surpassed most of his tuneful brethren ; yet this only served to render his unhappy and strange destiny the more conspicuously wretched. When ten years of age, he was put to a public school, Sion House, where he was harshly treated both by his instructors and by tyrannical school-fellows. He was fond of reading, especially wild romances and tales of *diablerie* ; and when very young he wrote two novels, *Zastrozzi*, and *St Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*. From Sion House, Shelley was removed to Eton, where his sensitive spirit was again wounded by ill-usage and by the system of fagging tolerated at Eton. His resistance to all established authority and opinion displayed itself while at school, and in the introduction to his *Revolt of Islam*, he has portrayed his early impressions in some sweet and touching stanzas :

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when
first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth did
pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why : until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas !
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny
ground ;

So, without shame, I spake : ' I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and
bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore ;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind ;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and
more

Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

With these feelings and predilections (exaggerated, however, in expression, as all his personal statements were), Shelley went to Oxford. He studied hard but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. He incessantly speculated, thought, and read, as he himself has stated. At the age of fifteen he wrote two short prose romances. He had also great facility in versification, and threw off various effusions. The 'forbidden mines of lore' which had captivated his boyish mind at Eton were also diligently explored, and he was soon an avowed republican and sceptic. He published a volume of political rhymes, entitled *Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson*, the said Margaret being the unhappy maniac who attempted to stab George

III.; and he issued a syllabus from Hume's *Essays*, at the same time challenging the authorities of Oxford to a public controversy on the subject. Shelley was at this time just seventeen years of age! In conjunction with a fellow-collegian, Mr Hogg, he composed a small treatise, *The Necessity of Atheism*; and the result was that both the heterodox students were, in 1811, expelled from college. They went to London, where Shelley still received support from his family; Mr Hogg removed to York, and nearly half a century afterwards (1858) became the biographer of the early life of his poet-friend. It was the cardinal article of Shelley's faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.' Mrs Shelley conceives that, in the peculiar circumstances, this was not to be wondered at. 'At the age of seventeen, fragile in health, and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen.'

It appears that in his youth Shelley was equally inclined to poetry and metaphysics, and hesitated to which he should devote himself. He ended in uniting them, by no means to the advantage of his poetry. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, *Queen Mab*, written in the rhythm of Southey's *Thalaba*, and abounding in passages of great power and melody. He had been strongly attached to his cousin, an accomplished young lady, Miss Grove, but after his expulsion from college and from home, communication with this lady was prohibited. He then became enamoured of another beauty—a handsome blonde of sixteen, but in social position inferior to himself. This was a Miss Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a person who had kept the Mount Street Coffee-house, London—a place of fashionable resort—and had retired from business with apparently competent means. Mr Westbrook had put his daughter to a boarding-school, at which one of Shelley's sisters was also placed. The result was an elopement after a few weeks' acquaintance, and a marriage in Edinburgh in August 1811. This still further exasperated his friends, and his father cut off his allowance. An uncle, Captain Pilfold, one of Nelson's captains at the Nile and Trafalgar—generously supplied the youthful pair with money, and they lived for some time in Cumberland, where Shelley made the acquaintance of Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Wilson. His literary ambition must have been excited by this intercourse; but he suddenly departed for Dublin, whence he again removed to the Isle of Man, and afterwards to Wales. Two children were born to them. In March 1814, Shelley was married a second time to

Harriet Westbrook, the ceremony taking place in St George's Church, Hanover Square. Unfortunately about this time the poet became enamoured of the daughter of Mr Godwin, a young lady who could 'feel poetry and understand philosophy,' which he thought his wife was incapable of, and Harriet refusing to agree to a separation, Shelley, at the end of July in the same year, left England in the company of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. They made a six weeks' tour on the continent, of which he wrote a journal, and returned to London. It was discovered that, by the provisions of the deed of entail, the fee-simple of the Shelley estate was vested in the poet after his father's death, and he had thus power to raise money. According to his friend, Thomas L. Peacock, Shelley purchased an annuity of £1000 a year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200! The poet now established himself on the banks of the Thames, and there composed his poem, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* (1816), designed, as he states, to represent a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. The mind of his hero, however, becomes awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception; and blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. In this picture, Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled the descriptive passages in *Alastor*. The copious picturesqueness of his language, and the boldness of his imagination, are here strikingly exemplified. Symptoms of pulmonary disease having appeared, Shelley again repaired to the continent, in the summer of 1816, and first met with Lord Byron at the Lake of Geneva. His health being restored, he returned to England, and settled himself at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. His unfortunate wife committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30), the prospect of succession for his children to a large entailed estate having apparently removed his repugnance to matrimony. A new source of obloquy and misery was, however, opened. Shelley claimed his children; their mother's family refused to give them up; they resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) was given against him. The ground of Lord Eldon's judgment was that Shelley had published and maintained, and carried out in practice, the doctrine that marriage was a contract binding only during mutual pleasure, and that such practice was injurious to the best interests of society. In a poetical fragment on the subject, he invokes a curse on the administrator of the law, 'by a parent's outraged love,' and in one exquisite verse—

By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears!

At Marlow, Shelley composed the *Revolt of Islam* (1818), a poem more energetic than *Alastor*, yet containing the same allegorical features and peculiarities of thought and style, and rendered

more tedious by the want of human interest. It is honourable to Shelley that, during his residence at Marlow, he was indefatigable in his attentions to the poor; his widow relates that, in the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. This certainly stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race, though the nature of his philosophy and opinions would have deprived them of the highest of earthly consolations. The poet now prepared to go abroad. A strong sense of injury, and a burning desire to redress what he termed the wrongs of society, rendered him miserable in England, and he hoped also that his health would be improved by a milder climate. Accordingly, on the 12th of March 1818, he quitted this country, never to return. He went direct to Italy. In 1819 appeared *Rosalind and Helen*, and the same year *The Cenci*, a tragedy, dedicated to Mr Leigh Hunt. 'Those writings,' he remarks in the dedication, 'which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' The painting is dark and gloomy; but, in spite of a revolting plot, and the insane, unnatural character of the *Cenci*, Shelley's tragedy is one of the best of modern times. As an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion, it may challenge a comparison with any dramatic work since *Otway*; and it is incomparably the best of the poet's productions. In 1821 was published *Prometheus Unbound*, which he had written while resident in Rome. 'This poem,' he says, 'was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to inspiration, were the inspiration of this drama.' No change of scene, however, could permanently affect the nature of Shelley's speculations, and his *Prometheus* is as mystical and metaphysical and as daringly sceptical as any of his previous works. The cardinal point of his system is described by Mrs Shelley as a belief that man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation; and the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of one warring with the evil principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. His remaining works are *Hellas*; *The Witch of Atlas*; *Adonais*; *Epipsychidion*; and a variety of shorter productions, with scenes translated from Calderon and the *Faust* of Goethe. In Italy, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, who thought his philosophy 'too spiritual and romantic.' He was temperate in his habits,

gentle, affectionate, and generous; so that even those who most deeply deplored or detested his opinions, were charmed with the intellectual purity and benevolence of his life. His favourite amusement was boating and sailing; and whilst returning one day, the 8th of July 1822, from Leghorn—whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy—the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, and a single seaman, went down in the Bay of Spezia, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat-pocket when his body was washed ashore. The remains of the poet were reduced to ashes by fire, and being taken to Rome, were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city. A complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with notes by his widow, was published in four volumes, 1839; and the same accomplished lady gave to the world two volumes of his prose *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments*. Shelley's life was a dream of romance—a tale of mystery and grief. That he was sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions, is now undoubted. He looked upon the world with the eyes of a visionary, bent on unattainable schemes of intellectual excellence and supremacy. His delusion led to misery, and made him, for a time, unjust to others. It alienated him from his family and friends, blasted his prospects in life, and distempered all his views and opinions. It is probable that, had he lived to a riper age, he might have modified some of those extreme speculative and pernicious tenets, and we have no doubt that he would have risen into a purer atmosphere of poetical imagination. The troubled and stormy dawn was fast yielding to the calm noonday brightness. He had worn out some of his fierce antipathies and morbid affections; a happy domestic circle was gathered around him; and the refined simplicity of his tastes and habits, joined to wider and juster views of human life, would imperceptibly have given a new tone to his thoughts and studies. He had a high idea of the art to which he devoted his faculties.

'Poetry,' he says in one of his essays, 'is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that, even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits

of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world ; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world ; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.'

The remote abstract character of Shelley's poetry, and its general want of anything real or tangible, by which the sympathies of the heart are awakened, must always prevent its becoming popular. Even to Charles Lamb it was 'icy cold.' He was a pantheistic dreamer and idealist. Yet the splendour of his lyrical verse—so full, rich, and melodious—and the grandeur of some of his conceptions, stamp him a great poet. His influence on the succession of English poets since his time has been inferior only to that of Wordsworth. Macaulay doubted whether any modern poet possessed in an equal degree the 'highest qualities of the great ancient masters.' His diction is singularly classical and imposing in sound and structure. He was a close student of the Greek and Italian poets. The descriptive passages in *Alastor*, and the river-voyage at the conclusion of the *Revolt of Islam*, are among the most finished of his productions. His better genius leads him to the pure waters and the depth of forest shades, which none of his contemporaries knew so well how to describe. Some of the minor poems—*The Cloud*, *The Skylark*, &c.—are imbued with a fine lyrical and poetic spirit. One striking peculiarity of his style is his constant personification of inanimate objects. In *The Cenci* we have a strong and almost terrible illustration of this feature of his poetry :

I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice ;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall—beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns ; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Flight of the Hours in *Prometheus* is equally vivid, and touched with a wild inimitable grace :

Behold !

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright
locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all
Sweep onward.

These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

Opening of Queen Mab.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue ;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world :
Yet both so passing wonderful !

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul ?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish ?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin ?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralise ?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness ?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile ?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed :
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark ! whence that rushing sound ?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening :
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh ;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep :
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen !
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air ;

Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
 And stop obedient to the reins of light :
 These the queen of spells drew in ;
 She spread a charm around the spot,
 And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
 Long did she gaze, and silently,
 Upon the slumbering maid.

*The Cloud.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
 When the morning-star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings ;
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and upbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
 flowed.

* 'The odes *To the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy.'—*MRS SHELLEY, Pref. to Poet. Works.*

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
 the view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught :
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From 'The Sensitive Plant.'

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
 And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
 It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
 As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
 Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime,
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom,
 Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
 With golden and green light, slanting through
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
 And starry river-buds glimmered by,
 And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
 With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
 Which led through the garden along and across,
 Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
 Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels ;
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers—as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it—

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver ;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower :
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not—the beautiful !

The light winds which, from unstung wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it—consciousness

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant) ;

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Forest Scenery.

From Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.

The noontday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as, led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks ; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union ; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark-blue light of day
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with
jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
Silence and twilight here, twin sisters, keep
Their noontday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above ;
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their cracks ;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light.
The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown ;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion ;
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion !

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned;
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not; and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

On a Faded Violet.

The colour from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me:
 The odour from the flower is flown,
 Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandoned breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?—
 To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark and silent stream,
 The Champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must do on thine,
 O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
 I die, I faint, I fail;
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;
 Oh! press it close to thine again,
 Where it will break at last.

To —.

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1795, in the house of his grandfather, who kept a livery-stable at Moorfields. He received his education at Enfield, and in his fifteenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. Most of his time, however, was devoted to the cultivation of his literary talents, which were early conspicuous. During his apprenticeship, he made and carefully wrote out a literal translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*, but he does not appear to have been familiar with more difficult Latin poetry, nor to have even commenced learning the Greek language (*Lord Houghton*). One of his earliest friends and critics was Mr Leigh Hunt, who, being shewn some of his poetical pieces, was struck, he says, with the exuberant specimens of genuine though young poetry that were laid before him, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. A volume of these juvenile poems was published in 1817. In 1818 Keats published his *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, defective in many parts, but evincing rich though undisciplined powers of imagination. The poem was criticised, in a strain of contemptuous severity, by Mr John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly Review*; and such was the sensitiveness of the young poet—panting for distinction, and flattered by a few private friends—that the critique embittered his existence. 'The first effects,' says Shelley, 'are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun.' The process *had* begun, as was too soon apparent; but the disease was a family one, and would probably have appeared had no hostile criticism existed. Lord Houghton, Keats's biographer, states that the young poet profited by the attacks of the critics, their effect being 'to purify his style, correct his tendency to exaggeration, enlarge his poetical studies, and produce, among other improved efforts, that very *Hyperion* which called forth from Byron a eulogy as violent and unqualified as the former onslaught.' Byron had termed the juvenile poetry of Keats, 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.' Keats's poetry falling into the hands of Jeffrey, he criticised it in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a spirit of kindliness and just appreciation which formed a strong contrast to the criticism in the *Quarterly*. But this genial critique did not appear till 1820, too late to cheer the then dying poet. 'Mr Keats,' says the eloquent critic, 'is, we understand, still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They manifestly require, therefore, all

the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt ; but we think it no less plain that they deserve it ; for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrown with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present. The models upon which he has formed himself in the *Endymion*, the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity ; and, like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights, and sounds, and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium.* The genius of the poet was still further displayed in his latest volume, *Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes, &c.* This volume was well received. The state of the poet's health now became so alarming that, as a last effort for life, he was advised to try the milder climate of Italy. A young friend, Mr Severn, an artist (now British consul at Rome), generously abandoned his professional prospects at home, in order to accompany Keats ; and they sailed in September 1820. The invalid suffered severely during the voyage, and he had to endure a ten days' quarantine at Naples. The thoughts of a young lady to whom he was betrothed, and the too great probability that he would see her no more, added a deeper gloom to his mind, and he seems never to have rallied from this depression. At Rome, Mr Severn watched over him with affectionate care ; Dr Clark also was unremitting in his attendance ; but he daily got worse, and died on the 23d of February 1821. Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. 'It is,' says Lord Houghton, 'a grassy slope amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surmounted by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to Remus, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a Tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers ;" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said : "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Keats had a few days before his death expressed a wish to Mr Severn that on his gravestone should be the inscription : "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Shelley honoured the memory of Keats with his exquisite elegy *Adonais*. Even Byron felt that the young poet's death was a loss to literature. The fragment of *Hyperion*, he said, "seems actually

inspired by the Titans : it is as sublime as *Æschylus*."[†]

It was the misfortune of Keats, as a poet, to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former was owing to the generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed ; the latter, in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and peculiar views of society as well as of poetry. In the one case his *faults*, and in the other his *merits*, were entirely overlooked. A few years dispelled these illusions and prejudices. Keats was a true poet. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and powerful critics, and, above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets—resembling the Milton of *Lycidas*, or the Spenser of the *Tears of the Muses*. What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic expression, for example, are displayed in this picture of Saturn and Thea !

Saturn and Thea.—From '*Hyperion*.'

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair ;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face !

* Byron could not, however, resist the seeming smartness of saying in *Don Juan* that Keats was killed off by one critique :

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article !

Mr Croker, writing to a friend about this 'article,' in a letter which we have seen, said : 'Gifford added some pepper to my grill.' A miserable piece of cookery they made of it ! High as is now the fame of Keats, it is said he died 'admired only by his personal friends and by Shelley ; and even ten years after his death, when the first Memoir was proposed, the woman he had loved had so little belief in his poetic reputation, that she wrote to Mr Dilke : "The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him."—*Papers of a Critic*, vol. i. p. 11.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self !
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone ;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—oh ! how frail,
To that large utterance of the early gods !—
' Saturn, look up ! though wherefore, poor old
king ?

I cannot say, " O wherefore sleepest thou ?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god ;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time ! O moments big as years !
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on ! Oh, thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
Why should I ope my melancholy eyes ?
Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;
So came these words and went.

The antique grace and solemnity of passages like this must be felt by every lover of poetry. The chief defects of Keats are his want of distinctness and precision, and the carelessness of his style. There would seem to have been even affectation in his disregard of order and regularity ; and he heaps up images and conceits in such profusion, that they often form grotesque and absurd combinations, which fatigue the reader. Deep feeling and passion are rarely given to young poets redolent of fancy, and warm from the perusal of the ancient authors. The difficulty with which Keats had mastered the classic mythology gave it an undue importance in his mind : a more perfect knowledge would have harmonised its materials, and shewn him the beauty of chasteness and simplicity of style ; but Mr Leigh Hunt is right in his opinion that the poems of Keats, with all their defects, will be the 'sure companions in field and grove' of those who love to escape 'out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of solitude and imagination.'

One line in *Endymion* has become familiar as a 'household word' wherever the English language is spoken—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The Lady Madeline at her Devotions.

From the *Eve of St Agnes.*

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings ;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint :
She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven ; Porphyro grew faint :
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Hymn to Pan.—From 'Endymion.'

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;
And through whose solemn hours dost sit, and
hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan !

O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms : O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage ; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and popped corn ;
The chuckling linnets its five young unborn,
To sing for thee ; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness ; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completion—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine !

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service ; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit ;
Or upward ragged precipices flit

To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw ;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
 And gather up all fanciful shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping ;
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the crown
 With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king !

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating : winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
 Anger our huntsmen : breather round our farms,
 To keep off mildews and all weather harms :
 Strange ministrant of undescrib'd sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
 And wither drearily on barren moors :
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their vows,
 With leaves about their brows !

Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
 That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :
 Be still a symbol of immensity ;
 A firmament reflected in a sea ;
 An element filling the space between ;
 An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
 Upon thy Mount Lycean !

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Yet the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream,
 Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley's glades :
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

Sonnets.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdom seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On England.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own ;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent ;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
Enough their simple loveliness for me ;
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging :
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about their summer waters.

DR REGINALD HEBER.

DR REGINALD HEBER, bishop of Calcutta, was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas in Cheshire, where his father had a living. In his seventeenth year he was admitted of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1802 he obtained the university prize for Latin hexameters, his subject being the *Carmen Seculare*. Applying himself to English verse, Heber, in 1803, composed his poem of *Palestine*, which has been considered the best prize-poem the university has ever produced. Parts of it were set to music ; and it had an extensive sale. Previous to its recitation in the theatre of the university, the young author read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford ; and Scott observed, that in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him—namely, that no tools were used in its construction.

Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines :

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung ;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence !

His picture of Palestine, in its now fallen and desolate state, is pathetic and beautiful :

Palestine.

Rest of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen ! forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait ;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

He has also given a striking sketch of the Druses, the hardy mountain race descended from the Crusaders :

The Druses.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats their warrior Druses hold ;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion-courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What though no more for you the obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber-rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows :
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire ;
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb ;
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

In 1805 Heber took his degree of B.A., and the same year gained the prize for the English essay. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College, and soon after went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. On his return he took his degree of A.M. at Oxford. He appeared again as a poet in 1809, his subject being *Europe, or Lines on the Present War*. The struggle in Spain formed the predominating theme

of Heber's poem. He was now presented to the living of Hodnet; and at the same time he married Amelia, daughter of Dr Shipley, dean of St Asaph. The duties of a parish pastor were discharged by Heber with unostentatious fidelity and application. He also applied his vigorous intellect to the study of divinity, and in 1815 preached the Bampton Lecture, the subject selected by him for a course of sermons being the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*; and in 1822 he wrote a copious life of Jeremy Taylor, and a review of his writings, for a complete edition of Taylor's works. Contrary to the advice of prudent friends, he accepted, in 1823, the difficult task of bishop of Calcutta, and no man could have entered on his mission with a more Christian or apostolic spirit. His whole energies appear to have been devoted to the propagation of Christianity in the East. In 1826 the bishop made a journey to Travancore, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Doran, of the Church Missionary Society. On the 1st of April he arrived at Trichinopoly, and had twice service on the day following. He went the next day, Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, to see the native Christians in the fort, and attend divine service. He then returned to the house of a friend, and went into the bath preparatory to his dressing for breakfast. His servant, conceiving he remained too long, entered the room, and found the bishop dead at the bottom of the bath. Medical assistance was applied, but every effort proved ineffectual; death had been caused by apoplexy. The loss of so valuable a public man, equally beloved and venerated, was mourned by all classes, and every honour was paid to his memory. At the time of his death he was only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India. The widow of Dr Heber published a Memoir of his Life, with selections from his letters; and also a Narrative of his Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay.

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

From Bishop Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward stilly;
O'er broad Hindostan's lampy meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

CHARLES WOLFE.

The REV. CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823), a native of Dublin, may be said to have earned a literary immortality by one short poem. Reading in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* a description of the death and interment of Sir John Moore on the battle-field of Corunna, this amiable young poet turned it into verse with such taste, pathos, and even sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in our literature. The subject was attractive—the death of a brave and popular general on the field of battle, and his burial by his companions-in-arms—and the poet himself dying when young, beloved and lamented by his friends, gave additional interest to the production. The ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and was ascribed to various authors; Shelley considering it not unlike a first draught by Campbell. In 1841 it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who ungenerously and dishonestly sought to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner. The friends of Wolfe came forward, and established his right

beyond any further question or controversy ; and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture, at the same time expressing his contrition for his misconduct. Wolfe was a curate in the established church, and died of consumption. His literary remains have been published, with a memoir of his life by Archdeacon Russell.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

The passage in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (1808) on which Wolfe founded his ode was written by Southey, and is as follows : ' Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The internment was hastened ; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave ; the funeral-service was read by the chaplain ; and the corpse was covered with earth.' In 1817 Wolfe took orders, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His incessant attention to his duties, in a wild and scattered parish, not only quenched his poetical enthusiasm, but hurried him to an untimely grave.

Song.

The following pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air *Gram-machree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the song.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

THE DIBDINS—JOHN COLLINS.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745–1814) was celebrated as a writer of naval songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles,' and he was also an actor and dramatist. His sea-songs are said to exceed a thousand in number ! His sons, Charles and Thomas, were also dramatists and song-writers, but inferior to the elder Dibdin. THOMAS DIBDIN (1771–1841) published his *Reminiscences*, containing curious details of theatrical affairs. We subjoin two of the sea-songs of the elder Charles Dibdin :

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
 tight,
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud :
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback ;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow :
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

We may add here an English song as truly
 different as any of Dibdin's, though of a totally
 different character. It was written by JOHN
 COLLINS, of whom we can learn nothing except
 that he was one of the proprietors of the *Birming-
 ham Daily Chronicle*, and died in 1808. It seems
 to have been suggested by Dr Walter Pope's song
 of *The Old Man's Wish* (see vol. i. p. 311).

In the Downhill of Life.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
 too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail :
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be
 completely
 Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
 Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
 hovering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
 As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERBERT KNOWLES, a native of Canterbury
 (1798-1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen,
 the following fine religious stanzas, which, being
 published in an article by Southey in the *Quarterly
 Review*, soon obtained general circulation and
 celebrity : they have much of the steady faith and
 devotional earnestness of Cowper.

Lines written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Lord, it is good for us to be here : if thou wilt. let us make here
 three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for
 Elias.—*Matthew*, xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah no !
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah no ! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before ;
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud ?
 Alas, they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the
 shroud.

To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain ;
 Who hid, in their turns have been hid ;
 The treasures are squandered again ;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid
 But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
 Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
 Ah no ! they have withered and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above.
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve ;
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which Compassion itself could relieve.
 Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear ;
 Peace ! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
 Ah no ! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow !
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled ;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the
 skies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

In 1827 appeared a religious poem in blank verse, entitled *The Course of Time*, by ROBERT POLLOK, which speedily rose to great popularity, especially among the more serious and dissenting classes in Scotland. The author was a young licentiate of the Scottish Secession Church. Many who scarcely ever looked into modern poetry were tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theological tenets, set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description ; while to the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem had force and originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. *The Course of Time* is a long poem, extending to ten books, written in a style that sometimes imitates the lofty march of Milton, and at other times resembles that of Blair and Young. The object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man ; and he varies his religious speculations with episodical pictures and narratives, to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of the old Scottish theologians. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages and images that are scattered throughout the work. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok wanted his taste. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius ; for certainly the design of such an extensive poem, and the possession of a poetical diction copious and energetic, by a young man reared in circumstances by no means favourable for the cultivation of a literary taste, indicate remarkable intellectual power and force of character. 'The *Course of Time*,' said Professor Wilson, 'though not a poem, overflows with poetry.' Hard as was the lot of the young poet in early life, he reverts to that period with poetic rapture :

Wake, dear remembrances ! wake, childhood-days !
 Loves, friendships, wake ! and wake, thou morn and
 even !
 Sun, with thy orient locks, night, moon, and stars !
 And thou, celestial bow, and all ye woods,
 And hills and vales, first trode in dawning life,
 And hours of holy musing, wake !

Robert Pollok was destined, like Henry Kirke White, to an early grave. He was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, and after the usual instruction in country schools, was sent to the university of Glasgow. He studied five years in the divinity hall under Dr Dick. Some time after leaving

college, he wrote a series of *Tales of the Covenanters*, in prose, which were published anonymously. His application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he had received his license to preach, in the spring of 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. This tendency was further confirmed by the composition of his poem. Removal to the south-west of England was pronounced necessary for the poet's pulmonary complaint, and he went to reside at Shirley Common, near Southampton. The milder air of this place effected no improvement, and after lingering on a few weeks, Pollok died on the 17th of September 1827. The same year had witnessed his advent as a preacher and a poet, and his untimely death. *The Course of Time*, however, continued to be a popular poem, and has gone through a vast number of editions, both in this country and in America, while the interest of the public in its author has led to a memoir of his life, published in 1843. Pollok was interred in the churchyard at Millbrook, the parish in which Shirley Common is situated, and some of his admirers have erected an obelisk of granite to point out the poet's grave.

Love.—From Book V.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss !
 The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
 The silken down of happiness complete !
 Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
 She gathered and selected with her hand,
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
 All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul :
 And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
 But who would that expound, which words transcends,
 Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
 Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
 The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;
 And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
 In silent contemplation to adore
 Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
 With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
 Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
 From out her western hermitage, and smiled ;
 And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
 With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
 As if she saw some wonder working there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
 When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
 Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
 A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
 Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
 This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
 Of love, before his country's voice had called
 The ardent youth to fields of honour far
 Beyond the wave : and hither now repaired,
 Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
 Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
 'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
 In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
 And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
 One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
 Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,

As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr's sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face ;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly ; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased ; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him !
Nor did he not ; for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the
thought !

But sweeter still the kind remembrance came
That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving, blessed the holy joy !

Friendship.—From the same.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear ;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain ;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day ; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear ;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;
My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire !
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven !
These I remember, these selectest men,
And would their names record ; but what avails
My mention of their name ? Before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—

For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends ;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still ;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large.
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops ; whose garments were the
clouds ;
Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps, the moon and
stars ;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;
Whose banquets, morning dews ; whose heroes, storms ;
Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers, flowers ;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills ;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue ;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.

Happiness.—From the same.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves ; dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask ; her nature makes it vain ;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with a love-sick oaten reed ;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all ! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure ? in gales,
However sweet ? in wells, however clear ?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade ?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair ;
How fair at morn and even ! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss ;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared : Who finds it, let him find it there ;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain ; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left ;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish ;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

But these apart. In sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn ! Nor yet for nought the joy.

A being of eternal date commenced,
 A young immortal then was born! And who
 Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
 Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
 Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
 The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
 Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
 All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
 To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
 And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!

Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
 Which those who never tasted always mourned.
 What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'er-
 flowed

The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
 The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
 As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
 That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
 Than every ornament of costliest hue!
 And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
 With all her playful band of little ones,
 Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
 Walking in matron majesty and grace?
 All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
 Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
 Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
 My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
 And led them by their little hands a-field,
 And watched them run and crop the tempting flower—
 Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
 With smiling face, that waited for a look
 Of praise—and answered curious questions, put
 In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
 And heard their observations strange and new;
 And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
 Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
 And still I looked upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
 And fairest imagery around me thronged;
 Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
 Roses that bathe about the well of life,
 Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's
 cheek,

Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
 As made entire of beams of angel's eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
 Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
 Happy all day, and happy all the night!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of deservedly high reputation, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst propagating Christianity in the island of Tobago. The poet was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, but declined being a priest, and was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield, near Fulneck. In his sixteenth year, with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, he ran off from Mirfield, and after some suffering, became a shop-boy in the village of Wath, in Yorkshire. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed in his efforts to obtain a publisher. In 1791, he obtained a situation as clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield; and his master failing, Montgomery, with the aid of friends, established the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly journal, which he conducted with marked ability, and in a liberal, conciliatory spirit, up to the year 1825. His course did not always

run smooth. In January 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastille in 1789; which was then interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and to pay a fine of £20. In January 1795 he was tried for a second imputed political offence—a paragraph in his paper which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield. He was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. 'All the persons,' says the amiable poet, writing in 1840, 'who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and, without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of goodwill, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers.'

Mr Montgomery's first volume of poetry—he had previously written occasional pieces in his newspaper—appeared in 1806, and was entitled *The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems*. It speedily went through two editions; and his publishers had just issued a third, when the *Edinburgh Review* of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive.' The critique, indeed, was insolent and unfeeling—written in the worst style of the *Review*, when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked. Among other things, the reviewer predicted that in less than three years nobody would know the name of *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, or of any other of the poems in the collection. Within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a fourth impression—1500 copies—of the condemned volume was passing through the press when the *Edinburgh Review* itself was issued, and it has now reached nearly twenty editions. The next work of the poet was *The West Indies*, a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. The poem is in the heroic couplet, and possesses a vigour and freedom of description, and a power of pathetic painting, much superior to anything in the first volume. Mr Montgomery afterwards published *Prison Amusements*, written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle in 1794 and 1795. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, *The World before the Flood*, a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the

loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling. Connected with some patriotic individuals in his own neighbourhood 'in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad,' our author next published *Thoughts on Wheels* (1817), directed against state lotteries; and *The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*, published about the same time, in a work written by different authors, to aid in effecting the abolition, at length happily accomplished, of the cruel and unnatural practice of employing boys in sweeping chimneys. In 1819 he published *Greenland*, a poem in five cantos, containing a sketch of the ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733. The poem, as published, is only a part of the author's original plan, but the beauty of its polar descriptions and episodes recommended it to public favour. The only other long poem by Mr Montgomery is *The Pelican Island*, suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine short cantos, and the narrative is supposed to be delivered by an imaginary being who witnesses the series of events related, after the whole has happened. The poem abounds in minute and delicate description of natural phenomena—has great felicity of diction and expression—and altogether possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works.

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr Montgomery threw off a number of small effusions, published in different periodicals, and short translations from Dante and Petrarch. On his retirement in 1825 from the 'invidious station' of newspaper editor, which he had maintained for more than thirty years, through good report and evil report, his friends and neighbours of Sheffield, of every shade of political and religious distinction, invited him to a public entertainment, at which the late Earl Fitzwilliam presided. There the happy and grateful poet 'ran through the story of his life even from his boyish days,' when he came amongst them, friendless and a stranger, from his retirement at Fulneck among the Moravian brethren, by whom he was educated in all but knowledge of the world. He spoke with pardonable pride of the success which had crowned his labours as an author. 'Not, indeed,' he said, 'with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost.' In 1830 and 1831 Mr Montgomery was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. A pension of £200 per annum was, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, conferred upon Mr Montgomery, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854, at the ripe

age of eighty-three. A collected edition of his works, with autobiographical and illustrative matter, was issued in 1841 in four volumes, and *Memoirs of his Life and Writings* have been published by two of his friends, John Holland and James Everett. A tone of generous and enlightened morality pervades all the writings of this poet. He was the enemy of the slave-trade and of every form of oppression, and the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement. The pious and devotional feelings displayed in his early effusions colour all his poetry. In description, however, he is not less happy: and in his *Greenland* and *Pelican Island* there are passages of great beauty, evincing a refined taste and judgment in the selection of his materials. His late works had more vigour and variety than those by which he first became distinguished. Indeed, his fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he shewed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that his depth and sincerity of feeling, the simplicity of his taste, and the picturesque beauty of his language, were not restricted to purely spiritual themes. His smaller poems enjoy a popularity almost equal to those of Moore, which, though differing widely in subject, they resemble in their musical flow, and their compendious happy expression and imagery.

Greenland.

'Tis sunset; to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unrolled
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening-star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,¹
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face;

¹ The term ice-blink is generally applied by mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice-mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.—MONTGOMERY.

The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
 Like signal-fires on its illumined crest ;
 The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
 And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
 Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
 To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
 Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
 Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
 From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
 Its turrets heighten and its piers expand. . .

Hark ! through the calm and silence of the scene,
 Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
 Celestial music swells along the air !
 No ! 'tis the evening-hymn of praise and prayer
 From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
 Three humble voyagers,¹ with looks inspired,
 And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
 Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
 Devoutly stand : their choral accents rise
 On wings of harmony beyond the skies ;
 And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
 Day without night, to their immortal king,
 These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
 Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills,
 Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known
 In heaven ; and He who sits upon the throne
 In human form, with mediatorial power,
 Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
 When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
 The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
 And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
 Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
 Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
 Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest
 shades,

Is there a group more lovely than those three
 Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea ?
 Or to his ear, that gathers, in one sound,
 The voices of adoring worlds around,
 Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
 Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
 Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
 Secure as leaning on their Master's breast ?

They sleep ; but memory wakes ; and dreams array
 Night in a lively masquerade of day ;
 The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
 Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind ;
 One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
 That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye :
 The other opens, with prophetic view,
 Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
 (Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
 Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil) ;
 Strange scenes, strange men ; untold, untried distress ;
 Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
 Diseases ; death in every hideous form,
 On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm ;
 Wild beasts, and wilder men—unmoved with fear,
 Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
 May they but hope a Saviour's love to shew,
 And warn one spirit from eternal woe :
 Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
 Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'Tis morn : the bathing moon her lustre shrouds ;
 Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds
 That spans the ocean ; while the infant dawn
 Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
 That ruffled by an April gale appears,
 Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
 Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
 Hangs in low vapours over the autumnal plain :
 Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
 Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood ;
 But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
 The lambent billows play in forms of fire.

Where is the vessel ? Shining through the light,
 Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
 Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
 Through reffluent foam and iridescent spray.

Night.

Night is the time for rest ;
 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Blend in fantastic strife ;
 Ah ! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,
 But perished young like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
 On ocean's dark expanse
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance,
 That brings into the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care
 Brooding on hours misspent,
 To see the spectre of despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
 Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
 Of yonder starry pole,
 Discerns beyond the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away ;
 So will his followers do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease :
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends—such death be mine !

The Pelican Island.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
 Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
 Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled ;
 Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,

¹ The first Christian missionaries to Greenland.

And moved at will along the yielding water.
 The native pilot of this little bark
 Put out a tier of oars on either side,
 Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
 And mounted up and glided down the billow
 In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
 And wander in the luxury of light.
 Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
 To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
 My fellow-being, like myself alive.
 Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
 I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
 Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing ;
 While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
 Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
 A joyous creature vaulted through the air—
 The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
 On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
 Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
 Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
 Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
 Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
 A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
 Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
 The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
 In that resplendent vision I had seen.
 While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
 With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
 As though the conscious colours came and went
 At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes—
 Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
 Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
 Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
 In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

The Recluse.

A fountain issuing into light
 Before a marble palace, threw
 To heaven its column, pure and bright,
 Returning thence in showers of dew ;
 But soon a humbler course it took,
 And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
 Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
 Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
 Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed ;
 The weary there lay down to rest,
 And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
 The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
 And from the sky such colours catch
 As if 'twere raining diadems ;
 Yet all was cold and curious art,
 That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
 Whose unimprisoned waters run,
 Wild as the changes of a dream,
 By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;
 Its lovely links had power to bind
 In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
 By happy portraiture revealed,
 Of one adorned with every grace,
 Her name and date from me concealed,
 But not her story ; she had been
 The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
 And frolicked in the gayest ring,
 Where fashion's high-born minions sport
 Like sparkling fireflies on the wing ;
 But thence, when love had touched her soul,
 To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
 'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
 She treads the paths of lowly life,
 Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
 No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
 But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story ;
 Happy, when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls !

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge ;
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
 Win from school and college ;
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, will we press
 Through the path of duty ;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty.
 Minds are of supernal birth,
 Let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, then we knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather ;
 Oh, they wander wide who roam,
 For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
 Draw our souls in union,
 To our Father's house above,
 To the saints' communion ;
 Thither every hope ascend,
 There may all our labours end.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man : and who was he ?
 Mortal ! how'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown :
 His name has perished from the earth,
 This truth survives alone :

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
 His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear !
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
 Oh, she was fair ! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man !

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays !'

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

The HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1770–1834) published occasional poems of that description named *vers de société*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the *Rejected Addresses*. As a companion, Mr Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis ; but, if we may credit an anecdote told by Rogers, he must have been heartless and artificial. Moore wished that Spencer should bail him when he was in custody after the affair of the duel with Jeffrey. 'Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not well go out, for it was *already twelve o'clock*, and he had to be dressed *by four*.' Spencer, falling into pecuniary difficulties, removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Mr Spencer translated the *Leonora* of Bürger with great success, and in a vein of similar excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, marked by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin :

Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer :
'Come, Gêlert, come, never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound ! my child 's by thee devoured,'
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer awakened nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
' Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved ;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of ' Gêlert's Grave.'

To —.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime ;
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass !

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftmess brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings !

Stanzas.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead :

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys ;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long-departed joys !

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died ;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh ?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love !
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove !

These last two verses, Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary, terming them 'fine lines,' and expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

Another man of wit and fashion, and a pleasing versifier, was HENRY LUTTRELL (1770-1851), author of *Advice to Julia: a Letter in Rhyme*, 1820, and *Crockford House*, 1827. Mr Luttrell was a favourite in the circle of Holland House : 'none of the talkers whom I meet in London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does.' The writings of these witty and celebrated conversationists seldom do justice to their talents, but there are happy descriptive passages and touches of light satire in Luttrell's verses. Rogers used to quote an epigram made by his friend on the celebrated vocalist, Miss Tree :

On this tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
The tree will return her as good as she brings.

Luttrell sat in the Irish parliament before the Union. He is said to have been a natural son of Lord Carhampton. The following are extracts from the *Advice to Julia* :

London in Autumn.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat.
As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.

For short-lived green, a russet brown
 Stains every withering shrub in town
 Darkening the air, in clouds arise
 Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies ;
 At rest, in motion—forced to roam
 Abroad, or to remain at home,
 Nature proclaims one common lot
 For all conditions—' Be ye hot !'
 Day is intolerable—Night
 As close and suffocating quite ;
 And still the mercury mounts higher,
 Till London seems *again* on fire.

The November Fog of London.

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
 It rises of an ashy gray ;
 Then deepening with a sordid stain
 Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
 Vapour importunate and dense,
 It wars at once with every sense.
 The ears escape not. All around
 Returns a dull un wonted sound.
 Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
 The chilled and puzzled passenger,
 Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
 To feel his way along the rails ;
 Or at the crossings, in the roll
 Of every carriage dreads the pole.
 Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
 Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
 But soon a thicker, darker cloak
 Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
 Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
 From all her furnaces and forges
 In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
 Descends rejected from the skies ;
 Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
 At noon gives place to candle-light.
 O Chemistry, attractive maid,
 Descend, in pity, to our aid :
 Come with thy all-pervading gases,
 Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
 Thy fearful energies and wonders,
 Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders ;
 Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
 Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
 And Wollaston and Davy guide
 The car that bears thee, at thy side.
 If any power can, any how,
 Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou ;
 And see, to aid thee, in the blow,
 The bill of Michael Angelo ;
 Oh join—success a thing of course is—
 Thy heavenly to his mortal forces ;
 Make all chimneys chew the cud
 Like hungry cows, as chimneys should !
 And since 'tis only smoke we draw
 Within our lungs at common law,
 Into their thirsty tubes be sent
 Fresh air, by act of parliament.

HENRY GALLY KNIGHT.

Some Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron were written by an accomplished man of fortune, MR HENRY GALLY KNIGHT (1786–1846). The first of these, *Ilderim*, a *Syrian Tale*, was published in 1816. This was followed by *Phrosyne*, a *Grecian Tale*, and *Alashtar*, an *Arabian Tale*, 1817. Mr Knight also wrote a dramatic poem, *Hannibal in Bithynia*. Though evincing poetical taste and correctness in the delineation of Eastern manners—for Mr Knight had travelled—these poems failed in exciting attention ; and their

author turned to the study of our mediæval architecture. His *Architectural Tour in Normandy*, and *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century*—the latter a splendidly illustrated work—are valuable additions to this branch of our historical literature.

SAYERS—HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Several other minor poets of considerable merit at the beginning of this period, were read and admired by poetical students and critics, who have affectionately preserved their names, though the works they praised are now forgotten. DR FRANK SAYERS of Norwich (1763–1817) has been specially commemorated by Southey, though even in 1826 the laureate admitted that Sayers was 'out of date.' The works of this amiable physician consisted of *Dramatic Sketches of the Ancient Northern Mythology*, 1790 ; *Disquisitions, Metaphysical and Literary*, 1793 ; *Nugæ Poeticæ*, 1803 ; *Miscellanies*, 1805 ; &c. The works of Sayers were collected and republished, with an account of his life, by William Taylor of Norwich, in 1823.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827) was very early in life introduced to public notice by Dr Kippis, who recommended her first work, *Edwin and Elfrida* (1782). She went to reside in France, imbibed republican opinions, and was near suffering with the Girondists during the tyranny of Robespierre. She was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, author of *Letters from France*, *Travels in Switzerland*, *Narrative of Events in France*, *Correspondence of Louis XVI.*, with *Observations*, &c. In 1823 she collected and republished her poems. To one of the pieces in this edition she subjoins the following note : ' I commence the sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason : it is that of Mr Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.'

Sonnet to Hope.

Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love !
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart ;
 Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
 That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
 Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye,
 Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die ;
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, a poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive, not the *intense* school, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father was a West Indian ; but being in Pennsylvania at the time of the American war, he espoused the British interest with so much warmth, that he had to leave the new world and seek a subsistence in the old. He took orders in the Church of England, and was

some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—who was named after his father's pupil, Mr Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he continued till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805, Mr Hunt's brother set up a paper called *The News*, and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards, they established, in joint-partnership, *The Examiner*, a weekly journal conducted with distinguished ability. The poet was more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations; but unfortunately, he ventured some strictures on the prince-regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The poet's captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore being of the number—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study: 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,

A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.

My little garden,

To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the

flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.*

This is so interesting a little picture, and so fine an example of making the most of adverse circumstances, that it should not be omitted in any life of Hunt. The poet, however, was not so well fitted to battle with the world, and apply himself steadily to worldly business, as he was to dress his garden and nurse his poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. On leaving prison, he published his *Story of Rimini*, an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines and passages. The poet subsequently altered *Rimini* considerably, but without improving it. He set up a small weekly paper, *The Indicator*, on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, *Foliage*, and *The Feast of the Poets*. In 1822, Mr Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish *The Liberal*, a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connection was productive of mutual disappointment and disgust. *The Liberal* did not sell; Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that the noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Still more unfortunate was it that Hunt should afterwards have written the work, *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828), in which his disappointed feelings found vent, and their expression was construed into ingratitude. His life was spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and poetical temperament. In 1835, he produced *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*—a poetical denunciation of war. In 1840, he greeted the birth of the Princess-royal with a copy of verses, from which we extract some pleasing lines:

Behold where thou dost lie,
 Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
 Nought of all the news we sing
 Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
 Nought of planet's love nor people's;
 Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
 Carolling of thee and thine,
 As if heaven had rained them wine;
 Nor dost care for all the pains
 Of ushers and of chamberlains,
 Nor the doctor's learned looks,
 Nor the very bishop's books,
 Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
 No, nor for thy rank a pin.
 E'en thy father's loving hand
 Nowise dost thou understand,
 When he makes thee feebly grasp
 His finger with a tiny clasp;
 Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
 Balmy bosom from another's,
 Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
 Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
 Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
 Never can enough behold thee!

In the same year Hunt brought out a drama,

* *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*.

A Legend of Florence, and in 1842 a narrative poem, *The Palfrey*. His poetry, generally, is marked by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy, and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner fixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies had lain chiefly in the elder writers, and he imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccio, and the gay Italian authors, appear also to have been among his favourites. His prose essays have been collected and published under the title of *The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside*. They are deservedly popular—full of literary anecdote, poetical feeling, and fine sketches both of town and country life. Other prose works were published by Hunt, including *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel (1844); *The Town* (1848); *Autobiography and Reminiscences* (1850); *The Religion of the Heart* (1853); *Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar* (1855); *The Old Court Suburb* (1855); with several volumes of selections, sketches, and critical comments. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities—though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life—impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. In 1847, the crown bestowed a pension of £200 a year on the veteran poet. He died August 28, 1859. His son, Thornton Hunt, published a selection from his *Correspondence* (1862).

May Morning at Ravenna.—From 'Rimini.'

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

Description of a Fountain.—From 'Rimini.'

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

Funeral of the Lovers in 'Rimini.'

The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who, from reverence, kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horseman or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper-hour; and then, 'twas said,
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and, as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.

But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching, slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.

They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night, those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave, under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

To T. L. H., Six Years Old, during a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father, too ;
 My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand-in-hand companion—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say ' He has departed '—
 ' His voice '—' his face '—' is gone ; '
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on ;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep insure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile :
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of seraphim,
 Who say, ' We've finished here.'

Dirge.

Blest is the turf, serenely blest,
 Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
 Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
 Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
 A little sod, a few sad flowers,
 A tear for long-departed hours,
 Is all that feeling hearts request
 To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
 There shall no vain ambition come
 To lure them from their quiet home ;
 Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
 The meek imploring eye to heaven ;
 Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
 His wrinkles on the slumberer's head ;
 And never, never love repair
 To breathe his idle whispers there !

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are
 strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase !—
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said :
 ' What writest thou ? ' The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered : ' The names of those who love the Lord.'

' And is mine one ? ' said Abou. ' Nay, not so,'
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still ; and said : ' I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And shewed the names whom love of God had blest,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The above striking little narrative poem is taken from the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot.

JOHN CLARE.

JOHN CLARE, one of the most truly uneducated of English poets, and one of the best of our rural describers, was born at Helpstone, a village near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were peasants—his father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a plough-boy ; from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen years of age he met with Thomson's *Seasons*, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. At day-break on a spring morning, he walked to the town of Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait some time till the shops were opened. This is a fine trait of boyish enthusiasm, and of the struggles of youthful genius. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the *Morning Walk*. This was soon followed by the *Evening Walk*, and some other pieces. A benevolent exciseman instructed the young poet in writing and arithmetic, and he continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, he resolved on risking the publication of a volume. By hard working day and night, he got a pound saved, that he might have a prospectus printed. This was accordingly done, and a *Collection of Original Trifles* was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. ' I distributed my papers,' he says ; ' but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Only seven subscribers came forward ! One of these prospectuses, however, led to an acquaintance with Mr Edward Drury, bookseller, Stamford, and through this gentleman the poems were published by Messrs Taylor and Hessey, London, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January 1820, with an interesting well-written introduction, and bearing the title, *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant*. The attention of the public was instantly awakened to the circumstances and the merits of Clare. The magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour. In a short time he was in possession of a little fortune. The late Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock ; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life ; the Earl of Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various contributions were received from other noblemen and gentlemen,

so that the poet had a permanent allowance of £30 per annum. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' 'the rosebud in humble life,' the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now rewarded and successful genius—Clare basked in the sunshine of a poetical felicity. The writer of this recollects with melancholy pleasure paying a visit to the poet at this genial season in company with one of his publishers. The humble dwelling wore an air of comfort and contented happiness. Shelves were fitted up filled with books, most of which had been sent as presents. Clare read and liked them all! He took us to see his favourite scene, the haunt of his inspiration. It was a low fall of swampy ground, used as a pasture, and bounded by a dull rushy brook, overhung with willows. Yet here Clare strayed and mused delighted.

Flow on, thou gently plashing stream,
O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy bank I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.

In 1821 Clare came forward again as a poet. His second publication was entitled *The Village Minstrel and other Poems*, in two volumes. The first of these pieces is in the Spenserian stanza, and describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams

Far in the shade where poverty retires.'

The descriptions of scenery, as well as the expression of natural emotion and generous sentiment in this poem, exalted the reputation of Clare as a true poet. He afterwards contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals, marked by a more choice and refined diction. The poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties, sank into nervous despondency and despair. He was placed an inmate in Dr Allen's private lunatic asylum in the centre of Epping Forest, where he remained for about four years. He then effected his escape, but shortly afterwards was taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, where he had to drag on a miserable existence of twenty more years. He died May 20, 1864. So sad a termination of his poetical career it is painful to contemplate. Amidst the native wild-flowers of his song we looked not for the 'deadly nightshade'—and, though the examples of Burns, of Chatterton, and Bloomfield, were better fitted to inspire fear than hope, there was in Clare a naturally lively and cheerful temperament, and an apparent absence of strong and dangerous passions, that promised, as in the case of Allan Ramsay, a life of humble yet prosperous contentment and happiness. Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country-life. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His fancy was

buoyant in the midst of labour and hardship; and his imagery, drawn directly from nature, is various and original. Careful finishing could not be expected from the rustic poet, yet there is often a fineness of delicacy and beauty in his pieces. In grouping and forming his pictures, he has recourse to new and original expressions—as for example:

Brisk winds the lightened branches shake
By pattering, plashing drops confessed;
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,
Paint *crimping dimples* on its breast.

One of his sonnets is singularly rich in this vivid word-painting:

Sonnet to the Glow-worm.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree.
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistening in the dew-drop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

The delicacy of some of his sentimental verses, mixed up in careless profusion with others less correct or pleasing, may be seen from the following part of a ballad, *The Fate of Amy*:

The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloomed
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath the sickly gale.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought,
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
 A thing to be desired it cannot be;
 Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
 Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
 'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
 To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
 That happiness vain man's denied to know,
 Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
 Or list the giggling of the brook;
 Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
 Peruse and pause on nature's book;

When nature every sweet prepares
 To entertain our wished delay—
 The images which morning wears,
 The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
 Where glittering dew the ground illumines,
 As sprinkled o'er the withering willows
 Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
 And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
 Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
 A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
 To see how sweet thy summons seems;
 Split by the willow's wavy gray,
 And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
 Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
 Its silk thread glittering in the sun
 Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
 'Neath their morning burden lean,
 While its crop my searches shields,
 Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
 Watching tiny nameless things
 Climb the grass's spiry tops
 Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
 From the ignorant and vain
 Fearful genius takes her flight,
 Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose—A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
 Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
 The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
 Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
 How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
 How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
 Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
 And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
 The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
 Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
 While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
 To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
 O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
 The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest—A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
 That overhung a molehill, large and round,
 I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
 Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound

With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
 I watched her secret toils from day to day;
 How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
 And modelled it within with wood and clay.
 And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
 There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
 Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
 And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
 A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
 Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.*

First-love's Recollections.

First-love will with the heart remain
 When its hopes are all gone by;
 As frail rose-blossoms still retain
 Their fragrance when they die:
 And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
 With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
 As summer leaves the stems behind
 On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
 I've lost that right so long;
 Yet once again I vex thine ear
 With memory's idle song.
 I felt a pride to name thy name,
 But now that pride hath flown,
 And burning blushes speak my shame,
 That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
 Had we two used to be;
 At sunset, with what eager feet
 I hastened unto thee!
 Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
 In spring, nay, wintry weather;
 Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
 Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
 Thyself so often nigh,
 A moment's memory when alone,
 Would bring thee in mine eye;
 But now my very dreams forget
 That witching look to trace;
 Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
 It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
 And heard thee feign adieu,
 I little thought that seeming jest
 Would prove a word so true!
 A fate like this hath oft befell
 Even loftier hopes than ours;
 Spring bids full many buds to swell,
 That ne'er can grow to flowers.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
 The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
 That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
 While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
 Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
 The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
 Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
 The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;

* Montgomery says quaintly but truly of this sonnet: 'Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

No more difficult
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other.'

And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
 He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell :
 Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
 And joys delight him which he cannot name ;
 Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
 For which his language can no utterance find ;
 Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
 Unfold new charms, and witness more delight ;
 So while the present please, the past decay,
 And in each other, losing, melt away.
 Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
 He feels enraptured, though he knows not why ;
 And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
 And dwells on something which he can't explain.
 The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
 Are bred one moment, and are gone the next ;
 Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
 And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
 So have I marked the dying ember's light,
 When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
 With glimmering glow oft reddened up again,
 And sparks crack brightening into life in vain ;
 Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
 Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
 Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
 Its painful pleasing feelings to impart ;
 Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
 The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight :
 The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
 Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

JAMES SMITH (1775-1839) was a lively and amusing author both in prose and verse. His father, Mr Robert Smith, was an eminent legal practitioner in London, and solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, whose latter years were gratified by the talents and reputation of his two sons, James and Horace. James, the eldest, was educated at a school at Chigwell, in Essex, and was usually at the head of his class. For this retired 'school-boy spot' he ever retained a strong affection, rarely suffering, as his brother relates, a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. Two of his latest poems are devoted to his reminiscences of Chigwell. After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humorist—delighting in parodies, theatrical colloquies, and fashionable criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to the *Pic-nic* newspaper, established by Colonel Henry Greville, which afterwards merged into *The Cabinet*, both being solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. A selection from the *Pic-nic* papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803. He next joined the writers for the *London Review*—a journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique. The *Review* proved a complete failure. The system of publishing names was an unwise innovation, destroying equally the harmless curiosity of the reader, and the critical independ-

ence of the author ; and Cumberland, besides, was too vain, too irritable and poor, to secure a good list of contributors. Smith then became a constant writer in *The Monthly Mirror*—wherein Henry Kirke White first attracted the notice of what may be termed the literary world—and in this work appeared a series of poetical imitations, entitled *Horace in London*, the joint production of James and Horace Smith. These parodies were subsequently collected and published in one volume in 1813, after the success of the *Rejected Addresses* had rendered the authors famous. Some of the pieces display a lively vein of town levity and humour, but many of them also are very trifling and tedious. In one stanza, James Smith has given a true sketch of his own tastes and character :

Me toil and ease alternate share,
 Books, and the converse of the fair
 (To see is to adore 'em) ;
 With these, and London for my home,
 I envy not the joys of Rome,
 The Circus or the Forum !

To London he seems to have been as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe, that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter ; or quote Dr Johnson's dogma : "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr Mosley's assertion, that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing ; or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder, on being told one sultry day in September that London was exceedingly empty : "Yes, but it's fuller than the country." He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down the street all day long ;" but he would relate, with great glee, a story shewing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll ! why, don't you see my gouty shoe ?" "Yes, but what then ? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout ? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shewn over the improvements." "There is some good-humoured banter and exaggeration in this dislike of ruralities ; and accordingly we find that, as Johnson found his way to the remote Hebrides, Smith occasionally transported himself to Yorkshire and other places, the country seats of friends and noblemen. The *Rejected Addresses* appeared in 1812, having engaged James and Horace Smith six weeks, and proving 'one of the luckiest hits in literature.' The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken on opening the new edifice ; and a casual hint from Mr Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the witty brothers the composition of a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The

* Memoir prefixed to Smith's *Comic Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 1841.

work was ready by the opening of the theatre, but, strange to say, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be procured, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length, Mr John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook the publication, offering to give half the profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to a late edition (the twenty-second !), it is stated that Mr Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions, for £131. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. The articles written by James Smith consisted of imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and a few travesties. Some of them are inimitable, particularly the parodies on Cobbett and Crabbe, which were also among the most popular. Horace Smith contributed imitations of Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W. T. Fitzgerald—whose *Loyal Effusion* is irresistibly ludicrous for its extravagant adulation and fustian—Dr Johnson, &c. The imitation of Byron was a joint effusion, James contributing the first stanza—the key-note, as it were—and Horace the remainder. The amount of talent displayed by the two brothers was pretty equal; for none of James Smith's parodies are more felicitous than that of Scott by Horace. The popularity of the *Rejected Addresses* seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet. He afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in *The New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and to the contribution of some humorous sketches and anecdotes towards Mr Mathews's theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. *The Country Cousins, Trip to France, and Trip to America*, mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera-house, not only filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury, but brought the witty writer a thousand pounds—a sum to which, we are told, the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating: 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' Mr Smith was still better paid for a trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner-party the late Mr Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit*:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000! Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. James made a happier, though, in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.

Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their
WORTIL.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much impaired by hereditary gout. He lived temperately, and at his club-dinner restricted himself to his half-pint of sherry; but as a professed joker and 'diner-out,' he must often have been tempted to over-indulgence and irregular hours. Attacks of gout began to assail him in middle life, and he gradually lost the use and the very form of his limbs, bearing all his sufferings, as his brother states, with 'an undeviating and unexampled patience.' One of the stanzas in his poem on Chigwell displays his philosophic composure at this period of his life:

World, in thy ever-busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it? O no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*Cui bono?*

He held it a humiliation to be ill, and never complained or alluded to his own sufferings. He died on the 24th December 1839, aged sixty-five. Lady Blessington said: 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*.' His extensive information and refined manners, joined to an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humour, and a happy uniform temper, rendered him a fascinating companion. The writings of such a man give but a faint idea of the original; yet in his own walk of literature James Smith has few superiors. Anstey comes most directly into competition with him; yet it may be safely said that the *Rejected Addresses* will live as long as the *New Bath Guide*.

HORACE SMITH, the latest surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—the most constant and interesting, perhaps, since that of Beaumont and Fletcher, and more affectionate from the relationship of the parties—afterwards distinguished himself by various novels and copies of verses in *The New Monthly Magazine*. He was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. His *Brambletye House*, a tale of the civil wars, published in 1826, was received with favour by the public, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from Defoe, and there was a want of spirit and truth in the embodiment of some of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired the author to venture into various fields of fiction. He wrote *Tor Hill; Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City; The Midsummer Medley; Walter Colyton; The Involuntary Prophet; Jane Lomax; The Moneyed Man; Adam Brown; The Merchant; &c.* None of these seem destined to live. Mr Smith was as remarkable for generosity as for wit and playful humour. Shelley said once: 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Mr Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment—'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows

how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' The poet also publicly expressed his regard for Mr Smith:

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.

This truly estimable man died July 12, 1849, aged seventy. Apart from the parodies, James Smith did nothing so good as Horace Smith's *Address to the Mummy*, which is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed.

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [Crabbe.]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. . . .

What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tripping tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred—
At number twenty-seven, it is said—
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers: 'Take my handkerchief.'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a linc.'
'Take mine,' cried Wilson; 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take
mine.'

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Baby's Debut.—By W. W. [Wordsworth.]

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried: 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said: 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said: 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound :
And there's a row of lamps ; my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said : 'Go on, my pretty love ;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsy, whisper,
hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take :
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake ?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show ;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsy, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows kiss, and exit.]

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [Scott.]

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes :
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames.'
And lo ! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane :
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain ;
Meux's new brewhouse shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell :
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne ;
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise ;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hid them to their stations all.

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Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes ;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced ;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below !'
Nor notice give at all :
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !
Whitford, keep near the walls !
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo ! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls !

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo ! amid the wreck upheared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho !'
And poured the hissing tide :
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died !
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well ?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save ;
But ah ! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave !
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite ;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps ;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps ;
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps !
What are they feared on ? fools—'od rot 'em !'
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.

By HORACE SMITH.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh,*and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures num-
bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange muta-
tions ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kingdoms have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that
face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, long the distinguished occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry. He was born on the 18th of May 1785, in the town of Paisley, where his father had carried on business, and attained to opulence as a manufacturer. At the age of thirteen, the poet was entered of Glasgow University, whence, in 1804, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he carried off the Newdigate prize from a vast number of competitors for the best English poem of fifty lines. Mr Wilson was distinguished in these youthful years by his fine athletic frame, and a face at once handsome and expressive of genius. A noted capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a predilection for gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate, named Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, where he went to reside. He married—built a house—kept a yacht—enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses, however, came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar, he sought and obtained his moral philosophy chair. He connected himself also with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste—displaying also the peculiarities of his sanguine and impetuous temperament. The most valuable of these contributions were collected and published (1842) in three volumes, under the title of *The Recreations of Christopher North*. The criticisms on poetry from the pen of Wilson are often highly eloquent, and conceived in a truly kindred spirit. A series of papers on Spenser and Homer are equally remarkable for their discrimination and imaginative luxuriance. In reference to these 'golden spoils' of criticism, Mr Hallam characterised the professor as 'a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters.' The poetical works of Wilson consist of the *Isle of Palms* (1812), the *City of the Plague* (1816), and several smaller pieces. The broad humour and satire of some of his prose papers form a contrast to the delicacy and tenderness of his acknowledged writings—particularly his poetry. He has an outer and an inner man—one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy ; the other calm, graceful, and meditative—'all conscience and tender heart.' He deals generally in extremes, and the prevailing defect of his poetry is its uniform sweetness and

feminine softness of character. 'Almost the only passions,' says Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' Some of the scenes in the *City of the Plague* are, however, exquisitely drawn, and his descriptions of lake and mountain scenery, though idealised by his imagination, are not unworthy of Wordsworth. The *prose* descriptions of Wilson have obscured his *poetical*, because in the former he gives the reins to his fancy, and, while preserving the general outline and distinctive features of the landscape, adds a number of subsidiary charms and attractions. In 1851, Mr Wilson was granted a pension of £300 per annum; his health had then failed, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1854. A complete collection of his works was published by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, of St Andrews, in twelve volumes (1855-58).

A Home among the Mountains.—From 'City of the Plague.'

MAGDALENE and ISABEL.

Magdalene. How bright and fair that afternoon returns

When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul! Sweet breeze!
That hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And, smiling, said: 'Wild harper of the hill!
So mayst thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit.' As he spoke,
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.

What'er my doom

It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation: I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly even now; yet if it be ordained
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal Lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?

Isabel. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house—

Magd. Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnnet built her nest this spring
In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.

Isa. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.

Magd. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once inclosed the happiest family
That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.
Where is that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!

Isa. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
Oh, were we sitting in that room once more!

Magd. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

From Lines, 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh, vision fair, that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm:
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. . . .

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-concealed
The light of soul, and half-revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

From 'Address to a Wild Deer.'

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ?
Hail ! king of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
Hail ! idol divine !—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and
moor,

As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore :
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a king to his throne !
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
breast,

Lo ! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest ;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still !—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay !
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee :
Magnificent prison inclosing the free ;
With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes : fierce looks thy nature e'en hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee ;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign :
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet ;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

*Lines written in a lonely Burial-ground in the
Highlands.*

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves !
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer ;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.

The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer-twilight old ;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here ;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell ;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace !
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign !
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fled !

Wild-screaming bird ! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe !
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep ;
For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last !
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land ;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep ;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face !
Oh, I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes !
And what a dismal sound of sighs

Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore ;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey !

MRS HEMANS.

MRS HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1793. Her father was a merchant ; but, experiencing some reverses, he removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. In her fifteenth year she ventured on publication. Her first volume was far from successful ; but she persevered, and in 1812 published another, entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems*. The same year she was married to Captain Hemans ; but the union does not seem to have been a happy one. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages, and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, Captain Hemans removed to Italy for the benefit of his health. His accomplished wife remained in England, and they never met again. In 1819, she obtained a prize of £50 offered by some patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she published *The Sceptic*. In June 1821, she obtained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo*, which was produced at Covent Garden, December 12, 1823 ; but though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young, it was not successful. In 1826, appeared her best poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, and in 1828, *Records of a Woman*. She afterwards produced *Lays of Leisure Hours, National Lyrics, &c.* In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and was received with great kindness by Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and others of the Scottish literati. In 1830 appeared her *Songs of the Affections*. The same year she visited Wordsworth, and appears to have been much struck with the secluded beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere :

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep !
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian ; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote—
Isles of the blest—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies.

Wordsworth said to her one day : ' I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy'—an original and poetical expression. On her return from the Lakes, Mrs Hemans went to reside in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. The education of her family (five boys) occupied much of her time and attention. Ill health, however, pressed heavily on her, and she soon experienced a premature decay of the springs of life. In 1834, appeared her little volume of *Hymns for Childhood*, and a collection of *Scenes and Hymns of Life*. She also published some sonnets, under the title of *Thoughts during Sickness*. Her last strain, produced only about three weeks before her death, was the following fine sonnet, dictated to her brother on Sunday the 26th of April :

Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascend-
ing,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day ;
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

This admirable woman and sweet poetess died on the 16th of May 1835, aged forty-one. She was interred in St Anne's Church, Dublin, and over her grave were inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges :

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

A complete collection of the works of Mrs Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, has been published in six volumes. Though highly popular, and in many respects excellent, we do not think that much of the poetry of Mrs Hemans will descend to posterity. There is, as Scott hinted, 'too many flowers for the fruit ;' more for the ear and fancy, than for the heart and intellect. Some of her shorter pieces and her lyrical productions are touching and beautiful, both in sentiment and expression.

From 'The Voice of Spring.'

I come, I come ! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers :
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains. . . .

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, fare-
well!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fans.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON (1784-1849), one of the Society of Friends, published in 1820 a volume of miscellaneous poems, which attracted notice, both for their elegant simplicity, and purity of style and feeling, and because they were written by a Quaker. 'The staple of the whole poems,' says a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion; but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality.' Mr Barton was employed in a banking establishment at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and he seems to have contemplated abandoning his profession for a literary life. Byron remonstrated against such a step. 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Charles Lamb also wrote to him as follows: 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's-length from them—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend

literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship! There is some exaggeration here. We have known authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably, labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver at his loom, or the tailor on his board; but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions. The bane of such a life, when fervid genius is involved, is its uncertainty and its temptations, and the almost invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. Yet let us remember the examples of Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope—all regular and constant labourers—and, in our own day, of Scott, Southey, Moore, and many others. The fault is more generally with the author than with the public. In the particular case of Bernard Barton, however, Lamb counselled wisely. He had not the vigour and popular talents requisite for *marketable* literature; and of this he would seem to have been conscious, for he abandoned his dream of exclusive authorship. Mr Barton published several volumes of poetry, *The Widow's Tale*, *Devotional Verses*, &c. A pension of £100 a year was awarded to him in his latter days.

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

Power and Gentleness, or the Cataract and the Streamlet.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—Oh, tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itsself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Under the name of 'Barry Cornwall,' a new poet appeared in 1815, as author of a small volume of dramatic scenes of a domestic character, written 'in order to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' The experiment was successful, chiefly on account of the pathetic and tender scenes in the sketches. To this dramatic volume succeeded three volumes of poems—*A Sicilian Story*, *Marcian Colonna*, and *The Flood of Thessaly*, all published under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall, which became highly popular. His next work was a tragedy, *Mirandola*, 1821, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, the two principal parts being acted by Macready and Charles Kemble. This also was successful. The subsequent productions of the poet were *Effigies Poetica* and *English Songs*. The latter are perhaps the best of Barry Cornwall's works, and the most likely to live: they have the true lyrical spirit. Besides these, the author produced two prose works, a *Life of Edmund Kean*, the actor, and a biographical sketch of his early friend Charles Lamb. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790–1874) was a native of London, and was the schoolfellow of Byron and Peel at Harrow. He was a barrister at law and one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. Living to a great age, he enjoyed the regard and esteem of a large circle of friends and of the literary society of

London. In 1857 a windfall came to Mr Procter and to certain other poets. Mr John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society, and author of a *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*, left more than £140,000 in legacies to individuals whom he loved or admired. Included in this number were Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4000; her husband, £6500; and to Mr Procter also £6500.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean ! ever-sounding sea !
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity !
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, lying, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth hath nought of this : no chance or change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-wakened air ;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go :
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow :
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their wanted home ;
 And come again, and vanish ; the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming ;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
 Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element !
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose ; thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcelia.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
 That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
 And widened : all its music died away,
 And in the place a silent eddy told
 That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
 Funereal—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
 And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night
 Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
 And sighs like death : 'twas strange, for through the
 day
 They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
 Like monumental things, which the sad earth
 From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
 To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
 Disowned their natural green, and took black
 And mournful hue ; and the rough brier, stretching
 His straggling arms across the rivulet,
 Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
 With his tenacious leaf, straws, withered boughs,
 Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
 Swam with the current, and with these it hid
 The poor Marcelia's death-bed. Never may net
 Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
 For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
 Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
 The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,

And the white heifer lows, and passes on ;
 The foaming bound laps not, and winter birds
 Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
 To loiter there : and when the rising moon
 Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
 Red and dilated through the evening mists,
 And chequered as the heavy branches sway
 To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
 And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
 Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
 For some misdeed. The story goes that some
 Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world
 Frowned upon—once strayed thither, and 'twas
 thought
 Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
 Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who
 Fell ill and came to want ? No ! Oh, she loved
 A wealthy man who marked her not. He wed,
 And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
 And drowned herself for love.

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
 Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
 Lie down with the wild winds ; and ye who build
 Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool ;
 And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
 For suns to ripen, come ! O phoenix rare !
 If death hath spared, or philosophic search
 Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
 Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale !
 Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
 But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loopest
 Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
 Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,
 Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
 Material, but dost wander far and near,
 Like untouched echo whom the woods deny
 Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm !
 Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
 Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
 And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—
 Epithalamium and Pindarique song—
 And with it enrich our ears ; come all to me,
 Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
 And, in your several musics, whisper—Love !

The following are from Mr Procter's collection
 of *Songs* :

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
 He sat where no sun could shine,
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And poured out his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah for the coal-black wine !

There came to him many a maiden
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
 And widows with grief o'erladen,
 For a draught of his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah for the coal-black wine !

The scholar left all his learning,
 The poet his fancied woes,
 And the beauty her bloom returning,
 Like life to the fading rose.
 Hurrah for the coal-black wine !

All came to the rare old fellow,
 Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.
 Hurrah for the coal-black wine !

The Nights.

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free ;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain ;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the bird of the woods its nest ;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest !

Song for Twilight.

Hide me, O twilight air !
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow !
To-night I strive no more ;
No more my soul shall soar :
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow !

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander ;
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder.

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul ;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour :
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep for ever.

Death of Amelia Wentworth.

AMELIA—MARIAN.

Marian. Are you awake, dear lady ?

Amelia. Wide awake.

There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it ?

Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.

Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright ; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not ; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine

For that hope's deep completion. Marian !
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl ?

Mar. O yes ; but you
Speak now so strangely : you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me : now
You set my spirit drooping.

Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look, above ! the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal-dress :
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas !
I do remember in my folly days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear ?
There's one I've heard you sing : 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it : the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright'—

Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.

Amel. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon :
Alas ! and must it fade as soon ?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far ;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening : thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow ;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave :
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo ! I am here, and time seems passing on :
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here ; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles !

CHARLES enters.

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call ?

Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother—now
I take that title—in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
He is my husband ; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart ?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not ?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request ?
He is my husband : he was father, too,

Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more : and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy !
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber ; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived :
But I am weary now.

Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady ; nay—

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Amel. Well, then, I will be silent ; yet not so.
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you—ever ; so as might
Become a mother's tender love—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons : you have been
A child to me for one-third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and
vanish.

You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all ; but you cannot die
And leave me ?

Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip : these eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim : an hour—

Ch. Oh, no !
No, no ! oh, say not so ! I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart ?

Amel. No : I would caution it against a change
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—

Ch. Alas, alas !

Amel. This is
Not as I wish : you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah !—

WENTWORTH enters.

Mar. She 's pale—speak, speak.

Ch. O my lost mother !—How ! You here ?

Went. I am come

To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia ! she faints : Amelia ! [*She dies.*]
Poor faded girl ! I was too harsh—unjust.

Ch. Look !

Mar. She has left us.

Ch. It is false. Revive !

Mother, revive, revive !

Mar. It is in vain.

Ch. Is it then so ? My soul is sick and faint.
O mother, mother ! I—I cannot weep.
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her ! And has death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*—so beautiful ;
So wronged, and never erring ; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love ?
O thou bright heaven ! if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest ;
For lo ! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed—and the earth is dark below.
And now—I 'll wander far and far away,

Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness ; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
From land to land I 'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look,
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now—for Hindustan.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, long the accomplished and venerated Dean of St Paul's, was a native of London, son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and was born in the year 1791. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brazen-nose College, Oxford. He also held (1821) the office of professor of poetry in the university. In the church Mr Milman was some time vicar of Reading ; then rector of St Margaret's, Westminster ; and finally (1849) dean of St Paul's. He died September 24, 1868. Dean Milman first appeared as an author in 1817, when his tragedy of *Fazio* was published. It was afterwards acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and to this succeeded three other dramas, *Belshazzar* (1822), *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826) ; but none of these were designed for the stage. He also wrote a narrative poem, *Samor, Lord of the Bright City* (1818), and several smaller pieces. To our prose literature, Milman contributed a *History of the Jews*, a *History of Early Christianity*, a *History of Latin Christianity*, a *History of St Paul's Cathedral*, a volume of *Literary Essays*, &c. He edited an edition of Gibbon's Rome, with notes and corrections, and an excellent edition of Horace. These are valuable works. The taste and attainments of Dean Milman are seen in his poetical works ; but he wants the dramatic spirit, and also that warmth of passion and imagination which is necessary to vivify his learning and his classical conceptions. His fame will ultimately rest on his histories.

Jerusalem before the Siege.

Titus. It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans ! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on you proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous
palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength ;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,

Are melted into air, behold the temple
 In undisturbed and lone serenity,
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
 In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
 A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles !
 The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery-sculptured capital,
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
 By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

*Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of
 Babylon.*

The hour is come ! the hour is come ! With voice
 Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
 Cyrus, the Lord's anointed ! And thou river,
 That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
 To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
 And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
 And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
 Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
 Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens :
 I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
 By him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
 And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
 One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
 Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me : thou dost check
 Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
 His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved,
 Yet toiling Persian, breaks the ruining mound,
 I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength ;
 And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
 Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
 The omnipotent command ! While, far away,
 The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
 Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
 Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
 And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.

But silent as thy billows used to flow,
 And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
 Winding their darksome way profound, where man
 Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
 Breathed. O ye secret and unfathomed depths,
 How are ye now a smooth and royal way
 For the arm of God's vengeance ! Fellow-slaves
 And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
 Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
 Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
 Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
 Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
 Beneath the admiring moon. Come on ! the gates
 Are open—not for banqueters in blood
 Like you ! I see on either side o'erflow
 The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
 'Begin, begin ! with fire and sword begin
 The work of wrath.' Upon my shadowy wings
 I pause, and float a little while, to see
 Mine human instruments fulfil my task
 Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
 And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
 That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
 That live along the interminable space,
 Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph !

The Fair Recluse.—From 'Samor.'

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
 Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
 Moved the meek star of eve ; the wandering air
 Breathed odours ; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
 Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day. . . .

But she, the while, from human tenderness
 Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
 The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,

Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
 By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
 Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
 A lonely child, by not one human heart
 Beloved, and loving none : nor strange if learned
 Her native fond affections to embrace
 Things senseless and inanimate ; she loved
 All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
 Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
 Wild rose, and roving eglantine ; nor spared
 To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
 Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
 Fringing the crystal stream ; the sportive breeze
 That wanted with her brown and glossy locks ;
 The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank ; ere dawn
 Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
 By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
 Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.

Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
 Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
 Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
 Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
 Life's sins and sorrows : better known the voice
 Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
 Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
 Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
 By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
 Nor they of love unconscious, all around
 Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
 Tuned emulous ; her knew all living shapes
 That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
 Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
 Courting her fond caress ; nor fled her gaze
 The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

The Day of Judgment.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
 O earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,

That secret coming of the Son of Man,
 When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
 Irradiate with his bright advancing sign :

When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away ;
 Still to the noontide of that nightless day

Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
 Along the busy mart and crowded street,
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,

And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain :
 Still to the pouring out the cup of woe ;
 Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
 And mountains molten by his burning feet,
 And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace
 heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
 The towers and temples, named of men
 Eternal, and the thrones of kings ;
 The gilded summer palaces,
 The courtly bowers of love and ease,
 Where still the bird of pleasure sings :
 Ask ye the destiny of them ?

Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem !
 Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
 'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled ;
 The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
 And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh, who shall then survive ?
 Oh, who shall stand and live ?
 When all that hath been is no more ;
 When for the round earth hung in air,
 With all its constellations fair
 In the sky's azure canopy ;

When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
 Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
 Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
 A fiery deluge, and without an ark ?

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
 On thy eternal fiery-wheelèd throne,
 That in its high meridian noon
 Needs not the perished sun nor moon :
 When thou art there in thy presiding state,
 Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom :
 When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
 The dead of all the ages round thee wait :
 And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
 Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire :
 Faithful and true ! thou still wilt save thine own !
 The saints shall dwell within the unburning fire,
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
 Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
 So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
 Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
 Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
 O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines ;
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
 Almighty to avenge, almighty to redeem !

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

The REV. GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860), rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, London, was a voluminous writer in various departments—poetry, history, prose fiction, polemics, politics, &c. He was a native of Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. His principal poetical works are—*Paris in 1815*, a description of the works of art in the Louvre ; *The Angel of the World*, 1820 ; *Verse Illustrations to Gems from the Antique* ; *Pride shall have a Fall*, a comedy ; *Catiline*, a tragedy ; *Poetical Works*, 2 vols., 1830 ; *The Modern Orlando*, a satirical poem, 1846 and 1855, &c. His romances of *Salathiel*, *Tales of the Great St Bernard*, and *Marston*, have many powerful and eloquent passages. The most important of his theological works is *The Apocalypse of St John, a new Interpretation*, 1827. Dr Croly's historical writings consist of a series of *Sketches, a Character of Curran, Political Life of Burke, The Personal History of King George the Fourth*, &c. A brief memoir of Dr Croly was published by his son in 1863.

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
 When Athens was the land of fame ;
 This was the light that led the band,
 When each was like a living flame ;
 The centre of earth's noblest ring,
 Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
 His sovereignty was held or won :
 Feared—but alone as freemen fear ;
 Loved—but as freemen love alone ;
 He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
 By nature's first great title—mind !

Resistless words were on his tongue,
 Then Eloquence first flashed below ;
 Full armed to life the portent sprung,
 Minerva from the Thunderer's brow !
 And his the sole, the sacred hand,
 That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
 A woman sits with eye sublime,
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;
 But, if their solemn love were crime,
 Pity the beauty and the sage,
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won ;
 He perished in his height of fame :
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
 Yet still she conquered in his name.
 Filled with his soul, she could not die ;
 Her conquest was Posterity !

The French Army in Russia.—From 'Paris in 1815.'

Magnificence of ruin ! what has time
 In all it ever gazed upon of war,
 Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
 Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare ?
 How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar !
 Like pampered lions from the spoil they came ;
 The land before them silence and despair,
 The land behind them massacre and flame ;
 Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now ?
 A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
 Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
 When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
 Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
 Billow on endless billow ; on through wood,
 O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
 The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
 Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
 Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino ! still
 Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
 The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
 Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay ;
 In vain the startled legions burst away ;
 The land was all one naked sepulchre ;
 The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
 Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
 Through cloven helmets and arms, and corpses moulder-
 ing drear.

The field was as they left it ; fosse and fort
 Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate ;
 The cannon flung dismantled by its port ;
 Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
 Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
 Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
 There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
 Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone ;
 But death was at their heels ; they shuddered and
 rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale !
 As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
 That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
 Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
 Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
 Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
 As the gusts sweeps them, and those upper floods
 Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
 That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness ! The majesty
 Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
 Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
 If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze ;
 If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
 Even by a skeleton, the crime of man ;
 Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
 Wrapping their rear in night ; before their van
 The struggling daylight shews the unmeasured desert
 wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
 Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
 Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
 At once is covered with a livid veil ;

In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel ;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel ;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun ;
How tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun !

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown :
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly ;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour ;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Satan ; from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'Satan dilated stood.'—MILTON.

Prince of the fallen ! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep ;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire ;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear unlifted in thy hand ;
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne ;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain :
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem.
The king is in thy eyeball's beam ;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven !
Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

This lady was generally known as 'L. E. L.,' in consequence of having first published with her initials only. Her earliest compositions were *Poetical Sketches*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*: afterwards (1824) she published *The Improvisatrice*, which was followed by two more volumes, of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr Landon, a partner in the house of Adair, army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labours. In 1838 she was married to Mr George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken. From

the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesigningly taken an overdose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms.

Change.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers ;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty ; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear
now,

When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow ;
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back, pining, to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass ;
O maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be !

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair ;
And what is thy present ? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave ;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour ;
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead !

Oh, long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now ;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their
mark ;

Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark :

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost :
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth hath passed by—
Ah ! what saith the proverb ? Its memory's a sigh.

Last Verses of L. E. L.

Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light ;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me ;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore ;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more ?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
 How could I bear the pain?
 Yet strong the omen in my heart
 That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
 For absence shews the worth
 Of all from which we then remove,
 Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
 Still turned the first on thee,
 Till I have felt a sad surprise,
 That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
 Thy radiant place unknown;
 I seem to stand beside a grave,
 And stand by it alone.

Farewell I ah, would to me were given
 A power upon thy light!
 What words upon our English heaven
 Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
 Upon thy rays should be;
 Thy shining orbit should have scope
 Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
 And little needed too;
 My friends! I need not look beyond
 My heart to look for you.

JANE TAYLOR—ANN TAYLOR (MRS GILBERT).

JANE and ANN TAYLOR were members of an English Nonconformist family of the middle rank of life, distinguished through four generations for their attainments in literature and art, and no less distinguished for persevering industry and genuine piety. The grandfather of the sisters, the first of four Isaac Taylors, was an engraver. He had a brother Charles, who edited Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and another brother, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. Isaac, the second son, father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and ultimately became pastor of an Independent congregation at Ongar in Essex. The wife of Mr Taylor (*née* Ann Martin) was also of literary tastes, and published *Maternal Solitude* (1814), *The Family Mansion* (1819), and other tales, and instructive educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782-1866) and Jane (1783-1824) were born in London, but brought up chiefly at Lavenham in Suffolk, whither their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career by contributing to a cheap annual, *The Minor's Pocket-Book*, the publishers of which, Darton and Harvey, induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children. In 1803 appeared *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, which were followed by *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1806), *Hymns for Infant Minds*, *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*, &c. The hymns were highly popular, and are still well known. The two little poems, *My Mother*, and *Twinkle, Twinkle little Star*, can never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale

entitled *Display* (1815), and of *Essays in Rhyme* (1816), and *Contributions of Q. Q.* Ann married a Dissenting clergyman, the Rev. Josiah Gilbert, author of a treatise on the Atonement, who died in 1852, and a memoir of whom was written by his widow. When *she* also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of *The Dolomite Mountains; Cadore, or Titian's Country*, &c., published in 1874, *Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs Gilbert (Ann Taylor)*. A brother of the accomplished sisters, Isaac Taylor of Stanford Rivers, became still more distinguished as a theological writer, and will be noticed in a subsequent part of this volume.

The Squire's Pew.—By JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane;
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again:
 The window's Gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and passed away!
 How many a setting sun hath made
 That curious lattice-work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door, I ween—
 Acorn and *fleur-de-lis*;
 And now the worm hath done her part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
 When James the First was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall
 His train did hither bring;
 All seated round in order due,
 With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions; set in fringe,
 All reverently they knelt:
 Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,
 Each holding in a lily hand,
 Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
 The sunbeam, long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile
 Of their inscription stone;
 And there, in marble hard and cold,
 The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
 He and my lady fair,
 With hands uplifted on the breast,
 In attitude of prayer;
 Long-visaged, clad in armour, he;
 With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
 The numerous offspring bend;
 Devoutly kneeling side by side,
 As though they did intend
 For past omissions to atone
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Have filled the stately pew;
 And in the same succession go
 To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and bean,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate ;
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads :
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

From ' *The Song of the Tea-Kettle*. '—By ANN TAYLOR.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . .
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen !
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt ;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell-bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me !
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its spell—the *Engine* goes !

On whom first fell the amazing dream ?
WATT woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool !
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child ;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course ;
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power* !

Hark ! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields ;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors ;
'Tis the many-fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With it flowery film of lace, I ween !
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath ;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight ;
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day ;
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused ;
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine ;

Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
Mid the golden sands of a western world !
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped ;
And still did the moon, as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep ;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spake of absence long, on a distant strand.

She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage ;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds ;
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on, in her glory proud ;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies ! . . .
Simpleton man ! why, who would have thought
To this, the song of a tea-kettle brought !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MISS BAILLIE (1762–1851) was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and was born in the manse or parsonage of Bothwell, county of Lanark. In this manse, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson.' Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aikin that their father was an excellent parent : 'when she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed when a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it.* Her latter years were spent in comparative retirement at Hampstead, where she died February 23, 1851. Besides her dramas (afterwards noticed), Miss Baillie wrote some admirable Scottish songs and other poetical pieces, which were collected and published under the title of *Fugitive Verses*. In society, as in literature, this lady was regarded with affectionate respect and veneration, enjoying the friendship of most of her distinguished contemporaries. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, states that Miss Baillie and her brother, Dr Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse Sir Walter looked forward with the greatest pleasure, when about to visit the metropolis.

From ' *The Kitten*. '

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;

* *Memoirs of Lucy Aikin*. London, 1864.

Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
 Upon the futile, faithless thing.
 Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As oft beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
 Till, from thy centre starting fair,
 Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
 Erected stiff, and gait awry,
 Like madam in her tantrums high :
 Though ne'er a madam of them all,
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
 More varied trick and whim displays,
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze. . . .
 The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,
 Who every limb and sinew strains
 To do what costs thee little pains ;
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
 Requires him oft with plaudits loud.
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay :
 For then beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
 While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides.
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy pur,
 As, timing well the equal sound,
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose ;
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage-fire
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
 The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
 The widest range of human lore,
 Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
 Through airy heights of poesy,
 Pausing, smiles with altered air
 To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
 Or, struggling on the mat below,
 Hold warfare with his slipped toe.
 The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
 Who in the still, but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turns a lettered page ;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the coil of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways ;
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind.

*From 'Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.'**

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
 O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
 Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
 By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
 The slender harebell on the purple heather ;

* The author and her sister lived to an advanced age constantly in each other's society. Miss Agnes Baillie died April 27, 1861, aged 100.

No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
 That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
 Then every butterfly that crossed our view
 With joyful shout was greeted as it flew ;
 And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
 In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
 Then, as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
 Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
 Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
 Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
 A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
 Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
 Looking behind me to that line of years ;
 And yet through every stage I still can trace
 Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
 To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon !
 To the expressive glow of woman's noon ;
 And now to what thou art, in comely age,
 Active and ardent. Let what will engage
 Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
 In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
 From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
 In chronicle or legend rare explore,
 Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
 Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
 To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
 On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
 Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
 Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
 Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
 Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
 To think what now thou art and long to me hast
 been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
 Upon the page of printed book,
 That thing by me abhorred, and with address
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
 When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
 'What ! is this story all thine own invention ?'

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
 Our intercourse with the mixed world began ;
 Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy—
 A truth that from my youthful vanity
 Lay not concealed—did for the sisters twain,
 Where'er we went, the greater favour gain ;
 While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
 I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
 And now, in later years, with better grace,
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

The change of good and evil to abide,
 As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
 Our earthly journey held ; and who can say
 How near the end of our united way ?
 By nature's course not distant ; sad and 'reft
 Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
 If thou art taken first, who can to me
 Like sister, friend, and home-companion be ?

* The manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about. Joanna said she 'rambled over the heaths and plashed in the brook most of the day.' One day she said to Lucy Aikin, 'I could not read well till nine years old.' 'O Joanna,' cried her sister, 'not till eleven.'—*Memoirs of Lucy Aikin.*

Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
 And if I should be fated first to leave
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
 And he above them all, so truly proved
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
 There is no living wight, of woman born,
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
 With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
 The unboarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal-day,
 An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
 Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
 The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

The Shepherd's Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
 The lav'rock's in the sky,
 And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!
 I hear nae welcome sound;
 The shadow of our trystin' bush,
 It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near,
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,
 Alack! I canna hear.
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!
 The shadow lingers still;
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
 And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clackin' din;
 And Lucky scoldin' frae her door,
 To bring the bairnies in.
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!
 These are nae sounds for me;
 The shadow of our trystin' bush,
 It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
 A snood of bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trystin' cam',
 To tie it round her brow.
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!
 The time it winna pass;
 The shadow of that weath' thorn
 Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
 She's past the witches' knowe;
 She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
 My heart is in a lowe.
 Oh, no! 'tis na so!
 'Tis glaurmie I hae seen:
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
 Though conned wi' little skill;
 When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 Oh, no! sad an' slow!
 The time will ne'er be gane;
 The shadow of the trystin' bush
 Is fixed like ony stane.

WILLIAM KNOX—THOMAS PRINGLE.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, aged thirty-six, was author of *The Lonely Hearth*, *Songs of Israel*, *The Harp of Zion*, &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary: 'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry.' Knox thus concludes his *Songs of Israel*:

My song hath closed, the holy dream
 That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
 Hath faded like the lunar beam,
 And left me 'mid a night of woe—
 To look and long, and sigh in vain
 For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
 And yet the skies are pure and bright;
 But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
 Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
 For weak is now the tenderest tongue
 That might my simple songs have sung.

And like to Gilead's drops of balm,
 They for a moment soothed my breast;
 But earth hath not a power to calm
 My spirit in forgetful rest,
 Until I lay me side by side
 With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
 Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
 I wander onward to the tomb,
 With scarce a hope to linger here:
 But with a prospect to rejoice
 The friends beloved, that once were mine.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was author of *Scenes of Teviotdale*, *Ephemerides*, and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although, from lameness, ill fitted for a life of roughness or hardships, Mr Pringle, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterwards removed to Cape Town, the capital; but wearied with his Kaffirland exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England, and subsisted by his pen. He was sometime editor of the literary annual entitled *Friendship's Offering*. His services were also engaged by the African Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties he evinced a spirit of active humanity, and an ardent love of the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of *African Sketches*, containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verses. Mr Pringle died on the 5th of December 1834. The following piece was much admired by Coleridge:

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;

And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years ;
 And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
 Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood left—
 Companions of early days lost or left—
 And my Native Land ! whose magical name
 Thrills to my heart like electric flame ;
 The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime ;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view !
 All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone ;
 And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
 My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun ;
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife ;
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear ;
 And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear ;
 And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert land—
 But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
 For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild-deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen ;
 By valleys remote, where the oribi plays ;
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze ;
 And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine ;
 And the elephant browses at peace in his wood ;
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood ;
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the *vley*, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 O'er the brown karroo where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain ;
 And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
 Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds ;
 And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
 Is heard by the brak fountain far away ;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste ;
 And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
 Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead ;
 And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
 Howl for their prey at the evening fall ;
 And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
 Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 Away—away in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :

A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 And the bat flitting forth from his old, hollow stone ;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot :
 And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink :
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
 Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
 Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
 Are found—to refresh the aching eye :
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And the black horizon round and round,
 Without a living sight or sound,
 Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
 That this is—Nature's solitude.
 And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
 That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
 A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
 Saying, 'Man is distant, but God is near !'

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY obtained a numerous circle of readers and admirers, although his poetry was stilted and artificial, and was severely criticised by Macaulay and others. The glitter of his ornate style, and the religious nature of his subjects, kept up his productions (with the aid of incessant puffing) for several years, but they have now sunk into neglect. His principal works are, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *Satan*, *Luther*, *Messiah*, and *Orford*. He wrote also various religious prose works, and was highly popular with many persons as a divine. He was preacher at Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, and died in 1855, aged forty-seven.

Description of a Maniac.

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
 Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—
 The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
 Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy :
 He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
 To greet the glowing fancies of the sky ;
 But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
 Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below !
 A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
 He loves to commune with the fields and floods :
 Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
 He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade ;
 Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
 But rebel music to the ruined mind !
 Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
 Playing his fingers in the noontide rays :
 And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
 He counts the billows plunging to the shore ;
 And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
 He chants some wild and melancholy tune ;
 Till o'er his softening features seems to play
 A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
 From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen ;
 But round him, near him, whereso'er he rove,
 A guardian-angel tracks him from above !
 Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
 The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

The Starry Heavens.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
 Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
 While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
 And round the lattice creep your midnight beams
 How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
 In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
 And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
 At dead of night along some noiseless way,
 How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
 As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
 Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
 Shrouded in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
 And far around, the forest and the stream
 Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
 The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
 No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
 Nature is hushed, as if her works adored,
 Stilled by the presence of her living Lord!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

THE HON. and REV. WILLIAM HERBERT (1778-1847) published in 1806 a series of translations from the Norse, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was generally admired, and the author was induced to write an original poem founded on Scandinavian history and manners. The work was entitled *Helga*, and was published in 1815. We extract a few lines descriptive of a northern morning, bursting out at once into verdure:

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
 Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
 The sun set red behind the hill,
 And every breath of wind was still;
 But ere he rose, the southern blast
 A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
 Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
 Poured the wide deluge o'er the plain.
 Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
 And warmth awakes the budding year.
 Oh, 'tis the touch of fairy hand
 That wakes the spring of northern land!
 It warms not there by slow degrees,
 With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
 But sudden on the wondering sight
 Bursts forth the beam of living light,
 And instant verdure springs around,
 And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
 Returned from regions far away,
 The red-winged throistle pours his lay;
 The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
 While the breeze whistles through his wing;
 And, as he hails the melting snows,
 The heathcock claps his wings and crows.

After a long interval of silence, Mr Herbert came forward in 1838 with an epic poem, entitled *Attila*, founded on the establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of the Gothic king to establish a new antichristian empire, a nasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the foredoom of the heathens. He published also an able historical treatise on *Attila and his Predecessors* (1838). Mr Herbert wrote some tales, a volume of sermons, and various treatises on many and other branches of natural history. His select works were published in two volumes

in 1842. He originally studied law, and was for some time a member of the House of Commons, where he was likely to rise into distinction, had he not withdrawn from public life, and taken orders in the church. He died dean of Manchester.

Musings on Eternity.—From 'Attila.'

How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
 Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
 With thousand spheres illumined; each perchance
 The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
 Until, by strange excitement stirred, the mind
 Hath longed for dissolution, so it might bring
 Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
 Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
 And shew the marvel of eternal things,
 Which, in the bosom of immensity,
 Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire! . . .

Enough

To work in trembling my salvation here,
 Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
 Who to thy silent realm hast called away
 All those whom nature twined around my heart
 In my fond infancy, and left me here
 Denuded of their love!

Where are ye gone,
 And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
 To know each other, conscious of the ties
 That linked our souls together, and draw down
 The secret dew-drop on my cheek, when'er
 I turn unto the past? or will the change
 That comes to all renew the altered spirit
 To other thoughts, making the strife or love
 Of short mortality a shadow past,
 Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
 Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
 Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
 That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear!
 Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
 To the still grave, making the memory
 Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,
 Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
 In my heart's core as when we last in joy
 Were gathered round the blithe paternal board!
 Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
 For many a thousand years, till by the trump
 Roused to new being? Will old affections then
 Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
 Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
 Unworthy our regard? This is too hard
 For mortals to unravel, nor has He
 Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
 To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
 After his likeness, and be satisfied.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, sprung from the manufacturing classes of England, and completely identified with them in feelings and opinions, was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire, March 7, 1781. His father was an iron-founder, and he himself wrought at this business for many years. He followed Crabbe in depicting the condition of the poor as miserable and oppressed, tracing most of the evils he deploras to the social and political institutions of his country. He was not, however, a 'destructive,' as the following epigram shews:

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
 For equal division of unequal earnings.

The laws relating to the importation of corn were

denounced by Elliott as specially oppressive, and he inveighed against them with a fervour of manner and a harshness of phraseology which ordinary minds feel as repulsive, even while acknowledged as flowing from the offended benevolence of the poet. His vigorous and exciting political verses helped, in no small degree, to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Fortunately, the genius of Elliott redeemed his errors of taste: his delineation of humble virtue and affection, and his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent. He wrote from genuine feelings and impulses, and often rose into pure sentiment and eloquence. The *Corn-law Rhymes*, as he was popularly termed, appeared as a poet in 1823, but it was at a later period—from 1830 to 1836—that he produced his *Corn-law Rhymes* and other works, which stamped him as a true genius, and rendered his name famous. He was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer, and Wilson, and became, as has justly been remarked, as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—its heights, dales, and ‘broad towns’—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes. His career was manly and honourable, and latterly he enjoyed comparatively easy circumstances, free from manual toil. He died at his house near Barnsley on the 1st of December 1849. Shortly after his death, two volumes of prose and verse were published from his papers.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tryed!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain-bowl
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned you time-dark heights of yore
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And He will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unblest:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their
changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright! * loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side
gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with
ode.

* The Germander Speedwell.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
 Its cold, bright, beautiful, soothing tribute drops
 From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave ;
 While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops !
 While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops ;
 While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there ;
 And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
 Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
 Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long
 dark hair.

Pictures of Native Genius.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced !
 Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste ;
 Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow ;
 Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow ;
 And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
 Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form ;
 E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
 When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night.
 Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
 From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
 To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more !
 For richest gems, compared with her, are poor ;
 Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile ;
 And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile ?
 Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
 And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep
 (Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
 Another comes, to wet it as before) ;
 Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
 How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines !
 Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
 Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green ;
 And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried
 strength,
 Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
 And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
 The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
 Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
 Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
 And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too !
 But love and labour, blush not, fear not you !
 Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—
 With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
 Parent of valour, cast away thy fear !
 Mother of men, be proud without a fear !
 While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
 And all that manliness can ask of love ;
 Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair ;
 Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
 Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
 And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
 Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
 Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
 Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice !
 Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice !
 See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
 And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes !
 And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
 All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
 And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
 Northumbrian vales ! ye saw in silent pride,
 The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
 When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
 And felt within the strong divinity.
 Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
 His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne !
 As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
 The soul of Plato into British song.
 Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
 Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept :
 Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy :
 His parents loved to watch his wondering eye :
 And lo ! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
 Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave !

From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
 And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride :
 O'er grazing herds, lo ! ships suspended sail,
 And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale !

The worm came up to drink the welcome shower ;
 The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower ;
 The flasking duck through freshened lilies swam ;
 The bright roach took the fly below the dam ;
 Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray ;
 No more in dust uprose the sultry way ;
 The lark was in the cloud ; the woodbine hung
 More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung ;
 And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
 Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush ;
 When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
 Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
 A milk-boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
 Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form ;
 Young Chantrey smiled ; no critic praised or blamed ;
 And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed :
 ' Go, child of genius ! rich be thine increase ;
 Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece !'

A Poet's Prayer.

Almighty Father ! let thy lowly child,
 Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
 A patriot bard by sycophants reviled,
 Let him live usefully, and not die old !
 Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
 Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
 And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
 Let him be buried where the grass is green,
 Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
 To hear the bee his busy note prolong ;
 There let him slumber, and in peace await
 The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
 Who scorn the wind-flower's blush, the redbreast's
 lovely song.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

MR BAYLY (1797-1839) was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age, and he composed a number of light dramas. He was the son of a solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed some beautiful verses to his wife :

Address to a Wife.

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,
 More dark that fate would prove,
 My heart were truly desolate
 Without thy soothing love.
 But thou hast suffered for my sake,
 Whilst this relief I found,
 Like fearless lips that strive to take
 The poison from a wound.
 My fond affection thou hast seen,
 Then judge of my regret,
 To think more happy thou hadst been
 If we had never met !
 And has that thought been shared by thee ?
 Ah, no ! that smiling cheek
 Proves more unchanging love for me
 Than laboured words could speak.
 But there are true hearts which the sight
 Of sorrow summons forth ;
 Though known in days of past delight,
 We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take :
We 'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

Oh, No! We never Mention Him.

Oh, no! he never mention him, his name is never
heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar
word :
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my
regret ;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that
I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that
others see ;
But were I in a foreign land, they 'd find no change
in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we
met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree ; but how can I forget ?
For oh! there are so many things recall the past to
me—

The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea ;
The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set ;
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay ;
They hint that he forgets me too—but I heed not
what they say :
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of
regret ;
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839.
His songs contain the pathos of a section of our
social system ; but they are more calculated to
attract attention by their refined and happy dic-
tion, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of
them, as *The Soldier's Tear*, *She wore a Wreath of
Roses* ; *Oh, no! we never mention Him* ; and *We
met—'twas in a crowd*, attained to an extraor-
dinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, *I'd be
a Butterfly* was the most felicitous : it expresses
the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even
Horace in gaiety.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day :
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away !

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

In 1827 appeared a volume of sacred poetry,
entitled *The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse
for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the
Year*. The work has had extraordinary success.
The object of the author was to bring the thoughts
and feelings of his readers into more entire unison

with those recommended and exemplified in the
English Prayer-Book, and some of his little poems
have great tenderness, beauty, and devotional
feeling. Thus, on the text : 'So the Lord scat-
tered them abroad from thence upon the face of
all the earth : and they left off to build the city'
(Genesis, xi. 8), we have this descriptive passage :

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love :
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glades should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Another text (Proverbs, xiv. 10) suggests a train of
touching sentiment :

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh ?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

The following is one of the poems entire :

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall
speak, and not lie : though it tarry, wait for it ; because it will
surely come, it will not tarry.—*Isaiah*, li. 3.

The morning mist is cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened ear
Of her whom Heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain ! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast :

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,*
The appalling Future as it nearer draws :
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

* It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be
clear, nor dark.—*Zechariah*, xiv. 6.

That is the heart for watchman true
 Waiting to see what GOD will do,
 As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls :
 No more he strains his wistful eye,
 If chance the golden hours be nigh,
 By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his shadowy paradise,
 His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise :
 There seek his answer when the world improves :
 Contented in his darkling round,
 If only he be faithful found,
 When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

The REV. JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866), author of *The Christian Year*, was the son of a country clergyman, vicar of Coln-St-Aldwynds, Gloucestershire. At the early age of fifteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics was in 1811 elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of *The Christian Year*, and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, having originated in a sermon on national apostasy, preached by Keble in 1833; Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble was chief adviser and counsellor. He also wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating, as has been said, 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments, and the danger of independent speculation.' Such principles, fettering the understanding, are never likely to be popular, but they were held by Keble with saint-like sincerity and simplicity of character. In 1835, the poetical divine became vicar of Hursley, near Winchester. In 1846, he published a second volume of poems, *Lyra Innocentium*, and he was author of a *Life of Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man*, and editor of an edition of *Hooker's Works*. The poetry of Keble is characterised by great delicacy and purity both of thought and expression. It is occasionally prosaic and feeble, but always wears a sort of apostolic air, and wins its way to the heart.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON.

A Devonshire poet, MR CARRINGTON (1777-1830), has celebrated some of the scenery and traditions of his native district in pleasing verse. His works have been collected into two volumes, and consist of *The Banks of Tamar*, 1820; *Dartmoor* (his best poem), 1826; *My Native Village*; and miscellaneous pieces.

The Pixies of Devon.

The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—DREW'S *Cornwall*.

They are flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
 In Superstition's web when Time was young,

And fondly loved and cherished : they are flown
 Before the wand of Science ! Hills and vales,
 Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
 The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
 The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
 In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
 Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
 Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
 And water-fall ; the day is silent else,
 And night is strangely mute ! the hymnings high—
 The immortal music, men of ancient times
 Heard ravished oft, are flown ! Oh, ye have lost,
 Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
 That dwell in your green solitudes, and filled
 The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
 Intense ; with a rich mystery that awed
 The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
 Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
 Found passionate listeners !

The very streams
 Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
 Ethereal creatures ! They were seen to rise
 From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
 As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
 Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
 Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
 And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
 Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
 Looked on their revels all the luscious night ;
 And, unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
 Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
 Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
 Elysian !

And by gifted eyes were seen
 Wonders—in the still air ; and beings bright
 And beautiful, more beautiful than through
 Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
 The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
 Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touched
 The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
 Seemed greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
 Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
 Leaped in the ray for joy ; and all the birds
 Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
 All soul. The very archings of the grove,
 Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
 Lightened with living splendours ; and the flowers,
 Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
 By millions in the grass, that rustled now
 To gales of Araby !

The seasons came
 In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade ;
 The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
 These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
 Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
 Came down in death or sport ; ay, when the storm
 Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
 The tempest ; and, anon, they reined its rage
 In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers !—flown
 Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
 Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
 Are passionless and silent !

Some poet-translators of this period merit
 honourable mention.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

The REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM (1769-1843), rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and archdeacon of Chester, in 1795 wrote a prize-poem on the *Restoration of the Jews*, and translations in verse. He was the author of four Seaton prize-poems on sacred subjects, several sermons, an edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, and dissertations on the

British empire in the East, on the translation of the Scriptures into the oriental languages, &c. His occasional translations from the Greek and Latin, and his macaronic verses, or sportive classical effusions among his friends, were marked by fine taste and felicitous adaptation. He continued his favourite studies to the close of his long life, and was the ornament and delight of the society in which he moved.

HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

The REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY (1772-1844), by his translation of Dante, has earned a high and lasting reputation. He was early distinguished as a classical scholar at Christ's Church, Oxford, and was familiar with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English literature. In 1805 he published the *Inferno* of Dante in blank verse, and an entire translation of the *Divina Commedia*, in the same measure, in 1814. He afterwards translated the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and the *Odes* of Pindar, and wrote short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which, with lives of the early French poets, appeared anonymously in the *London Magazine*. For some years Mr Cary held the office of assistant-librarian in the British Museum, and enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. A Memoir of this amiable scholar was written by his son, the Rev. H. Cary, and published in 1847. First brought into notice by the prompt and strenuous exertions of Coleridge, Mr Cary's version of the Florentine poet passed through four editions during the life of the translator. We subjoin a specimen.

Francesca of Rimini.

In the second circle of hell, Dante, in his 'vision,' witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by furious winds. Amongst these he meets with Francesca of Rimini, who, with her lover Paolo, was put to death. The father of the unfortunate lady was the friend and protector of Dante.

I began : 'Bard ! willingly

I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus :
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach,
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat ; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech :
'O wearied spirits ! come and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves,
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along ;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding, with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.

'O gracious creature, and benign ! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued ;
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight,
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,

That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death : Caina¹ waits
The soul who spilt our life.' Such were their words ;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried :
'What art thou pondering ?' I, in answer, thus :
'Alas ! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached !'

Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began : 'Francesca ! your sad fate,
Even to tears, my grief and pity moves.
But tell me ; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes.' She replied :
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand ! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight, we read of Lancelot,²
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wish'd smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more.'³ While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely that, heart-struck,
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death ; and like a corpse fell to the ground.

Ugolini and his Sons in the Tower of Famine.

During the contests between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, in 1289, Count Ugolini with two of his sons and two grandsons, were confined by Archbishop Ruggieri in a tower ; the tower was locked, and the key thrown into the Arno, and all food was withheld from them. In a few days, they died of hunger. Dante describes the future punishment of Ugolini and the cardinal as being 'pent in one hollow of the ice.' The awful deaths in the tower are thus related by the ghost of the count.

A small grate

Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shewn me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisans. With lean brachs,
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons—for they were with me—weep and ask
For bread. . . .
Now had they wakened ; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food ; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up
The horrible tower : whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.

¹ The place to which murderers are doomed.

² One of the knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Genevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance.

³ A fine representation of this scene in marble formed part of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. It was from the collection of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and was executed by Mr A. Munro, sculptor, a young artist cut off prematurely by death in 1871.

I wept not : so all stone I felt within.
 They wept : and one, my little Anselm, cried :
 'Thou lookest so ! father, what ails thee ?' Yet
 I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
 Nor the next night, until another sun
 Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
 Had to our doleful prison made its way,
 And in four countenances I descried
 The image of my own, on either hand
 Through agony I bit ; and they who thought
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose
 O' the sudden, and cried : ' Father, we should grieve
 Far less if thou wouldst eat of us : thou gavest
 These weeds of miserable flesh we wear ;
 And do thou strip them off from us again.'
 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
 My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
 We were all silent. Ah, obdurate earth !
 Why open'st not upon us ? When we came
 To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
 Outstretched did fling him, crying : ' Hast no help
 For me, my father ?' There he died ; and e'en
 Plainly, as thou seest me, saw I the three
 Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth :
 Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
 Over them all, and for three days aloud
 Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
 The mastery of grief.

A select descriptive passage of Dante, imitated by Gray (first line in the *Elegy*), and by Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iii. 108), is thus rendered by Cary :

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell ;
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE (1775-1843), the translator of Ariosto, and a man of fine talent and accomplishments, was the second son of Mr George Rose, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. After his education at Eton and Cambridge, Mr Rose was introduced to public life, and he obtained the appointment of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. His tastes, however, were wholly literary. To gratify his father, he began *A Naval History of the Late War*, vol. i., 1802, which he never completed. His subsequent works were a translation of the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, 1803 ; a translation, in verse from the French of Le Grand, of *Partenopex de Blois*, 1807 ; *Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq., from the North of Italy*, 2 vols., 1819 ; and a translation of the *Animali Parlanti* of Casti, 1819, to which he prefixed introductory addresses at each canto to his friends Ugo Foscolo, Frere, Walter Scott, &c. In 1823, he published a condensed translation of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, and also commenced his version of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was completed in 1831. The latter is the happiest of Mr Rose's translations ; it has wonderful spirit, as well as remarkable fidelity, both in form and meaning, to the original. The translator dedicated his work in a graceful sonnet to Sir Walter Scott, 'who,' he says, 'persuaded me to resume the work, which had been thrown aside, on the ground that such labour was its own reward.'

Scott, for whom Fame a gorgeous garland weaves,
 Who what was scattered to the wasting wind,
 As grain too coarse to gather or to bind,
 Bad'st me collect and gird in goodly sheaves ;
 If this poor seed hath formed its stalks and leaves,
 Transplanted from a softer clime, and pined
 For lack of southern suns in soil unkind,
 Where Ceres or Italian Flora grieves ;
 And if some fruit, however dwindled, fill
 The doubtful ear, though scant the crop and bare—
 Ah, how unlike the growth of Tuscan hill,
 Where the glad harvest springs behind the share—
 Peace be to thee ! who taught me that to till
 Was sweet, however paid the peasant's care.

Besides his translations, Mr Rose was author of a volume of poems, entitled *The Crusade of St Louis*, &c., 1810 ; and *Rhymes*, a small volume of epistles to his friends ; tales, sonnets, &c. He was also an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Ill-health latterly compelled Mr Rose to withdraw in a great measure from society ; 'but in every event and situation of life,' says his biographer, Mr Townsend, 'whether of sorrow or sickness, joy or pleasure, the thoughtful politeness of a perfect gentleman never forsook him.*' And thus he became the best translator of Ariosto, one of whose merits was that even in jesting he never forgot that he was a gentleman, while in his most extraordinary narratives and adventures there are simple and natural touches of feeling and expression that command sympathy. The *ottava rima stanza* of Ariosto was followed by Rose—Hook in his translation adopted the heroic couplet—with marvellous success. As a specimen, we give two stanzas :

Let him make haste his feet to disengage,
 Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize ;
 For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage,
 By universal suffrage of the wise :
 And albeit some may shew themselves more sage
 Than Roland, they but sin in other guise.
 For what proves folly more than on this shelf,
 Thus for another to destroy one's self ?

Various are love's effects ; but from one source
 All issue, though they lead a different way.
 He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce,
 Who enters its recesses go astray ;
 And here and there pursue their devious course :
 In sum, to you, I, for conclusion, say,
 He who grows old in love, besides all pain
 Which waits such passion, well deserves a chain.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

One of our earliest translators from the German was WILLIAM TAYLOR of Norwich (1765-1836). In 1796 appeared his version of Burger's *Lenore*. Before the publication of this piece, Mrs Barbauld—who had been the preceptress of Taylor—read it to a party in Edinburgh at which Walter Scott was present. The impression made upon Scott was such that he was induced to attempt a version himself, and though inferior in some respects to that of Taylor, Scott's translation gave promise of poetical power and imagination. Mr Taylor afterwards made various translations from the German, which he collected and published in 1830 under the title of *A Survey of German Poetry*.

* Memoir prefixed to Eohn's edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1838.

'Mr Taylor,' says a critic in the *Quarterly Review* (1843), 'must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the modern poetry and drama of Germany to the English reader, and his versions of the *Nathan* of Lessing, the *Iphigenia* of Goethe, and Schiller's *Bride of Messina*, are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.' In 1843 an interesting Memoir of Taylor, containing his correspondence with Southey, was published in two volumes, edited by J. W. Robberds, Norwich.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

In 1823 this nobleman (1800-1857) published a translation of Goethe's *Faust* and Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. This volume was followed in 1824 by another, *Translations from the German, and Original Poems*. In 1830 he translated *Hernani, or the Honour of a Castilian*, a tragedy from the French of Victor Hugo. To the close of his life, this accomplished nobleman continued to adapt popular foreign works—as Pindemonte's *Donna Charitea*, Michael Beer's *Paria*, the *Henri Trois* of Dumas, &c. He translated and re-arranged Schimmer's *Siege of Vienna*, and edited the *History of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon* (two vols., 1851). In 1839 he undertook a voyage to the Mediterranean in his yacht, and on his return home printed for private circulation *The Pilgrimage, Mediterranean Sketches, &c.*, which were afterwards published with illustrations. A dramatic piece, *Bluebeard*, acted with success at private theatricals, also proceeded from his pen. He occasionally contributed an article to the *Quarterly Review*, and took a lively interest in all questions affecting literature and art. Of both he was a munificent patron. His lordship, by the death of his father, the first Duke of Sutherland, in 1833, succeeded to the great Bridgewater estates in Lancashire, and to his celebrated gallery of pictures, valued at £150,000. He was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere in 1846. The translations of this nobleman are characterised by elegance and dramatic spirit, but his *Faust* is neither very vigorous nor very faithful. His original poetry is graceful, resembling, though inferior, that of Rogers. We subjoin one specimen, in which Campbell seems to have been selected as the model.

The Military Execution.

His doom has been decreed,
He has owned the fatal deed,
And its sentence is here to abide.
No mercy now can save;
They have dug the yawning grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye;
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone.
His latest prayer has ceased,
And the comrade and the priest,
From their last sad task released,
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal knell to hear,
They can but weep when the deed 'tis done;

They would shriek, and wail, and pray:
It is well for him to-day
That his friends are far away—
All but one.

Yes, in his mute despair,
The faithful hound is there,
He has reached his master's side with a spring.
To the hand which reared and fed,
Till its ebbing pulse hath fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art, or lure, or wile,
That one can now beguile
From the side of his master and friend?
He has gnawed his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who can blame?
Though it dim the veteran's aim,
And each breast along the line heave the sigh.
For 'twere cruel now to save;
And together in that grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

In 1820-22, THOMAS MITCHELL (1783-1845) published translations in verse of Aristophanes, in which the sense and spirit of the 'Old Comedian' were admirably rendered. Mr Mitchell also edited some of the plays of Sophocles, and superintended the publication of some of the Greek works which issued from the Oxford Clarendon press.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD (1780-1855), long the British ambassador at Lisbon and other foreign courts, in 1803 published a version of *Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with remarks on his Life and Writings*. The translation was generally condemned for its loose and amatory character, but some of the lyrical pieces have much beauty. A sarcastic notice of Strangford will be found in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Moore dedicated to him one of his finest epistles. To the last, the old nobleman delighted in literary and antiquarian pursuits, and was much esteemed.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

After the publication of Fergusson's poems, in a collected shape, in 1773, there was an interval of about thirteen years, during which no writer of eminence arose in Scotland who attempted to excel in the native language of the country. The intellectual taste of the capital ran strongly in favour of metaphysical and critical studies; but the Doric muse was still heard in the rural districts linked to some popular air, some local occurrence or favourite spot, and was much cherished by the lower and middle classes of the people. In the summer of 1786, ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, issued his first volume from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and its influence was immediately felt, and is still operating on the whole imaginative literature

of the kingdom.* Burns was then in his twenty-seventh year, having been born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th of January 1759. His father was a poor farmer, a man of sterling worth and intelligence, who gave his son what education he could afford. The whole, however, was but a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius! Robert was taught English well, and 'by the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.' He was also taught to write, had a fortnight's French, and was one summer quarter at land-surveying. He had a few books, among which were the *Spectator*, Pope's works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of *English Songs*. Subsequently—about his twenty-third year—his reading was enlarged with the important addition of Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, and Mackenzie. Other standard works soon followed. As the advantages of a liberal education were not within his reach, it is scarcely to be regretted that his library was at first so small. What books he had, he read and studied thoroughly—his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigour. It is impossible to contemplate the life of Burns at this time, without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect. His manly integrity of character—which, as a peasant, he guarded with jealous dignity—and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity, boiling, when a mere youth, 'like a galley-slave,' to support his virtuous parents and their household, yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books—familiar with the history of his country, and loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland's ancient patriots and defenders, and exploring the scenes and memorials of departed greatness—loving also the simple peasantry around him, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers.' Burning with a desire to do something for old Scotland's sake, with a heart

beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem. The true elements of poetry were in his life, as in his writings. The wild stirrings of his ambition—which he so nobly compared to the 'blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave'—the precocious maturity of his passions and his intellect, his manly frame, that led him to fear no competitor at the plough, and his exquisite sensibility and tenderness, that made him weep over even the destruction of a daisy's flower or a mouse's nest—these are all moral contrasts or blendings that seem to belong to the spirit of romantic poetry. His writings, as we now know, were but the fragments of a great mind—the hasty outpourings of a full heart and intellect. After he had become the fashionable wonder and idol of his day—soon to be cast into cold neglect and poverty!—some errors and frailties threw a shade on the noble and affecting image, but its higher lineaments were never destroyed. The column was defaced, not broken; and now that the mists of prejudice have cleared away, its just proportions and symmetry are recognised with pride and gratitude by his admiring countrymen.

Burns came as a potent auxiliary or fellow-worker with Cowper, in bringing poetry into the channels of truth and nature. There was only about a year between the *Task* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland. A contemporary, Robert Heron, who then resided in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, states that 'old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike transported with the poems, and that even ploughmen and maid-servants would gladly have bestowed the wages they earned, if they but might procure the works of Burns.' The volume, indeed, contained matter for all minds—for the lively and sarcastic, the wild and the thoughtful, the poetical enthusiast and the man of the world. So eagerly was the book sought after, that, where copies of it could not be obtained, many of the poems were transcribed and sent round in manuscript among admiring circles. The subsequent productions of the poet did not materially affect the estimate of his powers formed from his first volume. His life was at once too idle and too busy for continuous study; and, alas! it was too brief for the full maturity and development of his talents. Where the intellect predominates equally with the imagination—and this was the case with Burns—increases of years generally adds to the strength and variety of the poet's powers; and we have no doubt that, in ordinary circumstances, Burns, like Dryden, would have improved with age, and added greatly to his fame, had he not fallen at so early a period, before his imagination could be enriched with the riper fruits of knowledge and experience. He meditated a national drama; but we might have looked with more confidence for a series of tales like *Tam o' Shanter*, which—with the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, one of the most highly finished and most precious of his works—was produced in his happy

* The edition consisted of 600 copies. A second was published in Edinburgh in April 1787, as many as 2800 copies being subscribed for by 1500 individuals. After his unexampled popularity in Edinburgh, Burns took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and entered upon his new occupation at Whitsunday 1788. He had obtained—what he anxiously desired as an addition to his means as a farmer—an appointment in the Excise; but the duties of this office, and his own convivial habits, interfered with his management of the farm, and he was glad to abandon it. In 1791 he removed to the town of Dumfries, subsisting entirely on his situation in the Excise, which yielded £70 per annum, with an occasional windfall from smuggling seizures. His great ambition was to be a supervisor, from which preferment it was said his 'political heresies' excluded him; but it has lately been proved, that if any rebuke was administered to the poet, it must have been verbal, for no censure against him was recorded in the excise books. He was on the list of promotion, and had he lived six months longer he would, in the ordinary routine of the service, have been promoted. In 1793, Burns published a third edition of his Poems, with the addition of *Tam o' Shanter* and other pieces composed at Ellisland. A fourth edition, with some corrections, was published in 1794, and this seems to have been the last authorised edition in the poet's lifetime. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796, aged thirty-seven years and about six months. The story of the poet's life is so well known, that even this brief statement of dates seems unnecessary. The valuable edition of Dr Currie appeared in 1800, and realised a sum of £1400 for Burns's widow and family. It contained the correspondence of the poet, and a number of songs, contributed to Johnson's *Scotts Musical Museum*, and Thomson's *Select Scottish Melodies*. The editions of Burns since 1800 could with difficulty be ascertained; they were reckoned a few years ago at about a hundred. His poems circulate in every shape, and have not yet 'gathered all their fame.'

residence at Ellisland. Above two hundred songs were, however, thrown off by Burns, in his latter years, and they embraced poetry of all kinds. Moore became a writer of lyrics, as he informs his readers, that he might express what music conveyed to himself. Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music. Whatever pleasure he derived from it, was the result of personal associations—the words to which airs were adapted, or the locality with which they were connected. His whole soul, however, was full of the finest harmony. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred into lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sang in a bush, nor a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear. He fell in love with every fine female face he saw; and thus kindled up, his feelings took the shape of song, and the words fell as naturally into their places as if prompted by the most perfect knowledge of music. The inward melody needed no artificial accompaniment. An attempt at a longer poem would have chilled his ardour; but a song embodying some one leading idea, some burst of passion, love, patriotism, or humour, was exactly suited to the impulsive nature of Burns's genius, and to his situation and circumstances. His command of language and imagery, always the most appropriate, musical, and graceful, was a greater marvel than the creations of a Handel or Mozart. The Scottish poet, however, knew many old airs—still more old ballads; and a few bars of the music, or a line of the words, served as a key-note to his suggestive fancy. He improved nearly all he touched. The arch humour, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original songs, will be felt as long as 'rivers roll and woods are green.' They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country, and must be coeval with it in existence. Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passion, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature.

Tam o' Shanter is usually considered to be Burns's master-piece: it was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every critic. It displays more various powers than any of his other productions, beginning with low comic humour and Bacchanalian revelry—the dramatic scene at the commencement is unique, even in Burns—and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The originality of some of the phrases and sentiments, as

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious—
O'er a' the ills of life victorious!

the felicity of some of the similes, and the elastic force and springiness of the versification, must also be considered as aiding in the effect. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had time to cool or to slacken in his fervour; and such we know was actually the case. Next to this inimitable 'tale of truth' in originality, and in happy grouping of

images, both familiar and awful, we should be disposed to rank the *Address to the Deil*. The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan; but though his *Address* is mainly ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a feeling of tenderness and compunction with his oburgation of the Evil One. The effect of contrast was never more happily displayed than in the conception of such a being straying in lonely glens and rustling among trees—in the familiarity of sly humour with which the poet lectures so awful and mysterious a personage—who had, as he says, almost overturned the infant world, and ruined all; and in that strange and inimitable outbreak of sympathy in which a hope is expressed for the salvation, and pity for the fate, even of Satan himself—

But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon deer,
Even for your sake!

The *Jolly Beggars* is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Currie has been blamed by Sir Walter Scott and others for over-fastidiousness in not admitting that humorous cantata into his edition, but we do not believe that Currie ever saw the *Jolly Beggars*. The poem was not published till 1801, and was then printed from the only copy known to exist in the poet's handwriting. Of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Mountain Daisy*, or the *Mouse's Nest*, it would be idle to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colours—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heart-felt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. The workmanship of these leading poems is equal to the value of the materials. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will—the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty—his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings. He is as literal as Cowper. The banks of the Doon are described as faithfully as those of the Ouse; and his views of human life and manners are as real and as finely moralised. His range of subjects, however, was infinitely more diversified, including a varied and romantic landscape, the customs and superstitions of his country, the delights of good-fellowship and bosom society, the aspirations of youthful ambition, and, above all, the emotions of love, which he depicted with such mingled fervour and delicacy. This ecstacy of passion was unknown to the author of the *Task*. Nor could the latter have conceived anything so truly poetical as the image of Coila, the tutelary genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut, where his heart and fancy overflowed with love and poetry. Cowper read and appreciated Burns, and we can picture his astonishment and delight on perusing such strains as Coila's address:

Extract from 'The Vision.'

'With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

'When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends ;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I shew,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of care,
With soul erect ;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head :
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns never could have improved upon the grace and tenderness of this romantic vision—the finest revelation ever made of the hope and ambition of a youthful poet. Greater strength, however, he undoubtedly acquired with the experience of manhood. His *Tam o' Shanter*, and *Bruce's Address*, are the result of matured powers ; and his songs evince a conscious mastery of the art and materials of composition. His *Vision of Liberty* at Lincluden is a great and splendid fragment. The reflective spirit evinced in his early epistles is found, in his *Lines written in Friars' Carse Hermitage*, to have settled in a vein of moral philosophy, clear and true as the lines of Swift, and informed with a higher wisdom. It cannot be said that Burns absolutely fails in any kind of composition, except in his epigrams ; these are coarse without being pointed or entertaining. Nature, which had lavished on him such powers of humour, denied him wit.

In reviewing the intellectual career of the poet, his correspondence must not be overlooked. His prose style was more ambitious than that of his poetry. In the latter he followed the dictates of nature, warm from the heart, whereas in his letters he aimed at being sentimental, peculiar, and striking ; and simplicity was sometimes sacrificed for effect. As Johnson considered conversation to be an intellectual arena, wherein every man was bound to do his best, Burns seems to have regarded letter-writing in much the same light, and to have considered it necessary at times to display all his acquisitions to amuse, gratify, or astonish his admiring correspondents. Considerable deductions must, therefore, be made from his published correspondence, whether regarded as an index to his feelings and situation, or as models of the epistolary style. In *subject*, he adapted himself too much to the character and tastes of the person he was addressing, and in *style* he was led away by a love of display. A tinge of pedantry and assumption, or of reckless bravado, was thus at times superinduced upon the manly and thoughtful simplicity of his natural character, which sits awkwardly upon it as the intrusion of Jove or Danaë into the rural songs of Allan Ramsay.* Burns's letters, however, are valu-

* The scraps of French in his letters to Dr Moore, Mrs Riddel, &c. have an unpleasant effect. 'If he had an affectation in [anything,' says Dugald Stewart, 'it was in introducing occasionally [in conversation] a word or phrase from that language.' Campbell makes a similar statement, and relates the following anecdote: 'One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation, but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean that she was fond of speaking ; to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious.' The friend who introduced Burns on this occasion (and who herself related the anecdote to Mr Campbell) was Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs Lewis Hay, who died in 1843. The wonder is, that the dissipated aristocracy of the Caledonian Hunt, and the 'buckish tradesmen of Edinburgh,' left any part of the original plainness and simplicity of his manners. Yet his learned friends saw no change in the proud

able as memorials of his temperament and genius. He was often distinct, forcible, and happy in expression—rich in sallies of imagination and poetical feeling—at times deeply pathetic and impressive. He lifts the veil from the miseries of his latter days with a hand struggling betwixt pride and a broken spirit. His autobiography, addressed to Dr Moore, written when his mind was salient and vigorous, is as remarkable for its literary talent as for its modest independence and clear judgment; and the letters to Mrs Dunlop—in whom he had entire confidence, and whose lady-like manners and high principle rebuked his wilder spirit—are all characterised by sincerity and elegance. One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy; it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame:

ELLISLAND, *New-year-day Morning, 1789.*

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings; everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquility and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the hare-

self-sustained and self-measuring poet. He kept his ground, and he asked no more.

'A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters,' says the quaint but true and searching Thomas Carlyle, 'this winter in Edinburgh did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this. It was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other, but must halt for ever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men: "we long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!'

bell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

In another of his letters we have this striking autobiographical fragment:

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, 'the dark postern of time long elapsed'; and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect: what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said: 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

And again in a similar strain:

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain! It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'

To the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Burns seems to have clung with fond tenacity; it survived the wreck or confusion of his early impressions, and formed the strongest and most soothing of his beliefs. In other respects, his creed was chiefly practical. 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others,' he says, 'this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.' The same feeling he had expressed in one of his early poems:

But deep this truth impressed my mind,
 Through all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

Conjectures have been idly formed as to the probable effect which education would have had on the mind of Burns. We may as well speculate on the change which might be wrought by the engineer, the planter, and agriculturist, in assimilating the wild scenery of Scotland to that of England. Who would wish—if it were possible—by successive graftings, to make the birch or the pine approximate to the oak or the elm? Nature is various in all her works, and has diversified genius as much as she has done her plants and trees. In Burns we have a genuine Scottish poet: why should we wish to mar the beautiful order and variety of nature by making him a Dryden or a Gray? Education could not have improved

Burns's songs, his *Tam o' Shanter*, or any other of his great poems. He would never have written them but for his situation and feelings as a peasant—and could he have written anything better? The whole of that world of passion and beauty which he has laid open to us might have been hid for ever; and the genius which was so well and worthily employed in embellishing rustic life, and adding new interest and glory to his country, would only have placed him in the long procession of English poets, stripped of his originality, and bearing, though proudly, the ensign of conquest and submission.

From the Epistle to James Smith.

This while my notion 's ta'en a sklent
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries 'Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There 's ithier poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-and-forty's speeled,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin' over the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves!
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

From the Epistle to W. Simpson.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Of have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant among the buds,
And jinkin' hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

To a Mountain Daisy,

On turning one down with the plough in April 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy wet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:

But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share utears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

On Captain Matthew Henderson,

A gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately
from Almighty God.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light !

O Death ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled !

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,¹
Where Echo slumbers !
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
Ye burnies, wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers ;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling through a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood !
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamering craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead.

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sorrow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
Mourn, empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orb he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall we find another,
The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !

¹ Eagles.

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Menie.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blessed but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And over the moorland whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

Ae Fond Kiss.

'These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales.'—SCOTT.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

My Bonny Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

Mary Morison.

'One of my juvenile works.'—BURNS. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind.' Such are the lines of *Mary Morison*, &c.—HAZLITT.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

*A Vision.**

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghost arise,
Attired as minstrels want to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—'Libertie!'

* A favourite walk of Burns, during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden Water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount, to the south of the church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the 'Calvary' of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembered to have been a favourite resting-place of the poet.

Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints—for more than a hint could not be ventured upon—his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era.—CHAMBERS'S *BURNS*.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green!
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?*

* Burns, in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs,' written for the Laird of Glenriddel, has described the above parting scene. 'My Highland lassie,' he says, 'was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days before I could even hear of her illness.' Cromek heightens the interesting picture: 'The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laid their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again.' Subsequent investigation has lessened the romance of this pure love-passage in the poet's life. The 'pretty long tract of attachment,' if we take the expression literally, must have been before Burns's acquaintance with Jean Armour, who soon eclipsed all the other rustic heroines. When Jean and her parents so ruthlessly broke off the connection, Burns turned to Highland Mary; but when Mary embarked for the West Highlands, Jean Armour again obtained the ascendant, and four weeks after the parting with Mary (June 12), we find the poet writing: 'Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her (Jean Armour); and to confess a truth, I do still love her to distraction.' Mary is no more heard of, and is not mentioned by Burns till three years after her decease. Her premature death had recalled her love and her virtues, and embalmed them for ever. The parting scene was exalted and hallowed in his imagination, and kept sacred—not, perhaps, without some feeling of remorse. To Dr Moore, to his Ayrshire friends, and to Clarinda he spoke freely of all his early loves except that of Mary; his vows to her seem never to have been whispered to any ear but her own. The rapid changes illustrate the poet's 'mobility,' or excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions,

RICHARD GALL.

RICHARD GALL (1776-1800), whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. *My Only Jo and Dearie O*, for pleasing fancy and musical expression, is not unworthy of Tannahill. 'I remember,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when this song was exceedingly popular: its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung.'

My Only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
Oh, sweet 's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither worldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

This song of Gall's has often been printed as the composition of Burns, a copy in Burns's handwriting having been found among his papers.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic gang!

which also characterised Byron, and which Byron, less reticent, has defended:

'Tis merely what is called mobility—
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so from its supposed facility:
And false, though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

Don Juan, c. xvi.

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON, a distinguished naturalist, was also a good Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems, he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, *Watty and Meg*, which was at first attributed to Burns.* A foolish personal satire, and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution, drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America, collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of *American Ornithology*, and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed an eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labours on the 23d of August 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the *Ornithology* of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:

The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being

* As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of the window, a well-known hawk, Andrew Bishop, went past crying: 'Watty and Meg, a new ballad, by Robert Burns.' The poet looked out and said: 'That's a lee, Andrew, but I would make your plack a babwie if it were mine.' This we heard Mrs Burns, the poet's widow, relate.

common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringie coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild-flowers, of a great many different colours; and, presenting them to his mother, said: 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency;

and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstasy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

A Village Scold.—From 'Watty and Meg.'

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,
Swit'! a chap comes on the hallan—
'Mungo I is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

'Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink 's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy followed,
Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Folk frac every door came lampin',
Maggy curs't them ane and a',
Clapp'd wi' her hands, and stampin',
Lost her bauchels i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white 's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whites, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet—
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell—
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' aften to himsel:

'Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me.'

HECTOR MACNEILL.

HECTOR MACNEILL (1746-1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. In 1789, he published a legendary poem, *The Harp*, and in 1795, his moral tale, *Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean*. The object of this production was to depict the evil effects of intemperance. A happy rural pair are reduced to ruin, descending by gradual steps till the husband is obliged to enlist as a soldier, and the wife to beg with her children through the country. The situation of the little ale-house where Will begins his unlucky potations is finely described.

In a howm, whose bonny burnie
Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn aye,
Neat and beild, a cot-house stood :

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red ;
Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Hafslins seen and hafslins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin',
Raised a' round a cosy screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line ;
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
' Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'
Painted bright between twa trees.

' Godsake, Tam ! here's walth for drinking !
Wha can this new-comer be ?'
' Hout, ' quo' Tam, ' there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

The rustic friends have a jolly meeting, and do not separate till 'tween twa and three' next morning. A weekly club is set up at Maggy Howe's, a newspaper is procured, and poor Will, the hero of the tale, becomes a pot-house politician, and soon goes to ruin. His wife also takes to drinking.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace ?
Wha in neebouring town or farm ?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare ?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But war ony half sae fair ?

See them *now!*—how changed wi' drinking !
A' their youthfu' beauty gane !
Davered, doited, daized, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane !

In the cauld month o' November—
Claise and cash and credit out—
Cowering ower a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout !

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent ;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here—
No a friend their cause to plead !
He's ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread !

The little domestic drama is happily wound up : Jeanie obtains a cottage and protection from the Duchess of Buccleuch ; and Will, after losing a leg in battle, returns, ' placed on Chelsea's bounty,' and finds his wife and family.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth ;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood ;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud :

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating ;
Linties chirped on ilka tree ;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny !
Craigs and water, woods and glen !
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden !

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will—though hardly fit to gang—
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

' Soldier, rise !—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering, fa' wi' deadly skaith !—
Wounded soldier ! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death.'

Silent slept he on, poor fellow !
Listening to his guide before,
Ower green knowe and flowery hollow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet and humble ;
Decked wi' honeysuckle round ;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming glint to view ;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond and happy wangle,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleezing on a clean hearthstane.

' Soldier, welcome ! come, be cheery—
Here ye'se rest and tak' your bed—
Faint, wae's me ! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek, sae lately red !'

' Changed I am, ' sighed Willie till her ;
' Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be !
Yet, alas ! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see ?'

Hae ye marked the dews o' morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
 Quickly fa', when, without warning,
 Rough blasts came and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird, fast fleeing,
 Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?
 Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet.

After three lang years' affliction—
 A' their waes now hushed to rest—
 Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
 Clasps her Willie to her breast.

The simple truth and pathos of descriptions like these appealed to the heart, and soon rendered Macneill's poem universally popular in Scotland. Its moral tendency was also a strong recommendation, and the same causes still operate in procuring readers for the tale, especially in that class best fitted to appreciate its rural beauties and homely pictures, and to receive benefit from the lessons it inculcates. Macneill wrote several Scottish lyrics, and published a descriptive poem, entitled *The Links of Forth, or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling*; and some prose tales, in which he laments the effect of modern change and improvement. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort in Edinburgh.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
 Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
 Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
 Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
 Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
 She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
 Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
 Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee:
 'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your
 scorning;
 Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling—
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, author of the *Siller Gun*, *Glasgow*, and other poems, was a native of Dumfries—born in the year 1761—and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the *Dumfries Journal* office in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his *Siller Gun* in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in *Ruddiman's Magazine*; and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*) 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.' Mr Mayne was author of a short poem on *Hallowe'en*, printed in *Ruddiman's Magazine* in 1780; and in 1781, he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of *Logan Braes*, which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his *Logan Water*. The *Siller Gun* is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of *Logan Braes* is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the *Star* newspaper), Mr Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping, in the midst of his duties as a public journalist, to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and tenacity of early feelings and local associations.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
 And I wi' grief may herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing thae days are gane:
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane ;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his trust wi' me.
Oh ! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain !
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We 'd live in bliss on Logan braes !

Helen of Kirkconnel.

Helen Irving, a young lady of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of rank and fortune in that neighbourhood. Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival. This catastrophe took place during the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads : the first two are old, the third is the composition of the author of the *Siller Gun*. It was first inserted in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (1815) by Sir Walter Scott.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries ;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me !
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wished to be a bride ;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me :
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow ;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me !
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh ! if on earth there 's aught divine,
My Helen ! all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee !

Ah, what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain ;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me :
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee !

Oh ! when I 'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me !
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise ;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee !*

Mustering of the Trades to Shoot for the Siller Gun.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,

* The concluding verse of the old ballad is finer :
I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

Also an earlier stanza :

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes ahint them on their yads)
Flocked in to see the show in squads ;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after !

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair ;
For, lest they 'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night !

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some orra saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carle,
Weel may he bruih his new apparel !
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife !
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life !

Hech, sirs ! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down !
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and semple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes !

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in ;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing !

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy ;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

Oh ! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin' ;
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose !

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Glee'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith !

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere !
The short, the tall ; fat folk and spare ;
Syde coats and dockit ;
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair ;
Round hats and cockit !

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses !

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them glimmer,
 Hadna been shot for mony a simmer ;
 And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
 Jocosely hints
 That some o' them had bits o' timmer
 Instead o' flints !

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
 Were spiked, to let nae priming ben ;
 And, as in twenty there were ten
 Worm-eaten stocks,
 Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
 Held on their locks !

And then, to shew what difference stands
 Atween the leaders and their bands,
 Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
 Neglected lay,
 Were furished up, to grace the hands
 O' chiefs this day !

'Ohon !' says George, and ga'e a grane,
 'The age o' chivalry is gane !'
 Syn, having ower and ower again
 The hale surveyed,
 Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
 He snuffed, and said :

'Now, gentlemen ! now, mind the motion,
 And dinna, this time, mak a botion :
 Shouter your arms ! Oh ! haud them tosh on,
 And not athraw !
 Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
 And march awa' !'

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
 Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound !
 Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
 The Corporations
 Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
 In acclamations !

BARONESS NAIRNE.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT (1766-1845), of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and justly celebrated for her beauty, talents, and worth, wrote several lyrical pieces, which enjoy great popularity. These are, *The Land o' the Leal*, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, *Caller Herrin'*, *The Lass o' Gowrie*, &c. In 1806 she was married to Major William Murray Nairne, who, in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerages, became Baron Nairne. Shortly before her death, this excellent and accomplished lady gave the Rev. Dr Chalmers a sum of £300, to assist in his schemes for the amelioration of the poorer classes in Edinburgh.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John ;
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John ;
 There's neither cauld nor care, John ;
 The day's aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John ;
 She was baith gude and fair, John ;
 And, oh ! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh, dry your glistening ee, John !
 My saul langts to be free, John !
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John !
 Your day it's wearin' through, John ;
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John ;
 This world's cares are vain, John ;
 We'll meet, and we'll be faim,
 In the land o' the leal.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state ;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wootin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well ;
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new ;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat ;
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee :
 'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine :
 'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ?'
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know ;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na ;'
 And wi' a laigh courtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie ;
 He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie ;
 And afen he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
 'Oh ! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green ;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.*

Caller Herrin'.†

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
 They're bonny fish and halesome farin' ;
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
 Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,

* The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*. They are quite equal to the original.
 † *Caller*, cool, fresh ; herring new caught.

Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring.
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mither's maist despairing
Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow* has set you a' a-singin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend: 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother. In a poem, *The Filial Vow*, he says:

'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:
Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep;
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion, but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shews how little at home he was in English. His mother outlived him thirteen years. Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he attained

to anything beyond mediocrity. Becoming acquainted with Mr R. A. Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend. Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, was sold in a few weeks. It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side;
and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr George Thomson's *Select Melodies*, and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond. Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his manuscripts, and sank into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but 'suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found.* Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct. His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which had overthrown his reason. The poems of this ill-starred son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs. They have all a common-place artificial character. His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original, both in description and sentiment. His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape. His simplicity is natural and unaffected; and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic. His *Gloomy Winter's now Awa*' is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody.

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather;

* Neil Gow (1727-1807), a distinguished Scottish violinist, famous for playing the livelier airs known as strathspeys and reels.

Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain ;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer ;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw ;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw !
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw ;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie ;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
flee ;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnie ;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my ee ;
For oh ! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom !
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny ;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain :

And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening ;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen :
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Gloomy Winter's now Awa'.

Gloomy winter's now awa' ;
Saft the westlin breezes blaw ;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775-1822), the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. *Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle; Jenny's Bawbee; Jenny dang the Weaver, &c.*, display considerable comic humour, and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of *Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. In 1810, he published a Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray*. This Sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr Stuart of Duncarn. The parties met at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. Conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent ; but Mr Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March 1822. He had

been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous. His brother, JAMES BOSWELL (1779-1822), an accomplished scholar and student of our early literature, edited Malone's edition of Shakspeare, 21 vols. 8vo, 1821. Sir Alexander had just returned from the funeral of his brother when he engaged in the fatal duel.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches !
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches :
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her ;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver ;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing ;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing ;
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
The coof would never leave her ;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he : ' My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither ;
You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither :'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, ' Peugh !'
And bade the coof no deave her ;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver ;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang ;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see ?

Quo' he : Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel
Thought himsel cunnin as the deil,
And here they cam, awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he : ' My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een ;'
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee :

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown ;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup,
Cried : ' There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree.

' What's gowd to me ?—I've walth o' lan' ;
Bestow on ane o' worth your han' ;'
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah ! wae's me !

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He gimed, ' I' faith, a bonny lass !'
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried : ' Tehee,

' I kent that I could never fail !'
She preened the dish-clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye a'.

This song is supposed to proceed from the mouth of an aged chieftain.

Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a' ;
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart ;
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw !
In sorrow may ye never part !
My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain :
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again !

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himsel a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore ?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;
Be cantie, but be good and leal ;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa' ;
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

The High Street of Edinburgh.

From *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty.*

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies ;*
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air ;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madefies your head ;

* Sir Alexander seems to have remembered the fourth line in Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* :

Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky.
But Campbell may have stolen his line from Telford's forgotten poem on Eskdale :

Here lofty hills in varied prospect rise,
Whose airy summits mingle with the skies.

Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
 A rising porter greets you with his creel !
 Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
 The lady gay received her gayer spark,
 Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
 Trembled at opening casements overhead ;
 But when in safety at her porch he trod,
 He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
 No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
 Linked, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street,
 But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
 And picked their steps with most uncommon skill ;
 Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
 ‘ How are ye, Tam ? ’ and, ‘ How ’s a ’ wi’ ye, Bob ? ’
 Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
 And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
 O’er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love ;
 O’er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove ;
 O’er draughts of wine the writer penned the will ;
 And legal wisdom counselled o’er a gill. . . .
 Yes ! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
 Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
 There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven ;
 Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
 There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
 Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked ;
 There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
 And kick it out with persevering hop.
 There, in the dirty current of the strand,
 Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
 And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
 Watch in solicitude the doubtful race !
 And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
 Vault in succession o’er each wooden post.
 Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
 Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
 From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
 Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
 The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
 Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
 The bicker rages, till some mother’s fears
 Ring a sad story in a bailie’s ears.
 Her prayer is heard ; the order quick is sped,
 And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
 A brave detachment, probably of two,
 Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
 Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
 Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
 But, mark that motley group, in various garb—
 There vice begins to form her rankling barb ;
 The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
 And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
 From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
 And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.
 Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
 And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
 Offspring of Birmingham’s creative art,
 Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
 To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
 And Enterprise again essays the field.
 So, when a few fleet years of his short span
 Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
 When thousand after thousand takes its flight
 In the short circuit of one wretched night,
 Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
 And ruin desolate the chieftain’s hall ;
 Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain ;
 Then in a mendicant behold a thane !

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of ‘ The Ettrick Shepherd,’ was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flights scenes of wild aerial magnificence and

beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favourable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period when the bent of his genius was fixed for life. Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother, like Burns’s, was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described :

O list the mystic lore sublime
 Of fairy tales of ancient time !
 I learned them in the lonely glen,
 The last abodes of living men,
 Where never stranger came our way
 By summer night, or winter day ;
 Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
 Our converse was with heaven alone—
 With voices through the cloud that sung,
 And brooding storms that round us hung.
 O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
 How stern and ample was the sway
 Of themes like these when darkness fell,
 And gray-haired sires the tales would tell !
 When doors were barred, and eldern dame
 Plied at her task beside the flame,
 That through the smoke and gloom alone
 On dim and umbered faces shone—
 The bleat of mountain-goat on high,
 That from the cliff came quavering by ;
 The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
 The cataract’s swell, the moaning wood ;
 The undefined and mingled hum—
 Voice of the desert never dumb !
 All these have left within this heart
 A feeling tongue can ne’er impart ;
 A wildered and unearthly flame,
 A something that ’s without a name.

Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born in the vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. According to the parish register, he was baptised on the 9th of December 1770. When a mere child, he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an uninstructed prodigy of nature. When twenty years of age, he entered the service of Mr Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An attack of illness, however, brought on by over-exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master’s son, Mr William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*. He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published in 1807 another volume of songs and poems, under the title of *The Mountain Bard*.

He embarked in sheep-farming, and took a journey to the island of Harris on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), was his first effort; his second was a periodical called *The Spy*; but it was not till the publication of *The Queen's Wake*, in 1813, that the Shepherd established his reputation as an author. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove

The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our native poets. The different productions of the local minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.

The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unheard and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!

He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Etrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

But when, to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Scott was grieved at this allusion to his friendly counsel, as it was given at a time when no one dreamed of the Shepherd possessing the powers that he displayed in *The Queen's Wake*. Various works now proceeded from his pen—*Mador of the Moor*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza; *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, in blank verse; *The Hunting of Badlewe*, *The Poetic Mirror*, *Queen Hynde*, *Dramatic Tales*, &c.; also several novels, as *Winter Evening Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of a Woman*, *The Confessions of a Sinner*, &c. Hogg's

prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy minute painting of Defoe. The worldly schemes of the Shepherd were seldom successful. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took a large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here he also was unsuccessful; and his sole support, for the latter years of his life, was the remuneration afforded by his literary labours. He lived in a cottage which he had built at Altrive, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near. In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint; and on the 21st of November of that year, after some days of insensibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Etrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and, notwithstanding his personal foibles, the Shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

In the activity and versatility of his powers, Hogg resembled Allan Ramsay. Neither of them had the strength of passion or the grasp of intellect peculiar to Burns; but, on the other hand, their style was more discursive, playful, and fanciful. Burns seldom projects himself, as it were, out of his own feelings and situation, whereas both Ramsay and Hogg are happiest when they soar into the world of fancy, or retrace the scenes of antiquity. The Etrick Shepherd abandoned himself entirely to the genius of old romance and legendary story. He loved, like Spenser, to luxuriate in fairy visions, and to picture scenes of supernatural splendour and beauty, where

The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting bow.

His *Kilmeny* is one of the finest fairy tales that ever was conceived by poet or painter; and passages in *The Pilgrims of the Sun* have the same abstract remote beauty and lofty imagination. Burns would have scrupled to commit himself to these aerial phantoms. His visions were more material, and linked to the joys and sorrows of actual existence. Akin to this peculiar feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of most of his songs—a wild lyrical flow of fancy, that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Bonny Kilmeny.—From 'The Queen's Wake.'

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duncraig's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be,
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
 And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
 When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell
 rung,

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed with an airy leme,
 Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
 'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'

Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
 As still was her look, and as still was her ce,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been. . . .

In yon greenwood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maikie
 That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
 And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
 In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ce,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far cuntrye,
 She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .
 They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
 They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,
 And round came many a blooming fere,
 Saying: 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!' . . .

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by;
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
 'Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
 Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,

Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,
 When the sun and the world have elyed away;
 When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!' . . .

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own cuntrye,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
 With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her ee;
 Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there;
 And the soft desire of maiden's een,
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melodye,
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men,
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
 The wolf played blithely round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And covered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,
 In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The bizzard came with the throstle-cock;
 The corby left her houf in the rock;
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!
 When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
 To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,

That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled ?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world ?

No ; from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years ?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'st the Milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole ;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn !

Song—When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
'That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken ;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state ;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he !

Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift,
Drops down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy ?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame ?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth ;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scottish ballads, and a man of various talents, was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. His father was

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—Hogg.

gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but shortly afterwards became factor or land-steward to Mr Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland. Mr Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be residence in a fine pastoral and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence and the genius of Burns. In his sixth year, in his father's cottage, he heard Burns read his poem of *Tam o' Shanter*—an event never to be forgotten! An elder brother having attained some eminence as a country builder, or mason, Allan was apprenticed to him, with a view to joining or following him in his trade; but he abandoned this, and in 1810 removed to London, and connected himself with the newspaper press. In 1814 he was engaged as clerk of the works, or superintendent, to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, in whose establishment he continued till his death, October 29, 1842. Mr Cunningham was an indefatigable writer. He early contributed poetical effusions to the periodical works of the day, and nearly all the songs and fragments of verse in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* (1810) are of his composition, though published by Cromek as undoubted originals. Some of these are warlike and Jacobite, some amatory and devotional—the wild lyrical breathings of Covenanting love and piety among the hills—and all of them abounding in traits of Scottish rural life and primitive manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but for natural grace and tenderness, and rich Doric simplicity and fervour, these pseudo-antique strains of Mr Cunningham are inimitable. In 1822 he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and afterwards two volumes of *Traditional Tales*. Three novels of a similar description, but more diffuse and improbable—namely, *Paul Jones*, *Sir Michael Scott*, and *Lord Roldan*—also proceeded from his fertile pen. In 1832 he appeared again as a poet, with a 'rustic epic,' in twelve parts, entitled *The Maid of Elvar*. He edited a collection of Scottish Songs, in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a Life of the poet, enriched with new anecdotes and information. To Murray's Family Library he contributed a series of *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, which extended to six volumes, and proved the most popular of all his prose works. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, the distinguished artist, in three volumes. All these literary labours were produced in intervals from his stated avocations in Chantrey's studio, which most men would have considered ample employment. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were as remarkable a feature in his history as his early ballad strains; and the prose style of Mr Cunningham, when engaged on a congenial subject, was justly admired for its force and freedom. There was always a freshness and energy about the man and his writings that arrested the attention and excited the imagination, though his genius was but little under the control of a correct or critical judgment. Strong nationality and inextinguishable ardour formed conspicuous traits in his character; and altogether, the life of Mr Cunningham was a fine example of successful original talent and perse-

verance, undebased by any of the alloys by which the former is too often accompanied.

The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?

And what do ye carry there?'

'I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,

An' a gude lang stride took he;

'I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shew the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,

Adown by the greenwood side;

'Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,

An' lightly down he sprang:

Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,

An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;

An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!

An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!

An' ye killed my brethren three!

Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,

I loved as the light o' my ee!

'Draw out yer sword, thou vile Southron!

Red-wat wi' blude o' my kin!

That sword it crapped the bonniest flower

E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father!

There's twa for my brethren three!

An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,

Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the
tree,

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,

Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',

The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';

But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,

An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,

Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there's naught frae ruin my countrie can save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,

That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty,

May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,

Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,

The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,

But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,

'I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.'

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,

Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Fragment.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,

And gane were but the snaw,

I could sleep in the wild woods,

Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear ;
I 'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

She's Gane to Dwall in Heaven.

She 's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwell in heaven ;
Ye 're ower pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwelling out o' heaven !

Oh, what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie ?
Oh, what 'll she do in heaven ?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies ;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee ;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face ;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye ;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine ;
My saul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' !

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

' O for a soft and gentle wind ! '
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud ;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I 'll gang and see my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
The world 's in love with Nanie O ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O ; *
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
The flower o' Nithsdale 's Nanie O ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, ' I dwell with Nanie O.'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O !

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run ;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon ;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet ;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose ;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song ;

* In the *Nanie O* of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found, and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danaë.—*Author's Note.*

When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold ;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower !
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree ;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedate thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light ;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower—
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak :
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that 's not divine.

The sons of Allan Cunningham have all distinguished themselves in literature, and furnish a remarkable instance of hereditary talent in one family. 1. JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM (1812-1851), late captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a *History of the Sikhs*, an elaborate and able work, published in 1849, second edition in 1853. The author had lived among the Sikh people for eight years, and had been appointed to draw up Reports on the British connection generally with the Sutlej, and especially on the military resources of the Punjab. 2. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM (born in 1814), major-general of the Bengal Engineers, appointed Archæological Surveyor-general of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871 ; author of *The Bhilsa Topes or Buddhist Monuments of Central India*, 1854 ; *Arian Architecture*, 1846 ; *Ladakh, Physical, Statistical, and Historical*, 1854 ; *The Ancient Geography of India*, 1871 ; &c. 3. PETER CUNNINGHAM (1816-1869), many years clerk in the Audit Office ; author of a *Life of Nell Gwynn*, 1852 ; *Handbook of London*, 1849 ; and editor of *Walpole's Letters, Works of Drummond of Hawthornden, Goldsmith's Works, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Campbell's Specimens of British Poets*. Mr Cunningham contributed largely to literary journals. His *Handbook of London* is a work full of curious antiquarian and literary interest, illustrating the political and social history of the metropolis. 4. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM (born in 1820), lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, editor of the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, contributor to various literary periodicals, &c. Colonel Cunningham died Dec. 3, 1875.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797-1835) was born in Glasgow, but, after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a

miscellany entitled the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. A taste for antiquarian research—

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose—

divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditional poetry. The results of this erudition appeared in *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction, which must be the basis of all future investigations into the subject. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine there, to which he contributed some of his happiest poetical effusions. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties, were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the *Glasgow Courier*, in which situation he continued till his death. In 1832 he collected and published his Poems in one volume. He also joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns ; and he was collecting materials for a *Life of Tannahill*, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As an antiquary, he was shrewd, indefatigable, and truthful. As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels.

From 'Jeanie Morrison.'

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day !
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thoughts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears !
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne. . . .

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dingsom toun,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its water croon ?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat !

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your check,

Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me ?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows great
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me !

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by :
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie !

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan ;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherishèd
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell !

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere ;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer ;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine :
Ha ! ha ! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
LAND GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth ;

But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my
sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting : ' There am I
lord !'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and
stream,

Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red
gleam.

MIGHT GIVER ! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and
hall ;

I've drunk the sweet music that bright lips let fall ;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing ;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning !
The music I love is the shout of the brave,

The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the
grave.

JOY GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand !
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red

strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.

Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong !
FAME GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee ;
In dreamings of gladness thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,

Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart ;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart ;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright :

When ill's wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber ;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER ! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave ;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath ;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay ;

While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER ! I kiss thee.

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814-1837) was a young man of high promise and amiable dispositions, who cultivated literature amidst many discouragements, and died early of consumption. He was a native of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. After passing through a series of humble employments, during which he steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he assumed the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly paper representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He wrote

as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought the people's interests! The poet died deeply regretted by the numerous friends whom his talents and virtues had drawn around him. Nicoll's poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems, yet sometimes displaying happy rural imagery and fancy.

We are Brethren a'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'boday cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say: 'Gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
An' I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith hae a leal heart, unspotted, to shaw:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld Age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be Death;
Syn'e into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

In 1812 appeared a singular mock-heroic poem, *Anster Fair*, written in the *ottava rima stanza*, since made so popular by Byron in his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song; but the author wrote not for the multitude familiar with Maggie's rustic glory; he aimed at pleasing the admirers of that refined conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, and half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Berni, Ariosto, and the lighter poets of Italy. There was classic imagery on familiar subjects—supernatural machinery (as in the *Rape of the Lock*) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. An exuberance of animal spirits seemed to carry the author over the most perilous ascents, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a pleasant sparkling volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success. *Anster Fair* sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author,

WILLIAM TENNANT, was a native of Anstruther, or Anster, born in 1785, who, whilst filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster, to which was attached a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.' The author of *Anster Fair* was afterwards appointed to a more eligible and becoming situation—teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Institution, and finally professor of oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews. He died in 1848. Mr Tennant published some other poetical works—a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, and two poems, the *Thane of Fife*, and the *Dinging Down of the Cathedral*. It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living characters in the county of Fife, familiar to him in his youth: it is more certain that Mr Tennant's poems are all on native subjects in the same district. Indeed, their strict locality has been against their popularity; but *Anster Fair* is the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, and besides being an animated, witty, and agreeable poem, it has the merit of being the first work of the kind in our language. The Monks and Giants of Frere, from which Byron avowedly drew his *Beppo*, did not appear till some time after Mr Tennant's poem. Of the higher and more poetical parts of *Anster Fair*, we subjoin a specimen:

Summer Morning.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dew;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;

The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
 And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
 Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
 Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
 Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering ;
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
 And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing ;
 Echo the glad some hills and valleys round,
 As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
 On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
 Its bell and all the bells around were rung
 Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop ;
 For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
 Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
 And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
 The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
 The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
 Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
 Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by ;
 Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
 Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
 Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
 All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

The description of the heroine is passionate and
 imaginative.

Description of Maggie Lauder.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
 That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
 Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
 New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
 The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
 And on his knees adores her as she gleams ;
 So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
 And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud
 her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
 Shaked her majestic person into grace,
 And as at times his glossy sides she strook
 Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
 The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
 Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
 By Jove, the very waving of her arm
 Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm !

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
 The dawning sun delights to rest his rays !
 Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
 With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise ;
 For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
 Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze ;
 And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
 That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath
 the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
 Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
 And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
 A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling ;
 The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
 The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
 And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
 And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
 A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance ;
 What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
 Got dignity and honour from the glance ;

Woe to the man on whom she unaware
 Did the dear witchery of her eye elance !
 'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
 May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender
 bard !

His humour and lively characteristic painting
 are well displayed in the account of the different
 parties who, gay and fantastic, flock to the fair, as
 Chaucer's pilgrims did to the shrine of Thomas
 à Becket.

Parties travelling to the Fair.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
 The horny-knuckled kilted Highlander :
 From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
 Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
 And where Lochfine from her prolific sand
 Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
 Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
 Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
 Or foray on the banks of Forth's fifth ;
 Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
 Are left to rust above the smoky hearth ;
 Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks ;
 Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth ;
 And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
 Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and
 cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
 To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed ;
 From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
 Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed ;
 And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
 Within its precincts holds dead kings inclosed,
 Where St Columba oft is seen to waddle,
 Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire
 astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
 Sweet Ayr ! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
 That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
 Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west !—
 And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
 Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best—
 Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
 In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
 Or humbly riding ass's backbone bare,
 Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
 To purchase Dutch lint-seed at Anster Fair—
 Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
 Of virtuous industry and talents rare ;
 The accomplished men o' the counting-room confessed,
 And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
 Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
 Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
 And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle ;
 Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
 Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill ;
 Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
 That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
 Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out ;
 Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
 Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
 And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
 Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
 While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
 And dangling hangs a tale on every rhym'er's tongue.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ROBERT GILFILLAN (1798–1850) was a native of Dunfermline. He was long clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates in the same town. His *Poems and Songs* have passed through three editions. The songs of Mr Gilfillan are marked by gentle and kindly feelings and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being set to music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

In the Days o' Langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions among us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, an' brewed our ain
yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the
hill;
Oh, the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes among;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
Oh, where is the Scotland o' bonny langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted along through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk ee;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to
tyne,

It was your stoup the night, an' the morn it was mine:
Oh, the days o' langsyne!—Oh, the days o' langsyne!

The Hills o' Gallowa'.—By THOMAS MOUNCEY CUNNINGHAM.

Thomas Cunningham was the senior of his brother Allan by some years, and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the *Lives of British Painters* was known. He died in 1834, aged sixty-eight.

Among the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged along the lea,
As down we sat the flowers among,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawnin' coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kyc,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The world's drumlie gloom to cheer.
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And oh, sae blithe through life I'll steer
Among the hills o' Gallowa'!

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That ower the muir meandering rows;
Or, tint among the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks craw,
Oh, dig my grave, and hide my banes
Among the hills o' Gallowa'!

Lucy's Flittin'.—By WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

William Laidlaw was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, know how closely Mr Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. *Lucy's Flittin'* is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. Mr Laidlaw died at Contin, in Ross-shire, May 18, 1845.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
 Richt sair was his kind heart her fittin' to see ;
 'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy !' quo' Jamie, and ran in ;
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her fittin',
 'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy !' was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin' 't, high on the tree sittin',
 And Robin was chirpin' 't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee ?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
 Nae waster the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

'Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
 Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabb'in',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel,
 Lucy !"

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :
 He couldna say mair but just "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy !"
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's
 droukit ;
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea ;
 But Lucy likes Jamie ;—she turned and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
 For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return ! *

The Brownie of Blednoch.

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the 'Galloway Poet,' who,
 after an irregular, dissipated life, died a pauper in 1849.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
 An' the fiend a body did him ken ;
 He tirded na lang, but he glided ben
 Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
 When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast ;
 Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
 O sirs, 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
 Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
 As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
 'Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?'

Oh, had ye seen the bairns' sricht,
 As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight ;
 As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
 And graned out, 'Aiken-drum !' . . .

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
 The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail ;
 Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail,
 At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
 But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
 But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
 An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
 What a sight was Aiken-drum !

* The last four lines were added by Hogg to 'complete the story,'
 though in reality it was complete with the account of the flitting.

On his wanchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet ;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did said ;
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane ;
 While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
 And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she thocht the Bible might wad aff scaith,
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it feared na Aiken-drum.

'His presence protect us !' quoth the auld gudeman ;
 'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan' ?
 I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han' !'
 What a grane gae Aiken-drum !

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by ;
 But I 'se dwell now wi' you if ye like to try—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
 I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
 An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenked tune,
 If ye 'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
 I'll kirm the kirm, an' I'll turn the bread ;
 An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
 I 'se tame 't, quoth Aiken-drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
 To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
 An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I 'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark ;
 I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark ;
 But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
 Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife : 'The thing speaks weel ;
 Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal ;
 Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
 Wow ! we 'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled : 'He's no be here !
 His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear ;
 An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clipmalabors ! ye hae little wit ;
 Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet ?'
 Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
 'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
 By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon ;
 A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
 Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum. . . .

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toiled wight was he ;
 While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
 Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
 Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
 Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
 By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
 What spell was him an' the breeks between ;
 For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
 An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying : ' Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve ;
For, alas ! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum !'

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sprobable voice o' a hail country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum !

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet 's left on mony a stane ;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sighs like Aiken-drum.

The Cameronian's Dream.—By JAMES HISLOP.

James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighbourhood of Sanguhar, near the source of the Nith, in July 1798. He was employed as a shepherd-boy in the vicinity of Airdsmoss, where, at the grave-stone of a party of slain Covenanters, he composed the following striking poem. He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed school-master, first on board the *Doris*, and subsequently the *Tweed* man-of-war. He died on the 4th December 1827, from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure, ardent love of nature.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay ;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and
wood ;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning ; and summer's young sun from the
east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast ;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and
gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh ! there were hearts cherished for other feelings
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it
to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were
lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was
crying,

For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty
covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was
unbreathed ;

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded.

Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and
unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
streaming,

The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was
ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are
riding ;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !

Song.—By JOSEPH TRAIN.

Mr Train will be memorable in our literary history for the assistance he rendered to Sir Walter Scott in the contribution of some of the stories on which the Waverley novels were founded. He served for some time as a private soldier, but obtaining an appointment in the Excise, he rose to be a supervisor. He was a zealous and able antiquary, and author of a *History of the Isle of Man*, and an account of a religious sect well known in the south of Scotland as *The Buchanites*. Mr Train died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, in 1852, aged seventy-three.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang ;
I left my goats to wander wide ;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain-side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize,
Wha fight your battles far awa' !
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I crossed the main ;
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
 'Gainst mony an outlandish loon,
 An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
 Mony a beardy birkie down:
 While I had pith to wield it roun',
 In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
 Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
 To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
 Wi' sorrow crowd'd roun' my brow;
 An' though the knapsack o' auld age
 Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
 Yet recollection, ever new,
 Discharges a' my toil and pain,
 When fancy figures in my view
 The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

The great popularity of Burns's lyrics, co-operating with the national love of song and music, continued to call forth numerous Scottish poets, chiefly lyrical. A recent editor, Dr Charles Rogers, has filled no less than six volumes with specimens of *The Modern Scottish Minstrel, or the Songs of Scotland of the Past Half-century* (1856, 1857). Many of these were unworthy of resuscitation, but others are characterised by simplicity, tenderness, and pathetic feeling.

DRAMATISTS.

The popular dramatic art or talent is a rare gift. Some of the most eminent poets have failed in attempting to portray actual life and passion in interesting situations on the stage; and as Fielding and Smollett proved unsuccessful in comedy—though the former wrote a number of pieces—so Byron and Scott were found wanting in the qualities requisite for the tragic drama. 'It is evident,' says Campbell, 'that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatrical effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shewn by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakspeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is.' Dryden, Addison, and Congreve are exceptions to this rule; also Goldsmith in comedy, and, in our own day, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in the romantic drama. The Colmans, Sheridan, Morton, and Reynolds never wore the sock or buskin; but they were either managers, or closely connected with the theatre.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sheridan was early in the field as a dramatist, and both in wit and success eclipsed all his contemporaries. In January 1775 his play of *The Rivals* was brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan—who was then in his twenty-fourth year—there is more humour than wit. He had copied some of his characters from *Humphry Clinker*, as the testy but generous Captain Absolute—evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble—and Mrs Malaprop, whose mistakes

in words are the echoes of Mrs Winifred Jenkins' blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Moore observes—and no man has made more use of similes than himself—the luckiness of Mrs Malaprop's simile—'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile'—will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly headstrong species of composition. In the same year, *St Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* were produced; the latter had a run of seventy-five nights! It certainly is greatly superior to *The Beggars' Opera*, though not so general in its satire. In 1777, Sheridan wrote other two plays, *The Trip to Scarborough* and *The School for Scandal*. In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, *The School for Scandal* is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author, who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Mr Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, gives some amusing instances of the various forms which a witticism or pointed remark assumed before its final adoption. As, in his first comedy, Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival, or rather twin novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copies from those of Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which *The School for Scandal* abounds: his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an *El Dorado* of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' This fault is one not likely to be often committed! Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan: *The Camp*, a musical opera, and *The Critic*, a witty afterpiece, in the manner of *The Rehearsal*. The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary—intended, it is said, for Cumberland the dramatist—is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in a morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humour and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are perhaps the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

A Sensitive Author.—From 'The Critic.'

Enter SERVANT to DANGLE and SNEER.

Servant. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs Dangle. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on 't, though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it; though he's my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here!—[*Aside*]—finished and most admirable perform—

Sir F. [*Without*] Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr Dangle's.

Mrs D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

Dan. Mrs Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir F. O Lord! I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— A double-faced fellow!

Dan. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured—

Sir F. Oh, I know.

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it.

Mrs D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you? . . .

Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh?—Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God! Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is

no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs D. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr Dangle's drawing manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. Oh, if Mr Dangle read it, that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*]

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day—

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh, so much the better; ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir F. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something.

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsy-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!—

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

Sir F. [After great agitation.] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it. I am diverted—ha, ha, ha! Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha!—very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or another!

Anatomy of Character.—From 'The School for Scandal.'

MARIA ENTERS TO LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slept out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph Surface. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of railery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant. Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [Exit Servant.]—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is!

ENTER MRS CANDOUR.

Mrs Candour. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. O Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad

as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah, Mrs Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs C. I confess, Mr Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he 'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crabtree. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad! it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithce—

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [*Pointing to Maria.*]

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they 'll immortalise you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. . . O lud! Mr Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good-morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*]

Mrs C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit Mrs Candour.*]

Towards the close of the century, plays translated from the German were introduced. Amidst much false and exaggerated sentiment, they appealed to the stronger sympathies of our nature, and drew crowded audiences to the theatres. One of the first of these plays was *The Stranger*, said to be translated by Benjamin Thompson; but the greater part of it as it was acted was the production of Sheridan. It is a drama of domestic life, not very moral or beneficial in its tendencies—for it is calculated to palliate our detestation of adultery—yet abounding in scenes of tenderness and surprise, well adapted to produce effect on the stage. The principal characters were acted by Kemble and Mrs Siddons, and when it was brought out in

the season of 1797-8, it was received with immense applause. In 1799, Sheridan adapted another of Kotzebue's plays, *Pizarro*, which experienced still greater success. In the former drama, the German author had violated the proprieties of our moral code, by making an injured husband take back his guilty though penitent wife; and in *Pizarro* he has invested a fallen female with tenderness, compassion, and heroism. The obtrusion of such a character as a prominent figure in the scene was at least indelicate; but, in the hands of Mrs Siddons, the taint was scarcely perceived, and Sheridan had softened down the most objectionable parts. The play was produced with all the aids of splendid scenery, music, and fine acting, and these, together with its displays of generous and heroic feeling on the part of Rolla, and of parental affection in Alonzo and Cora, were calculated to lead captive an English audience. 'Its subject was also new and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom of Christendom—Spain—into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world; and gave the imagination a new and fresh empire of paganism, with its temples, and rites, and altars, without the stale associations of pedantry.' Some of the sentiments and descriptions in *Pizarro* are said to have originally formed part of Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. They are often inflated and bombastic, and full of rhetorical glitter. Thus Rolla soliloquises in Alonzo's dungeon: 'O holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature, bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.'

Or the speech of Rolla to the Peruvian army at the consecration of the banners :

Rolla's Address to the Peruvian Army.

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the people's

choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.

Animated apostrophes like these, rolled from the lips of Kemble, and applied, in those days of war, to British valour and patriotism arrayed against France, could hardly fail of an enthusiastic reception. The oratory of Sheridan had always something theatrical in its substance and manner, though he was a popular and often eloquent speaker in the House of Commons. His celebrated address on the occasion of Warren Hastings' trial, at the point relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, was eulogised by Fox as a matchless piece of eloquence. The following passages seem to smack of the stage.

Extracts from Speech against Warren Hastings.

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle!—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the asking eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

The most able and successful comic dramatist of his day was GEORGE COLMAN, the younger,* who was born on the 21st of October 1762. The son of the author of *The Jealous Wife* and *Clandestine Marriage*, Colman had a hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards entered of Christ's Church College, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation at the university led his father to withdraw him from Oxford, and banish him to Aberdeen. Here he was distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, but he also applied himself to his classical and other studies. At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled *The Man of the People*, and wrote a musical farce, *The Female Dramatist*, which his father brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, but it was condemned. A second dramatic attempt, entitled *Two to One*, performed in 1784, enjoyed considerable success. This seems to have fixed his literary taste and inclinations; for though his father intended him for the bar, and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the drama engrossed his attention. In 1784, he contracted a thoughtless marriage with a Miss Catherine Morris, with whom he eloped to Gretna Green, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, *Turk and no Turk*. His father becoming incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, the younger Colman undertook the management of the theatre in Haymarket, and was thus fairly united to the stage and the drama. Various pieces proceeded from his pen: *Inkle and Yarico*, a musical opera, brought out with success in 1787; *Ways and Means*, a comedy, 1788; *The Battle of Hexham*, 1789; *The Surrender of Calais*, 1791; *The Mountaineers*, 1793; *The Iron Chest*—founded on Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams*—1796; *The Heir at Law*, 1797; *Blue Beard*—a mere piece of scenic display and music—1798; *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor*, an excellent farce, 1798; *The Poor Gentleman*, a comedy, 1802; *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, a farce, 1803; *Gay Deceivers*, a farce, 1804; *John Bull*, a comedy, 1805; *Who Wants a Guinea?* 1805; *We Fly by Night*, a farce, 1806; *The Africans*, a play, 1808; *X Y Z*, a farce, 1810; *The Law of Java*, a musical drama, 1822; &c. No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all playgoers. His society was also much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not always allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king stepped forward to relieve him, by appointing him to the situation of licenser and examiner of plays, an office worth from £300 to £400 a year. In this situation Colman incurred the

enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, but not an oath or *double-entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen as licenser, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical travesties and pieces of levity, published under the title of *My Nightgown and Slippers* (1797), which were afterwards republished (1802) with additions, and named *Broad Grins*; also *Poetical Vagaries*, *Vagaries Vindicated*, and *Eccentricities for Edinburgh*. In these, delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled *Random Records*, and published in 1830. He died in London on the 26th October 1836. The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his *Poor Gentleman*. Sir Walter Scott has praised his *John Bull* as by far the best effort of our late comic drama. 'The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *false* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' The whimsical character of Ollapod in *The Poor Gentleman* is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Pangloss, in *The Heir at Law*, is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant—proud of being an LL.D., and, moreover, an A. double S.—and his Irishmen, Yorkshiresmen, and country rustics—all admirably performed at the time—are highly entertaining, though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays, there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. In the character of Octavian, in *The Mountaineers*, is a faithful sketch of John Kemble:

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'eropping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
For out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

From 'The Poor Gentleman.'

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his hair.

Sir Charles. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Vald. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

* Colman added 'the younger' to his name after the condemnation of his play, *The Iron Chest*. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after-time the translator of Terence, and the author of *The Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of *The Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, the younger.'

Sir Cha. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! When Mr Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr Warner.

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr Warner.

Warner. Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

Warner. The most beautiful part of the country.

Sir Cha. Pshaw, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and honey!

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Hang your fat! Listen to me. My estate being in Kent—

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good luck! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.—Ha, Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. O yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by-the-bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thump on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thump on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer.

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked

down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished with great *déclat*: but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

OLLAPOD visits MISS LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Enter FOSS.

Foss. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Lucretia. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Lucretia. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Shew the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. O dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*]

Luc. I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*]

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothecary—Zounds!—hum!—He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [*Sheepishly*].

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising.*] Why, then, you are an apothecary?

Olla. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as—

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then—

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I either: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable creature of prudence'

Luc. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toaded!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce—

Luc. [*Curtysing.*] O sir!

Olla. By-the-bye, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist—

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*]

The humorous poetry of Colman has been as popular as his plays. Some of the pieces are tinged with indelicacy, but others display his lively sparkling powers of wit and observation in a very agreeable light. We subjoin two of these pleasant levities, from *Broad Grins* :

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
 Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother :
 So—many a suffering patient saith—
 Though the apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
 No man could better gild a pill,
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
 Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.* :
 Yet still he thought the list not long enough ;
 And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.
 This balanced things ; for if he hurred
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
 All the old women called him 'a fine man !'
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
 Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels
 In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
 Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
 'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
 Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
 In pharmacy that's called cathartical.

And on the label of the stuff
 He wrote this verse,
 Which one would think was clear enough,
 And terse :

*When taken,
 To be well shaken.*

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's house he goes
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;
 But that 's of course ;
 For what 's expected from a horse
 With an apothecary on his back ?
 Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers ;
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
 As if the apothecary had physicked him,
 And not his master.

'Well, how 's the patient?' Bolus said.
 John shook his head.
 'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
 He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
 'Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce !'
 'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
 'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
 'We jolted him about.'
 'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
 'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
 'Two shakes! od's curse!
 'Twould make the patient worse.'
 'It did so, sir; and so a third we tried.'
 'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face ;
 Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
 known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
 Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
 But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
 Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same; and the next, and the
next;

He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt
him;

For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about
him.

He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny:
'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a
guinea.'

The doctor looked wise: 'A slow fever,' he said:
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.

'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaimed Will, 'are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!'

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said: 'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

'Look 'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord: 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host: 'Why this
passion?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will, in
a taking,

'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.'

'Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel,' Will
said;

'But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your
bread*.'

MRS ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

MRS ELIZABETH INCHBALD (1753-1821), actress, dramatist, and novelist, produced a number of popular plays. Her two tales, *A Simple Story*, and *Nature and Art*, are the principal sources of her fame; but her light dramatic pieces are marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce, entitled *The Mogul Tale*, brought out in 1784; and from this time down to 1805 she wrote nine other plays and farces. By some of these pieces—as appears from her *Memoirs*—she received considerable sums of money. Her first production realised £100; her comedy of *Such Things Are*—her greatest dramatic performance—brought her in £410, 12s.; *The Married Man*, £100; *The Wedding Day*, £200; *The Midnight Hour*, £130; *Every One has his Fault*, £700; *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*, £427, 10s.; *Lovers' Vows*, £150; &c. The personal history of this lady is as singular as any of her dramatic plots. She was born of Roman Catholic parents residing at Standfield, near Bury St Edmunds. At the age of sixteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having

with her a small sum of money, and some wearing-apparel in a band-box. After various adventures, she obtained an engagement for a country theatre, but suffering some personal indignities in her unprotected state, she applied to Mr Inchbald, an actor whom she had previously known. The gentleman counselled marriage. 'But who would marry me?' cried the lady. 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful'—and married they were in a few days. The union thus singularly brought about seems to have been happy enough; but Mr Inchbald died a few years afterwards. Mrs Inchbald performed the first parts in the Edinburgh theatre for four years, and continued on the stage, acting in London, Dublin, &c. till 1789, when she retired from it. Her exemplary prudence, and the profits of her works, enabled her not only to live, but to save money. The applause and distinction with which she was greeted never led her to deviate from her simple and somewhat parsimonious habits. 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a year. 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her Diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself: "But, thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection." This was noble and generous self-denial. The income of Mrs Inchbald was now £172 per annum, and after the death of her sister, she went to reside in a boarding-house, where she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of female weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for independence. The following entry is amusing: '1798. London. Rehearsing *Lovers' Vows*; happy, but for a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.' Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes; a collection of farces, in seven volumes; and the *Modern Theatre*, in ten volumes. Phillips the publisher offered her £1000 for her *Memoirs*, but she declined the tempting offer. This autobiography was, by her orders, destroyed after her decease; but in 1833, her *Memoirs* were published by Mr Boaden, compiled from an autograph journal which she kept for above fifty years, and from her letters written to her friends. Mrs Inchbald died in a boarding-house at Kensington on the 1st of August 1821. By her will, dated four months before her decease, she left about £6000, judiciously divided amongst her relatives. One of her legacies marks the eccentricity of thought and conduct which was mingled with the talents and virtues of this original-minded woman; she left £20 each to her late laundress and hair-dresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, author of the admired comedy, *The Road to Ruin*, and the first to introduce the melodrama into England, was born in

London on the 10th of December 1745. 'Till I was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters.' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to hawk goods as a pedler. He was afterwards engaged as a stable-boy at Newmarket, and was proud of his new livery. A charitable person, who kept a school at Newmarket, taught him to read. He was afterwards a rider on the turf; and when sixteen years of age, he worked for some time with his father as a shoemaker. A passion for books was at this time predominant, and the confinement of the shoemaker's stall not agreeing with him, he attempted to raise a school in the country. He afterwards became a provincial actor, and spent seven years in strolling about England, in every variety of wretchedness, with different companies. In 1780, Holcroft appeared as an author, his first work being a novel, entitled *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*. In the following year his comedy of *Duplicity* was acted with great success at Covent Garden. Another comedy, *The Deserted Daughter*, experienced a very favourable reception; but *The Road to Ruin* is universally acknowledged to be the best of his dramatic works. 'This comedy,' says Mrs Inchbald, 'ranks amongst the most successful of modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition.' Holcroft wrote a great number of dramatic pieces—more than thirty between the years 1778 and 1806; three other novels (*Anna St Ives, Hugh Trevor, and Bryan Perdue*); besides *A Tour in Germany and France*, and numerous translations from the German, French, and Italian. During the period of the French Revolution, he was a zealous reformer, and on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with Tooke and Hardy, he surrendered himself in open court, but no proof of guilt was ever adduced against him. His busy and remarkable life was terminated on the 23d of March 1809.

THE GERMAN DRAMAS.

A play by Kotzebue was adapted for the English stage by Mrs Inchbald, and performed under the title of *Lovers' Vows*. The grand moral was, 'to set forth the miserable consequences which arise from the neglect, and to enforce the watchful care of illegitimate offspring; and surely, as the pulpit has not had eloquence to eradicate the crime of seduction, the stage may be allowed a humble endeavour to prevent its most fatal effects.' *Lovers' Vows* became a popular acting play, for stage-effect was carefully studied, and the scenes and situations skilfully arranged. While filling the theatres, Kotzebue's plays were generally condemned by the critics. They cannot be said to have produced any permanent bad effect on our national morals, but they presented many false and pernicious pictures to the mind. 'There is an affectation,' as Scott remarks, 'of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain them; and of describing the higher and better

educated classes as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability, it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by those authors as the groundwork of a sort of intellectual Jacobinism.' Scott himself, it will be recollected, was fascinated by the German drama, and translated a play of Goethe. The excesses of Kotzebue were happily ridiculed by Canning and Ellis in their amusing satire, *The Rovers*. At length, after a run of unexampled success, these plays ceased to attract attention, though one or two are still occasionally performed. With all their absurdities, we cannot but believe that they exercised an inspiring influence on the rising genius of that age. They dealt with passions, not with manners, and awoke the higher feelings and sensibilities of the people. Good plays were also mingled with the bad: if Kotzebue was acted, Goethe and Schiller were studied. Coleridge translated Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and the influence of the German drama was felt by most of the young poets.

LEWIS—GODWIN—SOTHEY—COLERIDGE.

One of those who imbibed a taste for the marvellous and the romantic from this source was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose drama, *The Castle Spectre*, was produced in 1797, and was performed about sixty successive nights. It is full of supernatural horrors, deadly revenge, and assassination, with touches of poetical feeling, and some well-managed scenes. In the same year, Lewis adapted a tragedy from Schiller, entitled *The Minister*; and this was followed by a succession of dramatic pieces—*Rolla*, a tragedy, 1799; *The East Indian*, a comedy, 1800; *Adelmorn, or the Oullaw*, a drama, 1801; *Rugantio*, a melodrama, 1805; *Adelgitha*, a play, 1806; *Venoni*, a drama, 1809; *One o'clock, or the Knight and Wood Demon*, 1811; *Timour the Tartar*, a melodrama, 1812; and *Rich and Poor*, a comic opera, 1812. *The Castle Spectre* is still occasionally performed; but the diffusion of a more sound and healthy taste in literature has banished the other dramas of Lewis equally from the stage and the press. To the present generation they are unknown. They were fit companions for the ogres, giants, and Blue-beards of the nursery tales, and they have shared the same oblivion.

MR GODWIN, the novelist, attempted the tragic drama in the year 1800, but his powerful genius, which had produced a romance of deep and thrilling interest, became cold and frigid when confined to the rules of the stage. His play was named *Antonio, or the Soldier's Return*. It turned out 'a miracle of dullness,' as Sergeant Talfourd relates, and at last the actors were hooted from the stage. The author's equanimity under this severe trial is amusingly related by Talfourd. Mr Godwin, he says, 'sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; "the proper season of applause had not arrived;" all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted

calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And although he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood.'

The next new play was also by a man of distinguished genius, and it also was unsuccessful. *Julian and Agnes*, by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the translator of *Öberon*, was acted April 25, 1800. 'In the course of its performance, Mrs Siddons, as the heroine, had to make her exit from the scene with an infant in her arms. Having to retire precipitately, she inadvertently struck the baby's head violently against a door-post. Happily, the little thing was made of wood, so that her doll's accident only produced a general laugh, in which the actress herself joined heartily.' This 'untoward event' would have marred the success of any new tragedy; but Mr Sotheby's is deficient in arrangement and dramatic art.

The tragedies of Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Procter, and Milman—noticed in our account of these poets—must be considered as poems rather than plays. Coleridge's *Remorse* was acted with some success in 1813, aided by fine original music, but it has not since been revived. It contains, however, some of Coleridge's most exquisite poetry and wild superstition, with a striking romantic plot. We extract one scene:

Incantation Scene from 'Remorse.'

Scene—A Hall of Armoury, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ordonio. This was too melancholy, father.

Valdez. Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.

Once he was lost, and after weary search

We found him in an open place in the wood,

To which spot he had followed a blind boy,

Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,

Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw

Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:

And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,

His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me

To mark how he had fastened round the pipe

A silver toy his grandam had late given him.

Methinks I see him now as he then looked—

Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,

Yet still he wore it.

Alvar. My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, 'My father!'

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

Teresa. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,

And I submit; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
My heart approves it not: 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it

A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul

As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me

To traffic with the black and frenzied hope

That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

[*To Alvar.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here

On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. [*Aside.*] Ha! he has been tampering with her.

Alv. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me

Than suits the stranger's name!

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*]

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm

I call up the departed!

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:

So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,

Cease thy swift toils! Since happily thou art one

Of that innumerable company

Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,

Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,

With noise too vast and constant to be heard:

Fittest unheard! For oh, ye numberless

And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,

What sense unmaddened, might bear up against

The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*]

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,

That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,

A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion

To the parched caravan that roams by night!

And ye, build up on the becalmed waves

That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven

Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye, too, split

The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge

Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs

Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!

Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,

Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,

And joins your mighty army.

[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.'*]

Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!

By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang

Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,

Pass visible before our mortal sense!

So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,

Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,

Lest a blacker charm compel!

So shall the midnight breezes swell

With thy deep long lingering knell

And at evening evermore,

In a chapel on the shore,

Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,

Yellow tapers burning faintly,

Doleful masses chant for thee,

Miserere, Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away

On the yellow moonlight sea:

The boatmen rest their oars and say,

Miserere, Domine!

[*A long pause.*]

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!

My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,

Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!

Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,

Oh, 'twere a joy to me!

Alv. A joy to thee!

What if thou heardst him now? What if his spirit

Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee

With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?

What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Vald. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. [Struggling with his feelings.] Yes, my father,
He is in heaven!

Alv. [Still to *Ordonio.*] But what if he had a
brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

Vald. Idly prating man!

Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

Alv. [Still to *Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?

Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness!
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie; most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*]

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The most important addition to the written drama at this time was the first volume of JOANNA BAILLIE'S plays on the Passions, published in 1798 under the title of *A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy*. To the volume was prefixed a long and interesting introductory discourse, in which the authoress discusses the subject of the drama in all its bearings, and asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement. 'Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion; genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning.' This theory—which anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth—the accomplished dramatist illustrated in her plays, the merits of which were instantly recognised, and a second edition called for in a few months. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval, she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and *The Family Legend* (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre. In 1836 this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer

thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years. Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage; *De Montfort* was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The author who mentions this circumstance, remarks: 'If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominant in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but, for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse.*' The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from varied emotions and conflicting passions. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a revival of the inspired strain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of *Count Basil* and *De Montfort* are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act—a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation.

Scene from 'De Montfort.'

De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark, that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's Manfred and Lara.

De Montfort. No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.

* Campbell's *Life of Mrs Siddons*.

Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot, e'en to thee.

Jane. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.

De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.

I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

De Mon. O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy
love—

Would I could tell it thee!

Jane. Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I'll stop mine
ears,

Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.

De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me
still.

Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.

Jane. What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh, what words
are these!

They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas, my brother!

De Mon. [Raising her, and kneeling.]

Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

Jane. Say not so:

I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou?

No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!

Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched
hands.

Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.

De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.

Jane. Whom didst thou say?

De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt!

E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gilding malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by torture or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
'So rankly do I loathe him!

Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all
the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove
me hither.

I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thns.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this
worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings
blast him!

Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

Jane. Oh, wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful
words?

De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!—
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.

De Mon. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

Jane. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.

De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

Jane. I've held my warfare through a troubled
world,

And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

De Mon. What shall I do?

Picture of a Country Life.

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly?

I'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,

And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o'ertiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we'll have; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?

Every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked-up valleys, from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

Fears of Imagination.

Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatmen's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry mass
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Speech of Prince Edward in his Dungeon.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

Description of Jane de Montfort.

The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of
Mrs Siddons, the tragic actress.

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb ?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it :
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state ; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy ;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]

It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

This is a powerful delineation. Sir Walter Scott conceived that *Fear* was the most dramatic passion touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage.

REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

The REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, author of several romances, produced a tragedy named *Bertram*, which, by the influence of Lord Byron, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816. It was well received ; and by the performance and publication of his play, the author realised about £1000. Sir Walter Scott considered the tragedy 'grand and powerful, and the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.' The author was anxious to introduce Satan on the stage—a return to the style of the ancient mysteries by no means suited to modern taste. Mr Maturin was curate of St Peter's, Dublin. The scanty income derived from his curacy being insufficient for his comfortable maintenance, he employed himself in assisting young persons during their classical studies at Trinity College, Dublin. The novels of Maturin—which will be afterwards noticed—enjoyed considerable popularity ; and had his prudence been equal to his genius, his life might have been passed in comfort and respect. He was, however, vain and extravagant—always in difficulties (Scott at one time generously sent him £50), and pursued by bailiffs. When this eccentric author was engaged in composition, he used to fasten a wafer on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the sanctum they must not speak to him ! The success of *Bertram* induced Mr Maturin to attempt another tragedy, *Manuel*, which he published in 1817. It is a very inferior production ; 'the absurd work of a clever man,' says Byron. The unfortunate author died in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824.

Scene from 'Bertram.'

A 'passage of great poetical beauty,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in which *Bertram* is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being.'

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

Prior. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred visor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone ; no earthly thing lives near him,

Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.
Bertram. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

Pri. Thou 'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.

Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

Bert. What fate befell him there ?

Pri. The manner of his end was never known.

Bert. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—

Horrors to me are kindred and society,
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.

Bert. Was it a man or fiend ? Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable ;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall ;
These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious !
How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,

How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred visor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul !
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
If eyes indeed were there—
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That withered in my heart's abortive core,
Roused their dark battle at his trumpet-peal :
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myriad hosts of burning death :
So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn fragments,
In dire array of ghastly unity,
To bid the eternal summons—
I am not what I was since I beheld him—
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it.

Enter two of his band, observing him.

First Robber. Seest thou with what a step of pride
he stalks ?

Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen ;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trode with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.

Second Robber. And hast thou of a truth seen the
dark knight ?

Bert. [*Turning on him suddenly.*] Thy hand is
chilled with fear. Well, shivering craven,
Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze ?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal ?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—
Banner of sheeted flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks

To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
 O'er the charmed towers—
First Robber. Mock me not thus. Hast met him
 of a truth?
Bert. Well, fool—
First Robber. Why, then, Heaven's benison be with
 you.
 Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
 For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
 But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

RICHARD L. SHEIL—J. H. PAYNE—B. W. PROCTER.

Another Irish poet, and man of warm imagination, RICHARD LALOR SHEIL (1794-1851), sought distinction as a dramatist. His plays, *Evadne* and *The Apostate*, were performed with much success, partly owing to the admirable acting of Miss O'Neil. The interest of Mr Sheil's dramas is concentrated too exclusively on the heroine of each, and there is a want of action and animated dialogue; but they abound in impressive and well-managed scenes. The plot of *Evadne* is taken from Shirley's *Traitor*, as are also some of the sentiments. The following description of female beauty is very finely expressed:

But you do not look altered—would you did!
 Let me peruse the face where loveliness
 Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
 Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
 The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
 Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
 Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips
 Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
 They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
 The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
 Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
 Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got
 That brightness all around thee, that appeared
 An emanation of the soul, that loved
 To adorn its habitation with itself,
 And in thy body was like light, that looks
 More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
 It lives in, in the evening. O Evadne,
 Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

Mr Sheil was afterwards successful on a more conspicuous theatre. As a political character and orator, he was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His brilliant imagination, pungent wit, and intense earnestness as a speaker, riveted the attention of the House of Commons, and of popular Irish assemblies, in which he was enthusiastically received. In the Whig governments of his day, Mr Sheil held office; and at the time of his death, was the British minister at Florence.

In the same year with Mr Sheil's *Evadne* (1820) appeared *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, a historical tragedy, by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. There is no originality or genius displayed in this drama; but, when well acted, it is highly effective on the stage.—In 1821, MR PROCTER'S tragedy of *Mirandola* was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a short but enthusiastic run of success. The plot is painful—including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince sentenced by his father—and there is a want of dramatic movement in the play; but some of the passages are imbued with poetical feeling and vigorous expression. The dotting affection of *Mirandola*, the duke, has something of the warmth and the rich diction of the old dramatists.

Duke. My own sweet love! O my dear peerless
 wife!
 By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
 I love you better—oh, far better than
 Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
 Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
 There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
 And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
 But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
 Of thee, my love, to thy *Mirandola*.
 Speak, dearest *Isidora*, can you love
 As I do? Can— But no, no; I shall grow
 Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
 You must be gone, fair *Isidora*, else
 The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
 I speak the truth, by *Dian*! Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
 In faith, you must go: one kiss; and so, away.
Isidora. Farewell, my lord.
Duke. We'll ride together, dearest,
 Some few hours hence.
Isidora. Just as you please; farewell. [Exit.
Duke. Farewell.—With what a waving air she goes
 Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
 Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft—
 Nor gentlest echo—telleth when she treads;
 But every motion of her shape doth seem
 Hallowed by silence. Thus did *Hebe* grow
 Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus—
 Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The most successful of modern tragic dramatists was JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862), whose plays have been collected and republished in three volumes. His first play, *Caius Gracchus*, was performed in 1815; and the next, *Virginius*, had an extraordinary run of success. It was founded on that striking incident in Roman story, the death of a maiden by the hand of her father, *Virginius*, to save her from the lust and tyranny of *Appius*. Mr Knowles afterwards brought out *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*; *The Hunchback*, *Woman's Wit*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, *William Tell*, *The Love Chase*, &c. With considerable knowledge of stage-effect, Mr Knowles unites a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring, which, if at times too florid and gaudy, sets off his familiar images and illustrations. His style is formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to a ridiculous excess. He also frequently violates Roman history and classical propriety, and runs into conceits and affected metaphors. These faults are counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing scenes and plots, romantic, yet not too improbable; by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life; and by a current of poetry which sparkles through his plays, 'not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.*' Mr Knowles was a native of Cork. Having succeeded in the drama, he tried prose fiction, and wrote two novels, *George Lovell* and *Henry Fortescue*; but they have little merit. He next embarked in polemical discussion, attacking the

* *Edinburgh Review* for 1833.

Church of Rome; and he occasionally preached in Baptist chapels.

Scene from 'Virginus.'

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, and LICTORS.

Appius. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?

Claudius. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.

App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste! [*Appius ascends the tribunal.*]

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS
leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence
prevails.

Virginus. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge of the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?

App. You had better,
Virginus, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

Claud. Most noble Appius—

Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?

Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew its face to me. Go on;
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless!

App. Keep back the people, Lictors!—What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

[*Virginus, stepping forward, is withheld by
Numitorius.*]

Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or
suffer me

To speak.

Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*]

Num. Will she swear she is her child?

Vir. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will—a
most wise question that!

Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginus,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginus. I shall take the woman's oath.

Virginia. Icilius!

Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginus' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?

Slave. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginus.

Vir. Here it is! [*Brings Virginia forward.*]

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginus.

App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of
that!

You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*Troops appear behind.*]

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginus, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not,
Virginus; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.

[*Aside.*]

App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long

Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginia's daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*]

App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*]

App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!

He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help
him

To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained.—Your hands! your hands! your
hands!

Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icilius. Down with the slaves!

The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance
of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his
daughter, &c. in the hands of APPIUS and his party.

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

App. Separate them, Lictors!

Vir. Let them forbear a while, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined

And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief!—
Lictors, look to them.

Virginia. Do you go from me?

Do you leave? Father! Father!

Vir. No, my child—

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take
me with you?

Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless
you!

My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously
around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall,
with a knife upon it.

Vir. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—
[*Virginius seizes the knife.*]

Well, have you done?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[*Virginia shrieks, and falls half-dead upon
her father's shoulder.*]

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!

Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it

Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[*Kissing her.*]

There is one only way to save thine honour—

'Tis this.

[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius
breaks from the soldiers that held him,
and catches her.*]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them:

thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[*Exit through the soldiers.*]

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES—DR THOMAS
BEDDOES.

The Bride's Tragedy, by THOMAS LOVELL
BEDDOES (1803-1849), published in 1822, is in-
tended for the closet rather than the theatre. It
possesses many passages of pure and sparkling
verse. 'The following,' says a writer in the
Edinburgh Review, 'will shew the way in which
Mr Beddoes manages a subject that poets have
almost reduced to commonplace. We thought
all similes for the violet had been used up; but he
gives us a new one, and one that is very delightful.'
Hesperus and Floribel—the young wedded lovers
—are in a garden; and the husband speaks:

Hesperus. See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckle woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets unfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?

Floribel. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus ! Look, then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you :
Here 's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.

Hesp. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers !
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap !

Flor. And here 's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley ; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.

Hesp. Of all the poetry
Give me the rose, though there 's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love—
The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has, weeping, visited the world—once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland) ;
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

And there is an expression in the same scene
(where the author is speaking of sleepers' fancies,
&c.)—

While that winged song, the restless nightingale
Turns her sad heart to music—

which is perfectly beautiful.

The reader may now take a passage from the
scene where Hesperus murders the girl Floribel.
She is waiting for him in the Divinity path, alone,
and is terrified. At last he comes ; and she sighs
out :

Speak ! let me hear thy voice,
Tell me the joyful news !

and thus he answers :

Ay, I am come
In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of Night, blind Fog
And withering Blight, all these are my retainers.
How ! not one smile for all this bravery ?
What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
Thunder, and tuneful Discord ? Hark ! they play.
Well piped, methinks ; somewhat too rough, perhaps.

Flor. I know you practise on my silliness,
Else I might well be scared. But leave this mirth,
Or I must weep.

Hesp. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
For our carousal ; but 'we loiter here,
The bride-maids are without ; well picked, thou 'lt say,
Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
In their best winding-sheets.—Start not ; I bid them
wipe

Their gory bosoms ; they 'll look wondrous comely ;
Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too,
To light us to our grave.

After some further speech, Floribel asks him what
he means, and he replies :

What mean I ? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift,
Earth gives thee back. Thy God hath sent me for thee ;
Repent and die.

She returns gentle answers to him ; but in the end

Hesperus kills her, and afterwards mourns thus
over her body :

Dead art thou, Floribel ; fair, painted earth,
And no warm breath shall ever more disport
Between those ruby lips : no ; they have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught. All cold and still ;
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.

Look, what a face ! Had our first mother worn
But half such beauty when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
No hand but this, which I do think was once
Cain, the arch-murderer's, could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom ;
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp.
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first— O villain ! which way lies the grave

Mr Beddoes was son of DR THOMAS BEDDOES
(1760-1808), an eminent physician, scholar, and
man of scientific attainments, as well as of great
versatility of literary talent. Dr Beddoes was
married to a younger sister of Maria Edgeworth
and was an early patron of Sir Humphry Davy.
His son, the dramatic poet, was only nineteen
when *The Bride's Tragedy* was produced. He
afterwards devoted himself to scientific study and
foreign travel, but occasionally wrote poetry not
unworthy of the reputation he achieved by his
early performance. After his death was published
Death's Jest-book, or the Fool's Tragedy (1850)
and *Poems*, with a memoir (1851). Mr Beddoes
was a writer of a high order, but restless, unfixed
and deficient both in energy and ambition.

JOHN TOBIN.

JOHN TOBIN was a sad example, as Mrs Inch-
bold has remarked, 'of the fallacious hopes by
which half mankind are allured to vexatious
enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious
labour of writing plays, which were rejected by
the managers ; and no sooner had they accepted
The Honeymoon, than he died, and never enjoyed
the recompense of seeing it performed.' Tobin
was born in Salisbury in the year 1770, and
educated for the law. In 1785 he was articled
to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, and after-
wards entered into business himself. Such, how-
ever, was his devotion to the drama, that before
the age of twenty-four he had written several
plays. His attachment to literary composition
did not withdraw him from his legal engagements,
but his time was incessantly occupied, and symp-
toms of consumption began to appear. A change
of climate was recommended, and Tobin went
first to Cornwall, and thence to Bristol, where
he embarked for the West Indies. The vessel
arriving at Cork, was detained there for some
days ; but on the 7th of December 1804, it sailed
from that port, on which day—without any appar-
ent change in his disorder to indicate the approach
of death—the invalid expired. Before quitting
London, Tobin had left *The Honeymoon* with his
brother, the manager of Drury Lane having given
a promise that it should be performed. Its success
was instant and decisive ; and it is still a favourite
acting play. Two other pieces by Tobin—*The
Curfew* and *The School for Authors*—were subse-
quently brought forward ; but they are of inferior
merit. *The Honeymoon* is a romantic drama
partly in blank verse, and written somewhat in the

style of Beaumont and Fletcher. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot taken from *The Taming of the Shrew*, though the reform of the haughty lady is accomplished less roughly. The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits; and the duke, having accomplished his purpose of rebuking 'the domineering spirit of her sex,' asserts his true rank, and places Juliana in his palace :

This truth to manifest—a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life ;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who—wisely keep their honeymoon.

The following passage, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana respecting her attire, is pointed out by Mrs Inchbald as peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which it contains. The fair critic, like the hero of the play, was not ambitious of dress.

Duke. I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity—
No cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amplly, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in !

Juliana. I shall observe, sir.
Duke. I should like well to see you in the dress
I last presented you.

Juliana. The blue one, sir ?
Duke. No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them ;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks ;
This well-proportioned form—think not I flatter—
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush.

JOHN O'KEEFE—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—
THOMAS MORTON—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

JOHN O'KEEFE, a prolific farce-writer, was born in Dublin in 1746. While studying the art of drawing, to fit him for an artist, he imbibed a passion for the stage, and commenced the career of an actor in his native city. He produced generally some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, entitled *Tony Lumpkin*, was played with success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1778. He continued supplying the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809, had written about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were denominated comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success. *The Agreeable Surprise*, *Wild Oats*, *Modern Antiques*, *Fontainebleau*, *The Highland Reel*, *Love in a Camp*, *The Poor Soldier*, and *Sprigs of Laurel*, are still favourites, especially the first, in which the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster, is a laughable piece of broad humour. O'Keefe's writings, it is said, were

merely intended to make people laugh, and they have fully answered that object. The lively dramatist was in his latter years afflicted with blindness, and in 1800 he obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he was led forward by Mr Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address. He died at Southampton on the 4th of February 1833, having reached the advanced age of eighty-six.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS (1765–1841) was one of the most voluminous of dramatists, author of seventeen popular comedies, and altogether of about a hundred dramatic pieces. He served Covent Garden for forty years in the capacity of what he called 'thinker'—that is, performer of every kind of literary labour required in the establishment. Among his most successful productions are : *The Dramatist*, *Laugh when you Can*, *The Delinquent*, *The Will*, *Folly as it Flies*, *Life, Management*, *Notoriety*, *How to grow Rich*, *The Rage*, *Speculation*, *The Blind Bargain*, *Fortune's Fool*, &c. Of these, *The Dramatist* is the best. The hero, Vapid, the dramatic author, who goes to Bath 'to pick up characters,' is a laughable caricature, in which, it is said, the author drew a likeness of himself ; for, like Vapid, he had 'the *ardor scribendi* upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue or a scene than offer him your whole estate—the theatre was his world, in which were included all his hopes and wishes.' Out of the theatre, however, as in it, Reynolds was much esteemed.

Another veteran comic writer, THOMAS MORTON, is author of *Speed the Plough*, *Way to get Married*, *Cure for the Heartache*, and the *School of Reform*, which may be considered standard pieces on the stage. Besides these, Mr Morton produced *Zorinski*, *Secrets Worth Knowing*, and various other plays, most of which were performed with great applause. The acting of Lewis, Munden, and Emery was greatly in favour of Mr Morton's productions on their first appearance ; but they contain the elements of theatrical success. The characters are strongly contrasted, and the scenes and situations well arranged for effect, with occasionally a mixture of pathos and tragic or romantic incident. In the closet these works fail to arrest attention ; for their merits are more artistic than literary, and the improbability of many of the incidents appears glaring when submitted to sober inspection. Mr Morton was a native of Durham, and bred to the law. He died in 1838, aged seventy-four.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the celebrated novelist, was induced, by the advice of her father, and that of a more competent judge, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to attempt the drama. In 1817, she published *Comic Dramas in Three Acts*: Three pieces were comprised in this volume, two of them Irish ; but though the dialogue was natural, the plays were deficient in interest, and must be considered as dramatic failures.

NOVELISTS.

It was natural that the genius and the success of the great masters of the modern English novel should have led to imitation. Mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable ; and there is, besides, in

romance, as in the drama, a wide and legitimate field for native talent and exertion. The highly wrought tenderness and pathos of Richardson, and the models of real life, wit, and humour in Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, had no successors. But the fictions of Mackenzie, Dr Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland are all superior to the ordinary run of novels, and stand at the head of the second class. These writers, however, exercised but little influence on the national taste: they supported the dignity and respectability of the novel, but did not extend its dominion; and accordingly we find that there was a long dull period in which this delightful species of composition had sunk into general contempt. There was no lack of novels, but they were of a very inferior and even debased description. In place of natural incident, character, and dialogue, we had affected and ridiculous sentimentalism—plots utterly absurd or pernicious—and stories of love and honour so maudlin in conception and drivelling in execution, that it is surprising they could ever have been tolerated even by the most defective moral sense or taste. The circulating libraries in town and country swarmed with these worthless productions—known, from their place of publication, by the misnomer of the ‘Minerva Press’ novels—but their perusal was in a great measure confined to young people of both sexes of imperfect education, or to half-idle inquisitive persons, whose avidity for excitement was not restrained by delicacy or judgment. In many cases, even in the humblest walks of life, this love of novel-reading amounted to a passion as strong and uncontrollable as that of dram-drinking; and, fed upon such garbage as we have described, it was scarcely less injurious; for it dwarfed the intellectual faculties, and unfitted its votaries equally for the study or relish of sound literature, and for the proper performance and enjoyment of the actual duties of the world. The enthusiastic novel-reader got bewildered and entangled among love-plots and high-flown adventures, in which success was often awarded to profligacy, and among scenes of pretended existence, exhibited in the masquerade attire of a dis-tempered fancy. Instead, therefore, of

Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed,

we had Falsehood decked out in frippery and nonsense, and courting applause from its very extravagance.

At length Miss Edgeworth came forward with her moral lessons and satirical portraits, daily advancing in her powers, as in her desire to increase the virtues, prudence, and substantial happiness of life; Mrs Opie told her pathetic and graceful domestic tales; and Miss Austen exhibited her exquisite delineations of everyday English society and character. ‘There are some things,’ says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (1830), ‘which women do better than men, and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those examinations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiae of conduct and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic

life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished for the most part by greater fidelity and consistency, a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often to be met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion.’

To crown all, Sir Walter Scott commenced in 1814 his brilliant gallery of portraits, which completely exterminated the monstrosities of the Minerva Press, and inconceivably extended the circle of novel-readers. Fictitious composition was now again in the ascendant, and never, in its palmiest days of chivalrous romance or modern fashion, did it command more devoted admiration or shine with greater lustre.

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

FRANCES BURNEY, authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel-readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollett, and she has maintained her popularity better than most secondary writers of fiction. Her name was in 1842 revived by the publication of her *Diary and Letters*, containing some clever sketches of society and manners, notices of the court of George III., and anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c. Miss Burney was the second daughter of Dr Burney, author of the *History of Music*. She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. Her father was organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London—where he had previously resided—and numbered among his familiar friends and visitors David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, Barry the painter, and other persons distinguished in art and literature. Such society must have had a highly beneficial effect on his family, and accordingly we find they all distinguished themselves: one son rose to be an admiral; the second son, Charles Burney, became a celebrated Greek scholar; both the daughters were novelists.* Fanny was long held to be a sort of

* Rear-admiral James Burney accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a *History of Voyages of Discovery*, 5 vols. quarto, and an *Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages*. He died in 1820.—Dr Charles Burney wrote several critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains. After his death, in 1817, the valuable library of this great scholar was purchased by government for the British Museum.

prodigy. At eight years of age she did not even know her letters, but she was shrewd and observant. At fifteen she had written several tales, was a great reader, and even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being aware of the circumstance. In this way, it is said, she composed *Evelina*; but it was not published till January 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year; and the wonderful precocity of 'Miss in her teens' may be dismissed as somewhat more than doubtful. The work was offered to Dodsley the publisher, but rejected, as the worthy bibliophile 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, agreed to publish it, and gave £20 for the manuscript. *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, soon became the talk of the town. Dr Burney, in the fulness of his heart, told Mrs Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author; and Dr Johnson protested to Mrs Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson! Miss Burney was invited to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, and there she met Johnson and his illustrious band of friends, of whom we have ample notices in the *Diary*. Wherever she went, to London, Bath, or Tunbridge, *Evelina* was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors. In 1782 appeared her second work, *Cecilia*, which is more highly finished than *Evelina*, but less rich in comic characters and dialogue. Miss Burney having gone to reside for a short time with Mrs Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, and who now lived on a pension from their Majesties at Windsor, was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was, that in 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished; after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! From this grinding and intolerable destiny, Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled *Edwin and Elgitha*, which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs Siddons personated the heroine; but in the

dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of *Camilla*, which she published by subscription, and realised by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802, Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon; and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned, and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced *The Wanderer*, a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a Memoir of her father, Dr Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev. A. D'Arblay of Camden Town Chapel, near London—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath, in January 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight. Her *Diary and Letters*, edited by her niece, were published in 1842 in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love-scenes are prosaic enough; but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she had then rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of *Evelina*, and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour must always be relished.

A Game of Highway Robbery.—From 'Evelina.'

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I readily imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder

upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed: 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out: 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman; 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval. 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other. 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi*,' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady, as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman; 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, 'and will lead us twenty miles about.'

'*Pardie*!' cried Madame Duval; 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to-night.'

'Let's go back to the public-house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other; 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horsewhipped. As sure as I'm alive, they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farmhouse, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded; and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her

life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but'—

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!'

'O sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successful to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not refuse myself the so-long-wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the

footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when; I don't know; perhaps'—

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! O Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said: 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore 'exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.'

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill-usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we

stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her negligée had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding, that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined therefore to be carefully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out: 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying: 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Miss Burney explains to King George III. the Circumstances attending the Composition of 'Evelina.'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because'—

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Wolcot], that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: 'Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said: 'But your father—how came you not to shew him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr Baretta laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for'—

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming: 'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr Baretta's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said: "Contrive to get that book for me."'

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow—no real resolution of the sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried: 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III.
August 2, 1786.

An attempt had just been made upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure!

Mrs Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said: 'Here I am!—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!' His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't cry!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden

door at St James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it. 'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. 'Though nothing,' added the king, in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat.'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob: 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined; who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures? The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

SARAH HARRIET BURNEY, half-sister to Madame D'Arbly, was authoress of several novels, *Geraldine*, *Fauconberg*, *Country Neighbours*, &c. This lady copied the style of her relative, but had not her raciness of humour, or power of delineating character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In 1784 there appeared, in French, the rich oriental story entitled *Vathek: an Arabian Tale*. A translation into English, with notes critical and explanatory, was published in 1786; and the tale, revised and corrected, has since passed through many editions. Byron praises the work for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. 'As an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even Rasselas must bow before it: his

Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.' It would be difficult to institute a comparison between scenes so very dissimilar—almost as different as the garden of Eden from Pandemonium; but *Vathek* seems to have powerfully impressed the youthful fancy of Byron. It contains some minute Eastern painting and characters—a Giaour being of the number—uniting energy and fire with voluptuousness, such as Byron loved to draw. The Caliph Vathek, who had 'sullied himself with a thousand crimes,' like the Corsair, is a magnificent Childe Harold, and may have suggested the character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, the author of this remarkable work, was born in 1760. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford of Fonthill, was leader of the city of London opposition in the stormy times of Wilkes, Chatham, and the American discontents (see notice of Horne Tooke in this work, vol. i. page 797). The father died in 1770, and when the young heir came of age, he succeeded to a fortune of a million of money, and £100,000 a year. His education had been desultory and irregular—partly under tutors at Geneva—but a literary taste was soon manifested. In his eighteenth year he wrote *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters* (published in 1780), being a burlesque guide-book to the gallery of pictures at Fonthill, designed to mislead the old housekeeper and ignorant visitors. Shortly afterwards, he wrote some account of his early travels, under the title of *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*, but though printed, this work was never published. In 1780, he made a tour on the continent, which formed the subject of a series of letters, picturesque and poetical, which he published (though not until 1835) under the title of *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*. The high-bred ease, voluptuousness, and classic taste of some of these descriptions and personal adventures have a striking and unique effect. In 1782, he wrote *Vathek*. 'It took me three days and two nights of hard labour,' he said, 'and I never took off my clothes the whole time.' The description of the Hall of Eblis was copied from the Hall of old Fonthill, and the female characters were portraits of the Fonthill domestics idealised. The work, however, was partly taken from a French romance, *Abdallah; ou les Aventures du Fils de Hanif*, Paris, 1723. In 1783, Beckford married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, who died three years afterwards, leaving two daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Hamilton. He sat for some time in parliament for the borough of Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society. In 1794, he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years. He is said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south,' and Byron has referred to it in the first canto of *Childe Harold*:

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise.

The poet, however, had been misled by inaccurate information: Beckford built no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he has left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his *Recollections of*

an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, published in 1835. The excursion was made in June 1794, at the desire of the Prince-regent of Portugal. The monastery of Alcobaca was the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in that country, with paintings, antique tombs, and fountains; the noblest architecture, in the finest situation, and inhabited by monks, who lived like princes. The whole of these sketches are interesting, and present a gorgeous picture of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth. Mr Beckford and his friends were conducted to the kitchen by the abbot, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, that they might see what preparations had been made to regale them. The kitchen was worthy of a *Vathek*! 'Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheat flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay-brothers and their attendants were rolling out, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.' Alas! this regal splendour is all gone. The magnificent monastery of Alcobaca was plundered and given to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811.

In the year 1796, Mr Beckford returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate. Two burlesque novels from his pen belong to this period—*Modern Novel-writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast*, two volumes, 1796; and *Azemia*, two volumes, 1797. They are extravagant and worthless productions. At Fonthill, Beckford lived in a style of oriental luxury and seclusion. He built a wall of nine miles round his property, to shut out visitors; but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in honour of whom he gave a series of splendid fêtes. Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old paternal mansion, with its great Hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, and in embellishing the surrounding grounds. The latter were laid out in the most exquisite style of landscape-gardening, aided by the natural inequality and beauty of the ground, and enriched by a lake and fine silvan scenery. The grand tower of the abbey was 260 feet high, and occupied the owner's care and anxiety for years. The structure was like a romance. 'On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair. The building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period, every cart and wagon in the district was pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the county

stood still. At another, even the royal works of St George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are to that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power.* These details are characteristic of the author of *Vathek*, and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius. In 1822, Mr Beckford sold Fonthill, and went to live at Bath. There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, *made of cast-iron*. He had a magnificent gallery built over a junction archway; the grounds were decorated with temples, vases, and statues; and the interior of the house was filled with rare paintings, sculptures, old china, and other articles of *virtù*. His old porter, a dwarf, continued to attend his master as at Fonthill, and the same course of voluptuous solitude was pursued, 'though now his eightieth year was nigh.' Looking from his new tower one morning, Beckford found the Fonthill tower gone! He was not unprepared for the catastrophe. The master of the works at Fonthill confessed, on his death-bed, that he had not built the tower on an arched foundation; it was built on the sand, he said, and would some day fall. Beckford communicated this to the purchaser, Mr Farquhar; but the new proprietor, with a philosophic coolness that Beckford must have admired, observed he was quite satisfied it would last his time. It fell, however, shortly afterwards, filling the marble court with the ruins. Of the great Abbey only one turret-gallery now remains, and the princely estate, with its green drive of nine miles, has been broken up and sold as three separate properties. Mr Beckford died in his

* *Literary Gazette*, 1822.—Hazlitt, who visited the spot at the same time, says: 'Fonthill Abbey, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless, in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell, surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows shedding a gaudy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's temple is displayed to the view in miniature—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination.' The collection of *bijouterie* and articles of *virtù* was allowed to be almost unprecedented in extent and value. Mr Beckford disposed of Fonthill, in 1822, to Mr Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed a fortune in India, for £330,000 or £350,000, the late proprietor retaining only his family pictures and a few books.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1822.

house at Bath on the 2d of May 1844. His body was inclosed in a sarcophagus of red granite, inscribed with a passage from *Vathek*: 'Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven, Hope.' More appropriately might have been engraved on it the old truth, *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Of all the glories and prodigalities of the English Sardanapalus, his slender romance, the work of three days, is the only durable memorial.

The outline or plot of *Vathek* possesses all the wildness of Arabian fiction. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid (*Aaron the Just*), whose dominions stretched from Africa to India. He is fearless, proud, inquisitive, a *gourmand*, fond of theological controversy, cruel and magnificent in his power as a caliph; in short, an Eastern Henry VIII.

Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Magnificent Palaces.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abbasides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoreim, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skillful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Hours, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mohammed, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

After some horrible sacrifices, related with great power, Carathis reads from a roll of parchment

an injunction that Vathek should depart from his palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, and set forward on his way to Istakar. 'There,' added the writing of the mysterious Giaour, 'I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou interest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger.' The degenerate commander of the true believers sets off on his journey with much pomp. After various adventures and scenes of splendid voluptuousness, one of the beneficent geni, in the guise of a shepherd, endeavours to arrest Vathek in his mad career, and warns him that beyond the mountains Eblis and his accursed *dives* hold their infernal empire. That moment, he said, was the last of grace allowed him, and as soon as the sun, then obscured by clouds, recovered his splendour, if his heart was not changed, the time of mercy assigned to him would be past for ever. Vathek audaciously spurned from him the warning and the counsel. 'Let the sun appear,' he said; 'let him illumine my career! it matters not where it may end.' At the approach of night, most of his attendants escaped; but Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, imperturbed him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection.

The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out: 'O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented! Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he; 'there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to

vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words: 'Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and, as the need for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.'

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision; the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement strewn over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheeding of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden. . . .

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as

penetrated the soul, and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: 'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords: the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki, and Soliman, called Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: 'In my lifetime, I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter

of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart' . . .

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

There is astonishing force and grandeur in some of these conceptions. The catastrophe possesses a sort of epic sublimity, and the spectacle of the vast multitude incessantly pacing those halls, from which all hope has fled, is worthy the genius of Dante. The numberless graces of description, the piquant allusions, the humour and satire, and the wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision—like the genius of Voltaire—which is spread over the work, we must leave to the reader. The romance altogether places Beckford among the first of our imaginative writers, independently of the surprise which it is calculated to excite as the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries he describes with so much animation and accuracy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, the dramatist, was author of three novels, *Arundel, Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*. The learning, knowledge of society—including foreign manners—and the dramatic talents of this author, would seem to have qualified him in an eminent degree for novel-writing; but this was by no means the case. His fame must rest on his comedies of *The West Indian*, *The Wheel of Fortune*, and *The Jew*. Cumberland was the son of Mr Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards of Kilmore. His mother was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr Bentley, and said to be the Phœbe of Byrom's fine pastoral, *My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent* (see vol. i. of this work, p. 633). Cumberland was born in 1732. He was designed for the church; but in return for some services rendered by his father, the young student was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland. Through the influence of his patron, he was made crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. The dramatic performances of Cumberland, written about this time, were highly successful, and introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day.

The character of him by Goldsmith in his *Retaliation*, where he is praised as

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,

is one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another. In the year 1780, Cumberland was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England. He seems to have been misled by the Abbé Hussey, chaplain to the king of Spain; and after residing a twelvemonth at Madrid, he was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the minister harshly refused to remunerate him. Thus situated, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled to sell his paternal estate, and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth a variety of dramas, essays, and other works, among which were two epic poems, *Calvary* and *The Exodiad*, the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these efforts can be said to have overstepped the line of mediocrity; for though our author had erudition, taste, and accomplishments, he wanted, in all but two or three of his plays, the vivifying power of genius. Cumberland's *Memoirs of his Own Life*—for which he obtained £500—are graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of his contemporaries will not bear a rigid scrutiny. Cumberland died on the 7th of May 1811. His first novel, *Arundel* (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and treating of scenes and characters in high life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, *Henry* (1795), which he polished with great care, to imitate the elaborate style of Fielding, was less happy; for Cumberland was not so much at home in low life, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, is praised by Sir Walter Scott as not only an exquisite but a just portrait. The resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is, however, too marked, while the Methodistic traits introduced are, however faithful, less pleasing than the learned simplicity and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. Another peculiarity of the author is thus touched upon by Scott: 'He had a peculiar taste in love-affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes, too, there is a great want of delicacy and propriety: Cumberland was not here a 'mender of hearts.' The third novel of our author was the work of his advanced years, and is of a very inferior description. It would be unjust not to add, that the prose style of Cumberland in his *Memoirs* and ordinary narratives, where humour is not attempted, is easy and flowing—the style of a scholar and gentleman.

MRS FRANCES SHERIDAN.

MRS FRANCES SHERIDAN (1724–1766) was the authoress of two novels, *Sidney Biddulph* and

Nourjahad, and two comedies, *The Discovery* and *The Dupe*. The latter are common-place productions, but the novels evince fine imaginative powers and correct moral taste. *Sidney Biddulph* is a pathetic story: the heroine goes to her grave 'unrelieved but resigned,' as Boswell has said, and Johnson doubted whether the accomplished authoress had a right to make her readers suffer so much. *Nourjahad* is an eastern romance also with a moral tendency, but containing some animated incidents and description. Mrs Sheridan was the wife of Thomas Sheridan, popular as an actor and elocutionist, and author of an *Orthoepical Dictionary of the English Language*. Dr Parr, with characteristic enthusiasm, pronounced Mrs Sheridan to be 'quite celestial,' and Charles James Fox considered *Sidney Biddulph* to be the best of all modern novels. Yet, perhaps, this amiable and gifted woman is now best known from being the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, whose singular history and dramatic performances we have already noticed, was author of several once popular novels. The first was published in 1780, under the title of *Abwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*. This had, and deserved to have, but little success. His second, *Anna St Ives*, in seven volumes (1792), was well received, and attracted attention from its political bearings no less than the force of its style and characters. The principal characters are, as Hazlitt remarks, merely the vehicles of certain general sentiments, or machines put into action, as an experiment to shew how these general principles would operate in particular situations. The same intention is manifested in his third novel, *Hugh Trevor*, the first part of which appeared in 1794, and the remainder in 1797. In *Hugh Trevor*, Holcroft, like Godwin, depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society. There are some good sketches, and many eloquent and just observations, in the work, and those who have read it in youth will remember the vivid impression that some parts are calculated to convey. The political doctrines inculcated by the author are captivating to young minds, and were enforced by Holcroft in the form of well-contrasted characters, lively dialogue, and pointed satire. He was himself a true believer in the practicability of such a Utopian or ideal state of society. The song of *Gaffer Gray*, in *Hugh Trevor*, which glances ironically at the inhumanity of the rich, has a forcible simplicity and truth in particular cases, which made it a favourite with the public.

Gaffer Gray.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;

And warm thy old heart with a glass.
 'Nay, but credit I've none,
 And my money's all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass?
 Well-a-day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And knock at the jolly priest's door.
 'The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray;
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
 'He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks
 Should he ever more find me in want,
 Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray;
 And the season will welcome you there.
 'His fat beeves and his beer,
 And his merry new year,
 Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray;
 What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
 'The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day!'

Holcroft wrote another novel, *Bryan Perdue*, but it is greatly inferior to his former productions. His whole works, indeed, were eclipsed by those of Godwin, and have now fallen out of notice.

ROBERT BAGE.

Another novelist of a similar stamp was ROBERT BAGE, a Quaker, who, like Holcroft, imbibed the principles of the French Revolution, and inculcated them in various works of fiction. Bage was born at Darley, in Derbyshire, on the 29th of February 1728. His father was a paper-maker, and his son continued in the same occupation through life. His manufactory was at Elford, near Tamworth, where he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life, Bage resided at Tamworth, where he died on the 1st of September 1801. The works of this author are—*Mount Kenneth*, 1781; *Barham Downs*, 1784; *The Fair Syrian*, 1787; *James Wallace*, 1788; *Man as He is*, 1792; *Hernsprong, or Man as He is Not*, 1796. Bage's novels are decidedly inferior to those of Holcroft, and it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his *British Novelists*, and at the same time excluded so many superior works. *Barham Downs* and *Hernsprong* are the most interesting of the series, and contain some good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

These ladies, authoresses of *The Canterbury Tales*, a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in

London in 1750. She was the elder of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a Seminary for Young Ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success. In 1784, Sophia published the first volume of *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times*; which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. *The Recess* is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next work, a tragedy entitled *Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*, produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of *The Canterbury Tales*, which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were written by Sophia Lee—namely, *The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys*, and *The Clergyman's Tale*. They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling. But the more striking features of *The Canterbury Tales*, and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he says, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of *Werner, or the Inheritance*. The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical, than her illustrious imitator. 'The story,' says one of the critics to whom Byron's play recalled the merits of Harriet Lee, 'is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of *Waverley*. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that *The Canterbury Tales* exhibit more of that species of invention, which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure, strength of characters,

and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son in his turn has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a murderer.* The short and spirited style of these tales, and the frequent dialogues they contain, impart to them something of a dramatic force and interest, and prevent their tiring the patience of the reader, like too many of the three-volume novels. In 1803, Miss Sophia Lee retired from the duties of her scholastic establishment, having earned an independent provision for the remainder of her life. Shortly afterwards she published *The Life of a Lover*, a tale which she had written early in life, and which is marked by juvenility of thought and expression, though with her usual warmth and richness of description. In 1807, a comedy from her pen, called *The Assignment*, was performed at Drury Lane; but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular individuals.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides *The Canterbury Tales*, wrote two dramas, *The New Peerage*, and *The Three Strangers*. The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in December 1835, but was barely tolerated for one night.

A tablet is erected to the memory of these accomplished sisters in Clifton Church—where they are buried—from which it appears that Sophia Lee was born in May 1750, and died March 13, 1824. Her sister, Harriet Lee—who long resided in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a valued and respected lady—was born April 11, 1766, and died August 1, 1851.

Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales.'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, yeilded poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations.

Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described; with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across me. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!'

'The tomb of a poet!' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once inclosed a church, as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot;

I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king ; I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom, in my flight and swell of soul, I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers ; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now shewed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul ; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve ; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time ; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptance in society, if thou couldst seriously say :

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various course has been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling ; and stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitring the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last ; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party ; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together ; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch ; when lo ! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

'If that is really the case,' cried I mentally, 'let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.' Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads ; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious

similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that 'different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it.' It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased : nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse ; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen : a cross on her bosom shewed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman ; her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome ; of those, archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air ; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. 'Thou hast comprised,' thought I, 'the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month ; and then, perhaps, didst thou first study, the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!' Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good-nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman : so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall, that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal ! 'Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give,' thought I, 'were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart !'

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness ; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident ; and why not make it really one ? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was noway singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare ; I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

'Sir,' cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, 'do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper ?'

'No, sir,' returned he most laconically.

'Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it,' added I.

'Perhaps I might,' retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

'How charmingly might we fill a long evening,' resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, 'if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!'

'Truly, we might make a long evening that way,' again retorted my torment, the Englishman. 'However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us.'

DR JOHN MOORE.

DR JOHN MOORE, author of *Zeluco* and other works, was born at Stirling in 1729. His father was one of the clergymen of that town, but died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his excellent widow. Mrs Moore removed to Glasgow, where her relations resided, possessed of considerable property. After the usual education at the university of Glasgow, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, with whom Smollett had been apprenticed a few years before. In his nineteenth year, Moore accompanied the Duke of Argyll's regiment abroad, and attended the military hospitals at Maestricht in the capacity of surgeon's mate. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda; and on the termination of hostilities, he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards, he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. His old master, Mr Gordon, now invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and, after two years' residence in Paris, Moore accepted the invitation. He practised for many years in Glasgow with great success. In 1772, he was induced to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, where they resided five years, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Returning in 1778, Moore removed his family to London, and commenced physician in the metropolis. In 1779, he published *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two volumes, which was received with general approbation. In 1781, appeared his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*; in 1785, *Medical Sketches*; and in 1786, his *Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic*. The object of this novel was to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero of the tale was the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The idea of such a character was probably suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom, but Moore took a wider range of character and incident. He made his hero accomplished and fascinating, thus avoiding the feeling of contempt with which the abject villainy of Fathom is unavoidably regarded; and he traced, step by step, through a succession of scenes and adventures, the progress of depravity, and the effects of uncontrolled passion. The

incident of the favourite sparrow, which Zeluco squeezed to death when a boy, because it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, lets us at once into the pampered selfishness and passionate cruelty of his disposition. The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and the author's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to impart to his narrative numerous new and graphic sketches. Zeluco also serves in the Spanish army; and at another time is a slave-owner in the West Indies. The latter circumstance gives the author an opportunity of condemning the system of slavery with eloquence and humanity, and presenting some affecting pictures of suffering and attachment in the negro race. The death of Hanno, the humane and generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations. The various scenes and episodes in the novel relieve the disagreeable shades of a character constantly deepening in vice; for Zeluco has no redeeming trait to link him to our sympathy or forgiveness. Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and in the commencement of the following year, took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious Autobiography of the poet, one of the most interesting and powerful sketches that ever was written. In their correspondence we see the colossal strength and lofty mind of the peasant-bard, even when placed by the side of the accomplished and learned traveller and man of taste. In August 1792, Dr Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the early excesses of the French Revolution. Of this tour he published an account, entitled *A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December 1792, &c.* The first volume of this work was published in 1793, and a second in 1794. In 1795, Dr Moore, wishing to give a retrospective detail of the circumstances which tended to hasten the Revolution, drew up a carefully digested narrative, entitled *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, in two volumes. This is a valuable work, and it has been pretty closely followed by Sir Walter Scott in his animated and picturesque survey of the events preceding the career of Napoleon. In 1796, Dr Moore produced a second novel, *Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England*. As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue. In the following year, Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared his last production, *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality*. In this novel our author, following the example of Richardson, and Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, threw his narrative into the form of letters, part being dated from the continent, and part from England. A tone of languor and insipidity pervades the story, and there is little of plot or incident to keep alive attention. Dr Moore died at Richmond on the 21st of January 1802. A complete edition of his works has been published in seven volumes, with *Memoirs of his Life and Writings* by Dr Robert Anderson. Of all the writings of Dr Moore, his novel of *Zeluco* is the most popular. Mr Dunlop has given the preference to *Edward*. The latter may boast of more variety of character, and is

distinguished by judicious observation and witty remark, but it is deficient in the strong interest and forcible painting of the first novel. Zeluco's murder of his child in a fit of frantic jealousy, and the discovery of the circumstance by means of the picture, is conceived with great originality, and has a striking effect. It is the poetry of romance. The attachment between Laura and Carlostein is also described with tenderness and delicacy, without degenerating into German sentimentalism or immorality. Of the lighter sketches, the scenes between the two Scotchmen, Targe and Buchanan, are perhaps the best; and their duel about Queen Mary is an inimitable piece of national caricature. There is no great aiming at moral effect in Moore's novels, unless it be in depicting the wretchedness of vice, and its tragic termination in the character of Zeluco. He was an observer rather than an inventor; he noted more than he felt. The same powers of observation displayed in his novels, and his extensive acquaintance with mankind, rendered him an admirable chronicler of the striking scenes of the French Revolution. Numerous as are the works since published on this great event, the journals and remarks of Dr Moore may still be read with pleasure and instruction. It may here be mentioned, that the distinguished Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, was the eldest son of the novelist.

Dispute and Duel between the Two Scotch Servants in Italy.—From 'Zeluco.'

Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a staunch Whig.

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying: 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think!' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian

service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr Targe: your friend the sergeant assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.'

He then instances his celebrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe; while Targe upbraids him for want of honesty.

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that ever wore either breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir,' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly

obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing-match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said: 'This may convince you, Mr Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted

Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said: 'I must acknowledge, Mr Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay, was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N——'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spaniard shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan; 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea-mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots,' acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan,

'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

MRS INCHEALD.

MRS INCHEALD, the dramatist, attained deserved celebrity by her novels, *A Simple Story*, in four volumes, published in 1791, and *Nature and Art*, two volumes, 1796. As this lady affected plainness and precision in style, and aimed at drawing sketches from nature, she probably designated her first novel *simple*, without duly considering that the plot is intricate and involved, and that some of her characters—as Lord and Lady Elmwood—belong to the ranks of the aristocracy. There are many striking and passionate scenes in the novel, and notwithstanding the disadvantage attending a double plot, the interest is well sustained. The authoress's knowledge of dramatic rules and effect may be seen in the skilful grouping of her personages, and in the liveliness of the dialogue. Her second work is much simpler and coarser in texture. Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim: 'Let the poor no more be their own persecutors, no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease, the idol will be broken.' Mrs Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *dénouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry, after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to 'cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town.' The following is a brief but striking allusion to the miseries of low London service:

Service in London.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal,

though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these under ground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismissal, at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.

Mr Rogers, in the notes to his poem of *Human Life*, quotes, as from 'an excellent writer,' the following sentence from Mrs Inchbald's *Nature and Art*:

Estimates of Happiness.

Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.

The Judge and the Victim.—From 'Nature and Art.'

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the county town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy; she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognised her—he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of

which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitiful but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: 'Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated: 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone: 'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered: 'No.' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, 'Guilty.' She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed: 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been

uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead.' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters, there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self-denial, and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

'March 10, 1799.'

'The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.'

'Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of —' [William started at the name of the village and county]; 'but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.'

'And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has

overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.'

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

'So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy; but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.'

No sooner had the name of 'Anfield' struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it hocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse*.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The novels of MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH aimed more at delineating affections than manners, and they all evinced superior merit. The first, *Emmeline*, published in 1788, had an extensive sale. *Ethelinde* (1789) and *Celestina* (1791) were also received with favour and approbation. These were followed by *Desmond* (1792), *The Old English Manor-house* (1793), *The Wanderings of Warwick*, *The Banished Man*, *Montalbert*, *Marchmont*, *The Young Philosopher* (1798), &c. She wrote also *Rural Walks*, and other works. Her best is *The Old English Manor-house*, in which her descriptive powers are found united to an interesting plot and well-sustained *dramatis personæ*. She took a peculiar pleasure in caricaturing lawyers, having herself suffered deeply from the 'law's delay'; and as her husband had ruined himself and family by foolish schemes and projects, she is supposed to have drawn him in the projector who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs! Sir Walter Scott, 'in acknowledgment of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs Smith's works,' included her in his *British Novelists*, and

prefixed an interesting criticism and memoir. He alludes to her defective narratives or plots, but considers her characters to be conceived with truth and force, though none bears the stamp of actual novelty. He adds: 'She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station in life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality.'

ANN RADCLIFFE.

MRS ANN RADCLIFFE—who may be denominated the *Salvator Rosa* of British novelists—was born in London, of respectable parents, on the 9th of July 1764. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married Mr William Radcliffe, a student of law, but who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the *English Chronicle*. Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs Radcliffe published her first novel, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, the scene of which she laid in Scotland during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work gave but little indication of the power and fascination which the authoress afterwards evinced. She had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events—in which, indeed, she never excelled—and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort, made in the following year, was more successful. *The Sicilian Romance* attracted attention by its romantic and numerous adventures, and the copious descriptions of scenery it contained. These were depicted with the glow and richness of a poetical fancy. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors. Mrs Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.* Actual rhythm was also at the command of the accomplished authoress. She has interspersed various copies of verses throughout her works, but they are less truly poetical than her prose. They have great sameness of style and diction, and are often tedious, because introduced in scenes already too protracted with description or sentiment. In 1791 appeared *The Romance of the Forest*, exhibiting the powers of the novelist in full maturity. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, aided by external phenomena and striking description, she now added the powerful delineation of passion. Her painting of the character of La Motte, hurried on by an evil counsellor, amidst broken resolutions and efforts at recall, to the most dark and deliberate guilt and cruelty, approaches in some respects to the genius of Godwin. Delineation of character, however, was not the forte of Mrs Radcliffe: her strength lay in description and in the interest of her narrative. Like the great painter with whom she has been compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and the terrible

* This honour more properly belongs to Sir Philip Sidney; and does not even John Bunyan demand a share of it? In Smollett's novels there are many poetical conceptions and descriptions. Indeed, on this point Sir Walter partly contradicts himself, for he elsewhere states that Smollett expended in his novels many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry. Mrs Radcliffe gave a greater prominence to poetical description than any of her predecessors.

—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake—the obscure solitude—the cloud and the storm—wild banditti—ruined castles—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world which seem at times to cross our path, and which still haunt and thrill the imagination. This peculiar faculty was more strongly evinced in Mrs Radcliffe's next romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, published in 1794, which was the most popular of her performances, and is justly considered her best. Mrs Barbauld seems to prefer *The Romance of the Forest* as more complete in character and story; but in this opinion few will concur: it wants the sublimity and boldness of the later work. The interest, as Scott remarks, 'is of a more agitating and tremendous nature, the scenery of a wilder and more terrific description, the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty-souled desperado and captain of condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his marquis like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adeline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister-heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by constables and thief-takers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain grandeur which occur in the other.' This parallel applies very strikingly to the critic's own poems, the *Lay* and *Marmion*. The latter, like Mrs Radcliffe's second romance, has blemishes of construction and style from which the first is free; but it has the breadth and magnificence, and the careless freedom of a master's hand, in a greater degree than can be found in the first production. About this time Mrs Radcliffe made a journey through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which she published an account in 1795, adding to it some observations during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The picturesque fancy of the novelist is seen in these sketches, with her usual luxuriance and copiousness of style. In 1797, Mrs Radcliffe made her last appearance in fiction. *The Mysteries of Udolpho* had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum, £500; but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled *The Italian*, and displayed her powers in undiminished strength and brilliancy. Having exhausted the characteristics of feudal pomp and tyranny in her former productions, she adopted a new machinery in *The Italian*, having selected a period when the Church of Rome was triumphant and unchecked. The grand Inquisition, the confessional, the cowed monk, the dungeon, and the rack, were agents as terrible and impressive as ever shone in romance. Mrs Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without adhering to historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains the most vivid and appalling of all her scenes and paintings. The opening of the story has been praised by all critics, for the exquisite art with which the authoress contrives to excite and prepare the mind of the reader. It is as follows:

English Travellers visit a Neapolitan Church.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and inquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied: 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. . . .

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld: the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the

place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in *The Italian*, where Schedoni, the monk—an admirably drawn character—is 'in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be actually embodied on canvas by some great master.' Most of this lady's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the artist and melodramatist. The latter years of Mrs Radcliffe were spent in retirement, partly induced by ill health. She had for a long period been afflicted with spasmodic asthma, and an attack proved fatal to her on the 7th of February 1823. She died in London, and was interred in a vault of the chapel-of-ease at Bayswater, belonging to St George's, Hanover Square. A posthumous romance by Mrs Radcliffe, entitled *Gaston de Blondeville*, was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd; and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

The success which crowned Mrs Radcliffe's romances led several writers to copy her peculiar manner, but none approached the original either in art or genius. The style of which she may be considered the founder is powerfully attractive, and few are able to resist the fascinations of her narrative; but that style is obviously a secondary one. To delineate character in the many-coloured changes of life, to invent natural, lively, and witty dialogues and situations, and to combine the whole, as in *Tom Jones*, in a regular progressive story, complete in all its parts, is a greater intellectual effort than to construct a romantic plot where the author is not confined to probability or to the manners and institutions of any particular time or country. When Scott transports us back to early times and to Scottish life and character, we feel he is embodying history, animating its records with his powerful imagination, and introducing us to actual scenes and persons such as once existed. His portraits are

not of one, but of various classes. There is none of this reality about Mrs Radcliffe's creations. Her scenes of mystery and gloom will not bear the light of sober investigation. Deeply as they affect the imagination at the time, after they have been once unfolded before the reader, they break up like dreams in his recollection. The remembrance of them is confused, though pleasant, and we have no desire to return to what enchanted us, unless it be for some passages of pure description. The want of moral interest and of character and dialogue, natural and truthful, is the cause of this evanescence of feeling. When the story is unravelled, the great charm is over—the talisman ceases to operate when we know the materials of which it is composed.

Mrs Radcliffe restricted her genius by an arbitrary rule of composition: she made the whole of her mysterious circumstances resolve into natural causes. The seemingly supernatural agencies are explained to be palpable and real: every mystery is cleared up, and often by means very trifling or disproportioned to the end. In one sense, this restriction increases our admiration of the writer, as evincing, in general, the marvellous ingenuity with which she prepares, invents, and arranges the incidents for immediate effect as well as subsequent explanation. Every feature in the surrounding landscape or objects described—every subordinate circumstance in the scene, however minute, is so disposed as to deepen the impression and keep alive curiosity. This prelude, as Mrs Barbauld has remarked, 'like the tuning of an instrument by a skilful hand, has the effect of producing at once in the mind a tone of feeling correspondent to the future story.' No writer has excelled, and few have approached, Mrs Radcliffe in this peculiar province. A higher genius, however, would have boldly seized upon supernatural agency as a proper element of romance. Mrs Radcliffe had never been in Italy when she wrote *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, yet her paintings of Italian scenery, and of the mountains of Switzerland, are conceived with equal truth and richness of colouring. And what poet or painter has ever surpassed (Byron has imitated) her account of the first view of Venice, as seen by her heroine Emily, 'with its islets, palaces, and terraces rising out of the sea; and as they glided on, the grander features of the city appearing more distinctly—its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched with the splendour of the setting sun, appearing as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter rather than reared by human hands!' Her pictures are innumerable, and they are always introduced with striking effect. The romantic colouring which Mrs Radcliffe could throw over actual objects, at the same time preserving their symmetry and appearance entire, is finely displayed in her English descriptions, one of which (Hardwick) is included among our extracts.

Description of the Castle of Udolpho.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with

pinces, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

Hardwick, in Derbyshire.

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop after a country not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battle-

ments, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and shewed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my lord-keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto, carved in oak: 'To fear God, and keep his commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship when this mansion was constructed, that where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second or state story to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite.

An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the

waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant-girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steep in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and shewing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Among the most successful imitators of Mrs Radcliffe's peculiar manner and class of subjects, was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose wild romance, *The Monk*, published in 1796, was received with mingled astonishment, censure, and applause. The first edition was soon disposed of; and in preparing a second, Lewis threw out some delicate passages which had given much offence. He might have carried his retrenchments further with benefit both to the story and its readers. *The Monk* was a youthful production, written, as the author states in his rhyming preface, when he 'scarce had seen his twentieth year.' It has all the marks of youth, except modesty. Lewis was the boldest of *hobgoblin* writers, and dashed away fearlessly among scenes of monks and nuns, church processions, Spanish cavaliers, maidens and duennas, sorcerers and enchantments, the Inquisition, the Wandering Jew, and even Satan himself, whom he brings in to execute justice visibly and without compunction. The hero, Ambrosio, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and from his reputed sanctity and humility, and his eloquent preaching, he is surnamed the Man of Holiness. Ambrosio conceives himself to be exempted from the failings of humanity, and is severe in his saintly judgments. He is full of religious enthusiasm and pride, and thinks himself proof against all temptation. The hint of this character was taken from a paper in the *Guardian*, and Lewis filled up the outline with considerable energy and skilful delineation. The imposing presence, strong passions, and wretched downfall of Ambrosio, are not easily forgotten by the readers of the novel. The haughty and susceptible monk is tempted by an infernal spirit—the Mephistopheles of the tale—who assumes the form of a young and beautiful woman, and, after various efforts, completely triumphs over the virtue and the resolutions of Ambrosio. He proceeds from crime to crime, till he is stained with the most atrocious deeds, his evil genius, Matilda, being still his prompter and associate, and aiding him by her powers of conjuration and sorcery. He is at length caught in the toils, detected in a deed of murder, and is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition. While trembling at the approaching *auto da fé*, at which he is

sentenced to perish, Ambrosio is again visited by Matilda, who gives him a certain mysterious book, by reading which he is able to summon Lucifer to his presence. Ambrosio ventures on this desperate expedient. The Evil One appears—appropriately preceded by thunder and earthquake—and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft far from his dungeon, but only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Such is the outline of the monk's story, in which there is certainly no shrinking from the supernatural machinery that Mrs Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, without attempting to make it real. Lewis relieved his narrative by episodes and love-scenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with great animation. He introduces us also to a robber's hut in a forest, in which a striking scene occurs, evidently suggested by a similar one in Smollett's *Count Fathom*. Besides his excessive use of conjurations and spirits to carry on his story, Lewis resorted to another class of horrors, which is simply disgusting—namely, loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave.

The only other tale by Lewis which has been reprinted is *The Bravo of Venice*, a short production, in which there is enough of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures—the dagger and the bowl—but nothing equal to the best parts of *The Monk*. The style is more chaste and uniform, and some Venetian scenes are picturesquely described. The hero, Abellino, is at one time a beggar, at another a bandit, and ends by marrying the lovely niece of the Doge of Venice—a genuine character for the mock-heroic of romance. In none of his works does Lewis evince a talent for humour.

Scene of Conjuration by the Wandering Jew.

Raymond, in *The Monk*, is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant, and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he becomes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of note.

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued:

'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday; all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean—the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire—the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti—their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your sufferings by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber.'

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh, with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the

chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh-bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn: 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell; I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread 'overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied—they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; those flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of *Caleb Williams*, was one of the most remarkable men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, and his apparent depth and ardour of feeling, were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the quiet obscure simplicity of his life and manners. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a

busy literary life. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d of March 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious Nonconformist—and thus the future novelist may be said to have been nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without perhaps much reverence for existing authority. He soon, however, far overstepped the pale of dissent. After receiving the necessary education at the dissenting college at Hoxton, Mr Godwin became minister of a congregation in the vicinity of London. He also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About the year 1782, having been five years a Nonconformist preacher, he settled in London, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first work was entitled *Sketches of History, in Six Sermons*; and he shortly afterwards became principal writer in the *New Annual Register*. He was a zealous political reformer; and his talents were so well known or recommended, that he obtained the large sum of £700 for his next publication. This was his famed *Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness*, published in 1793. Mr Godwin's work was a sincere advocacy of an intellectual republic—a splendid argument for universal philanthropy and benevolence, and for the omnipotence of mind over matter. His views of the perfectibility of man and the regeneration of society—all private affections and interests being merged in the public good—were clouded by no misgivings, and he wrote with the force of conviction, and with no ordinary powers of persuasion and eloquence. The *Inquiry* was highly successful, and went through several editions. In a twelvemonth afterwards appeared his novel of *Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams*. His object here was also to inculcate his peculiar doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' His hero, Williams, tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws; but his story is so fraught with interest and energy, that we lose sight of the political object or satire, and think only of the characters and incidents that pass in review before us. The imagination of the author overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than logician. His character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious composition. The opinions of Godwin were soon brought still more prominently forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were thrown into the Tower, on a charge of high treason. The novelist had joined none of their societies, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country.*

* If we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, Godwin must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. 'Canning's conversion from popular opinions,' says Scott, 'was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr

Godwin, however, was ready with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter instantly published *Cursory Strictures* on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused parties. In 1796 Mr Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled *The Inquirer*. In the following year he married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *The Vindication of the Rights of Women, &c.*, a lady in many respects as remarkable as her husband, and who died after having given birth to a daughter (Mrs Shelley), still more justly distinguished. Godwin's contempt of the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in this country was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter, the fruit of a former connection. She had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage; and 'the principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' Such an open disregard of the ties and principles that sweeten life and adorn society astonished even Godwin's philosophic and reforming friends. But whether acting in good or in bad taste, he seems always to have been fearless and sincere. He wrote *Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*—who died in about half a year after her marriage, at the early age of thirty-eight—and in this curious work all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. We are glad, after this mental pollution, to meet Godwin again as a novelist—

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In 1799 appeared his *St Leon*, a story of the 'miraculous class,' as he himself states, and designed to mix human feelings and passions with incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by the art of transmuting metals into gold, and at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. These are, indeed, 'incredible situations;' but the romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos. Its chief defect is an excess of the terrible and marvellous. In 1800 Mr Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of *Antonio*; in 1801, *Thoughts on Dr Parr's Spital Sermon*, being a reply to some attacks made upon him, or rather on his code of morality, by Parr, Mackintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a voluminous *Life of Chaucer*, in two quarto volumes. With Mr Godwin the great business of this world was to write books, and whatever subject he selected, he treated it with a due sense of its importance, and pursued it into all its ramifications with intense ardour and application. The *Life of Chaucer* was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Edinburgh Review*, in consequence of its

Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until —. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house, of some ten pounds a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule-chair.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*. This occurrence must have taken place before 1793, as in that year Canning was introduced by Pitt into parliament.

enormous bulk and its extraneous dissertations ; but it is creditable to the author's taste and research. The student of our early literature will find in it many interesting facts connected with a chivalrous and romantic period of our history—much sound criticism, and a fine relish for true poetry. In 1804 Mr Godwin produced his novel of *Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling*. The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling, by far the more interesting and amiable of the two. Mr Godwin's hero is self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability and frantic outbursts of passion move contempt rather than sympathy. Byron has said :

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages.

This cannot be said of Mr Godwin. Great part of *Fleetwood* is occupied with the hero's matrimonial troubles and afflictions ; but they only exemplify the noble poet's further observation—'no one cares for matrimonial cooings.' The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. For some years Mr Godwin was little heard of. He had married again, and, as a more certain means of maintenance, had opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin.' In this situation he sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself. Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted. He tried another tragedy, *Faulkner*, in 1807, but it was unsuccessful. Next year he published an *Essay on Sepulchres*, written in a fine meditative spirit, with great beauty of expression ; and in 1815, *Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the Nephews of Milton*. The latter is also creditable to the taste and research of the author, and illustrates our poetical history about the time of the Restoration. In 1817 Mr Godwin again entered the arena of fiction. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, *Mandeville*, a tale of the times of Cromwell. The style of this work is measured and stately, and it abounds in that moral anatomy in which the author delighted, but often carried beyond truth and nature. The vindictive feelings delineated in *Mandeville* are pushed to a revolting extreme. Passages of energetic and beautiful composition—reflective and descriptive—are to be found in the novel ; and we may remark, that as the author advanced in years, he seems to have cultivated more sedulously the graces of language and diction. The staple of his novels, however, was taken from the depths of his own mind—not from extensive surveys of mankind or the universe ; and it was obvious that the oft-drawn-upon fountain began to dry up, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the foliage that shaded it. We next find Mr Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate *History of the Commonwealth*. The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste. Their resolute energy of character, their overthrow of the monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and strange notions of faith and the saints, were well adapted to fire his imagination and stimulate his research. The

History extended to four large volumes, which were published at intervals between 1824 and 1828. It is evident that Mr Godwin tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions ; but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological for the interest of his narrative. It was truly said that the style of his *History* 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In 1830 Mr Godwin published *Cloudesley*, a tale in three volumes. Reverting to his first brilliant performance as a novelist, he made his new hero, like *Caleb Williams*, a person of humble origin, and he arrays him against his patron ; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of the first novel, are not to be found in *Cloudesley*. There is even little delineation of character. Instead of these, we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth ; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next production of this veteran author was a metaphysical treatise, *Thoughts on Man, &c.* ; and his last work (1834) a compilation, entitled *Lives of the Necromancers*. In his later years, Mr Godwin enjoyed a small government office, yeoman-usher of the Exchequer, which was conferred upon him by Earl Grey's ministry. In the residence attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he terminated his long and laborious scholastic life on the 7th of April 1836. No man ever panted more ardently, or toiled more heroically, for literary fame ; and we think that, before he closed his eyes, he must have been conscious that he had 'left something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'

Caleb Williams is unquestionably the most interesting and original of Mr Godwin's novels, and is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift. A brief glance at the story will shew the materials with which Godwin 'framed his spell.' Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is taken into the house of Mr Falkland, the lord of the manor, in the capacity of amanuensis, or private secretary. His master is kind and compassionate, but stately and solemn in manner. An air of mystery hangs about him ; his address is cold, and his sentiments impenetrable ; and he breaks out occasionally into fits of causeless jealousy and tyrannical violence. One day Williams surprises him in a closet, where he heard a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish, then the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise of fastening a lock. Finding he was discovered, Falkland flies into a transport of rage, and threatens the intruder with instant death if he does not withdraw. The astonished youth retires, musing on this strange scene. His curiosity is awakened, and he learns part of Falkland's history from an old confidential steward—that his master was once the gayest of the gay, and had achieved honour and fame abroad, till on his return he was persecuted with a malignant destiny. His nearest neighbour, Tyrrel, a man of estate equal to his own, but of coarse and violent mind and temper, became jealous of Falkland's superior talents and accom-

plishments, and conceived a deadly enmity at him. The series of events detailing the progress of this mutual hatred—particularly the episode of Miss Melville—are developed with great skill, but all is creditable to the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland. The conduct of Tyrrel becomes at length so atrocious, that the country gentlemen shun his society. He intrudes himself, however, into a rural assembly, an altercation ensues, and Falkland indignantly upbraids him, and bids him begone. Amidst the hootings and reproaches of the assembly, Tyrrel retires, but soon returns inflamed with liquor, and with one blow of his muscular arm levels Falkland to the ground. His violence is repeated, till he is again forced to retreat. This complication of ignominy, base, humiliating, and public, stung the proud and sensitive Falkland to the soul: he left the room; but one other event closed the transactions of that memorable evening—Tyrrel was found dead in the street, having been murdered—stabbed with a knife—at the distance of a few yards from the assembly house. From this crisis in Falkland's history commenced his gloomy and unsocial melancholy—life became a burden to him. A private investigation was made into the circumstances of the murder; but Falkland, after a lofty and eloquent denial of all knowledge of the crime, was discharged with every circumstance of honour, and amidst the plaudits of the people. A few weeks afterwards, a peasant, named Hawkins, and his son were taken up on some slight suspicion, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder. Justice was satisfied, but a deepening gloom had settled on the solitary Falkland. Williams heard all this, and joined in pitying the noble sufferer; but the question occurred to him—was it possible, after all, that his master should be the murderer? The idea took entire possession of his mind. He determined to place himself as a watch upon Falkland—a perpetual stimulus urged him on. Circumstances, also, were constantly occurring to feed his morbid inquisitiveness. At length a fire broke out in the house during Falkland's absence, and Williams was led to the room containing the mysterious trunk. With the energy of uncontrollable passion he forced it open, and was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Falkland entered, wild, breathless, and distraction in his looks. The first act of the infuriated master was to present a pistol at the head of the youth, but he instantly changed his resolution, and ordered him to withdraw. Next day Falkland disclosed the secret. 'I am the blackest of villains; I am the murderer of Tyrrel; I am the assassin of the Hawkinses!' He made Williams swear never to disclose the secret, on pain of death or worse. 'I am,' said Falkland, 'as much the fool of fame as ever; I cling to it as my last breath: though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name: there is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me.' Williams took the oath and submitted. His spirit, however, revolted at the servile submission that was required of him, and in time he escaped from the house. He was speedily taken, and accused, at the instance of Falkland, of abstracting valuable property from the trunk he had forced open on the day

of the fire. He was cast into prison. The interior of the prison, and its wretched inmates, are then described with great minuteness. Williams, to whom the confinement became intolerable, escaped. He is first robbed and then sheltered by a band of robbers—he is forced to flee for his life—assumes different disguises—is again in prison, and again escapes; but misery and injustice meet him at every step. He had innocently fastened on himself a second enemy, a villain named Gines, who from a highwayman had become a thief-taker; and the incessant exertions of this fellow, tracking him from place to place like a blood-hound, are related with uncommon spirit and effect. The whole of these adventures possess an enchainment interest, and cannot be perused without breathless anxiety. The innocence of Williams, and the manifestations of his character—artless, buoyant, and fast maturing under this stern discipline—irresistibly attract and carry forward the reader. The connection of Falkland and Williams is at last wound up in one scene of overpowering interest, in which the latter comes forward publicly as the accuser of his former master. The place is the hall of a magistrate of the metropolitan town of Falkland's county.

Concluding Scene of 'Caleb Williams.'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr Falkland himself, forbid me. He

in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have revered him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkines to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me: it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? . . . I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr Falkland shewed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me: he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr Falkland, if I had told him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkines, and of all that I have myself suffered,

I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

‘Williams,’ said he, ‘you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now’—turning to the magistrate—‘and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law.’

Sir Walter Scott has objected to what may be termed the master-incident in *Caleb Williams*, and calls it an instance of the author’s coarseness and bad taste—namely, that a gentleman passionately addicted to the manners of ancient chivalry

should become a midnight assassin when an honourable revenge was in his power. Mr Godwin might have defended himself by citing the illustrious critic's own example: the forgery by Marmion is less consistent with the manners of chivalry than the assassination by Falkland. Without the latter, the novel could have had little interest—it is the key-stone of the arch. Nor does it appear so unsuited to the character of the hero, who, though smitten with a romantic love of fame and honour, is supposed to have lived in modern times, and has been wound up to a pitch of frenzy by the public brutality of Tyrrel. The deed was instantaneous—the knife, he says, fell in his way. There was no time for reflection, nor was Tyrrel a person whom he could think of meeting on equal terms in open combat. He was a noisome pest and nuisance, despatched in a moment of fury by one whom he had injured, insulted, and trampled upon, solely because of his worth and his intellectual superiority.

We have incidentally alluded to the other novels of Godwin. *St Leon* will probably descend to posterity in company with *Caleb Williams*, but we cannot conceive that a *torso* of any of the others will be preserved. They have all a strong family likeness. What Dugald Stewart supposed of human invention generally, that it was limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes, is strictly true of Mr Godwin's fictions. In *St Leon*, however, we have a romantic story with much fine writing. Setting aside the 'incredible' conception on which it proceeds, we find the subordinate incidents natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary—a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and as unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself, and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing; and this is the moral of the story. The adventures of the hero, both warlike and domestic, are related with much gorgeousness and amplitude. The character of the heroic Marguerite, the wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve the flagging interest after the death of Marguerite. The thunder-storm which destroys the property of Leon is described with great power and vividness; and his early distresses and losses at the gaming-table are also in the author's best manner. The scene may be said to shift too often, and the want of fortitude and energy in the character of the hero lessens our sympathy for his reverses. At the same time his tenderness and affection as a husband and father are inexpressibly touching, when we see them, in consequence of his strange destiny, lead to the ruin of those for whom alone he wishes to live.

St Leon's Escape from the Auto da Fé.

St Leon is imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of exercising the powers of necromancy, and is carried with other prisoners to feed the flames at an *auto da fé* at Valladolid.

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then, having yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse,

and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing, I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the by-standers, mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filed with equal violence, and left a wide but transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprung away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

In the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object; the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing-dish of fire. I had no room for choice; I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction,

he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street door, which I instantly locked, and put the key in my bosom. . . .

We were still engaged in discussing the topics I have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprung up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host: ‘Wretch,’ said I, ‘did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house?’ ‘Oh,’ cried Mordecai, ‘it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed.’ ‘Beware,’ I answered; ‘the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood.’ ‘I call Abraham to witness,’ rejoined the once more terrified Jew, ‘it is my child! only my child!’ ‘Tell me,’ cried I, with severity of accent, ‘how old is this child?’ ‘Only five years,’ said Mordecai: ‘my dear Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her.’ ‘Speak to your child: let me hear her voice!’ He spoke to her; and she answered: ‘Father, I want to come out.’ I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew: ‘Take care,’ said I, ‘how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room?’ He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. ‘Man,’ said I, ‘you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand, I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety.’ The Jew trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. ‘At least let me kiss her,’ said he. ‘Be it so,’ replied I; ‘one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me.’ I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. ‘My dear Leah,’ cried Mordecai, ‘now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that, if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured!—Stranger, you little know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves.—The God of Abraham bless you, my child!—Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?’

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done, I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner apartment, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen; this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in a corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no

treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued left me, and I insensibly sunk into a sort of slumber.

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seemed to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition, would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect: I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and immured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. Let the reader judge of what I had passed through and known within those cursed walls by the effects; I have already refused, I continue to refuse, to tell how those effects were produced. Enough of compassion; enough of complaint; I will confine myself, as far as I am able, to simple history. . . .

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three phials containing sirups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host, in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to re-light the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for resistance. I sunk upon the bed. I remained thus for about half-an-hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied my utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive, my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years’ imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bed-clothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

My sleep was not long: in a few hours I awakened. With difficulty I recognised the objects about me, and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before, I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was totally different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connection between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

A successful imitator of the style of Godwin appeared in America. CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771-1810), a native of Philadelphia, was author of several novels, which were collected and republished in 1828 in seven volumes. He was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of America, and author of a number of political pamphlets. His best novels are *Wieland* (1798), *Arthur Mervyn* (1800), *Edgar Huntly*, *Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot* (all in 1801). In romantic narrative, Brown was often successful, but he failed in the delineation of character.

MRS OPIE.

MRS AMELIA OPIE (1769-1853) (Miss Alderson of Norwich) commenced her literary career in 1801, when she published her domestic and pathetic tale of *The Father and Daughter*. Without venturing out of ordinary life, Mrs Opie invested her narrative with deep interest, by her genuine painting of nature and passion, her animated dialogue, and feminine delicacy of feeling. Her first novel went through eight editions, and is still popular. A long series of works of fiction proceeded from the pen of this lady. Her *Simple Tales*, in four volumes, 1806; *New Tales*, four volumes, 1818; *Temper, or Domestic Scenes*, a tale, in three volumes; *Tales of Real Life*, three volumes; *Tales of the Heart*, four volumes; *Madeline* (1822), are all marked by the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. In 1828 Mrs Opie published a moral treatise, entitled *Detraction Displayed*, in order to expose that 'most common of all vices,' which, she says justly, is found 'in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She can do nothing well,' says Jeffrey, 'that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs Radcliffe.

In Miss Sedgwick's *Letters from Abroad* (1841), we find the following notice of the then venerable novelist: 'I owed Mrs Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.'

Mrs Opie survived till 1853, and was in her eighty-fourth year at the time of her death. An interesting volume of *Memorials* of the accomplished authoress, selected from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs Opie resided chiefly in her native town of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by the literary and fashionable circles. In 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, but her liveliness of character and goodness of heart were never diminished. Her old age was eminently cheerful and happy.

ANNA MARIA PORTER—JANE PORTER.

ANNA MARIA PORTER (1780–1832) was a daughter of an Irish officer, who died shortly after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs Porter took her family into Scotland while Anna Maria was still in her nurse-maid's arms, and there, with her only and elder sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, 'was very fond of either teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Mrs Porter removed to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work bore the appropriate title of *Artless Tales*, the first volume being published in 1793, and a second in 1795. In 1797 she came forward again with a tale entitled *Walsh Colville*; and in the following year a novel in three volumes, *Octavia*, was produced. A numerous series of works of fiction now proceeded from Miss Porter—*The Lake of Killarney*, 1804; *A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love*, 1805; *The Hungarian Brothers*, 1807; *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza*, 1809; *Ballad Romances, and other Poems*, 1811; *The Recluse of Norway*, 1814; *The Village of Mariendorp*; *The Fast of St Magdalen*; *Tales of Pity for Youth*; *The Knight of St John*; *Roche Blanche*; and *Honor O'Hara*. Altogether, the works of this lady amount to about fifty volumes. In private life Miss Porter was much beloved for her unostentatious piety and active benevolence. She died at Bristol while on a visit to her brother, Dr Porter of that city, on the 21st of June 1832, aged fifty-two. The most popular, and perhaps the best of Miss Porter's novels is her *Don Sebastian*. In all of them she portrays the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, with warmth and earnestness; but in *Don Sebastian* we have an interesting though melancholy plot, and characters finely discriminated and drawn.

MISS JANE PORTER, sister of Anna Maria, is authoress of two romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803, and *The Scottish Chiefs*, 1810; both were highly popular. The first is the best, and contains a good plot and some impassioned scenes. The second fails entirely as a picture of national manners—the Scottish patriot Wallace, for example, being represented as a sort of drawing-room hero—but is written with great animation and picturesque effect. In appeals to the tender and heroic passions, and in vivid scene-painting, both these ladies have evinced genius, but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue. A third novel by Miss Porter has been published, entitled *The Pastor's Fireside*. Late in life she wrote a work, *Sir Edward Seaward's Diary*, which has a good deal of the truthfulness of style and incident so remarkable in Defoe. Miss Jane Porter died at Bristol in 1850, aged seventy-four.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, one of our best painters of national manners, whose works stimulated the genius of Scott, and have delighted and instructed generations of readers, was born January 1, 1767, at Hare Hatch, near Reading, in Berkshire. She was of a respectable Irish family, long settled at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, and it was on their property that Goldsmith was born. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744–1817), was himself a man attached to literary pursuits, and took great pleasure in exciting and directing the talents of his daughter.* Whenever the latter thought of writing any essay or story, she always submitted to him the first rough plans; and his ready invention and infinite resource, when she had run into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate her at her utmost need. 'It was the happy experience of this,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved

* Mr Edgeworth wrote a work on *Professional Education*, one volume, quarto, 1808; also some papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, including an essay on Spring and Wheel Carriages, and an account of a telegraph which he invented. This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was afterwards sent to Oxford. Before he was twenty, he ran off with Miss Elers, a young lady of Oxford, to whom he was married at Gretna Green. He then embarked on a life of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, and in 1770 succeeded, by the death of his father, to his Irish property. During a visit to Lichfield, he became enamoured of Miss Honora Sneyd, a cousin of Anna Seward's, and married her shortly after the death of his wife. In six years this lady died of consumption, and he married her sister; a circumstance which exposed him to a good deal of observation and censure. After a matrimonial union of seventeen years, his third wife died of the same malady as her sister; and, although past fifty, Mr Edgeworth scarcely lost a year till he was united to an Irish lady, Miss Beaufort. His latter years were spent in active exertions to benefit Ireland, by reclaiming bog-land, introducing agricultural and mechanical improvements, and promoting education. Among his numerous schemes, was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan delineated in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this child of nature grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! Maria Edgeworth was by her father's first marriage; she was twelve years old before she was taken to Ireland. The family were involved in the troubles of the Irish rebellion (1798), and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged by one of the invaders, to whom Mr Edgeworth had previously done some kindness. Their return home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth in her father's Memoirs. It serves to shew the affection which subsisted between the landlord and his dependents.

'When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the roadside, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people (Mr Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream.'

me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential, in the first instance, to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation.' A work on *Practical Education* (1798) was a joint production of Mr and Miss Edgeworth. In 1800 the latter published anonymously *Castle Rackrent*, an admirable Irish story; and in 1801, *Belinda*, a novel, and *Moral Tales*. Another joint production of father and daughter appeared in 1802, an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, in which the authors did justice to the better traits of the Irish character, and illustrated them by some interesting and pathetic stories. In 1803, Miss Edgeworth came forward with three volumes of *Popular Tales*, characterised by the features of her genius—'a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel it was then new.' The practical cast of her father's mind probably assisted in directing Miss Edgeworth's talents into this useful and unromantic channel. It appeared strange at first, and one of the best of the authoress's critics, Francis Jeffrey, said at the time, 'that it required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.' In 1806 appeared *Leonora*, a novel, in two volumes. A moral purpose is here aimed at, and the same skill is displayed in working up ordinary incidents into the materials of powerful fiction; but the plot is painful and disagreeable. The seduction of an exemplary husband by an abandoned female, and his subsequent return to his injured but forgiving wife, is the groundwork of the story. Irish characters figure off in *Leonora* as in the *Popular Tales*. In 1809 Miss Edgeworth issued three volumes of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, more powerful and various than any of her previous productions. The history of Lord Glenthorn affords a striking picture of *ennui*, and contains some excellent delineation of character; while the story of Almeria represents the misery and heartlessness of a life of mere fashion. Three other volumes of *Fashionable Tales* were issued in 1812, and fully supported the authoress's reputation. The number of tales in this series was three—*Vivian*, illustrating the evils and perplexities arising from vacillation and infirmity of purpose; *Emilie de Coulanges*, depicting the life and manners of a fashionable French lady; and *The Absentee*—by far the best of the three stories—written to expose the evils and mortifications of the system which the authoress saw too many instances of in Ireland, of persons of fortune forsaking their country-seats and native vales for the frivolity, scorn, and expense of fashionable London society. In 1814, Miss Edgeworth entered still more extensively and sarcastically into the manners and characters in high-life, by her novel of *Patronage*, in four volumes. The miseries resulting from a dependence on the patronage of the great—a system which, she says, is 'twice accursed—once in giving, and once in receiving'—are drawn in

vivid colours, and contrasted with the cheerfulness, the buoyancy of spirits, and the manly virtues arising from honest and independent exertion. In 1817 our authoress supplied the public with two other tales, *Harrington* and *Ormond*. The first was written to counteract the illiberal prejudice entertained by many against the Jews: the second is an Irish tale, equal to any of the former. The death of Mr Edgeworth in 1817 made a break in the literary exertion of his accomplished daughter, but she completed a Memoir which that gentleman had begun of himself, and which was published in two volumes in 1820. In 1822 she returned to her course of moral instruction, and published in that year, *Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons*, a work for juvenile readers, of which an earlier specimen had been published. A further continuation appeared in 1823, under the title of *Harriet and Lucy*, four volumes. These tales had been begun fifty years before by Mr Edgeworth, at a time 'when no one of any literary character, excepting Dr Watts and Mrs Barbauld, condescended to write for children.'

It is worthy of mention, that, in the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation. 'Never,' says Mr Lockhart, 'did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety.' Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life. 'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' 'Maria did not listen to this without some water; in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched (for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest"); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said: "You see how it is; Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."'

In 1834 Miss Edgeworth reappeared as a novelist: her *Helen*, in three volumes, is fully equal to

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

her *Fashionable Tales*, and possesses more of ardour and pathos. The gradations of vice and folly, and the unhappiness attending falsehood and artifice, are strikingly depicted in this novel, in connection with characters—that of Lady Davenant, for example—drawn with great force, truth, and nature. In 1847 Miss Edgeworth wrote a tale called *Orlandino* for Chambers's Library for Young People. She died May 21, 1849, being then in her eighty-third year.

The good and evil of this world supplied Miss Edgeworth with materials sufficient for her purposes as a novelist. Of poetical or romantic feeling she exhibited scarcely a single instance. She was a strict utilitarian. Her knowledge of the world was extensive and correct, though in some of her representations of fashionable folly and dissipation she borders upon caricature. The plan of confining a tale to the exposure and correction of one particular vice, or one erroneous line of conduct, as Joanna Baillie confined her dramas each to the elucidation of one particular passion, would have been a hazardous experiment in common hands. Miss Edgeworth overcame it by the ease, spirit, and variety of her delineations, and the truly masculine freedom with which she exposes the crimes and follies of mankind. Her sentiments are so just and true, and her style so clear and forcible, that they compel an instant assent to her moral views and deductions, though sometimes, in winding up her tale, and distributing justice among her characters, she is not always very consistent or probable. Her delineations of her countrymen have obtained just praise. The highest compliment paid to them is the statement of Scott, that 'the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact' of these Irish portraits led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland. He excelled his model, because, with equal knowledge and practical sagacity, he possessed that higher order of imagination, and more extensive sympathy with man and nature, which is more powerful, even for moral uses and effects, than the most clear and irresistible reasoning. The object of Miss Edgeworth, to inculcate instruction, and the style of the precept, occasionally interfere with the cordial sympathies of the reader, even in her Irish descriptions; whereas in Scott this is never apparent. He deals more with passions and feelings than with mere manners and peculiarities, and by the aid of his poetical imagination, and careless yet happy eloquence of expression, imparts the air of romance to ordinary incidents and characters. It must be admitted, however, that in originality and in fertility of invention, Miss Edgeworth is inferior to none of her contemporary novelists. She never repeats her incidents, her characters, dialogues, or plots, and few novelists have written more. Her brief and rapid tales fill above twenty closely printed volumes, and may be read one after the other without any feeling of satiety or sense of repetition.

An Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent.

'I was quite angry,' says Lord Glenthorn, 'with Mr M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much

irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something. "I doubt, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord—I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle." But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable, that I cannot refuse to give them something; and surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not? "Undoubtedly, my lord, but the difficulty is to relieve present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate, that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

"I did not in the least understand what Mr M'Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it by crowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties, slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels; and those whom I had relieved, returned to my *honour* with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent.

"The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded, in some instances; and again, I was mortified by Mr M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr M'Leod's opinion. "I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants." But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases. "It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager-lady Ormsby's land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars: and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

"I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr M'Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

"At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour; but Mr M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them."

"I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking, Mr M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

"I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children; for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr M'Leod hesitated to approve: he observed "that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved."

"To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at

Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with: "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

"At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they wanted; yet Mr M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. To which I could only answer, Smith's a Scotchman. I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr M'Leod's *I doubt* and *it may be doubted*."

An Irish Postillion.

From the inn-yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for lynch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's-length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: "I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants." The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed: "*Sorrow* better chaise in the county!" "*Sorrow!*" said I—'what do you mean by sorrow?' "That there's no better, please your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there's no better can be seen than this same." "And these horses!" cried I: "why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand." "Oh, please your honour, though he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, please your honour. He's always that way at first setting out." "And that wretched animal with the galled breast!" "He's all the better for it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, please your honour. Sure, is not he Knockcroghery?" and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockcroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?"

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. "Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion," said he. A frieze-coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. "Where are you, Hosey?" cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. "Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg," replied Hosey. "Throw me up," added this paragon of postillions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers. "Arrah, push me up, can't ye?" A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging

by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last, both his adversaries, dumfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to my postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.'

One of the horses becomes restive:

'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockcroghery! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush*; but I'll shew him the *differ*.'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockcroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

'Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? O the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now; he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious.'

English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte.'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces: Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character. Innocent, you shall look guilty; wise, you shall look silly; never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say; that which you wish to do, you shall not do. You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of '*mauvaise honte*.' Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe!

MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN, a truly English novelist, was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. Mr Austen is represented as a man of refined taste and acquirements, who guided, though he

did not live to witness the fruits of his daughter's talents. After the death of the rector, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where the novels of Jane Austen were written. Of these, four were published anonymously in her lifetime, the first in 1811, and the last in 1816—namely, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*. In May 1817, the health of the authoress rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured. She went to Winchester, and in that city she expired, on the 24th of July 1817, aged forty-two. Her personal worth, beauty, and genius made her early death deeply lamented; while the public had to 'regret the failure not only of a source of innocent amusement, but also of that supply of practical good sense and instructive example which she would probably have continued to furnish better than any of her contemporaries.* The insidious decay or consumption which carried off Miss Austen seemed only to increase the powers of her mind. She wrote while she could hold a pen or pencil; and, the day preceding her death, composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. Shortly after her death, her friends gave to the world two novels, entitled *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, the first being her earliest composition, and the least valuable of her productions, while the latter is a highly finished work, especially in the tender and pathetic passages. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes—sets us down, as it were, in the country-house, the villa, and cottage, and introduces us to various classes of persons, whose characters are displayed in ordinary intercourse and most lifelike dialogues and conversation. There is no attempt to express *fine things*, nor any scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and real existence. Such materials would seem to promise little for the novel-reader, yet Miss Austen's minute circumstances and common details are far from tiresome. They all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, in which her chief strength lies, and we become so intimately acquainted with each, that they appear as old friends or neighbours. She is quite at home in describing the mistakes in the education of young ladies—in delicate ridicule of female foibles and vanity—in family differences, obstinacy, and pride—in the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct, as they ripen into love or friendship, or subside into indifference or dislike.

* Dr Whately, archbishop of Dublin (*Quarterly Review*, 1821). The same critic thus sums up his estimate of Miss Austen's works: 'They may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former, of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not *learn* anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks; for mere innocent amusement is in itself a good, when it interferes with no greater, especially as it may occupy the place of some other that may *not* be innocent. The eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature, may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as those before us.'

Her love is not a blind passion, the offspring of romance; nor has she any of that morbid colouring of the darker passions in which other novelists excel. The clear daylight of nature, as reflected in domestic life, in scenes of variety and sorrowful truth, as well as of vivacity and humour, is her genial and inexhaustible element. Instruction is always blended with amusement. A finer moral lesson cannot anywhere be found than the distress of the Bertram family in *Mansfield Park*, arising from the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but 'accomplishments,' without any regard to their dispositions and temper. These instructive examples are brought before us in action, not by lecture or preaching, and they tell with double force because they are not inculcated in a didactic style. The genuine but unobtrusive merits of Miss Austen have been but poorly rewarded by the public as respects fame and popularity, though her works are now rising in public esteem. Sir Walter Scott, after reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, thus mentions the merits of Miss Austen in his private diary: 'That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *how-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!'

Dialogue on Constancy of Affection.—From 'Persuasion.'

'Your feelings may be the strongest,' replied Anne, 'but ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my views of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be hard indeed' (with a faltering voice), 'if woman's feelings were to be added to all this.'

'We shall never agree upon this point,' Captain Harville said. 'No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men.'

'Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in a much higher degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.'

'But how shall we prove anything?'

'We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle: many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or, in some respect, saying what should not be said.'

'Ah!' cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, 'if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, "God knows whether we ever meet again!" And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put in to another port, he calculates how soon it will be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, "They cannot be here till such a day," but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!'—pressing his own with emotion.

'Oh,' cried Anne eagerly, 'I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No, I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.'

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence. Her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

A Family Scene.—From 'Pride and Prejudice.'

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr Bennet made no answer.

'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? How can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was disappointed, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

MRS BRUNTON.

MRS MARY BRUNTON, authoress of *Self-control* and *Discipline*, two novels of superior merit and moral tendency, was born on the 1st of November 1778. She was a native of Burray, in Orkney, a small island of about 600 inhabitants, no part of which is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, and which is destitute of tree or shrub. In this remote and sea-surrounded region the parents of Mary Brunton occupied a leading station. Her father was Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and her mother, an accomplished woman,

niece of Field-marshal Lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided previous to her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and instructed by her mother in the French and Italian languages. She was also sent some time to Edinburgh; but while she was only sixteen, her mother died, and the whole cares and duties of the household devolved on her. With these she was incessantly occupied for four years, and at the expiration of that time she was married to the Rev. Mr Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803 Mr Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, and his lady had thus an opportunity of meeting with persons of literary talent, and of cultivating her mind. 'Till I began *Self-control*,' she says in one of her letters, 'I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to shew the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' *Self-control* was published without the author's name in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814, her second work, *Discipline*, was given to the world, and was also well received. She began a third, *Emmeline*, but did not live to finish it. She died on the 7th of December 1818. The unfinished tale, with a memoir of its lamented authoress, was published in one volume by her husband, Dr Brunton.

Self-control bids fair to retain a permanent place among British novels, as a sort of Scottish *Calebs*, recommended by its moral and religious tendency, no less than by the talent it displays. The acute observation of the authoress is seen in the development of little traits of character and conduct, which give individuality to her portraits, and a semblance of truth to the story. Thus the gradual decay, mental and bodily, of Montreville, the account of the De Courcys, and the courtship of Montague, are true to nature, and completely removed out of the beaten track of novels. The plot is very unskillfully managed. The heroine, Laura, is involved in a perpetual cloud of difficulties and dangers, some of which—as the futile abduction by Warren, and the arrest at Lady Pelham's—are unnecessary and improbable. The character of Hargrave seems to have been taken from that of Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale. Her high principle and purity, her devotion to her father, and the force and energy of her mind—without overstepping feminine softness—impart a strong interest to the narrative of her trials and adventures. She surrounds the whole, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral light and beauty, and melts into something like consistency and unity the discordant materials of the tale.

Sensations on returning to Scotland.

With tears in her eyes Laura took leave of her benevolent host; yet her heart bounded with joy as she saw the vessel cleaving the tide, and each object in the dreaded land of exile swiftly retiring from her view. In a few days that dreaded land disappeared. In a

few more the mountains of Cape Breton sank behind the wave. The brisk gales of autumn wafted the vessel cheerfully on her way; and often did Laura compute her progress.

In a clear frosty morning towards the end of September she heard once more the cry of 'Land!' now music to her ear. Now with a beating breast she ran to gaze upon a ridge of mountains indenting the disk of the rising sun; but the tears of rapture dimmed her eyes when every voice at once shouted 'Scotland!'

All day Laura remained on deck, oft measuring with the light splinter the vessel's course through the deep. The winds favoured not her impatience. Towards evening they died away, and scarcely did the vessel steal along the liquid mirror. Another and another morning came, and Laura's ear was blessed with the first sounds of her native land. The tolling of a bell was borne along the water, now swelling loud, and now falling softly away. The humble village church was seen on the shore; and Laura could distinguish the gay colouring of her countrywomen's Sunday attire; the scarlet plaid, transmitted from generation to generation, pinned decently over the plain clean coif; the bright blue gown, the trophy of more recent housewifery. To her, every form in the well-known garb seemed the form of a friend. The blue mountains in the distance, the scattered woods, the fields yellow with the harvest, the river sparkling in the sun, seemed, to the wanderer returning from the land of strangers, fairer than the gardens of Paradise.

Land of my affections!—when 'I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!' Blessed be thou among nations! Long may thy wanderers return to thee rejoicing, and their hearts throb with honest pride when they own themselves thy children!

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1758-1816), an amiable and accomplished miscellaneous writer, was authoress of one excellent little novel, or moral tale, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, which has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's *Journey to the Hebrides* was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farm-houses and villages may be dated from the publication of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*. Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by relatives in better circumstances, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr and Mrs Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything

at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.' A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the *Iliad*, she idolised Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Dr Moyses, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure-party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman shewing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man; and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her *Hindoo Rajah*, a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. Mr Hamilton was cut off by a premature death in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was that to which we have alluded, connected with the memory of her lamented brother, *The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*, in two volumes, published in 1796. The success of the work stimulated her exertions. In 1800 she published *The Modern Philosophers*, in three volumes; and between that period and 1806, she gave to the world *Letters on Education*, *Memoirs of Agrippina*, and *Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman*. In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*; and she subsequently published *Popular Essays on the Human Mind*, and *Hints to the Directors of Public Schools*. For many years Miss Hamilton had fixed her residence in Edinburgh. She was enfeebled by ill health, but her cheerfulness and activity of mind continued unabated, and her society was courted by the most intellectual and influential of her fellow-citizens. The benevolence and correct judgment which animated her writings pervaded her conduct. Having gone to Harrogate for the benefit of her health, Miss Hamilton died at that place on the 23d of July 1816, aged fifty-eight.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie is in reality a tale of cottage-life. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with £30 a year! This person, Mrs Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury to one of comparative indigence; and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way, she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known; and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs Mason to Glenburnie.

Picture of Glenburnie and Scottish Rural Life in the Last Century.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a creak's voice in the hollow exclaiming: 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it

happened plain enough,' returned the boy; 'the brig brak, and the cart coupet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr Stewart. 'O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired.'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yourself! Would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood.'

The interior arrangements and accommodation of the cottage visited by Mrs Mason are dirty and uncomfortable. The farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the *gude auld gait* are at length convinced of the superiority of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. In the management of these humble scenes, and the gradual display of character among the people, the authoress evinces her knowledge of human nature, and her tact and discrimination as a novelist.

We subjoin a Scottish song by Miss Hamilton which has enjoyed great popularity.

My Ain Fireside.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
 At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
 When the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my
 een;
 But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
 As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ane heartsome
 ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
 sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;
 Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

LADY MORGAN.

LADY MORGAN (Sydney Owenson, or Mac Owen, as the name was originally written), during the course of forty or fifty years, wrote in various departments of literature—in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels. Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever lively national sketches and anecdotes. She had a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself stated, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Mr Owenson, the father of our authoress, was a respectable actor, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter (who was born in 1783) inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life she published a small volume of poetical effusions, and afterwards *The Lay of the Irish Harp*, and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, with music. One of these is the song of *Kate Kearney*, and we question whether this lyric will not outlive all Lady Morgan's other lucubrations. While still in her teens, Miss Owenson became a novelist. She published two tales long since forgotten, and in 1801 a third, *The Wild Irish Girl*, which was exceedingly popular. This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, in which she greatly delighted. In 1811, she married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, and travelled with him to France and Italy. She continued her literary labours, and published *The Missionary, an Indian Tale* (1811); *O'Donnell, a National Tale* (1814); *Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale* (1818); and *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827). In these works our authoress departed from the beaten track of sentimental novels, and ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. We have the high authority of Sir Walter Scott for the opinion, that *O'Donnell*, though deficient as a story, has 'some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining.' Lady Morgan's sketches of Irish manners are not always pleasing. Her high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatured. The vivacity and variety of these delineations constitute one

of their attractions: if not always true, they are lively; for it was justly said, that 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phoenix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' One complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the viceregal court, and those moving in the 'best society' of Dublin, were intended for well-known characters. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of purient allusion, comments on dress, and quotations in French and Italian, with which almost every page is patched and disfigured. The unfashionable characters and descriptions—even the rapparees, and the lowest of the old Irish natives, are infinitely more entertaining than these offshoots of the aristocracy, as painted by Lady Morgan. Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief at scenes of death and calamity. The other works of our authoress are *France* and *Italy*, containing dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, government, &c. of those nations. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of *Italy*; and if the authoress had been 'less ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and less solicitous to display her reading and high company, she might have been one of the most agreeable of tourists and observers. Besides these works, Lady Morgan has given to the world *The Princess* (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (very poor in matter, and affected in style); *The Life and Times of Saviour Rosa*; *The Book of the Boudoir* (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); *Woman and her Master* (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and various other shorter publications. In 1841, Lady Morgan published, in conjunction with her husband, Sir T. C. Morgan (author of *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals*, &c.), two volumes, collected from the portfolios of the writers, and stray sketches which had previously appeared in periodicals, entitling the collection *The Book without a Name*. In 1859, she published *Passages from my Autobiography*, containing reminiscences of high-life in London and Paris. A pension of £300 a year was conferred on her during the ministry of Earl Grey, and the latter years of Lady Morgan were spent in London. She died in April 1859. Her Correspondence was published by Mr Hepworth Dixon in 1862.

The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster.

From *Florence MacCarthy*.

A bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille! his customary suit, an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spanish-wise*, as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure; a tattered Homer in one hand, and

a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *punitias* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance, and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families, as an ancient senachy, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodei Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary senachy; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelin family; to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections, that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish, as his native tongue, with great fluency; and English, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study, at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

Words that wise Bacon and grave Raleigh spoke,

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island; and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing:

'You see, Mr O'Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.'

'Not a taste, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect of the turf, sir.—What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary.—There's great scholars among them ragged runagates, your honour, poor as they look; for though in these degenerated times you won't get the children, as formerly, to talk the dead languages, afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of teachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there's as fine scholars, and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin.—Now, step forward here, you Homers. "Kehlute meu Troes, kai Dardanoi, id epikouroi."

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward.

'There's my first class, plaze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he'd be clamping a turf ditch.—Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners!—Then for all that, sir, he's my

head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och ! then, I wouldn't ax better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-clothes, sir, the cratur ! Troth, he'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too ; that's at the humanities, sir.—Padreen, my man, if the pig's sould at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I'll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roasting hen ? Upon my word, I take shame for your manners.—There, your honour, them's my *cordaries*, the little leprehauns, with their *cathah* heads, and their burned skins ; I think your honour would be diverted to hear them *parising* a chapter.—Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel—off with yez, *extemplo*, like a piper out of a tent ; away with yez to the turf : and mind me well, ye Homers, ye, I'll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail ; obsarve me well ; I'll take no excuse for the *classics* barring the bog, in respect of the weather being dry ; dismiss, I say.' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off ; while O'Leary observed, shaking his head and looking after them : 'Not one of them but is sharp-witted and has a janius for poethry, if there was any encouragement for learnin in these degenerated times.'

MRS SHELLEY.

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr and Mrs Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating-excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. 'During a week of rain at this time,' says Mr Moore, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the *Vampire*; and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening ; but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact was Mrs Shelley's wild and powerful romance of *Frankenstein*—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.' *Frankenstein* was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact, possessing some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of *St Leon*, but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of *Frankenstein*—the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein, is sent to the university of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the university afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting-room of the anatomist, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, he succeeds in discovering the cause of generation and life ; nay, more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter ! Full of his

extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure, eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this Monster are powerfully described :

The Monster created by Frankenstein.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning ; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open ; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form ? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful ! Great God ! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath ; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing ; his teeth of a pearly whiteness ; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain ; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her ; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death ; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms ; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed, when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear ; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down-stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demonical corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh ! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could

not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me, and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me—

Like one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

The Monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, and haunts him like a spell. For two years he disappears, but at the end of that time he is presented as the murderer of Frankenstein's infant brother, and as waging war with all mankind, in consequence of the disgust and violence with which his appearance is regarded. The demon meets and confronts his maker, demanding that he should create him a helpmate, as a solace in his forced expatriation from society. Frankenstein retires and begins the hideous task, and while engaged in it during the secrecy of midnight, in one of the lonely islands of the Orcades, the Monster appears before him.

A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise. As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

A series of horrid and malignant events now mark the career of the demon. He murders the friend of Frankenstein, strangles his bride on her wedding-night, and causes the death of his father from grief. He eludes detection; but Franken-

stein, in agony and despair, resolves to seek him out, and sacrifice him to his justice and revenge. The pursuit is protracted for a considerable time, and in various countries, and at length conducts us to the ice-bound shores and islands of the northern ocean. Frankenstein recognises the demon, but ere he can reach him, the ice gives way, and he is afterwards with difficulty rescued from the floating wreck by the crew of a vessel that had been embayed in that polar region. Thus saved from perishing, Frankenstein relates to the captain of the ship his 'wild and wondrous tale;' but the suffering and exhaustion had proved too much for his frame, and he expires before the vessel had sailed for Britain. The Monster visits the ship, and after mourning over the dead body of his victim, quits the vessel, resolved to seek the most northern extremity of the globe, and there to put a period to his wretched and unhallowed existence. The power of genius in clothing incidents the most improbable with strong interest and human sympathies, is evinced in this remarkable story. The creation of the demon is admirably told. The successive steps by which the solitary student arrives at his great secret, after two years of labour, and the first glimpse which he obtains of the hideous Monster, form a narrative that cannot be perused without sensations of awe and terror. While the demon is thus partially known and revealed, or seen only in the distance, gliding among cliffs and glaciers, appearing by moonlight to demand justice from his maker, or seated in his car among the tremendous solitudes of the northern ocean, the effect is striking and magnificent. The interest ceases when we are told of the self-education of the Monster, which is disgustingly minute in detail, and absurd in conception; and when we consider the improbability of his being able to commit so many crimes in different countries, conspicuous as he is in form, with impunity, and without detection. His malignity of disposition, and particularly his resentment towards Frankenstein, do not appear unnatural when we recollect how he has been repelled from society, and refused a companion by him who could alone create such another. In his wildest outbursts we partly sympathise with him, and his situation seems to justify his crimes. In depicting the internal workings of the mind and the various phases of the passions, Mrs Shelley evinces skill and acuteness. Like her father, she excels in mental analysis and in conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted.

After the death of her husband, Mrs Shelley—who was left with two children—devoted herself to literary pursuits, and produced several works—*Valperga*, *The Last Man*, *Lodore*, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, and other works of fiction. She contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the *Cabinet Cyclopadia*, edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's *Poetical Works*, and also edited Shelley's *Essays*, *Letters from Abroad*, *Translations and Fragments* (1840). In the writings of Mrs Shelley there is much of that plaintive tenderness and melancholy characteristic of her father's late romances, and her style is uniformly pure and graceful. She died in 1851, aged fifty-four.

* Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The REV. C. R. MATURIN (1782-1824), curate of St Peter's, Dublin, came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the terrific and gloomy style of novel-writing, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. Its higher mysteries were known only to Mrs Radcliffe. The date of that style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out when he was a boy, and he had not powers to revive it. His youthful production was entitled *Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio*. The first part of this title was the invention of the publisher, and it proved a good bookselling appellation, for the novel was in high favour in the circulating libraries. It is undoubtedly a work of genius—full of imagination and energetic language, though both are carried to extravagance and bombast. Between 1807 and 1820 our author published a number of works of romantic fiction—*The Milesian Chief; The Wild Irish Boy; Women, or Pour et Contre*; and *Melmoth the Wanderer*—all works in three or four volumes each. *Women* was well received by the public; but none of its predecessors, as the author himself states, ever reached a second edition. In *Women* he aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have some pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilies, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, whose character is made up of contradictions and improbabilities. Two female characters, Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian—who afterwards turns out to be the mother of Eva—are drawn with delicacy and fine effect. The former is educated in strict seclusion, and is purity itself. De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope. Zaira meditates suicide, but desists from the attempt, and lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover. De Courcy perishes of remorse. These scenes of deep passion and pathos are coloured with the lights of poetry and genius. Indeed, the gradual decay of Eva is the happiest of all Mr Maturin's delineations, and has rarely been surpassed. The simple *truthfulness* of the description may be seen in passages like the following :

An Autumn Evening.

The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician; but he 'answered negligently;' said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her: it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Blair's *Grave*. One evening the unusual beauty of the sky made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state and the view of the declining day—

the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness: one star alone shewed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.

Melmoth is the wildest of Mr Maturin's romances. The hero 'gleams with demon light,' and owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, performing all manner of adventures, the most defensible of which is frightening an Irish miser to death. Some of the details in *Melmoth* are absolutely sickening and loathsome. They seem the last convulsive efforts and distortions of the 'Monk' Lewis school of romance. In 1824—the year of his premature death—Mr Maturin published *The Albigenses*, a romance in four volumes. This work was intended by the author as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, in middle, and in modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance; and Mr Maturin in this work presented some good pictures of the Crusaders, and of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains. He had not, however, the power of delineating varieties of character, and his attempts at humour are wretched failures. In constructing a plot, he was also deficient; and hence *The Albigenses*, wanting the genuine features of an historical romance, and destitute of the supernatural machinery which had imparted a certain degree of wild interest to the author's former works, was universally pronounced to be tedious and uninteresting. Passages, as we have said, are carefully finished and well drawn, and we subjoin a brief specimen :

A Lady's Chamber in the Thirteenth Century.

'I am weary,' said the lady; 'disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shewn it hitherto. Wear this carkanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.' As her head sunk on the silken pillow—'How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumber?'

'I ever sleep best,' said Blanche, 'when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.'

'And I love,' said Germonda, 'to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have perilled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens,' said the lady, in whispering tones from her silken couch. 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair good-night to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute, wench, to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep that I feel not his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey as the lady sunk to rest amid softened lights, subdued odours, and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy-water: certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropt over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber, and purple on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows:

Song.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the Count de Monfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who are guarded by the valiant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number; and, lady, I wish they were more, for your sake. Valiant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never

broken but by the matin-bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady! Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We have already touched on the more remarkable and distinguishing features of the *Waverley* novels, and the influence which they exercised, not only on this country, but over the whole continent of Europe and the United States of North America. That long array of immortal fictions can only be compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting a vast variety of original characters, scenes, historical situations, and adventures. They are marked by the same universal and genial sympathies, allied to every form of humanity, and free from all selfish egotism or moral obliquity. In painting historical personages or events, these two great masters evinced a kindred taste, and not dissimilar powers. The highest intellectual traits and imagination of Shakspeare were, it is true, not approached by Scott: the dramatist looked inwardly upon man and nature with a more profound and searching philosophy. He could effect more with his five acts than Scott with his three volumes. The novelist only pictured to the eye what his great prototype stamped on the heart and feelings. Yet both were great moral teachers, without seeming to teach. They were brothers in character and in genius, and they poured out their imaginative treasures with a calm easy strength and conscious mastery, of which the world has seen no other examples.

So early as 1805, before his great poems were produced, Scott had entered on the composition of *Waverley*, the first of his illustrious progeny of tales. He wrote about seven chapters, evidently taking Fielding, in his grave descriptive and ironical vein, for his model; but, getting dissatisfied with his attempt, he threw it aside. Eight years afterwards he met accidentally with the fragment, and determined to finish the story.* In the interval between the commencement of the novel in 1805 and its resumption in 1813, Scott had acquired greater freedom and self-reliance as an author. In *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* he had struck out a path for himself, and the latter portion of *Waverley* partook of the new spirit and enthusiasm. A large part of its materials resembles those employed in *The Lady of the Lake*—Highland feudalism, military bravery and devotion, and the most easy and exquisite description of natural scenery. He added also a fine vein of humour, chaste yet ripened, and peculiarly his own, and a power of uniting history with fiction, that subsequently became one of the great sources of his strength. His portrait of Charles Edward, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley, with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy and sensibility, were new triumphs of the author. The poetry had projected shadows and outlines of the Highland chief,

* He had put the chapters aside, as he tells us, in a writing-desk wherein he used to keep fishing-tackle. The desk—a substantial old mahogany cabinet—and part of the fishing-tackle are now in the possession of the family of Scott's friend, Mr William Laidlaw.

the gaiety and splendour of the court, and the agitation of the camp and battle-field; but the humorous contrasts, homely observation, and pathos displayed in *Waverley*, disclosed far deeper observation and more original powers. The work was published in July 1814, Constable giving £700 for the copyright. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style—particularly by his copious use of Scottish terms and expressions; but the unmingled applause with which the tale was received was, he says, like having the property of a hidden treasure, 'not less gratifying than if all the world knew it was his own.' Henceforward, Scott resolved, as a novelist, to preserve his mask, desirous to obviate all personal discussions respecting his own productions, and aware also of the interest and curiosity which his secrecy would impart to his subsequent productions.

In February 1815—seven months after *Waverley*—Scott published his second novel, *Guy Mannering*. It was the work of six weeks about Christmas, and marks of haste are visible in the construction of the plot and development of incidents. Yet what length of time or patience in revision could have added to the charm or hilarity of such portraits as that of Dandy Dinmont, or the shrewd and witty Counsellor Pleydell—the finished, desperate, sea-beaten villainy of Hatteraick—the simple, uncouth devotion of that gentlest of pedants, poor Dominic Sampson—or the wild savage virtues and crazed superstition of the gipsy-dweller in Derncleugh! The astrological agency and predictions so marvelously fulfilled are undoubtedly excrescences on the story, though suited to a winter's tale in Scotland. The love-scenes and female characters, and even Mannering himself, seem also allied to the Minerva Press family; but the Scotch characters are all admirably filled up. There is also a captivating youthful feeling and spirit in the description of the wanderings and dangers of Bertram, and the events, improbable as they appear, which restore him to his patrimony; while the gradual decay and death of the old Laird of Ellangowan—carried out to the green as his castle and effects are in the hands of the auctioneer—are inexpressibly touching and natural. The interest of the tale is sustained throughout with dramatic skill and effect.

In May 1816 came forth *The Antiquary*, less romantic and bustling in incidents than either of its predecessors, but infinitely richer in character, dialogue, and humour. In this work Scott displayed his thorough knowledge of the middle and lower ranks of Scottish life. He confined his story chiefly to a small fishing-town and one or two country mansions. His hero is a testy old Whig laird and bachelor, and his *dramatis personæ* are little better than this retired humorist—the family of a poor fisherman, a blue-gown mendicant, an old barber, and a few other humble 'landward and burrows-town' characters. The sentimental Lord Glenallan, and the pompous Sir Arthur Wardour, with Lovel the unknown, and the fiery Hector M'Intyre—the last a genuine Celtic portrait—are necessary to the plot and action of the piece, but they constitute only a small degree of the reader's pleasure or the author's fame. These rest on the inimitable

delineation of Oldbuck, that model of black-letter and Roman-camp antiquaries, whose oddities and conversation are rich and racy as any of the old crusted port that John of the Ginel might have held in his monastic cellars—on the restless, garrulous, kind-hearted *gaberlunzie*, Edie Ochiltree, who delighted to *daunder* down the burn-sides and green shaws—on the cottage of the Mucklebackits, and the death and burial of Steenie—and on that scene of storm and tempest by the seaside, which is described with such vivid reality and appalling magnificence. The amount of curious reading, knowledge of local history and antiquities, power of description, and breadth of humour in *The Antiquary*, render it one of the most perfect of the author's novels. If Cervantes and Fielding really excelled Scott in the novel (he is unapproached in romance), it must be admitted that *The Antiquary* ranks only second to *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones*. In none of his works has Scott shewn greater power in developing the nicer shades of feeling and character, or greater felicity of phrase and illustration. A healthy moral tone also pervades the whole—a clear and bracing atmosphere of real life; and what more striking lesson in practical benevolence was ever inculcated than those words of the rough old fisherman, ejaculated while he was mending his boat after his son Steenie's funeral—'What would you have me do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It's weel w' you gentles, that can sit in the house w' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend, but the like of us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

In December of the same year, Scott was ready with two other novels, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*. These formed the first series of Tales of My Landlord, and were represented, by a somewhat forced and clumsy prologue, as the composition of a certain Mr Peter Pattieson, assistant-teacher at Gandercleugh, and published after his death by his pedagogue superior, Jedediah Cleishbotham. The new disguise—to heighten which a different publisher had been selected for the tales—was as unavailing as it was superfluous. The universal voice assigned the works to the author of *Waverley*, and the second of the collection, *Old Mortality*, was pronounced to be the greatest of his performances. It was another foray into the regions of history, which was rewarded with the most brilliant spoil. Happy as he had been in depicting the era of the Forty-five, he shone still more in the gloomy and troublous times of the Covenanters. 'To reproduce a departed age,' says Mr Lockhart, 'with such minute and lifelike accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a far more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of *Rokeby* with the Blue-bonnets of *Old Mortality*. For the rest, the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding novels; the canvas is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration

of chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the reanimation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the *Marmion* of his novels. He never surpassed it either for force or variety of character, or in the interest and magnificence of the train of events described. The contrasts are also managed with consummate art. In the early scenes, Morton (the best of all his young heroes) serves as a foil to the fanatical and gloomy Burley, and the change effected in the character and feelings of the youth by the changing current of events, is traced with perfect skill and knowledge of human nature. The two classes of actors—the brave and dissolute cavaliers, and the resolute oppressed Covenanters—are not only drawn in their strong distinguishing features in bold relief, but are separated from each other by individual traits and peculiarities, the result of native or acquired habits. The intermingling of domestic scenes and low rustic humour with the stormy events of the warlike struggle, gives vast additional effect to the sterner passages of the tale, and to the prominence of its principal actors. How admirably, for example, is the reader prepared, by contrast, to appreciate that terrible encounter with Burley in his rocky fastness, by the previous description of the blind and aged widow, intrusted with the secret of his retreat, and who dwelt alone, 'like the widow of Zarephath,' in her poor and solitary cottage! The dejection and anxiety of Morton on his return from Holland are no less strikingly contrasted with the scene of rural peace and comfort which he witnesses on the banks of the Clyde, where Cuddie Headrigg's cottage sends up its thin blue smoke among the trees, 'shewing that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready,' and his little daughter fetches water in a picher from the fountain at the root of an old oak-tree! The humanity of Scott is exquisitely illustrated by the circumstance of the pathetic verses, wrapping a lock of hair, which are found on the slain body of Bothwell—as to shew that in the darkest and most dissolute characters some portion of our higher nature still lingers to attest its divine origin. In the same sympathetic and relenting spirit, Dirk Hatteraick, in *Guy Mannering*, is redeemed from utter sordidness and villainy by his one virtue of integrity to his employers. 'I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.' The image of God is never wholly blotted out of the human mind.

The year 1818 witnessed two other coinages from the Waverley mint, *Rob Roy*, and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, the latter forming a second series of the Tales of My Landlord. The first of these works revived the public enthusiasm, excited by *The Lady of the Lake* and *Waverley*, with respect to Highland scenery and manners. The sketches in the novel are bold and striking—hit off with the careless freedom of a master, and possessing perhaps more witchery of romantic interest than elaborate and finished pictures. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the author's happiest conceptions; and the idea of carrying him to the wild rugged mountains, among outlaws and desperadoes—at the same time that he retained a keen relish of the comforts of the Salt-market of Glasgow, and a due sense of his dignity

as a magistrate—completed the ludicrous effect of the picture. None of Scott's novels was more popular than *Rob Roy*, yet, as a story, it is the worst concocted and most defective of the whole series. Its success was owing to its characters alone. Among these, however, cannot be reckoned its nominal hero, Osbaldiston, who, like Waverley, is merely a walking-gentleman. Scott's heroes, as agents in the piece, are generally inferior to his heroines. *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* is as essentially national in spirit, language, and actors as *Rob Roy*, but it is the nationality of the Lowlands. No other author but Scott—Galt, his best imitator in this department, would have failed—could have dwelt so long and with such circumstantial minuteness on the daily life and occurrences of a family like that of Davie Deans, the cowfeeder, without disgusting his high-bred readers with what must have seemed vulgar and uninteresting. Like Burns, he made 'rustic life and poverty

Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Duchesses, in their halls and saloons, traced with interest and delight the pages that recorded the pious firmness and humble heroism of Jeanie Deans, and the sufferings and disgrace of her unfortunate sister; and who shall say that, in thus uniting different ranks in one bond of fellow-feeling, and exhibiting to the high and wealthy the virtues that often dwell with the lowly and obscure, Scott was not fulfilling one of the loftiest and most sacred missions upon earth!

A story of still more sustained and overwhelming pathos is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, published in 1819 in conjunction with *The Legend of Montrose*, and both forming a third series of Tales of My Landlord. *The Bride* is one of the most finished of Scott's tales, presenting a unity and entireness of plot and action, as if the whole were bound together by that dreadful destiny which hangs over the principal actors, and impels them irresistibly to destruction. 'In this tale,' says Macaulay, 'above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathes in the writings of the Greek tragedians when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who shewed to us Macbeth: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.' If Shakspeare was unconscious of the classic fatalism he depicted with such unrivalled power, Scott was probably as ignorant of any such premeditation and design. Both followed the received traditions of their country, and the novelist, we know, composed his work in intervals of such acute suffering, allayed only by the most violent remedies, that on his recovery, after the novel had been printed, he recollected nothing but the mere outline of his story, with which he had been

familiar from his youth. He had entirely forgotten what he dictated from his sick-bed. The main incident, however, was of a nature likely to make a strong impression on his mind, and to this we must impute the grand simplicity and seeming completeness of art in the management of the fable. The character of the old butler, Caleb Balderston, has been condemned as a ridiculous and incongruous exaggeration. We are not sure that it does not materially heighten the effect of the tragic portion of the tale, by that force of contrast which we have mentioned as one of Scott's highest attributes as a novelist. There is, however, too much of the butler, and some of his inventions are mere tricks of farce. As Shakespeare descended to quibbles and conceits, Scott loved to harp upon certain phrases—as in Dominie Sampson, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the dowager-lady of Tillietudlem—and to make his lower characters indulge in practical jokes, like those of old Caleb and Edie Ochiltree. The proverbs of Sancho, in *Don Quixote*, may be thought to come under the same class of inferior resources, to be shunned rather than copied by the novelist who aims at truth and originality; but Sancho's sayings are too rich and apposite to be felt as mere surplusage. *The Legend of Montrose* is a brief imperfect historical novel, yet contains one of the author's most lively and amusing characters, worthy of being ranked with Bailie Jarvie—namely, the redoubted Ritt-master, Dugald Dalgetty. The union of the *soldado* with the pedantic student of Marischal College is a conception as original as the Uncle Toby of Sterne.

The historical romance of *Ivanhoe* appeared in 1820. The scene being laid in England, and in the England of Richard I., the author had to draw largely on his fancy and invention, and was debarred those attractive auxiliaries of everyday life, speech, and manners, which had lent such a charm to his Scottish novels. Here we had the remoteness of antiquity, the old Saxon halls and feasts, the resuscitation of chivalry in all its pomp and picturesqueness, the realisation of our boyish dreams about Cœur-de-Lion, Robin Hood, and Sherwood Forest, with its grassy glades, and silvan sports, and impenetrable foliage. We were presented with a series of the most splendid pictures, the canvas crowded with life and action—with the dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The thrilling interest of the story is another of the merits of *Ivanhoe*. In the hall of Cedric, at the tournament or siege, we never cease to watch over the fate of Rowena and the Disinherited Knight; and the steps of the gentle Rebecca—the meek yet high-souled Jewess—are traced with still deeper and holier feeling.* The

* Rebecca was considered by Scott himself, as well as by the public, to be his finest female character. Mr Laidlaw, to whom part of the novel was dictated, used to speak of the strong interest which Sir Walter evinced in filling up his outline. 'Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess,' said he one day. Laidlaw on another occasion said to Sir Walter that he 'found even his friend Miss Edgeworth had not such power in engaging attention. His novels had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings; and the moral effect of all this, I added, when one looks forward to several generations—every one acting upon another—must be immense. I well recollect the place where we were walking at this time—on the road returning from the hill towards Abbotsford. Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two, but I observed his eyes filled with tears.'—*Abbotsford Notanda* (Chambers, 1871).

whole is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and proud simplicity.

The next works of Scott were of a tamer cast, though his foot was on Scottish ground. *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*, both published in 1820, are defective in plot, and the first disfigured by absurd supernatural machinery. The character of Queen Mary in *The Abbot* is, however, a correct and beautiful historical portrait; and the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Tweed—haunted glens and woods—is described with the author's accustomed felicity. A counterpart to Queen Mary, still more highly finished, was soon afforded in the delineation of her great rival, Elizabeth, in the romance of *Kenilworth*. This work appeared in January 1821, and was ranked next to *Ivanhoe*. There was a profusion of rich picturesque scenes and objects, dramatic situations, and a well-arranged, involved, yet interesting plot. None of the plots in the Waverley novels are without blemish. 'None,' as Macaulay remarks, 'have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones*: there is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion; they are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up.' The spirit and fidelity of the delineations, the variety of scenes, and the interest of particular passages bearing upon the principal characters, blind the reader to these defects, at least on a first perusal. This was eminently the case with *Kenilworth*; nor did this romance, amidst all its courtly gaieties, ambition, and splendour, fail to touch the heart: the fate of Amy Robsart has perhaps drawn as many tears as the story of Rebecca. The close of the same year witnessed another romantic, though less powerful tale—*The Pirate*. In this work Scott painted the wild sea-scenery of Shetland, and gave a beautiful copy of primitive manners in the person and household of the old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his fair daughters, Minna and Brenda. The latter are flowers too delicate for such a cold and stormy clime, but they are creations of great loveliness, and are exquisitely discriminated in their individual characters. The novel altogether opened a new world to the general reader, and was welcomed with all the zest of novelty.

Another genuine English historical romance made its appearance in May 1822. *The Fortunes of Nigel* afforded a complete panorama of the times of James I., executed with wonderful vigour and truth. The fullness and variety of the details shew how closely Scott had studied the annals of this period, particularly all relating to the city and the court of London. His account of Alsatia surpasses even the scenes of Ben Jonson, and the dramatic contemporaries of Ben, descriptive of similar objects; and none of his historical likenesses are more faithful, more justly drawn, or more richly coloured, than his portrait of the poor, and proud, and pedantic King James. Scott's political predilections certainly did not in this case betray him into any undue reverence for sovereignty.

In 1823, no less than three separate works of fiction were issued—*Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St Ronan's Well*. The first was a

work longer than any of its predecessors, and was more than proportionally heavy in style, though evincing in parts undiminished strength and talent. *Quentin Durward* was a bold and successful raid into French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold may stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history for force and discrimination. They seemed literally called up to a new existence, to play their part in another drama of life, as natural and spirit-stirring as any in which they had been actors. The French nation exulted in this new proof of the genius of Scott, and led the way in enthusiastic admiration of the work. *St Ronan's Well* is altogether a secondary performance of the author, though it furnishes one of his best low comic characters, Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn. *Redgauntlet* (1824) must be held to belong to the same class as *St Ronan's Well*, in spite of much vigorous writing, humorous as well as pathetic—for the career of Peter Peebles supplies both—and notwithstanding that it embodies a great deal of Scott's own personal history and experiences. The *Tales of the Crusaders*, published in 1825, comprised two short stories, *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, the second a highly animated and splendid Eastern romance. Shortly after this period came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes—the shivering of his household gods—amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age. His novel of *Woodstock* (1826) was hastily completed, but is not unworthy of his fame. The secret of the paternity of the novels was now divulged—how could it ever have been doubted?—and there was some satisfaction in having the acknowledgment from his own lips, and under his own hand, ere death had broken the wand of the Magician. *The Life of Napoleon*, in nine volumes, was the great work of 1827; but at the commencement of the following year, Scott published *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, first series, containing *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*. The second of these short tales is the most valuable, and is pregnant with strong pathetic interest and Celtic imagination. The preliminary introductions to the stories are all finely executed, and constitute some of the most pleasing of the author's minor contributions to the elucidation of past manners and society. A number of literary tasks now engaged the attention of Scott, the most important of which were his *Tales of a Grandfather*, a *History of Scotland* for Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, *Letters on Demonology*, and new introductions and notes to the collected edition of the novels. A second series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* appeared in 1828, with only one tale, but that conceived and executed with great spirit, and in his best artistic style—*The Fair Maid of Perth*. Another romance was ready by May 1829, and was entitled *Anne of Geierstein*. It was less energetic than the former—more like an attempt to revive old forms and images than as evincing the power to create new ones; yet there are in its pages, as Mr Lockhart justly observes, 'occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery

and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René :

A mirthful man he was ; the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

The gaiety of Scott was the natural concomitant of kindly and gentle affections, a sound judgment, and uninterrupted industry. The minds of poets, it is said, never grow old, and Scott was hopeful to the last. Disease, however, was fast undermining his strength. His last work of fiction, published in 1831, was a fourth series of *Tales of My Landlord*, containing *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*. They were written after repeated shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are mere shadows of his former greatness. And with this effort closed the noble mind that had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. The public received the imperfect volumes with tenderness and indulgence, as the farewell offering of the greatest of their contemporaries—the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished :

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell ;
And now 'tis silent all ! Enchanter, fare-thee-well !

Quotation from works so well known, and printed in so many cheap forms, seems almost unnecessary. But we may note the wonderful success of the novels as a mercantile speculation. When Sir Walter died in 1832, and his life insurances were realised, there was still a balance due of £30,000. This debt, the publisher of Scott's works, Mr Robert Cadell, ultimately took on himself, receiving in return the copyright of the works ; and before his death in 1849, Mr Cadell had set the estate of Abbotsford free from encumbrance, had purchased for himself a small estate (Ratho, near Edinburgh), and was able to leave to his family a fortune of about £100,000. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, he had been able, as was remarked by a writer in the *Athenæum*, to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone as old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for government printing, which Mr Cadell never had. Shortly before his death, Mr Cadell sold the remainder of his copyrights to their latest possessors, Messrs Adam Black and Co., for a sum of £17,000. The remission of the paper-duty enabled the publishers to issue the novels at a greatly reduced rate, and the sale, both in this country and in America, has been immense. Millions of the sixpenny edition have been sold. The poetry of Scott, too, seems equally popular, and there has been a keen rivalry among London publishers to reproduce editions in various forms.

Sherwood Forest in the Time of Richard I.

From *Ivanhoe*.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green-sward ; in some places they were intermingled with

beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself; while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty, darkened colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains; but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: 'Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'

Beside the swine-herd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials and a more

fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or, at his pleasure, draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work resembling a coronet; while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder, like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt; but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf or bondsman was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles.

The Fisherman's Funeral.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting 'till the body

was lifted.' As the Laird of Monkbarne approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets, as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature which characterises his enchanting productions. The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. 'Ye'll be a braw fellow, an ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try.' And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheat bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of

persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear, nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus, she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits were offered round to the guests. . . . At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. . . . He had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech: 'Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!'

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr Oldbuck observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to countenance the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very

presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as themselves.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, 'would carry his head to the grave.' In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monk-barns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season [of which fish he was understood to be fond], if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monk-barns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief-mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it, nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions—the body was consigned to its parent earth—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of the unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and

gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter to unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard some time, and its effect became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline.

From The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours.'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are many places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégé* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this

lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it's the Kirk-session—that is—it's the—it's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock.'

'And a what?' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly.'

'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and, I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accommodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen; 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will

only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon shewing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellions?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my pair sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae done for ourselves, but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the pair thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she

should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

'And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.'

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

'What dost thou see, Rebecca?' again demanded the wounded knight.

'Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.'

'That cannot endure,' said Ivanhoe; 'if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.'

'I see him not,' said Rebecca.

'Foul craven!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?'

'He blenches not! he blenches not!' said Rebecca; 'I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!'

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

'Look forth again, Rebecca,' said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; 'the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger.'

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: 'Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!' She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: 'He is down!—he is down!'

'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?'

'The Black Knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: 'But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!'

'Front-de-Bœuf?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'Front-de-Bœuf!' answered the Jewess; 'his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.'

'The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?' said Ivanhoe.

'They have—they have!' exclaimed Rebecca—'and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

'Think not of that,' said Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?'

'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; 'the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better.'

'Saint George strike for us!' exclaimed the knight; 'do the false yeomen give way?'

'No!' exclaimed Rebecca; 'they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!'

'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca; 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outlook is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'

'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'No,' replied Rebecca; 'the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, author of *The Annals of the Parish* and other novels which are valuable as reflecting the peculiarities of Scottish life and manners 'sixty years since,' was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 2d of May 1779. His father commanded a West India vessel; and when the embryo novelist was in his eleventh year, the family went to live permanently at Greenock. Here Galt resided fourteen or fifteen years, displaying no marked proficiency at school, but evincing a predilection for poetry, music, and mechanics. He was placed in the custom-house at Greenock, and continued at the desk till about the year 1804, when, without any fixed pursuit, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written a sort of epic poem on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but conscious of its imperfections, he did not prefix his name to the work, and he almost immediately suppressed it. Galt then formed an unfortunate commercial connection, which lasted three years, on the termination of which he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with the view of being in due time called to the bar. Happening to visit Oxford in

company with some friends, he conceived, while standing with them in the quadrangle of Christ-church, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad. At Gibraltar, Galt met with Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse, then embarked on their tour for Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt resided some time in Sicily, then repaired to Malta, and afterwards proceeded to Greece, where he again met with Byron, and also had an interview with Ali Pacha. After rambling for some time among the classic scenes of Greece, Galt proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Nicomedia, and northwards to Kirpe, on the shores of the Black Sea. Some commercial speculations as to the practicability of landing British goods in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prompted these unusual wanderings. At one time, when detained by quarantine, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were afterwards published in a volume, constituting, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his *Voyages and Travels*, and *Letters from the Levant*, which were well received. Galt next repaired to Gibraltar, to conduct a commercial business which it was proposed to establish there, but the design was defeated by the success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He explored France to see if an opening could be found there, but no prospect appeared, and returning to England, he contributed some dramatic pieces to the New British Theatre. One of these, *The Appeal*, was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue for the play. Among Galt's more elaborate compositions may be mentioned a *Life of Benjamin West*, the artist, *Historical Pictures*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *The Earthquake*, a novel in three volumes. He wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1820, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, a series of letters containing an amusing Scottish narrative. His next work was *The Annals of the Parish* (1821), which instantly became popular. It is worthy of remark that *The Annals* had been written some ten or twelve years before the date of its publication, and anterior to the appearance of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, and that it was rejected by the publishers of those works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public! Galt went on with his usual ardour in the composition of Scotch novels. He had now found where his strength lay, and *Sir Andrew Wyllie*, *The Entail*, *The Steam-boat*, and *The Provost*, were successively published—the first two with decided success. These were followed at no long intervals by *Ringan Gilhaize*, a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by *The Spaewife*, a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and *Rothelan*, a novel partly historical, founded on the work by Barnes on the Life and Reign of Edward I. Galt also published anonymously, in 1824, an interesting imaginative little tale, *The Omen*, which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In fertility, Galt was only surpassed by Scott. His genius was unequal, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad. We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a

long labyrinth of troubles; but previous to his departure, Galt composed his novel, *The Last of the Lairds*, also descriptive of Scottish life. He set out for America in 1826, his mission being limited to inquiry, for accomplishing which eight months were allowed. His duties, however, were increased, and his stay prolonged, by the numerous offers to purchase lots of land, and for determining on the system of management to be pursued by the Company. A million of capital had been intrusted to his management. On the 23d of April (St George's Day) 1827, Galt proceeded to found the town of Guelph, in the Upper Province of Canada, which he did with due ceremony. The site selected for the town having been pointed out, 'a large maple-tree,' he says, 'was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city soon prospered: in three months upwards of 160 building-lots were engaged, and houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the end of the year, however, the founder of the city was embroiled in difficulties. Some secret enemies had misrepresented him—he was accused of lowering the Company's stock—his expenditure was complained of; and the Company sent out an accountant to act not only in that capacity but as cashier. Matters came to a crisis, and Galt determined to return to England. Ample testimony has been borne to the skill and energy with which he conducted the operations of this Company; but his fortune and his prospects had fled. Thwarted and depressed, he was resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life, 'in which the secondary condition of authorship was made primary.' In six months Galt had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, *Lawrie Todd*, which is equal to *The Annals of the Parish* or *The Entail*. It was well received; and he soon after produced another, descriptive of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled *Southernman*. For a short time in the same year (1830) Galt conducted the *Courier* newspaper, but this new employment did not suit him, and he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a *Life of Byron*. The comparative brevity of this memoir (one small volume), the name of Galt as its author, and the interesting nature of the subject, soon sold three or four editions of the work; but it was sharply assailed by the critics. Some of the positions taken up by the author (as that, 'had Byron not been possessed of genius, he might have been a better man'), and some quaintness and affectation of expression, exposed him to ridicule. Galt next executed a series of *Lives of the Players*, an amusing compilation; and *Bogle Corbet*, another novel, the object of which, he said, was to give a view of society generally, as *The Provost* was of burgh incidents simply, and of the sort of *genteel* persons who are sometimes found among the emigrants to the United States. Disease now invaded the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in a short time four other works of fiction issued from his pen—*Stanley Buxton*, *The Member*, *The Radical*, and

Eben Erskine. In 1832, an affection of the spine and an attack resembling paralysis, greatly reduced Galt, and subjected him to acute pain. Next year, however, he was again at the press. His work was a tale, entitled *The Lost Child*. He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious ill-digested melange, but worthy of perusal. In 1834 he published *Literary Miscellanies*, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who generously sent a sum of £200 to the author. He returned to his native country a perfect wreck, the victim of repeated attacks of paralysis; yet he wrote several pieces for periodical works, and edited the productions of others. After severe and protracted sufferings, borne with great firmness and patience, Galt died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of our author's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Not a few of his novels, however, bid fair to be permanent, and *The Annals of the Parish* will probably be read as long as *Waverley* or *Guy Mannering*. This inimitable little tale is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency. Besides many amusing and touching incidents, the work presents us with a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by the minister, a man as simple as Abraham Adams, imbued with all old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices, but thoroughly sincere, kind-hearted, and pious. This Presbyterian worthy, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, is a fine representative of the primitive Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. Micah is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world. Little things are great to him in his retirement and his simplicity; and thus we find him chronicling, among his memorable events, the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side, and other incidents of a like nature, which he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, or the spread of French revolutionary principles. Amidst the quaint humour and shrewd observation of honest Micah are some striking and pathetic incidents. Mrs Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, comes to settle in his village; and being 'a genty body, calm, and methodical,' she brought up her children in a superior manner, and they all get on in the world. One of them becomes a sailor; and there are few more touching narratives in the language than the account of this cheerful, gallant-hearted lad, from his first setting off to sea, to his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. Taken altogether, this work of Galt's is invaluable for its truth and nature, its quiet unforced humour and pathos, its genuine nationality as a faithful record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely antique Scottish phrase and expression, which to his countrymen is perhaps the crowning excellence of the author.

In the following passage, the placing of Mr Balwhidder as minister of Dalmailing is admirably described:

Placing of a Scottish Minister.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it, with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous jelly-hooping. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrolous people. Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: 'This will do well enough—timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irvile prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then, when I went into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the alms deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it!—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: 'Come in, sir, and ease yourself'; this will never do: the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to

respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

The Ayrshire Legatees is a story of the same cast as *The Annals*, and describes (chiefly by means of correspondence) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. *The Provost* is another portraiture of Scottish life, illustrative of the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and *jobbery* of a small burgh in the olden time. Some of the descriptions in this work are very powerfully written. *Sir Andrew Wylie* and *The Entail* are more regular and ambitious performances, treble the length of the others, but not so carefully finished. The *parukie* Ayrshire baronet is humorous, but not very natural. The character of Leddy Grippy in *The Entail* was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron, it is said, read this novel three times—no slight testimony to its merits. We should be disposed, however, to give the preference to another of Galt's three-volume fictions, *Lawrie Todd*, or *the Settlers*, a work which seems to have no parallel, since Defoe, for apparent reality, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real individual, a man named Grant Thorburn, supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but the mind and the experience of Galt are stamped on almost every page. In his former productions our author wrought with his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, *parukiness*, and enthusiasm which he had seen or heard of as he loitered about Irvine or Greenock, or conversed with the country sires and matrons; but in *Lawrie Todd* we have the fruit of his observations in the New World, presenting an entirely different and original phase of the Scottish character. Lawrie is by trade a nailmaker, who emigrates with his brother to America; and their stock of worldly goods and riches, on arriving at New York, consisted of about five shillings in money, and an old chest containing some articles of dress and other necessaries. Lawrie works hard at the nailmaking, marries a pious and industrious maiden—who soon dies—and in time becomes master of a grocer's shop, which he exchanges for the business of a seedsman. The latter is a bad affair, and Lawrie is compelled to sell all off, and begin the world again. He removes with his family to the backwoods, and once more is prosperous. He clears, builds, purchases land, and speculates to great advantage, till he is at

length enabled to return to Scotland in some style, and visit the place of his nativity. This Scottish jaunt is a blemish in the work, for the incidents and descriptions are ridiculously exaggerated. But nothing can be better than the account of the early struggles of this humble hero—the American sketches of character with which the work abounds—the view it gives of life in the backwoods—or the peculiar *freshness* and vigour that seem to accompany every scene and every movement of the story. In perception of character and motive, within a certain sphere, Galt stands unsurpassed; and he has energy as well as quickness. His taste, however, was very defective; and this, combined with the hurry and uncertainty of his latter days, led him to waste his original powers on subjects unfitted for his pen, and injurious to his reputation. The story of his life is a melancholy one; his genius was an honour to his country, and merited a better reward.

The Windy Yule, or Christmas.—From 'The Provost.'

In the morning, the weather was blasty and sleety, waxing more and more tempestuous, till about mid-day, when the wind checked suddenly round from the nor-east to the sou-west, and blew a gale, as if the Prince of the powers of the air was doing his utmost to work mischief. Therain blattered, the windows clattered, the shop shutters flapped, pigs from the lum-heads came rattling down like thunder-claps, and the skies were dismal both with cloud and carry. Yet, for all that, there was in the streets a stir and a busy visitation between neighbours, and every one went to their high windows, to look at the five poor barks, that were warsling against the strong arm of the elements of the storm and the ocean.

Still the lift gloomed, and the wind roared; and it was as doleful a sight as ever was seen in any town afflicted with calamity, to see the sailors' wives, with their red cloaks about their heads, followed by their hirpling and disconsolate bairns, going one after another to the kirk-yard, to look at the vessels where their helpless bread-winners were battling with the tempest. My heart was really sorrowful, and full of a sore anxiety to think of what might happen to the town, whereof so many were in peril, and to whom no human magistracy could extend the arm of protection. Seeing no abatement of the wrath of heaven, that howled and roared around us, I put on my big coat, and taking my staff in my hand, having tied down my hat with a silk handkerchief, towards gloaming I walked likewise to the kirkyard, where I beheld such an assemblage of sorrow, as few men in situation have ever been put to the trial to witness.

In the lee of the kirk many hundreds of the town were gathered together; but there was no discourse among them. The major part were sailors' wives and weans, and at every new thud of the blast, a sob rose, and the mothers drew their bairns closer in about them, as if they saw the visible hand of a foe raised to smite them. Apart from the multitude, I observed three or four young lasses, standing behind the Whinnyhill families' tomb, and I jaloused that they had joes in the ships, for they often looked to the bay, with long necks and sad faces, from behind the monument. But of all the piteous objects there, on that doleful evening, none troubled my thoughts more than three motherless children, that belonged to the mate of one of the vessels in the jeopardy. He was an Englishman that had been settled some years in the town, where his family had neither kith nor kin; and his wife having died about a month before, the bairns, of whom the eldest was but nine or so, were friendless enough, though both my gudewife, and other well-disposed ladies, paid them all manner of attention, till their father would come home. The three poor little things, knowing that he was in one

of the ships, had been often out and anxious, and they were then sitting under the lee of a headstone, near their mother's grave, chattering and creeping closer and closer at every squall! Never was such an orphan-like sight seen.

When it began to be so dark that the vessels could no longer be discerned from the churchyard, many went down to the shore, and I took the three babies home with me, and Mrs Pawkie made tea for them, and they soon began to play with our own younger children, in blithe forgetfulness of the storm; every now and then, however, the eldest of them, when the shutters rattled, and the lum-head roared, would pause in his innocent daffing, and cower in towards Mrs Pawkie, as if he was daunted and dismayed by something he knew not what.

Many a one that night walked the sounding shore in sorrow, and fires were lighted along it to a great extent, but the darkness and the noise of the raging deep, and the howling wind, never intermitted till about midnight; at which time a message was brought to me, that it might be needful to send a guard of soldiers to the beach, for that broken masts and tackle had come in, and that surely some of the barks had perished. I lost no time in obeying this suggestion, which was made to me by one of the owners of the *Louping Meg*; and to shew that I sincerely sympathised with all those in affliction, I rose and dressed myself, and went down to the shore, where I directed several old boats to be drawn up by the fires, and blankets to be brought, and cordials prepared, for them that might be spared with life to reach the land; and I walked the beach with the mourners till the morning.

As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence, and to wear away from the sou-west into the norit; but it was soon discovered that some of the vessels with the corn had perished; for the first thing seen was a long fringe of tangle and grain, along the line of the high-water mark, and every one strained with greedy and grieved eyes, as the daylight brightened, to discover which had suffered. But I can proceed no further with the dismal recital of that doleful morning. Let it suffice here to be known, that, through the haze, we at last saw three of the vessels lying on their beam-ends, with their masts broken, and the waves riding like the furious horses of destruction over them. What had become of the other two, was never known; but it was supposed that they had foundered at their anchors, and that all on board perished.

The day being now Sabbath, and the whole town idle, everybody in a manner was down on the beach, to help and mourn, as the bodies, one after another, were cast out by the waves. Alas! few were the better of my provident preparation; and it was a thing not to be described, to see, for more than a mile along the coast, the new-made widows and fatherless bairns mourning and weeping over the corpses of those they loved. Seventeen bodies were, before ten o'clock, carried to the desolated dwellings of their families; and when old Thomas Pull, the betherell, went to ring the bell for public worship, such was the universal sorrow of the town, that Nanse Donsie, an idiot natural, ran up the street to stop him, crying, in the voice of a pardonable desperation: 'Wha, in sic a time, can praise the Lord!'

THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE (1770-1831), the author of *Anastasius*, was one of the merchant-princes whom commerce led to opulence, and who repaid the compliment by ennobling his origin and pursuits with taste, munificence, and genius. He was one of three brothers, wealthy merchants in Amsterdam. When a young man, he spent some years in foreign travel, visiting the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return he settled

in London, purchased a large house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), and embellished both with drawings, picture-galleries, sculpture, amphitheatres for antiques, and all other rare and costly appliances. His appearances as an author arose out of these favourite occupations and studies. In 1805, he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions, entitled *Household Furniture and Decorations*. The ambitious style of this work, and the author's devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the *Edinburgh Review*; but the man of taste and virtue triumphed. A more classical and appropriate style of furniture and domestic utensils gained ground; and with Mr Hope rests the honour of having achieved the improvement. Two other splendid publications proceeded from Mr Hope, *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), and *Designs of Modern Costumes* (1812), both works evincing extensive knowledge and curious research. In 1819, Mr Hope burst forth as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his early travels had exhibited to him men of various creeds and countries. The result was *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century*, in three volumes. The author's name was not prefixed to the work—as it was given forth as a veritable history—but the secret soon became known, and Mr Hope, from being reputed as something like a learned upholsterer or clever draughtsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a glowing painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the novel, in the art of conducting a fable and delineating character. The author turned from fiction to metaphysics, and composed a work *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*, which he did not live to see through the press, but which was published after his decease. His cosmogony is strange and unorthodox; but amidst his paradoxes, conceits, and abstruse speculations, are many ingenious views and eloquent disquisitions. He was author also of an *Essay on Architecture*, not published till 1835—an ingenious work, which went through several editions. Mr Hope died on the 3d of February 1831, and probate was granted for £180,000 personal property. Mr Beckford and *Vathek* are the only parallels to Mr Hope and *Anastasius* in oriental wealth and imagination.

Anastasius is one of the most original and dazzling of modern romances. The hero is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of a better nature are sown in his composition, and break forth at times. He is a native of Chios, the son of Greek parents. To avoid the consequences of an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is boarded by pirates and captured. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and carried before Hassan Pasha. Anastasius is released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Araonoots, and accompanies the Greek dragoon to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack-doctor selling nostrums—is thrown into the Bagnio, or state-prison—afterwards

embraces the Turkish faith—revisits Greece—proceeds to Egypt—and subsequently ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. His intrigues, adventures, sufferings, &c. are innumerable. Every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted—sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery, are strangely intermingled in the narrative. Wit, epigram, and the glitter of rhetorical amplification, occupy too much space; but the scene is constantly shifting, and the work possesses the truth and accuracy of a book of travels joined to those of a romance. The traveller, too, is a thorough man of the world, has a keen insight into human weaknesses and foibles, and describes his adventures and impressions without hypocrisy or reserve. The most powerful passages are those in which pathos is predominant—such as the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely violated—his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena—his reflections on witnessing the dead Araonoot soldier whom he had slain—the horrors of the plague and famine—and, above all, the account of the death of Alexis, the child of Anastasius, and in whom were centred the only remains of his human affection, his love and hope. The gradual decay of this youth, and the intense anxiety and watchfulness of his father, constitute a scene of genuine grief and tenderness. We forget the craft and villainy of Anastasius, thus humbled and prostrate. His wild gaiety and heartless jests, his degeneracy and sensualism, have passed away. They had palled upon himself, but one spring of pure affection remained to redeem his nature; and it is not without the strongest pity and kindred commiseration that we see the desperate adventurer reduced to loneliness and heart-broken despair. The scene is introduced by an account of his recovering his lost son in Egypt, and carrying him off to Europe :

The Death of Anastasius's Son.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but, though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could

not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally dotting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid; for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy, even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled unchanging deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half-closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts, indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished; but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour, and day after day, rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. 'Oh, for those days,' I now thought, 'when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!'

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed

on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half-hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast, forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. Oh, how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but, tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854), the biographer of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 till 1852, was author of four novels—*Valerius, a Roman Story*, three volumes, 1821; *Adam Blair*, one volume, 1822; *Reginald Dalton*, three volumes, 1823; and *Matthew Wald*, one volume, 1824.

The first of Mr Lockhart's productions is the best. It is a tale of the times of Trajan, when that emperor, disregarding the example of his predecessor Nerva, persecuted the small Christian community which had found shelter in the bosom of the Eternal City, and were calmly pursuing their pure worship and peaceful lives. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, the Christians were extending their numbers, though condemned to meet in caves and sepulchres, and forced to renounce the honours and ambition of the world. The hero of the tale visits Rome for the first time at this interesting period. He is the son of a Roman commander, who had settled in Britain, and is summoned to Rome after the death of his parents to take possession of an estate to which, as the heir of the Valerii, he had become entitled. His kinsman Licinius, an eminent lawyer, receives him with affection, and introduces him to his friends and acquaintances. We are thus presented with sketches of the domestic society of the Romans, with pictures of the Forum, the baths, temples, and other marvels of Rome, which are briefly, but distinctly and picturesquely delineated. At the villa of Capito, an Epicurean philosopher, Valerius meets with the two fair nieces of his host, Sempronia and Athanasia. The latter is the heroine of the tale—a pure intellectual creation, in which we see united the Roman grace and feminine sweetness of the patrician lady, with the high-souled fortitude and elevation of the Christian. Athanasia has embraced the new faith, and is in close communion with its professors. Her charms overcome Valerius, who soon obtains possession of her secret; and after various adventures, in which he succours the persecuted maiden, and aids in her wonderful escape, he is at length admitted by baptism into the fellowship of the Christians, and embarks with Athanasia for Britain. One of the most striking scenes in the novel is a grand display at the Flavian amphitheatre, given by the emperor on the anniversary of the day on which he was adopted by Nerva. On this occasion a Christian prisoner is brought forward, either to renounce his faith in the face of the assembly, or to die in the arena. Eighty thousand persons, 'from the lordly senators on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself,' were there met. The description concludes with the execution of the Christian. In another scene there is great classic grace, united with delicacy of feeling. It describes Athanasia in prison, and visited there by Valerius through the connivance of Silo, the jailer, who belongs to the Christian party:

Athanasia in Prison.

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone; and how

could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which shewed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. ‘Caius,’ she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, ‘why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius.’ I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him; the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks; for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence: ‘Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!’

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake: ‘Cotilius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus? I charge thee, speak; and for thy soul’s sake speak truly.’

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given; and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper: ‘Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—’Tis the trumpet’—

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her; but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprung from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth; but I know, that ere I had said many words, she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked

deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart: ‘But, Caius, I must not go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon—quite ready.’

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised; yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said: ‘Take it: you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.’

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

‘Do you think there are any of them in Britain?’ said she; ‘or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—’tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand, too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.’

I had not the heart to interrupt her; but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber, while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly: ‘Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.’

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only: ‘Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!’ And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

Adam Blair, or, as the title runs, *Some Passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle*, is a narrative of the fall of a Scottish minister from the purity and dignity of the pastoral character, and his restoration, after a season of deep penitence and contrition, to the duties of his sacred profession, in the same place which had formerly witnessed his worth and usefulness. The unpleasant nature of the story, and a certain tone of exaggeration and sentimentalism in parts of it, render the perusal of the work somewhat painful and disagreeable, and of doubtful morality. But *Adam Blair* is powerfully written, with an accurate conception of Scottish feeling and character, and passages of description equal to any in the author’s other works. The tender-hearted enthusiastic minister of Cross-Meikle is hurried on to his downfall ‘by fate and

metaphysical aid,' and never appears in the light of a guilty person; while his faithful elder, John Maxwell, and his kind friends at Semplehaugh, are just and honourable representatives of the good old Scotch rural classes.

Reginald Dalton is the most extended of Mr Lockhart's fictions, and gives us more of the 'general form and pressure' of humankind and society than his two previous works. The scene is laid in England, and we have a full account of college-life in Oxford, where Reginald, the hero, is educated, and where he learns to imbibe port, if not prejudice. The dissipation and extravagance of the son almost ruin his father, an English clergyman; and some scenes of distress and suffering consequent on this misconduct are related with true and manly feeling.

Description of an Old English Mansion.

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

'Old contemporary trees,'

was the more than realisation of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodmen, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretensions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies, and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-

looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

The tale of *Matthew Wald* is related in the first person, and the hero experiences a great variety of fortune. There is much worldly shrewdness and observation evinced in the delineation of some of the scenes and characters; but, on the whole, it is the poorest of Mr Lockhart's novels. Its author, we suspect, like Sheridan, required time and patient revision to bring out fully his conceptions, and nevertheless was often tempted or impelled to hurry to a close.

Mr Lockhart was born on the 14th of June 1794 in the manse or parsonage of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark. His father was minister of that parish, but being presented to the College Church, Glasgow, he removed thither, and his son was educated at Glasgow University. He was selected as one of the two students whom Glasgow College sends annually to Oxford, in virtue of an endowment named 'Snell's Foundation.' Having taken his degree, Mr Lockhart repaired to Edinburgh, and in 1816 became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He was unsuccessful, and devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and imparted to that work a large portion of the spirit, originality, and determined political character which it has long maintained. In 1820 he was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good-humour, and liveliness of her father. Mrs Lockhart died on the 17th of May 1837, in London, whither Mr Lockhart had gone to reside as successor to Mr Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*.

In 1843 Mr Lockhart received from Sir Robert Peel the sinecure appointment of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which was attached a salary of £400 per annum. In point of fortune and connections, therefore, Mr Lockhart was more successful than most authors who have elevated themselves by their talents; but ill health and private calamities darkened his latter days. He survived all the family of Sir Walter Scott, and his own two sons. He had another child, a daughter, married to Mr Hope Scott of Abbotsford, who died in 1858: her daughter, Mary Monica, born in 1852, married in 1874 to the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of Lord Herries, is now the only descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Mr Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November 1854, and was interred near Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON (1785-1854) carried the peculiar features and characteristics of his poetry into his prose compositions. The same amiable gentleness, tenderness, love of nature, pictures of solitary life, humble affections and pious hopes, expressed in an elaborate but rich structure of language, which fixed upon the author of the *Isle of Palms* the title of a Lake Poet, may be seen in all his tales. The first of these appeared in 1822, under the name of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late*

Arthur Austin. This volume consists of twenty-four short tales, three of which—The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-storm, and The Forgers—had previously been published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Most of them are tender and pathetic, and relate to Scottish rural and pastoral life. The innocence, simplicity, and strict piety of ancient manners are described as still lingering in our vales; but, with a fine spirit of homely truth and antique Scriptural phraseology, the author's scenes and characters are too Arcadian to be real. His second work, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* (one volume, 1823), is more regular in construction and varied in incident. The heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction:

The 'Flitting' or Removal of the Lyndsays.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb of us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'.' The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice—God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot-travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with weebegone faces, going like themselves down the path

of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. . . .

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: 'Ay, ay, here's the fitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' siclike.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said 'Gude-night,' and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor:

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unflinched with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

A Snow-Storm.

From Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drif allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled

with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making ‘auld claes look amais as weel’s the new’—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditional tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of Psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half-an-hour’s walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

In 1824, Mr Wilson published another but inferior story, *The Foresters*. It certainly is a singular and interesting feature in the genius of an author known as an active man of the world, who spent most of his time in the higher social circles of his native country and in England, and whose scholastic and political tastes would seem to point to a different result, that, instead of portraying the manners with which he was familiar—instead of indulging in witty dialogue or humorous illustration—he should have selected homely Scottish subjects for his works of fiction, and appeared never so happy or so enthusiastic as when expatiating on the joys and sorrows of his humble countrymen in the sequestered and unambitious walks of life. A memoir of Mr Wilson (‘Christopher North’) by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, was published in 1862.

Various other novels issued about this time from the Edinburgh press. MRS JOHNSTONE (1781–1857) published anonymously *Clan Albyn* (1815), a tale written before the appearance of *Waverley*, and approaching that work in the romantic glow which it casts over Highland character and scenery. A second novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*, was published by Mrs Johnstone in 1827. This lady was also authoress of some interesting tales for children—*The Diversions of Hollycot*, *The Nights of the Round Table*, &c.—and was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She was some years editor of *Tait’s Magazine*, with a salary of £250 a year. Mrs Johnstone died in 1857. Her style is easy and elegant, and her writings are marked by good sense and a cultivated mind.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. (1784–1848), wrote two novels connected with Scottish life and

history, *Lochandhu*, 1825, and *The Wolf of Badenoch*, 1827. In 1830, Sir Thomas wrote an interesting *Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire*, which happened in the autumn of 1829. He was then a resident among the romantic scenes of this unexampled inundation, and has described its effects with great picturesqueness and beauty, and with many homely and pathetic episodes relative to the suffering people. Sir Thomas also published a series of *Highland Rambles*, much inferior to his early novels, though abounding like them, in striking descriptions of natural scenery. He edited Gilpin’s *Forest Scenery*, and Sir Uvedale Price’s *Essays on the Picturesque*, adding much new matter to each; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of her Majesty Queen Victoria’s visit to Scotland in 1842. His latest work was a descriptive account of *Scottish Rivers*, the Tweed and other streams, which he left incomplete. An edition of this work, with a preface by Dr John Brown, was published in 1874. A complete knowledge of his native country, its scenery, people, history, and antiquities—a talent for picturesque delineation—and a taste for architecture, landscape-gardening, and its attendant rural and elegant pursuits, distinguished this author. Sir Thomas was of an old Scottish family, representing lineally the houses of Lauder and Bass, and, through a female, Dick of Braid and Grange.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, 1827, was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting fictions of the day. It contained sketches of college-life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures. Some of the foreign scenes are very vividly drawn. It was the production of the late THOMAS HAMILTON (brother of the distinguished philosopher, Sir William Hamilton), captain in the 29th Regiment, who died in 1842, aged fifty-three. He visited America, and wrote a lively ingenious work on the New World, entitled *Men and Manners in America*, 1833. Captain Hamilton was one of the many travellers who disliked the peculiar customs, the democratic government, and social habits of the Americans; and he spoke his mind freely, but apparently in a spirit of truth and candour. Captain Hamilton was also author of *Annals of the Peninsular War*.

Among the other writers of fiction who at this time published anonymously in Edinburgh was an English divine, DR JAMES HOOK (1771–1828), the only brother of Theodore Hook, and who was dean of Worcester and archdeacon of Huntingdon. To indulge his native wit and humour, and perhaps to spread those loyal Tory principles which, like his brother, he carried to their utmost extent, Dr Hook wrote two novels, *Pen Owen*, 1822, and *Percy Mallory*, 1823. They are clever, irregular works, touching on modern events and living characters, and discussing various political questions. *Pen Owen* is the superior novel, and contains some good-humour and satire on Welsh genealogy and antiquities. Dr Hook wrote several political pamphlets, sermons, and charges.

ANDREW PICKEN (1788–1833) was a native of Paisley, son of a manufacturer, and brought up to a mercantile life. He was engaged in business for some time in the West Indies, afterwards in a bank in Ireland, in Glasgow, and in Liverpool. At the latter place he established himself as a

bookseller, but was unsuccessful, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, gave offence by some satirical portraits, but was generally esteemed for its local fidelity and natural painting. His novel of *The Sectarian; or the Church and the Meeting-house*, three volumes, 1829, displayed more vigorous and concentrated powers; but the subject was unhappy and the pictures which the author drew of the Dissenters, representing them as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. Next year Mr Picken made a more successful appearance. *The Dominic's Legacy*, three volumes, was warmly welcomed by novel-readers, and a second edition was called for by the end of the year. This work consists of a number of Scottish stories—like Mr Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic. Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy approach near to the happiest efforts of Galt. The same year our author conciliated the evangelical Dissenters by an interesting religious compilation—*Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries; including a Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the Principal Protestant Missions of late years*. In 1831 Mr Picken issued *The Club-Book*, a collection of original tales by different authors. Mr James Tyrone Power, Galt, Mr Moir, James Hogg, Mr Jerdan, and Allan Cunningham, contributed each a story, and the editor himself added two—*The Deer-stalkers*, and the *Three Kearneys*. His next work was *Traditionary Stories of Old Families*, the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a work might be rendered highly interesting and popular, for almost every old family has some traditionary lore—some tale of love, or war, or superstition—that is handed down from generation to generation. Mr Picken now applied himself to another Scottish novel, *The Black Watch* (the original name of the gallant 42d Regiment); and he had just completed this work when he was struck with an attack of apoplexy, which in a fortnight proved fatal. He died on the 23d of November 1833. Mr Picken, according to one of his friends, 'was the dominion of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'

SUSAN EDMONSTOUNE FERRIER.

This lady was authoress of *Marriage*, published in 1818, *The Inheritance*, 1824, and *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter*, 1831—all novels in three volumes each. She was daughter of James Ferrier, Esq., 'one of Sir Walter's brethren of the clerk's table;' and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the *Tales of My Landlord*, alluded to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled *Marriage*,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction.* In his private diary he has

* In describing the melancholy situation of Sir Walter the year before his death, Mr Lockhart introduces Miss Ferrier in a very amiable light, and paints a charming little picture. 'To assist them (the family of Scott) in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford; and her

also mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. This lady was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature. Her first work is a complete gallery of this kind. There is a shade of caricature in some of the female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to even in families of the highest rank; and consequently the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. This fact is further illustrated by Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Own Times*. It is not only, however, in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beef-steak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters we hear of a Major MacTavish of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and shewed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told also

coming was serviceable; for she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way; he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catch-word abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say: "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.'

that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. ‘They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?’ The most striking picture in the book is that of Mrs Violet Macshake, who is introduced as living in a lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where she is visited by her grand-nephew Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary. In person she is tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in an antiquated style:

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

‘And wha thought o’ seein’ ye enoo?’ said she, in a quick gabbling voice; ‘what’s brought you to the toon? Are ye come to spend your honest faither’s siller ere he’s weel cauld in his grave, puir man?’

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece’s health.

‘Health!’ repeated she with a sardonic smile; ‘it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that’s made aboot young fowk’s health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye’re a’ made o’; grasping Mary’s arm in her great bony hand—a when puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa’ to Inland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o’ the lasses i’ my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o’ ye, I sud like to ken, ’ll e’er leave to see ninety-sax, like me. Health! he, he!’

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady’s manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

‘Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an’ let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi’ that snule o’ a thing on your head?’ Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: ‘Weel, it’s ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o’ the Douglasses. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne’er set een on him: neither him nor his brow leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a’ accounts.’

‘You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,’ said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

‘Time enough—wull ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An’ ye bute to hae an English wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser ye. An’ yer wean, I see warran’ it’s aye o’ the world’s wonders—it’s been una lang o’ comin’—he, he!’

‘He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!’ said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father’s death.

‘An’ wha’s faut was that? I ne’er heard tell o’ the like o’ t, to hae the bairn kirsened an’ its grandfather deein!’ But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to do—awthing’s changed.’

‘You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes?’ observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

‘Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wunder if it’s the same warld, an’ if it’s my ain heed that’s upon my shoother.’

‘But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?’ said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

‘Improvements!’ turning sharply round upon her; ‘what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin’ whar I mind jewks and yerls. An’ that great glowerin’ New Toon there, pointing out of her windows, whar I used to sit an’ luck out at bonny green parks, an’ see the coos milket, and the bits o’ bairnies rowin’ and tumlin’, an’ the lasses trampin’ i’ their tubs—what see I noo but stane an’ lime, an’ stoor an’ dirt, an’ idle cheels an’ dinkit oot madams prancin’. Improvements, indeed!’

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle’s fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

‘Mainers!’ repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; ‘what ca ye’ mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk aye gangs bang intill their neebor’s hoos, an’ bang oot o’ t, as it war a chynge-hoos; an’ as for the maister o’ t, he’s no o’ sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I’ my grandfather’s time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o’ a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos; ay! an’ sat wi’ his hat on his head afore the best o’ the land, an’ had his ain dish, an’ was ay helpit first, an’ keptit up his owthority as a man sude du. Parents war parents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne’er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i’ thae days—wife an’ servants, reteeners an’ childer, a’ trummelt i’ the presence o’ their hee!’

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady’s harangue. Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

‘Oo, what’s takin’ ye awa’, Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there, laying her hand upon his arm, ‘an’ rest ye, an’ tak a glass o’ wine an’ a bit breed; or maybe,’ turning to Mary, ‘ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I’m sure it’s no cauld; but ye’re just like the lave; ye gang a’ skiltin’ about the streets half naked, an’ than ye maun sit an’ birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.’

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

‘Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it’ll no bite ye. Here’s t’ ye, Glenfern, an’ your wife an’ your wean; puir tead, it’s no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.’

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

‘Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an’ let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo’s Grizzy, an’ Jacky, an’ Nicky?—aye workin’ awa’ at the peels an’ the drogs—he, he! I ne’er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a’ my days, an’ see an ony o’ them’ll rin a race wi’ me whan they’re nar fivescore.’

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

‘Gin your roebuck’s nae better than your last, atweel it’s no worth the sendin’: poor dry fissionless dirt, no

worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin'; they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a caulder sawmont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yourself' wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick when ye're at the shootin' o' them, pair beasts.'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: 'So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leedies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoo to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond earrings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belonged to your father's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bonny finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haed wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue, and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'and sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those whom Mrs Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas: 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawffaw or Mrs Macshake,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?'

said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently, the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of *The Inheritance*. It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high-life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits. *Destiny* is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as practical and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness, and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr Duncan MacDow, is an admirable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there are strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of *Marriage* and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth the gentler affections. Miss Ferrier died in 1854, aged seventy-two.

JAMES MORIER.

JAMES MORIER (1780–1849), author of a *Journey through Persia*, and sometime secretary of embassy to the court of Persia, embodied his knowledge of the East in a series of novels—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan*, three volumes, 1824 (with a second part published in two volumes in 1828); *Zohrab, the Hostage*, three volumes, 1832; *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*, three volumes, 1834; and *The Mirza*, three volumes, 1841. The object of his first work was, he says, the single idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, and the author evinces a minute and familiar acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Persians. The truth of his satirical descriptions and allusions was felt even by the court of Persia; for Mr Morier published a letter from a minister of state in that country, expressing the displeasure which the king felt at the 'very foolish business' of the book. It is probable, however, as the author supposes, that this irritation may lead to reflection, and reflection to amendment, as he conceived the Persians to be, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation

in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. The hero of Mr Morier's tale is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and as much buffeted about in the world. He is the son of a barber of Ispahan, and is successively one of a band of Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician-royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief-executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirzah Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the volatile unprincipled Hajji mixes with all classes, and is much in Teheran, Koordistan, Georgia, Bagdad, Constantinople, &c. The work soon became popular. 'The novelty of the style,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuine oriental by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China—the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry—the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon. The oriental scenes are the most valuable and original portions of *Hajji Baba*, and possess the attraction of novelty to ordinary readers, yet the account of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is highly amusing. The ceremonial of the dinner-table, that seemed to them "absolutely bristling with instruments of offence," blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers. The mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but, above all, the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers surprised the embassy. The following burst of oriental wonder and extravagance succeeds to an account of a visit paid them by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach, and after the interview, walked away upon their own legs.

"When they were well off, we all sat mute, only occasionally saying: 'Allah! Allah! there is but one Allah!' so wonderfully astonished were we. What! India? that great, that magnificent empire!—that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory!—the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kincobs!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Irân itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? Two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in

government than even that of Beg Ian, the plaiter of whips, who governed the Turkomans and the countries of Samarand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate."

Zohrab is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, a famous Persian prince, described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march, and thus leaving the enemy master of only so much ground as his cannon could command. In concluding *Mirza*, Mr Morier says: 'I may venture to assert that the East, as we have known it in oriental tales, is now fast on the change—"C'est le commencement de la fin." Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards, and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caouk and the ample shalwars ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce pantaloons. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact, that the whole fabric of Mohammedanism should have been assailed, almost suddenly as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbary, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, and Afghanistan, all more or less have felt the influence of European or anti-Mohammedan agencies. Perhaps the present generation may not see a new structure erected, but true it is they have seen its foundations laid.'

In 1838 appeared *The Banished*, a novel, edited by Mr Morier. The work is a translation from the German, a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century. Mr Morier died at Brighton.

The Barber of Bagdad.—From 'Hajji Baba.'

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: '*For all the wood that was upon the ass.*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. 'You have not given me all the wood yet,' said the barber; 'I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain: that was our agreement.' 'How!' said the other, in great amazement; 'who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.' In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi*, and stated his griefs: the *cadi* was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the *mufti* himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him

to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran ; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened ; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground ; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. 'Friend,' said the caliph, 'the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing ; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man ; therefore the barber must keep all his wood'— Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. . . .

The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand ; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. 'He is just standing without here,' said the other, 'and he shall come in presently.' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. 'This is my companion,' said he, 'and you must shave him.' 'Shave him!' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise ; 'it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehanum* ;' and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful : 'bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers ; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. 'Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?' said the caliph to the barber ; 'was not that your agreement?' Ali, kissing the ground, answered : 'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement ; but who ever made a companion of an ass before ? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?' 'You may say right,' said the caliph ; 'but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1783-1856), like Mr Morier, described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. In 1828 he published *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan*, three volumes, to which he afterwards added a continuation under the name of *The Persian Adventurer*, the title of his first work not

being generally understood : it was often taken, he says, for a cookery book ! The term Kuzzilbash, which is Turkish, signifies Red-head, and was an appellation originally given by Shah Ismael I. to seven tribes bound to defend their king. These tribes wore a red cap as a distinguishing mark, which afterwards became the military head-dress of the Persian troops ; hence the word Kuzzilbash is used to express a Persian soldier ; and often, particularly among the Toorkomans and Oozbeks, is applied as a national designation to the people in general. Mr Fraser's hero relates his own adventures, which begin almost from his birth ; for he is carried off while a child by a band of Toorkoman robbers, who plunder his father's lands and village, situated in Khorasan, on the borders of the great desert which stretches from the banks of the Caspian Sea to those of the river Oxus. The infant bravery of Ismael, the Kuzzilbash, interests Omer Khan, head of a tribe or camp of the plunderers, and he spares the child, and keeps him to attend on his own son Selim. In the camp of his master is a beautiful girl, daughter of a Persian captive ; and with this young beauty, 'lovely as a child of the Peris,' Ismael forms an attachment that increases with their years. These early scenes are finely described ; and the misfortunes of the fair Shireen are related with much pathos. The consequences of Ismael's passion force him to flee. He assumes the dress of the Kuzzilbash, and crossing the desert, joins the army of the victorious Nadir Shah, and assists in recovering the holy city of Mushed, the capital of Khorasan. His bravery is rewarded with honours and dignities ; and after various scenes of love and war, the Kuzzilbash is united to his Shireen.

A brief but characteristic scene—a meeting of two warriors in the desert—is strikingly described, though the reader is impressed with the idea that European thoughts and expressions mingle too largely with the narrative :

Meeting of Eastern Warriors in the Desert.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture, in which my horse might feed ; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will until dark ; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah, and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful ; for, at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle round my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments ; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame ; his countenance hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick

black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding-coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, shewed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding-trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: 'Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!' 'Why, boy,' returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, 'thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm.' 'Nay,' rejoined I, 'I am on foot, and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or shew thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me: dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!' And so saying, I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. 'By the head of my father!' cried the stranger, 'thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See,' continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—'see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not.' With that, he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm composed step.

'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What! still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword, and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?' Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow: here,' continued I, 'arc bread and salt, eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food.

The following passage, describing the Kuzzil-

bash's return to his native village, affects us both by the view which it gives of the desolation caused in half-barbarous countries by war and rapine, and the beautiful train of sentiment which the author puts into the mouth of his hero:

Desolation of War.

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly inclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory, but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart; with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause: 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw the light! But its courts are now strewn with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage—such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood, and that in after-years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be, without some agency like this, that, gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me: I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

Besides his Eastern tales, Mr Fraser wrote a story of his native country, *The Highland Smugglers*, in which he displays the same talent for description, with much inferior powers in constructing a probable or interesting narrative. He died at his seat, Moniack, in Inverness-shire, a picturesque Highland spot.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, a fashionable and copious novelist, was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was the son of a distinguished

musical composer; and at the early age of sixteen—after an imperfect course of education at Harrow School—he became a sort of partner in his father's business of music and song. In 1805; he composed a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, the overture and music, as well as the dialogues and songs, entirely by himself. The opera was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, *Catch Him Who Can*, which exhibited the talents of Liston and Mathews in a popular and effective light, and had a great run of success. Several musical operas were then produced in rapid succession by Hook, as *The Invisible Girl*, *Music Mad*, *Darkness Visible*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Fortress*, *Tekeli*, *Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Some of these still keep possession of the stage, and evince wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel which has been described as a mere farce in a narrative shape. The remarkable conversational talents of Theodore Hook, and his popularity as a writer for the stage, led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he surrendered himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries,' his wild sallies of wit and drollery, and his practical *hoaxes*.

Amongst his various talents was one which, though familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, if not unknown in ours—namely, the power of *improvisating*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself,' says Lockhart, in the *Quarterly Review*, 'on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius. Hook had been introduced to the prince-regent, afterwards George IV., and in 1812 he received the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of about £2000 per annum. This handsome provision he enjoyed for five years. The duties of the office were, however, neglected, and an examination being made into the books of the accountant, various irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies were detected. There was a deficiency of a large amount, and Hook was ordered home under the charge of a detachment of military. Thus a dark cloud hung over him for the remainder of his life; but it is believed that he was in reality innocent of all but gross negligence. On reaching London in 1819, he was subjected to a scrutiny by the Audit Board, and ultimately

was pronounced liable to the crown for £12,000. In the meantime he laboured assiduously at literature as a profession. He became, in 1820, editor of the *John Bull* newspaper, which he made conspicuous for its advocacy of high aristocratic principles, keen virulent personalities, and much wit and humour. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1823, after the award had been given finding him a debtor to the crown in the sum mentioned, Hook was arrested, and continued nearly two years in confinement. His literary labours went on, however, without interruption, and in 1824, appeared the first series of his tales, entitled *Sayings and Doings*, which were so well received that the author was made £2000 richer by the production. In 1825, he issued a second series, and shortly after that publication he was released from custody, with an intimation, however, that the crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt. The popular novelist now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1828, he published a third series of *Sayings and Doings*; in 1830, *Maxwell*; in 1832, *The Life of Sir David Baird*; in 1833, *The Parson's Daughter*, and *Love and Pride*. In 1836, he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and contributed to its pages, in chapters, *Gilbert Gurney*, and the far inferior sequel, *Gurney Married*, each afterwards collected into a set of three volumes. In 1837, appeared *Jack Brag*; in 1839, *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*; *Precepts and Practice*; and *Fathers and Sons*. His last avowed work, *Peregrine Bunce*, supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death. The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as Mr Lockhart remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. At the same time Theodore Hook was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in the receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connection which he had formed, yet dared not avow, entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of a diary which he kept have been published, and there are passages in it disclosing his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties, which are inexpressibly touching as well as instructive. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself a victim to disease and exhaustion before he had completed his fifty-third year, he died at Fulham on the 24th of August 1841. His *Life and Remains*, by the Rev. Mr Barham, appeared in 1848.

The works of Theodore Hook are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. He was thoroughly acquainted with English life in the higher and middle ranks, and his early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. The theatre, however, is not always a good school for taste in composition, and Hook's witty and tragic

scenes and contrasts of character are often too violent in tone, and too little discriminated.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN—MR T. H. LISTER—MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN (1796–1864) was born in Dublin, and commenced his literary career with a poetical romance, entitled *Philibert* (1819), which was smoothly versified, but possessed no great merit. In 1823 appeared his *Highways and Byways*, tales of continental wandering and adventure, written in a light, picturesque, and pleasing manner. These were so well received that the author wrote a second series, published in 1824, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he came forth with a novel in four volumes, *The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*. The plot of this work is connected with the attempts made by the Flemish to emancipate themselves from the foreign sway of Spain, in which they were assisted by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. Mr Grattan was author also of *Tales of Travel*, and histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland. As a writer of fiction, a power of vivid description and observation of nature was Mr Grattan's principal merit. His style is often diffuse and careless; and he does not seem to have laboured successfully in constructing his stories. His pictures of ordinary life in the French provinces, as he wandered among the highways and byways of that country with a cheerful observant spirit, noting the peculiarities of the people, are his happiest and most original efforts.

MR THOMAS HENRY LISTER (1801–1842), a gentleman of rank and aristocratic connections, was author of three novels, descriptive of the manners of the higher classes—namely, *Granby*, 1826; *Herbert Lacy*, 1827; and *Arlington*, 1832. These works are pleasingly written, and may be considered as affording correct pictures of domestic society, but they possessed no features of novelty or originality to preserve them for another generation. A strain of graceful reflection, in the style of the essays in the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, is mingled with the tale, and shews the author to have been a man of cultivated taste and feeling. In 1838 Mr Lister published a *Memoir of the Life and Administration of the Earl of Clarendon*, in three volumes, a work of considerable talent and research, in preparing which the author had access to documents and papers unknown to his predecessors. Mr Lister at the time of his death held the government appointment of Registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. The following brief description in *Granby* may be compared with Mr Wordsworth's noble sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge :

London at Sunrise.

Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamplight to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad

daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late-retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early-rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertion, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon, the twittering of an occasional sparrow, the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman, and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence: and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim greatcoated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.

Two novels of the same class with those of Mr Lister were written by the first MARQUIS OF NORMANBY (1797–1863)—namely, *Matilda*, published in 1825, and *Yes and No, a Tale of the Day*, 1827. They were well received by the public, being superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels, but deficient in originality and vigour. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and some years afterwards (in 1857) he published *A Year of Revolution*, from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and in bad taste.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—LADY DACRE—COUNTESS OF MORLEY—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (1785–1828) was the authoress of three works of fiction, utterly worthless in a literary point of view, but which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, *Glenarvon*, was published in 1816, and the hero was understood to 'body forth' the character and sentiments of Lord Byron. It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, *Graham Hamilton*, depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable, even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, *Ada Reis* (1823), is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, is 'sold to slavery,' but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment! The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painful. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary

accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted at first sight an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. 'For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Bocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded.' A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character (ultimately ending in mental alienation) seems to have been the lot of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice :

Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

The Recollections of a Chaperon, 1833, by LADY DACRE, are a series of tales written with taste, feeling, and passion. This lady is, we believe, also authoress of *Trevelyan*, 1833, a work which, at the time of its publication, was considered as, in many respects, the best novel, by a female writer, that had appeared since Miss Edgeworth's *Vivian*.—Among other works of this class may be mentioned the tale of *Dacre*, 1834, by the COUNTESS OF MORLEY; and several fashionable novels—*The Divorced*, *Family Records*, *Love*, *The Courtier's Daughter*, &c.—by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. This lady is the supposed authoress of a *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.*, a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. It appears that her Ladyship—then Lady Charlotte Campbell—had held an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, and during this time she kept a Diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the leading critical journals, and was received generally with disapprobation.

R. PLUMER WARD.

MR R. PLUMER WARD (1765-1846) published in 1825 a singular metaphysical and religious romance, entitled *Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement*. The author's name was not prefixed to his work; and as he alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church, much speculation took place as to the paternity of the novel. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume, that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered *Tremaine* somewhat heavy and tedious, in spite of the vigour and originality of talent it displayed. In a subsequent work, *De Vere, or the Man of Independence*, 1827, the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is beautifully delineated in one passage which has been often quoted. It represents a conversation between Wentworth (Canning), Sir George Delo-

raine, a reserved and sentimental man, and Dr Herbert. The occasion of the conversation was Wentworth's having observed Deloraine coming out of Westminster Abbey by the door at Poets' Corner. Meeting at dinner, Sir George is rallied by Wentworth on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; which he defends; and he goes on to add:

Power of Literary Genius.

'It would do all you men of power good if you were to visit them too; for it would shew you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesman with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters, improve and gladden life even after they are gone.' The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them. 'You have touched a theme,' said he, 'which has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves—especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain—of being dazzled by meteors.' 'Meteors do you call them?' said Dr Herbert. 'What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?' 'Ask your own Homer, your own Shakspeare,' answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition for a moment in his love of letters. 'You take me in my weak part,' said Herbert, 'and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solons, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Alfreds, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us.' 'I know this is your favourite theme,' said the minister, 'and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the temple of fame enjoyed by men distinguished for their efforts in song or history—but who might have been mere beggars when alive—over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten.' 'I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters,' replied Herbert; 'I speak of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works—however I may love them in private—can, from the mere nature of things, be comparatively known only to a few.' 'All that is most true,' said Mr Wentworth; 'and for a while public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power, no matter by what means, whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject; let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die, and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper, after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered.' 'Surely,' said the doctor, 'this is too much in extremes.' 'And yet,' continued Wentworth, 'have we not all heard of a maxim appalling to all lovers of political fame, "that nobody is missed?" Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet:

Alas, what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled, when the minister proceeded.

'In short,' said he, 'when a statesman, or even a conqueror, is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence.' 'Inferior existence!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Yes; for look at Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Claudii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus; or Mæcenas, Agrippa, or Augustus himself—princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude followed them! Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever.' Mr Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by these arguments. 'Still, however,' said the latter, 'we admire, and even wish to emulate Camillus and Miltiades, and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon.' 'Add a Lord Burleigh,' replied the minister, 'who, in reference to Spenser, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song! Which is now most thought of, or most loved?—the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer or he who was left "in suing long to bide?"' Sir George and De Vere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus: 'I might make the same question as to Horace and Mæcenas; and yet, I daresay, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mæcenas's coach to the Capitol, as the Dean of St Patrick's in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean, and so perhaps would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one himself. We may recollect,' continued he, 'the manner in which Whitelocke mentions Milton—that "one Milton, a blind man," was made secretary to Cromwell. Whitelocke was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals, and all the splendour of Bulstrode; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage-window. Where is the lord-keeper now?—where the blind man? What is known of Addison as secretary of state? and how can His Excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, sat in his very study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor, while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend and all the admiration of a lover.' 'Hear! hear!' cried Sir George, which was echoed by De Vere and Herbert himself.

De Clifford, or the Constant Man, produced in 1841, is also a tale of actual life; and as the hero is at one time secretary to a cabinet minister, Mr Ward revels in official details, rivalries, and intrigue. In 1844 our author produced *Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week*. Mr Ward wrote some legal, historical, and political works now forgotten, and held office under government in the Admiralty and other departments for twenty-five years. Canning said sarcastically that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books.

JOHN BANIM—EYRE EVANS CROWE—CÆSAR
OTWAY.

JOHN BANIM (1800-1842), author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge of Irish character, habits, customs, and feeling, he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The story of the Nowlans, and that of Croohore of the Bill-hook, can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions, and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery, have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes—but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects. The very peculiarities of the Irish dialect and pronunciation—though constituting at first a difficulty in perusal, and always too much persisted in by Mr Banim—heightened the wild native flavour of the stories, and enriched them with many new and picturesque words and phrases. His *Tales of the O'Hara Family* were produced in 1825 and 1826. They were followed, in 1828, by another Irish story, *The Croppy*, connected with the insurrection in 1798. 'We paint,' said the author, 'from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that, in the columns of a newspaper, would shew more terribly vivid than any selected by us from former facts, for the purposes of candid, though slight illustration.' There was too much of this 'strong writing' in *The Croppy*, and worse faults were found in the prolixity of some of the dialogues and descriptions, and a too palpable imitation of the style of Scott in his historical romances. The scenes peculiarly Irish are, however, written with Mr Banim's characteristic vigour: he describes the burning of a cabin till we seem to witness the spectacle; and the massacre at Vinegar Hill is portrayed with the distinctness of dramatic action. Nanny the knitter is also one of his happiest Irish likenesses. The experiment made by the author to depict the manners and frivolities of the higher classes—to draw a sprightly heroine, a maiden aunt, or the ordinary characters and traits of genteel society—was decidedly a failure. His strength lay in the cabin and the wild heath, not in the drawing-room. In 1830 Mr Banim published *The Denounced*, in three volumes, a work consisting of two tales—The Last Baron of Crana, and The Conformists. The same beauties and defects which characterise *The Croppy* are seen in *The Denounced*; but The Conformists is a deeply interesting story, and calls forth Mr Banim's peculiarities of description and knowledge of character in a very striking light. His object is to

depict the evils of that system of anti-Catholic tyranny when the penal laws were in full force, by which home education was denied to Catholic families unless by a Protestant teacher. The more rigid of the Catholics abjured all instruction thus administered; and Mr Banim describes the effects of ignorance and neglect on the second son of a Catholic gentleman, haughty, sensitive, and painfully alive to the disadvantages and degradation of his condition. The whole account of this family, the D'Arcys, is written with great skill and effect. In 1838 Mr Banim collected several of his contributions to periodical works, and published them under the title of *The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales*. In 1842 he sent forth an original and excellent novel, in three volumes, *Father Connell*, the hero being an aged and benevolent Catholic priest, not unworthy of association with the Protestant Vicar of Wakefield. This primitive pastor becomes the patron of a poor vagrant boy, Neddy Fennell, whose adventures furnish the incidents for the story. This was destined to be the last work of the author. He died in August 1842, in the prime of life, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, which also was his birthplace. Mr Banim began life as a miniature-painter; but, seduced from his profession by promptings too strong to be resisted, and by the success of a tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, he early abandoned art, and adopted literature as a profession; and he will be long remembered as the writer of that powerful and painful series of novels, *Tales of the O'Hara Family*. Some years previous, the general sympathy was attracted to Mr Banim's struggle against the suffering and privation which came in the train of disease that precluded all literary exertion; and on that occasion Sir Robert Peel came to the aid of the distressed author, whose latter years were restored to his native country, and made easy by a yearly pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 a year was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only child. Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr Banim wrote *Boyne Water*, and other poetical pieces; and he contributed largely to the different magazines and annuals. The *Tales of the O'Hara Family* had given him a name that carried general attraction to all lovers of light literature; and there are few of these short and hasty tales that do not contain some traces of his unrivalled Irish power and fidelity of delineation. In some respects Mr Banim was a mannerist: his knowledge extended over a wide surface of Irish history and of character, under all its modifications; but his style and imagination were confined chiefly to the same class of subjects, and to a peculiar mode of treating them. A Life of Banim, with extracts from his correspondence—unfolding a life of constant struggle and exertion—was published in 1857, written by Mr P. J. Murray.

Description of the Burning of a Croppy's House.

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the

whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke.

Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye fixed, too, upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter now feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybreehoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

'By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!'

And so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

The national character of Ireland was further illustrated by two collections of tales published anonymously, entitled *To-day in Ireland*, 1825; and *Yesterday in Ireland*, 1829. Though imperfectly acquainted with the art of a novelist, this

writer is often correct and happy in his descriptions and historical summaries. Like Banim, he has ventured on the stormy period of 1798, and has been more minute than his great rival in sketching the circumstances of the rebellion.—MR EYRE EVANS CROWE, author of a *History of France*, and of *The English in Italy and France*, a work of superior merit, was the author of these tales.—The REV. CÆSAR OTWAY, of Dublin, in his *Sketches of Ireland*, and his *Tour in Connaught*, &c., has displayed many of the most valuable qualities of a novelist, without attempting the construction of a regular story. His lively style and humorous illustrations of the manners of the people render his topographical works very pleasant as well as instructive reading. Mr Otway was a keen theologian, a determined anti-Catholic, but full of Irish feeling and universal kindness. He died in March 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN, author of some excellent Irish tales, was born at Limerick on the 12th of December 1803. His first schoolmaster appears to have been a true Milesian pedant and original, for one of his advertisements begins, 'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers!'—and he boasted of being one of *three* persons in Ireland who knew how to read correctly; namely, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and himself, Mr MacEligot! Gerald was afterwards placed under a private tutor, whence he was removed to attend a school at Limerick. While a mere youth, he became connected with the *Limerick Advertiser* newspaper; but having written a tragedy, he migrated to London in his twentieth year, with the hope of distinguishing himself in literature and the drama. Disappointment very naturally followed, and Gerald betook himself to reporting for the daily press and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he succeeded in getting an operatic melodrama brought out at the English Opera House; and in 1827 appeared his *Holland-tide, or Munster Popular Tales*, a series of short stories, thoroughly Irish, and evincing powers of observation and description from which much might be anticipated. This fortunate beginning was followed the same year by *Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing Card-drawing, the Half-sir, and Suil Dhuv the Coiner*, three volumes. The nationality of these tales, and the talent of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of the Irish character, rendered them exceedingly popular. His reputation was still further increased by the publication, in 1829, of *The Collegians; a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals*, three volumes, which proved to be the most popular of all his works, and was thought by many to place Griffin as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton. Some of the scenes possess a deep and melancholy interest; for, in awakening terror, and painting the sterner passions and their results, Griffin displayed the art and power of a master. '*The Collegians*,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and passion. It is a history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences which too naturally result. The

gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first, neglect, and lastly, aversion, are interestingly and vividly described.' In 1830 Mr Griffin was again in the field with his Irish sketches. Two tales, *The Rivals*, and *Tracey's Ambition*, were well received, though improbable in plot and ill arranged in incident. The author continued his miscellaneous labours for the press, and published, besides a number of contributions to periodicals, another series of stories, entitled *Tales of the Five Senses*. These are not equal to his *Munster Tales*, but are, nevertheless, full of fine Irish description and character, and of that 'dark and touching power' which Mr Carleton assigns as the distinguishing excellence of his brother-novelist.

Notwithstanding the early success and growing reputation of Mr Griffin, he soon became tired of the world, and anxious to retreat from its toils and its pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had, about the year 1830, taken the veil. This circumstance awakened the poetical and devotional feelings and desires that formed part of his character, and he grew daily more anxious to quit the busy world for a life of religious duty and service. The following verses, written at this time, are expressive of his new enthusiasm:

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since, on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years, I will not say;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark with canvas furled
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from fondless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

His mind, fixed on this subject, still retained its youthful buoyancy and cheerfulness. He retired from the world in the autumn of 1838, and joined the Christian Brotherhood—whose duty it is to

instruct the poor—in the monastery at Cork. In the second year of his novitiate he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June 1840.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

WILLIAM CARLETON, author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, was born at Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone, in the year 1798. His father was a person in lowly station—a peasant—but highly and singularly gifted. His memory was unusually retentive, and as a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes, he was unrivalled; and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. His mother was skilled in the native music of the country, and possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human voices.* She was celebrated for the effect she gave to the Irish cry or 'keene.' 'I have often been present,' says her son, 'when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty.' With such parents Carleton could not fail to imbibe the peculiar feelings and superstitions of his country. His humble home was a fitting nursery for Irish genius. His first schoolmaster was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, the prototype of Mat Kavanagh in *The Hedge School*. He also received some instruction from a classical teacher, a 'tyrannical blockhead' who settled in the neighbourhood; and it was afterwards agreed to send him to Munster, as a poor scholar, to complete his education. In some cases a collection is made to provide an outfit for the youth thus leaving home; but Carleton's own family supplied the funds supposed to be necessary. The circumstances attending his departure, Carleton has related in his fine tale, *The Poor Scholar*. As he journeyed slowly along the road, his superstitious fears got the better of his ambition to be a scholar, and stopping for the night at a small inn by the way, a disagreeable dream determined the homesick lad to return to his father's cottage. His affectionate parents were equally joyed to receive him; and Carleton seems to have done little for some years but join in the sports and pastimes of the people, and attend every wake, dance, fair, and merrymaking in the neighbourhood. In his seventeenth year he went to assist a distant relative, a priest, who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, county of Monaghan, where he remained two years. A pilgrimage to the far-famed Lough Derg, or St Patrick's Purgatory, excited his imagination; and the description of that performance, some years afterwards, 'not only,' he says, 'constituted my *début* in literature, but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed it was the cause

of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life.' About this time chance threw a copy of *Gil Blas* in his way, and his love of adventure was so stimulated by its perusal, that he left his native place, and set off on a visit to a Catholic clergyman in the county of Louth. He stopped with him a fortnight, and succeeded in procuring a tuition in the house of a farmer near Corcraugh. This, however, was a tame life and a hard one, and Carleton resolved on precipitating himself on the Irish metropolis, with no other guide than a certain strong feeling of vague and shapeless ambition. He entered Dublin with only 2s. 9d. in his pocket. From this period we suppose we must date the commencement of Mr Carleton's literary career. In 1830 appeared his *Traits and Stories*, two volumes, published in Dublin, but without the author's name. The critics were unanimous in favour of the Irish sketcher. His account of the northern Irish—the Ulster crechts—was new to the reading public; and the 'dark mountains and green vales' of his native Tyrone, of Donegal, and Derry, had been left untouched by the previous writers on Ireland. A Second Series of these tales was published by Mr Carleton in 1832, and was equally well received. In 1839 he sent forth a powerful Irish story, *Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona*, in which the passion of avarice is strikingly depicted, without its victim being wholly dead to natural tenderness and affection. Scenes of broad humour and comic extravagance are interspersed throughout the work. Two years afterwards (1841) appeared *The Fawn of Spring Vale, the Clarionet, and other Tales*, three volumes. There is more of pathetic composition in this collection than in the former; but one genial, light-hearted, humorous story, *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan*, was a prodigious favourite. In 1845 Mr Carleton published another Irish novel, *Valentine M'Clutchy*; in 1846, *Rody the Rover*; in 1847, *The Black Prophet*; in 1849, *The Tithe Proctor*; in 1855, *Willy Reilly*; and in 1860, *The Evil Eye*. A pension of £200 was settled upon the Irish novelist. He died January 30, 1869. The great merit of Mr Carleton is the truth of his delineations and the apparent artlessness of his stories. If he has not the passionate energy—or, as he himself has termed it, 'the melancholy but indignant reclamations'—of John Banim, he has not his party prejudices or bitterness. He seems to have formed a fair and just estimate of the character of his countrymen, and to have drawn it as it actually appeared to him at home and abroad—in feud and in festival—in the various scenes which passed before him in his native district and during his subsequent rambles. The lower Irish, he justly remarks, were, until a comparatively recent period, treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could or ought to look up for sympathy or protection. Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues. 'In domestic life,' says Mr Carleton, 'there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanised as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud but lasting; vehement, but deep; and whilst its shadow has

* These particulars concerning the personal history of the novelist are contained in his introduction to the last edition of the *Traits and Stories*.

been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bed-side prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is sometimes almost beyond belief? A people thus cast in extremes—melancholy and humorous—passionate in affection and in hatred—cherishing the old language, traditions, and recollections of their country—their wild music, poetry, and customs—ready either for good or for evil—such a people certainly affords the novelist abundant materials for his fictions. The field is ample, and it has been richly cultivated.

Picture of an Irish Village and School-house.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes inclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud-shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the playground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water-flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen* [little road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker-creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb—

for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand—closely, but not knowingly applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink, as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half-a-dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short-cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gentleman's horse might ride over it;' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a toilworn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheat bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and, to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park, well wooded and

stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well whitewashed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers'—*videlicet*, breeches—shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you:

'You a gentleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you proctoria' thief you!

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half-a-dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse!—master, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gentleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you please, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do indeed, sir.'

'What! is it after contradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the "porter's" out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!'

'You want to be idling your time looking at the gentleman, Phelim.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend'—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects, was born in 1786 at Alesford, in Hampshire. Reminiscences of her early boarding-school days are scattered through her works, and she appears to have been always an enthusiastic reader. Her father, Dr Mitford, was at one time possessed of a considerable fortune—on one occasion he won

a lottery-prize of £20,000—but he squandered it in folly and extravagance, and was latterly supported by the pen of his daughter. When very young, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a metrical tale in the style of Scott, entitled *Christine, the Maid of the South Seas*, founded on the discovery of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. In 1823 was produced her effective and striking tragedy of *Julian*, dedicated to Mr Macready the actor, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' Next year Miss Mitford published the first volume of *Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, to which four other volumes were subsequently added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' says a lively writer,* 'now knows *Our Village*, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the *Lady's Magazine*. But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' Extending her observation from the country village to the market town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled *Belford Regis* (1835). She also gleaned from the *New World* three volumes of *Stories of American Life, by American Writers*, of which she remarks: 'The scenes described and the personages introduced are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilisation, from the wild Indian, and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain.' Besides her tragedies—which are little inferior to those of Miss Baillie as intellectual productions, while one of them, *Rienzi*, has been highly successful on the stage—Miss Mitford contributed numerous tales to the annuals and magazines, shewing that her industry was equal to her talents. It is to her English tales, however, that she must chiefly trust her fame with posterity; and there is so much truth and obser-

* Mr Chorley—*The Authors of England*. HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, a pleasing miscellaneous writer and musical critic, died February 15, 1872.

vation, as well as beauty, in these rural delineations, that we cannot conceive their ever being considered obsolete or uninteresting. In them she has treasured not only the results of long and familiar observation, but the feelings and conceptions of a truly poetical mind. She is a prose Cowper, without his gloom or bitterness. In 1838, Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension-list—a well-earned tribute to one whose genius had been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country. Though suffering almost constantly for many years from debility or acute pain, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852, she published *Recollections of a Literary Life*, three volumes—a work consisting chiefly of extracts—and in 1854, *Atherston, and other Tales*, three volumes. The same year she published a collected edition of her *Dramatic Works*. She died at her residence near Reading in January 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Tom Cordery, the Poacher.

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards.' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an

aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Behind those shallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled inclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife—for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm—now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kitted. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock-pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1788-1866) was born at Weymouth, the son of a London merchant. He was an accomplished classical scholar, though self-taught from the age of thirteen. He was long connected with the East India Company, and in 1816 came to be Chief Examiner of Indian correspondence, as successor to James Mill, the historian. On Peacock's retirement in 1856, John Stuart Mill took his place. Peacock was the author of some lively, natural, and descriptive novels, with little plot or story, but containing witty and sarcastic dialogues, with copies of verses above mediocrity, and sketches of eccentric character. *Headlong Hall* was produced in 1816; *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818; *Maid Marian* in 1822; *Misfortunes of Elphin* in 1829; *Crotchet Castle* in 1831; and *Gryll Grange* in 1860—the last, though written when its author was seventy-two, is as full of humour and clever dialogue as his earlier tales. Besides these works of fiction, Peacock wrote several poetical satires and other poems, and contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* Memoirs of Shelley, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Conjointly with Byron, he was named as Shelley's executor, with a legacy of £1000. To Peacock we owe a clear and authentic account of the most interesting passages of Shelley's life and domestic history. In 1875 the collected works of Peacock were published in three volumes, with a Preface by Lord Houghton, and a biographical notice by Peacock's granddaughter, Edith Nicolls.

Freebooter Life in the Forest—From 'Maid Marian.'

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

'Now, Lord Fitzwater,' said the chief forester, 'recognise your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood.'

'Ay, ay,' said the baron, 'I have recognised you long ago.'

'And recognise your young friend Gamwell,' said the second, 'in the outlaw Scarlet.'

'And Little John, the page,' said the third, 'in Little John the outlaw.'

'And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey,' said the friar, 'in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying.'

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the Mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnets, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multi-

tude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass!—we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

'Well preached, friar,' said Robin Hood; 'yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these silvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?'

Matilda smiled assent.

'Not Matilda,' said the friar; 'the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favour of Little John, because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptise thee MARIAN.'

Winter Scenery: Waterfalls in Frost.

From Letter written in Wales.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheathed with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

*Truth to Nature essential in Poetry.*From *Gryll Grange*.

Miss Ilex. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakspeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season :

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

[MILTON'S *Lycidas*.]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

Miss Ilex. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons ; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale :

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green.

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. No poet is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight :

The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory: the memory is the cause of the tear.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats *Excelsior!* but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. I do not look for profound knowledge ; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship of the world would not have produced *Tam o' Shanter*, but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image nor a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

[TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women*.]

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished ; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

In depth of research and critical investigation, the historical works of this period are honourable to our literature. Access has been readily obtained to all public documents, and private collections have been thrown open with a spirit of enlightened liberality. Certain departments of history—as the Anglo-Saxon period, and the progress generally of the English constitution—have also been cultivated with superior learning and diligence. The great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, still maintain their literary pre-eminence, but the historical value of the first two has been materially diminished by subsequent inquiry and new information.

WILLIAM MITFORD.

The most elaborate and comprehensive work we have here to notice is *The History of Greece from the Earliest Period*, by WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq. (1744–1827). The first volume of Mr Mitford's History came before the public in 1784, a second was published in 1790, and a third in 1797. It was not, however, till 1810 that the work was completed. Mr Mitford, descended from an ancient family in Northumberland, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744, and was educated first at Cheam School, Surrey, and afterwards at Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law, but abandoned it on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, of which regiment he was afterwards lieutenant-colonel. In 1761, he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire, and was thus enabled to pursue those classical and historical studies to which he was ardently devoted. His first publication was an *Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language*, 1774, which afterwards reached a second edition. While in the militia, he published a *Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom*. This subject seems to have engrossed much of his attention, for at a subsequent period of his life, when a member of the House of Commons, Mr Mitford advocated the cause of the militia with

much fervour, and recommended a salutary jealousy relative to a standing army in this country. He was nevertheless a general supporter of ministers, and held the government appointment of Verdurer of the New Forest. Mr Mitford was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, in Devonshire, and afterwards for New Romney, in Kent. The *History of Greece* has passed through several editions. Byron says of Mr Mitford as an historian: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins,' adds the noble poet, 'it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mr Mitford is too often directed against what he terms 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.' He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and this bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, whom he on one occasion terms 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' His fidelity as a reporter of facts has also been questioned. 'He contracts the strongest individual partialities, and according as these lead, he is credulous or mistrustful—he exaggerates or he qualifies—he expands or he cuts down the documents on which he has to proceed. With regard to the bright side of almost every king whom he has to describe, Mr Mitford is more than credulous; for a credulous man believes all that he is told: Mr Mitford believes more than he is told. With regard to the dark side of the same individuals, his habits of estimating evidence are precisely in the opposite extreme. In treating of the democracies or of the democratical leaders, his statements are not less partial and exaggerated.* It is undeniable that Mr Mitford over-coloured the evils of popular government; but there is so much acuteness and spirit in his political disquisitions, and his narrative of events is so animated, full, and distinct, that he is always read with pleasure. His qualifications were great, and his very defects constitute a sort of individuality that is not without its attraction in so long a History. A more democratic but also more comprehensive view of Grecian history was afterwards taken by Mr Grote.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes called *The Clouds*, which is yet extant.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of *The Clouds*; the storms of

conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasylbulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopecy: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded; and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, noway a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty

* *Westminster Review* for 1826.

tyrants, while Thrasylus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country—if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers—we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasylus in the war against the thirty, and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge—no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to shew its connection with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russell's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been: how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

DR JOHN GILLIES—SHARON TURNER—WILLIAM COXE—GEORGE CHALMERS—C. J. FOX.

While the first volume of Mitford's History was before the public, and experiencing that degree of favour which induced the author to continue his work, DR JOHN GILLIES (1747-1836), who

succeeded Robertson as Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland, published *The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests*, two volumes, quarto, 1786. The monarchical spirit of the new historian was scarcely less decided than that of Mr Mitford, though expressed with less zeal and idiomatic plainness. 'The history of Greece,' says Dr Gillies, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' The History of Dr Gillies was executed with considerable ability and care; a sixth edition of the work (London, 1820, four volumes, 8vo) was published, and it may still be consulted with advantage. Dr Gillies also wrote a *View of the Reign of Frederick II. of Prussia*, a *History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus* (1807-10), a translation of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (1823), &c.

In 1799, MR SHARON TURNER, a London solicitor, commenced the publication of a series of works on English history. The first was a *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (1799-1805); the second, a *History of England during the Middle Ages* (1814-15). In subsequent publications he continued the series to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of style and diction, Mr Turner has disfigured his History by a pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style, that often border on the ludicrous, and mar the effect of his narrative. This defect is more conspicuous in his latter volumes. The early part of his History, devoted to the Anglo-Saxons, and the labour, as he informs us, of sixteen years, is by far the most valuable. Mr Turner also published a *Sacred History of the World*, in two volumes. So late as 1845, Mr Turner published an historical poem, *Richard III.* He latterly enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum, and died at his residence in London, February 13, 1847, aged seventy-nine.

History has been largely indebted to the persevering labours of the REV. WILLIAM COXE, Archdeacon of Wilts (1747-1828). In the capacity of tutor to young noblemen, Mr Coxe travelled over various countries, and published *Travels in Switzerland* (1778-1801), and *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark* (1778-84). Settling at home, and obtaining church preferment, he entered on those historical works, derived from family papers and other authentic sources, which form his most valuable publications. In 1798 appeared his *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole*; in 1802, *Memoirs of Lord Walpole*; in 1807, *History of the House of Austria*; in 1813, *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon*; in 1816-19, *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*; in 1821, *Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury*; and in 1829, *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration*. The last was a posthumous publication. The *Memoirs* of Walpole and Marlborough are valu-

able works, containing letters, private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections. As a biographer, Coxe was apt to fall into the common error of magnifying the merits and sinking the defects of his hero; but the service he rendered to history by the collection of such a mass of materials can hardly be overestimated.

Resembling Turner and Coxe in the vastness of his undertakings, but inferior as a writer, was GEORGE CHALMERS (1742-1825), a native of Fochabers, county of Elgin, and originally a barrister in one of the American colonies before their disjunction from Britain. His first composition, *A History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763*, appeared in 1780; and from time to time he gave to the world many works connected with history, politics, and literature. Among these was a *Life of Sir David Lyndsay*, with an edition of his works; a *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State Papers, &c.* In 1807, he commenced the publication of his *Caledonia*, of which three large volumes had appeared, when his death precluded the hope of its being completed. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749-1806), the celebrated statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations, commenced a History of the Reign of King James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his History; but at the time of his death he had made but little progress in his work. Public affairs, and a strong partiality and attachment to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly drawing him off from historical researches; added to which, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to all the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' says his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need not therefore wonder that Mr Fox died before completing his History. Such minute attention to style, joined to equal regard for facts and circumstances, must have weighed down any writer even of active habits and uninterrupted application. In 1808, the unfinished composition was given to the world by Lord Holland, under the title of *A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter*. An Appendix of original papers was also added. The History is plainly written, without the slightest approach to pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, with all the care bestowed upon it, is far from being perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if, in the process of elaboration, the graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters necessary to the historian, had evaporated. The sentiments and principles of the author are, however, worthy of his liberal and capacious mind.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

As a philosophical historian, critic, and politician, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH deserves honourable mention. He was also one of the last of the Scottish metaphysicians, and one of the most brilliant conversers of his times—qualifications apparently very dissimilar. His candour, benevolence, and liberality gave a grace and dignity to his literary speculations and to his daily life. Mackintosh was a native of Inverness-shire, and was born at Aldourie-house, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, who possessed a small estate, called Kylachy, in his native county, which Sir James afterwards sold for £9000. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books; and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen—where he had as a college-companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall—Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and studied medicine. In 1788, he repaired to London, wrote for 'the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791, he published his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which, for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable work to be written by a careless and irregular young man of twenty-six. Though his bearing in his great antagonist was chivalrous and polite, Mackintosh attacked his opinions with the ardour and impetuosity of youth; and his work was received with great applause. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him. The excesses of the French Revolution had no doubt contributed to this change, which, though it afterwards was made the cause of obloquy and derision to Mackintosh, seems to have been adopted with perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. He afterwards delivered and published a series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1795, he was called to the bar, and in his capacity of barrister, in 1803, he made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist of France, who had been indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh is too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment—to which his poverty, not his will, consented—of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted; sailed from England in the beginning of 1804; and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh now obtained a seat in parliament, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, without one glimpse of favour, till, in 1827, his friend Mr Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a privy-councillor. On the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he cannot be said to have been a successful parliamentary orator. Amid the bustle of public business he did not

neglect literature, though he wanted resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his residence in India, also co-operated with his constitutional indolence in preventing the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He contributed, however, various articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote a masterly *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He wrote three volumes of a compendious and popular *History of England* for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which, though deficient in the graces of narrative and style, contains some admirable views of constitutional history and antiquarian research. His learning was abundant; he wanted only method and elegance. He also contributed a short but valuable *Life of Sir Thomas More*—which sprung out of his researches into the reign of Henry VIII., and was otherwise a subject congenial to his taste—to the same miscellany; and he was engaged on a *History of the Revolution of 1688*, when his life was somewhat suddenly terminated on the 30th of May 1832. The portion of his *History of the Revolution* which he had written and corrected—amounting to about 350 pages—was published in 1834, with a continuation by some writer who was opposed to Sir James in many essential points. In the works of Mackintosh we have only the fragments of a capacious mind; but in all of them his learning, his candour, his strong love of truth, his justness of thinking and clearness in perceiving, and his genuine philanthropy, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted that he had no Boswell to record his conversation.

*Chivalry and Modern Manners.*From the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—that *diffused knowledge immortalises itself*. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

Extract from Speech in Defence of Mr Peltier, for a Libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, February 1803.

Gentlemen—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw—the defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French

Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments were, in many respects, one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilisation, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the republic of Geneva; think of her defenceless position in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature, while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic in Europe than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilisation. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature—the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth—have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever! One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen, and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands in ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, that this is only the first battle between reason and power—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind; convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced-guard of liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

DR JOHN LINGARD—GEORGE BRODIE—
WILLIAM GODWIN.

DR JOHN LINGARD, a Roman Catholic priest, published in 1819 three volumes of a *History of England from the Invasion by the Romans*. He subsequently continued his work in five more volumes, bringing his narrative down to the abdication of James II. To talents of a high order, both as respects acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr Lingard added unconquerable industry, and access to sources of information new and important. He is generally as impartial as Hume, or even Robertson; but it is undeniable that his religious opinions have in some cases perverted the fidelity of his History, leading him to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and to darken the shades in the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Anne Boleyn, and others connected with the reformation in the church. His work was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr John Allen, in two elaborate articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, by the Rev. Mr Todd—who published a defence of the character of Cranmer—and by other zealous Protestant writers. To these antagonists Dr Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, which affords an excellent specimen of calm controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories. It has gone through three editions, and has been received with equal favour on the continent. The most able of his critics (though condemning his account of the English Reformation, and other passages evincing a peculiar bias) admits that Dr Lingard possesses, what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records, by which his narrative receives a freshness of character, and a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general History of England in common use. We give a specimen of the narrative style of the author.

Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament in 1653.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the Lord-general in Whitehall. St John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the last meeting, held on the 10th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the Lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolising the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatised from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' next to Marten and Wentworth, 'There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and

night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they were not know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland, and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

Besides his elaborate *History of England*, Dr Lingard was author of a work evincing great erudition and research, on the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, published in 1809. Dr Lingard died at Hornby, near Lancaster, his birth-place, in July 1851, aged eighty.

The great epoch of the English Commonwealth, and the struggle by which it was preceded, has been illustrated by MR GEORGE BRODIE'S *History*

of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration, four volumes, 1822, and by MR WILLIAM GODWIN'S *History of the Commonwealth of England*, four volumes, 1824-1827. The former work is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the errors and misrepresentations of Hume; while Mr Godwin writes too much in the spirit of a partisan, without the calmness and dignity of the historian. Both works, however, afford new and important facts and illustrations of the momentous period of which they treat. Mr Brodie was Historiographer Royal of Scotland; he died January 2, 1867.

W. ROSCOE—M. LAING—JOHN PINKERTON.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753-1831), as the author of the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, may be more properly classed with our historians than biographers. The two works contain an account of the revival of letters, and fill up the blank between Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Robertson's *Charles V.* Mr Roscoe was a native of Liverpool, the son of humble parents, and while engaged as clerk to an attorney, he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for poetry and elegant literature. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. After the completion of his clerkship, Mr Roscoe entered into business in Liverpool, and took an active part in every scheme of improvement, local and national. He wrote a poem on the *Wrongs of Africa*, to illustrate the evils of slavery, and also a pamphlet on the same subject, which was translated into French by Madame Necker. The stirring times in which he lived called forth several short political dissertations from his pen; but about the year 1789, he applied himself to the great task he had long meditated, a biographical account of Lorenzo de' Medici. He procured much new and valuable information, and in 1796 published the result of his labours in two quarto volumes, entitled *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent*. The work was highly successful, and at once elevated Mr Roscoe into the proud situation of one of the most popular authors of the day. A second edition was soon called for, and Messrs Cadell and Davies purchased the copyright for £1200. About the same time he relinquished the practice of an attorney, and studied for the bar, but ultimately settled as a banker in Liverpool. His next literary appearance was as the translator of *The Nurse*, a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo. In 1805 was published his second great work, *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, four volumes quarto, which, though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, did not experience the same success as his *Life of Lorenzo*. 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it has been justly remarked, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.' The liberal sentiments and accomplishments of Mr Roscoe recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the

civil disabilities of the Catholics, which excited against him a powerful and violent opposition. Inclined to quiet and retirement, and disgusted with the conduct of his opponents, Mr Roscoe withdrew from parliament at the next dissolution, and resolutely declined offering himself as a candidate. He still, however, took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the day. He projected a History of Art and Literature, a task well suited to his talents and attainments, but did not proceed with the work. Pecuniary embarrassments also came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Mr Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. His love of literature continued undiminished. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, and on its opening, delivered an inaugural address on the Origin and Vicissitudes of Literature, Science, and Art, and their Influence on the present State of Society. In 1827 Mr Roscoe received the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature for his merits as an historian. He had previously edited an edition of Pope, in which he evinced but little research or discrimination.

MALCOLM LAING, a zealous Scottish historian, was born in the year 1762 at Strynzia, his paternal estate, in Orkney. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and passed advocate in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr Henry's *History of Great Britain* after that author's death. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry; but his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published *The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of King James VI. to the Throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne; with two Dissertations, Historical and Critical, on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and on the supposed Authenticity of Ossian's Poems*. This is an able work, marked by strong prejudices and predilections, but valuable to the historical student for its acute reasoning and analysis. Laing attacked the translator of *Ossian* with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity; in revenge for which, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney man, caused by the severe checks given by the ancient Caledonians to their predatory Scandinavian predecessors! Laing replied by another publication—*The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations*. In 1804, he published another edition of his *History of Scotland*, to which he prefixed a *Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Murder of Darnley*. The latter is a very ingenious historical argument, the ablest of Mr Laing's productions, uniting the practised skill and acumen of the Scottish lawyer with the knowledge of the antiquary and historian. The latter portion of Mr Laing's life was spent on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he entered upon a course of local and agricultural improvement with the same ardour that he devoted to his literary pursuits. He died in the year 1818. 'Mr Laing's merit,'

says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'as a critical inquirer into history, an enlightened collector of materials, and a sagacious judge of evidence, has never been surpassed. In spite of his ardent love of liberty, no man has yet presumed to charge him with the slightest sacrifice of historical integrity to his zeal. That he never perfectly attained the art of full, clear, and easy narrative, was owing to the peculiar style of those writers who were popular in his youth, and may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the disproportion of particular talents to a general vigour of mind.'

JOHN PINKERTON (1758-1826) distinguished himself by the fierce controversial tone of his historical writings, and by the violence of his prejudices, yet was a learned and industrious collector of forgotten fragments of ancient history and of national antiquities. He was a native of Edinburgh, and bred to the law. The latter, however, he soon forsook for literary pursuits. He commenced by writing imperfect verses, which, in his peculiar antique orthography, he styled *Rimes*, from which he diverged to collecting *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, and inditing an *Essay on Medals*, 1784. Under the name of Heron, he published some *Letters on Literature*, and was recommended by Gibbon to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the monkish historians. He afterwards (1786) published *Ancient Scottish Poems*, being the writings of Sir Richard Maitland and others, extracted from a manuscript in the Pepys Library at Cambridge. But Pinkerton was an unfaithful editor. His first historical work was *A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths*, in which he laid down that theory which he maintained through life, that the Celts of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland are savages, and have been savages since the world began! His next important work was an *Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III., or 1056*, in which he debates at great length, and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts in their progress through all Europe. In 1796, he published a *History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts*, the most laborious and valuable of his works. He also compiled a *Modern Geography*, edited a *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, was some time editor of the *Critical Review*, wrote a *Treatise on Rocks*, and was engaged on various other literary tasks. Pinkerton died in want and obscurity in Paris.

SIR JOHN FENN, MR GAIRDNER, AND THE PASTON LETTERS.

JOHN FENN (1739-1794), a country gentleman residing at East Dereham in Norfolk, described by Horace Walpole as 'a smatterer in antiquity, and a very good sort of man,' conferred an invaluable boon on all historical readers, and on all students of the English language and English social life in former times, by editing and publishing the series of family archives known as *The Paston Letters*. The first publication of the Letters took place in 1787, when two quarto volumes were issued from the press, containing original letters written 'by various persons of rank and conse-

quence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.' In 1789 a third and fourth volume were published; and in 1823 a fifth and concluding volume appeared, bringing down the correspondence to the end of Henry VII.'s reign.

A very complete edition of these Letters was published in 1872-75, containing upwards of five hundred letters previously unpublished, and edited by MR JAMES GAIRDNER of the Public Record Office: vol. i. comprising the reign of Henry VI.; vols. ii. and iii. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VII.* Mr Gairdner prefixed a valuable Introduction to this new edition, and added illustrative notes. The genuineness of the letters is undoubted. It appears that, in the village of Paston, about twenty miles north of Norwich, lived for several centuries a family which took its surname from the place, the head of which, in the reign of Henry VI., was William Paston, a justice of the Common Pleas, celebrated as 'the good judge.' The last representative of the family was William, Baron Paston and Earl of Yarmouth (second baron and earl), who died in 1732. The correspondence of this family supplies a blank in English history during the Wars of the Roses, but is chiefly interesting and curious for the light it throws on the social life of England at that period—the round of domestic duties and employments, dress, food, entertainments, &c. pertaining to a good county family.

As a specimen, we quote a paper of instructions addressed by Mrs Agnes Paston to some member of her household in London:

Erands to London of Augnes Paston the xxviii day of Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxxvii (1458).

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he wyll trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend; and so dede the last maystr, and the best that ever he had, att Caumbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x mares for hys labor; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hath; and the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, whan I was last in London; and a syde russet gowne, furred with bevyr, was mad this tyme ii yer; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gilt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other jentylwomen done, and sumwhat to help hyr selfe ther with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvii. viii*d*. for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, geffe hym the noble.

AGNES PASTON.

[To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word, by writing, how Clement Paston hath done his devoir (or

duty) in learning. And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly be-lash him till he will amend; and so did the last master, and the best he ever had, at Cambridge. And say (to) Greenfield that if he will take upon him to bring him into good rule and learning, that I may verily know he doth his duty, I will give him ten marks for his labour; for I had liefer he were fair buried than lost for default.

Item, to see how many gownys Clement hath; and they that be bare, let them be raised.¹ He hath a short green gown, and a short musterdevelus² gown, were never raised; and a short blue gown that was raised, and made of a syde³ gown, when I was last at London; and a syde russet gown, furred with beaver, was made this time two-year; and a syde murry⁴ gown was made this time twelmonth.

Item, to do make me (get me made) six spoons, of eight ounce of Troy weight, well fashioned, and double gilt.

And say (to) Elizabeth Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen (hath) done, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26*s*. 8*d*. for her board.

And if Greenfield have done well his duty to Clement, or will do his duty, give him the noble.⁵

AGNES PASTON.

The following affecting farewell letter (the spelling modernised) possesses historical interest:

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son, April 30, 1450.

MY DEAR AND ONLY WELL-BELOVED SON—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also, wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, always, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey always her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the

¹ A new nap or pile raised on the bare cloth. Thus in Shakespeare: 'Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.'—*Hen. VI.* Part II.

² A kind of mixed grey woollen cloth, which continued in use to Elizabeth's reign.—HALLIWELL.

³ Syde gown—a low-hanging gown. See Sir David Lindsay, *ante*, vol. i. page 49.

⁴ Murry or Murray colour was a dark red.

⁵ The noble, a gold coin, value 6*s*. 8*d*.

* The publisher of this work, Mr Edward Arber, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, deserves the thanks of all lovers of our early literature, for his series of cheap and correct reprints of works previously scarce or only attainable at high prices. By his enterprise and literary taste, many of the choice and rare Elizabethan poems and tracts are now within the reach of all classes of readers.

more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father,

SUFFOLK.*

HENRY HALLAM.

The greatest historical name in this period, and one of the most learned of our constitutional writers and critics, was MR HENRY HALLAM, son of Dr Hallam, Dean of Wells. He was born in 1778, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Audit, an office which at once afforded him leisure and a competency, and enabled him to prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. Mr Hallam was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. Scott's edition of Dryden was criticised by Mr Hallam in the Review for October 1808, with great ability and candour. His first important work was a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, two volumes quarto, 1818, being an account of the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century. To this work he afterwards added a volume of *Supplemental Notes*. In 1827 he published *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.*, also in two volumes; and in 1837-38 an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, in four volumes. With vast stores of knowledge, and indefatigable application, Mr Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, yet enriched with occasional imagery and rhetorical graces. His *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* is a great monument of his erudition. His knowledge of the language and literature of each nation was critical, if not profound, and his opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuity. In his first two works, the historian's views of political questions are those generally

adopted by the Whig party, but are stated with calmness and moderation. He was peculiarly a supporter of *principles*, not of *men*. Mr Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors.' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—died in 1833; and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the bar, in 1850. The afflicted father collected and printed for private circulation the *Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam* (1834), and some friend added memorials of the second son. Both were eminently accomplished, amiable, and promising young men. The historian died January 21, 1859, having reached the age of eighty-one.

Effects of the Feudal System.

From the *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this, who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of

* The duke embarked on Thursday the 30th April 1450, having been sentenced to five years' banishment from England. He was accused of having, in his communications with the French, been invariably opposed to the interests of England, and in particular that he had been bribed to deliver up Anjou and Maine to France. The pinnacle in which he sailed was boarded off Dover by a ship called *Nicholas of the Tower*, the master of which saluted him with the words, 'Welcome, traitor;' and he was barbarously murdered, his body brought to land, and thrown upon the sands at Dover.

customs; and the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But, as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

The Houses and Furniture of the Nobles in the Middle Ages.—From the same.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately, or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made, perhaps, by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St Denis, with windows, not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as movable furniture, and probably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

It has been justly remarked, that in Mr Hallam's *Literature of Europe* there is more of sentiment

than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of his historic style. We may illustrate this by two short extracts.

Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches: these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In *Hamlet* this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In *Lear*, it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in *Timon*, it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: *As You Like It* being usually referred to 1600, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

Milton's Blindness and Remembrance of his Early Reading.

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces of older poetry which we perceive in *Paradise Lost*, it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654;* and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him, gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than

that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.

P. F. TYTLER—SIR W. NAPIER—LIEUT.-COL. GURWOOD—JAMES MILL.

The History of Scotland, by PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, is an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author professed to have anxiously endeavoured to examine the most authentic sources of information, and to convey a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. He commences with the accession of Alexander III., because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader. The first volume of Mr Tytler's History was published in 1828, and a continuation appeared at intervals, conducting the narrative to the year 1603, when James VI. ascended the throne of England. The style of the History is plain and perspicuous, with just sufficient animation to keep alive the attention of the reader. Mr Tytler added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. He took up a few doubtful or erroneous opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio, of which he failed to give any satisfactory proof); but the industry and talent he evinced entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen. A second edition of this work, up to the period already mentioned, extends to nine volumes. Mr Tytler was author of the *Lives of Scottish Worthies* and a *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, and he edited two volumes of Letters illustrative of the history of England under Edward VI. and Mary. This gentleman was grandson of Mr William Tytler, whom Burns has characterized as

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart;

and his father, Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge, wrote a popular *Universal History*. Latterly, Mr Patrick F. Tytler enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. He died at Malvern, December 24, 1849. A Life of Mr Tytler was published (1859) by the Rev. John Burgon, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. It represents the historian in a very prepossessing light, as affectionate, pious, and cheerful, beloved by all who knew him.

The History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814, in six volumes, 1828-40, by COLONEL SIR W. F. P. NAPIER, is acknowledged to be the most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon. Southey had previously written a History of this period, but it was heavy and uninteresting, and is now rarely met with. Sir W. Napier was an actor in the great struggle he records, and peculiarly conversant with the art of war. The most ample testimony has been borne to the accuracy of the historian's statements, and to the diligence and acuteness with which he has collected his materials. Sir William Napier was a son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier, by Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He was born at Castletown, in Ireland, in 1785. Besides his important History, he was author of an account of *The Conquest of Scinde*, of *The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier*, the cele-

* Todd publishes a letter addressed by Milton to Andrew Marvell, dated February 21, 1652-3, and assumes that the poet 'had still the use of one eye, which could direct his hand.' The editor of this work has inspected the letter to Marvell in the State Paper Office, and ascertained that it is not in Milton's handwriting. It is in a fine current, clerk-like hand.

brated military commander, and conqueror of Scinde. In defending his brother, Sir William breaks out into the following eloquent reference to the great poet of his generation :

Eulogium on Lord Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated, and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets ; and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound ; and when it ceased, they sorrowed. Lord Byron noted, and generously proclaimed the merits which Sir Frederick Adam marked as defects.

Sir William Napier died February 12, 1860.

Assault of Badajos.

From The History of the War in the Peninsula.

Dry but clouded was the night, the air was thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and trenches unusually still ; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights flitted here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels proclaimed from time to time that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined from the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and either were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge on one side ; on both, leaders who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial, and the possession of Badajos was become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation ; but the desire for glory on the British part was dashed with a hatred of the citizens from an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage ; for these things, which render the noble-minded averse to cruelty, harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cæsar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every passion found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock, the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to be simultaneously assailed. It was hoped the strength of the enemy would quickly shrivel within that fiery girdle, but many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division, and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to the third division, exposed its columns, and forced it to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Thus everything was suddenly disturbed, yet the double columns of the fourth and light divisions moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

Soon, however, a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a more vehement combat at the castle. There Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there Kempt, I say, led the third division. He passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, re-formed and ran up the rugged hill, to fall at the foot of the castle severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge hastening to take the command, but meanwhile the troops, spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, the leading assailants were stabbed and the ladders pushed from the walls : and all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the fallen weights.

Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted veterans strove who should first climb ; but all were overturned, the French shouted victory, while the British, baffled, yet untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks being re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle, to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility : a second ladder was placed alongside of his by the grenadier officer, Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart, the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town : the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired ; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them the French were ready ; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition ; but then a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side ; on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava ; it was the touch of the magician's wand ; a crash of thunder followed, and the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below ; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in to descend with a like fury. There were only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and the deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation ; into this miry snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the Fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but, as if the disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and

thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; a wide and deep chasm was, however, still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, having their flank confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm.

Great was the confusion; the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind: but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks slipped, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, always stopped the charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had now fallen, hundreds more were dropping, yet the heroic officers still called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, yet men fell so fast from the shot, it was hard to say who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades; for a finished trench and parapet were behind the breach, where the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such, no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, while the mutilated carcases heaped on each other, and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations: order was impossible! Nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and

flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the 43d, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he lead them up the ruins, that when one, falling behind him, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. There was, however, no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers, until two hours passed in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *Why they did not come into Badajos?*

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the Engineers was observed, by Lieutenant Shaw of the 43d, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria. Collecting fifty soldiers of all regiments, he joined him, and passing a deep cut along the foot of this breach, these two young officers, at the head of their band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but ere they gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth: Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw* stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for many of the riflemen on the glacis, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault; and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault; he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion; for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded, who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased; and many officers who did not hear of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division lay close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire; for Walker's brigade had, during the feint on the Pardaleras, escalated the distant

* Now Major-general Shaw Kennedy. Captain Nicholas, when dying, told the story of this effort, adding that he saw Shaw, while thus standing alone, deliberately pull out his watch, and repeating the hour aloud, declare that the breach could not be carried that night.

bastion of San Vincente. Moving up the bank of the river, he reached a French guard-house at the barrier-gate undiscovered, the ripple of the waters smothering the sound of the footsteps; but then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the column, fired. The British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way; but the Portuguese, panic-stricken, threw down the scaling-ladders; the others snatched them up, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but there the guiding engineer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, they were found too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately, some of the defenders were called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, but the first man, being pushed up by his comrades, drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back. Half the 4th Regiment then entered the town itself, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions. In the last, General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, just as a French cannoner discharged a gun, fell with so many wounds, it was wonderful how he survived; and his soldiers, seeing a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in that disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente: but there Leith had placed a battalion of the 38th, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, it arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, and in compact order the soldiers once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; yet the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, would not yield.

Meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated; for the streets, though empty, were brilliantly illuminated, no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the regiment, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In its progress, several mules going with ammunition to the breaches were taken; but the square was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps. A terrible enchantment seemed to prevail; nothing to be seen but light, and only low whispers heard, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder: there the fight raged; and quitting the square, the regiment attempted to take the enemy in reverse, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets.

At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took

place in various parts, and finally Veillande and Philippon, both wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Christoval. Early next morning they surrendered upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who with great readiness had pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance; yet even at the moment of ruin, this noble governor had sent horsemen out from the fort in the night to carry the news to Soult's army, which they reached in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness, which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but madness generally prevailed, and the worst men being leaders, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled: the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of.

Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese; three thousand five hundred were stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men slain on the spot. Five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches: each division there lost twelve hundred! But how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this: the 43d and 52d Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be remembered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last: these things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men; the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Rifles, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43d, who, having at Rodrigo received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor are these selected as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what

they saw : but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the havoc of the night was told to Wellington, the pride of conquest sunk into a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

Further light has been thrown on the Spanish war, as well as on the whole of our other military operations at the period, by the publication of *The Despatches of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington*, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GURWOOD, twelve volumes, 1836-38. The skill, moderation, and energy of the Duke of Wellington are strikingly illustrated by this compilation. 'No man ever before,' says a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'had the gratification of himself witnessing the formation of such a monument to his glory. His despatches will continue to furnish, through every age, lessons of practical wisdom which cannot be too highly prized by public men of every station; whilst they will supply to military commanders, in particular, examples for their guidance which they cannot too carefully study, nor too anxiously endeavour to emulate.' The son of the Great Captain, the present Duke of Wellington, has published several additional volumes of his illustrious father's correspondence.

The History of British India, by JAMES MILL (1773-1836), is by far the ablest work on our Indian empire. It was published in 1817-18, in five volumes. This work led to the author being employed in conducting the correspondence of the East India Company. Mr Mill was a man of acute and vigorous mind. He was a native of Logie Pert, near Montrose, and soon rose above his originally humble station by the force of his talents. He contributed to the leading reviews, co-operated with Jeremy Bentham and other zealous reformers, and also took a high position as an original thinker and metaphysician. He had early abandoned the creed of his youth, and become a sceptic as hard and confirmed as David Hume; and he taught his son, John Stuart Mill, to be equally unbelieving and equally decided in his unbelief. In fame and talent, however, the son eclipsed his father. Mr Mill's History has been continued to the close of the government of Lord W. Bentinck in 1835, by Mr Horace H. Wilson, the work then forming nine volumes, 1848.

JAMES BOSWELL.

A great number of biographical works were published during this period. The French have cultivated biography with more diligence than the English; but much has been done of late years to remedy this defect in our national literature. Individual specimens of great value we have long possessed. The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, by Izaak Walton, are entitled to the highest praise for the fullness of their domestic details, no less than for the fine simplicity and originality of their style. *The Lives of the Poets*, by Johnson, and the occasional Memoirs by Goldsmith, Mallet, and other authors, are either too general or too critical to satisfy the reader as representations of the daily life, habits, and opinions of those whom we venerate or admire. Mason's Life of Gray was a vast improvement on former biographies, as the interesting and characteristic correspondence of the poet, and his

literary diary and journals, bring him personally before us, pursuing the silent course of his studies, or mingling occasionally as a retired scholar in the busy world around him. The success of Mason's bold and wise experiment prompted another and more complete work—*The Life of Dr Johnson*, by Boswell.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was by birth and education a gentleman of rank and station—the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to an ancient family and estate. He had studied for the bar; but being strongly impressed with admiration of the writings and character of Dr Johnson, he attached himself to the rugged moralist, soothed and flattered his irritability, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice; and sedulously cultivating his acquaintance and society whenever his engagements permitted, he took faithful and copious notes of his conversation. In 1773 Boswell accompanied Johnson to the Hebrides; and after the death of the latter, he published, in 1785, his *Journal of the Tour*, being a record of each day's occurrences, and of the more striking parts of Johnson's conversation. The work was eminently successful. And in 1791 Boswell gave to the world his full-length portrait of his friend, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, in two volumes quarto. A second edition was published in 1794; and the author was engaged in preparing a third when he died. A great number of editions have since been printed, the latest of which was edited by Mr J. W. Croker. Anecdotes and recollections of Johnson were also published by Mrs Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Malone, Miss Reynolds, &c. Boswell had awakened public curiosity, and shewn how much wit, wisdom, and sagacity, joined to real worth and benevolence, were concealed under the personal oddities and ungainly exterior of Johnson. Never was there so complete a portrait of any single individual. The whole time spent by Boswell in the society of his illustrious friend did not amount to more than nine months; yet so diligent was he in writing and inquiring—so thoroughly did he devote himself to his subject, that notwithstanding his limited opportunities, and the claims of society, he was able to produce what all mankind have agreed in considering the best biography in existence. Though vain, dissipated, and conceited, Boswell had taste enough to discern the racy vigour and richness of Johnson's conversation, and he was observant enough to trace the peculiarities of his character and temperament. He forced himself into society, and neglected his family and his profession, to meet his friend; and he was content to be ridiculed and slighted, so that he could thereby add one page to his journal, or one scrap of writing to his collection. He sometimes sat up three nights in a week to fulfil his task, and hence there is a freshness and truth in his notes and impressions which attest their fidelity. Boswell must have possessed considerable dramatic power to have rendered his portraits and dialogues so animated and varied. His work introduces us to a great variety of living characters, who speak, walk, and think, as it were, in our presence; and besides furnishing us with useful, affecting, and ennobling lessons of morality, live over again the past for the delight and entertainment of countless generations of readers. Boswell's convivial habits hastened his death. In 1856 a volume of Letters addressed by

Boswell to his friend the Rev. Mr Temple, was published, and painfully illustrated the weakness and vanity of his character.

The talents and character of Boswell have been successfully vindicated by Carlyle from the strictures of Macaulay and others, who insist so strongly on the biographer's imputed meanness of spirit, egregious vanity, folly, and sensuality, scarcely allowing him a single redeeming good quality. His *bad qualities*, as Carlyle says, lay open to the general eye; his *good qualities* belonged not to the time he lived in, were far from common then, and indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled. 'Towards Johnson his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest, of human feelings.' 'Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity he has rendered back all which, in Johnson's neighbourhood, his open sense had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of nature's own artists; the best possible resemblance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror—which, indeed, it was. Let but the mirror be clear, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition and vision which love can lend, epitomises nightly the words of wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad*; a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness, than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled.'

GIBBON—LORD SHEFFIELD—DR CURRIE.

With a pardonable and engaging egotism, which forms an interesting feature in his character, the historian GIBBON had made several sketches of his own life and studies. From these materials, and embodying *verbatim* the most valuable portions, LORD SHEFFIELD compiled a Memoir, which was published, with the miscellaneous works of Gibbon, in 1795. A number of the historian's letters were also included in this collection; but the most important and interesting part of the work is his Journal and Diary, giving an account of his literary occupations. The calm unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy of Gibbon form a noble example to all literary students; and where he writes of his own personal history and opinions, his lofty philosophical style never forsakes him. Thus he opens his slight Memoir in the following strain:

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than

to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.'

Gibbon states, that before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like this sprang the *Decline and Fall*.

In 1800, DR JAMES CURRIE (1756-1805) published his edition of the Works of Burns for the benefit of the poet's family, and enriched it with an excellent Memoir, that has served for the groundwork of many subsequent Lives of Burns. It has been found that he tampered rather too freely with the poet's MSS., but generally to their advantage. The candour and ability displayed by Currie have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Such a task was new to him, and was beset with difficulties. He believed that Burns's misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors—he lived at a time when this impression was strongly prevalent—yet he touched on the subject of the poet's frailties with delicacy and tenderness. He estimated his genius highly as a great poet, without reference to his personal position, and thus in some measure anticipated the unequivocal award of posterity. His remarks on Scottish poetry and on the condition of the Scottish peasantry, appear now somewhat prolix and affected; but at the time they were written, they tended to interest and inform the English reader, and to forward the author's benevolent object, in extending the sale of the poet's works. By his generous, disinterested labours, Dr Currie materially benefited the poet's family.

WILLIAM HAYLEY—LORD HOLLAND.

After the death of Cowper in 1800, every poetical reader was anxious to learn the personal history and misfortunes of a poet who had afforded such exquisite glimpses of his own life and habits, and the amiable traits of whose character shone so conspicuously in his verse. His letters and manuscripts were placed at the disposal of MR WILLIAM HAYLEY, whose talents as a poet were then greatly overrated, but who had personally known Cowper. Accordingly, in 1803-4, appeared *The Life and Posthumous Works of William Cowper*, three volumes quarto. The work was a valuable contribution to English biography. The inimitable letters of Cowper were themselves a treasure beyond price; and Hayley's prose, though often poor enough, was better than his poetry. What the 'hermit of Eartham' left undone has since been supplied by Southey, who in 1835 gave the world an edition of Cowper in fifteen volumes, about three of which are filled with a life of the poet, and notes. The Lives of both Hayley and Southey are written in the style of Mason's Memoir, letters being freely interspersed throughout the narrative. Of a similar description, but not to be compared with these in point of interest or execution, is the Life of Dr Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, published in 1806, in two volumes.

In the same year LORD HOLLAND published an *Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix*

de Vega, the celebrated Spanish dramatist. De Vega was one of the most fertile writers upon record: his miscellaneous works fill twenty-two quarto volumes, and his dramas twenty-five volumes. He died in 1635, aged seventy-three. His fame has been eclipsed by abler Spanish writers; but De Vega gave a great impulse to the literature of his nation, and is considered the parent of the continental drama. The amiable and accomplished nobleman who recorded the life of this Spanish prodigy, died at Holland House, October 22, 1840, aged sixty-seven. Lord Holland was a generous patron of literature and art. Holland House was but another name for refined hospitality and social freedom, in which men of all shades of opinion participated. As a literary man, the noble lord left few or no memorials that will survive; but he will long be remembered as a generous-hearted English nobleman, who, with princely munificence and varied accomplishments, ever felt a strong interest in the welfare of the great mass of the people; who was an intrepid advocate of popular rights in the most difficult and trying times; and who, amidst all his courtesy and hospitality, held fast his political integrity and consistency to the last.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The *Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, published in two small volumes—since compressed into one—in 1813, rose into instant and universal favour, and may be considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Its merit consists in the clearness and beautiful simplicity of its style, and its lucid arrangement of facts, omitting all that is unimportant or strictly technical. The substance of this *Life* was originally an article in the *Quarterly Review*; Mr Murray, the publisher, gave Southey £100 to enlarge the essay, and publish it in a separate form with his name; and this sum he handsomely doubled. Southey afterwards published a *Life of John Wesley*, the celebrated founder of the Methodists, in which he evinces a minute acquaintance with the religious controversies and publications of that period, joined to the art of the biographer, in giving prominence and effect to his delineations. His sketches of field-preaching and lay-preachers present some curious and interesting pictures of human nature under strong excitement. The same author contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, edited by Dr Lardner.

The Death of Nelson.—From Southey's 'Life of Nelson.'

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not,' cried Hardy.

'Yes,' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed; he is surely dead!' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'O no,' he replied; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.'

Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'do you anchor.' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shewn how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney-corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who

died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

Wesley's Old Age and Death.

From Southey's Life of John Wesley.

'Leisure and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate, reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding.' He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows, no griefs which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. . . .

Upon his eighty-sixth birth-day, he says, 'I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!' His strength now diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes: 'I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still.' In the middle of the same year, he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: 'For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.' His strength was now quite

gone, and no glasses would help his sight. 'But I feel no pain,' he says, 'from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last.

On the 1st of February 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shews how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men, that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue.' He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for *Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind*:' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month, he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2d of March, he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said: 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

DR THOMAS M'CRIE.

The most valuable historical biography of this period is the *Life of John Knox*, by DR THOMAS M'CRIE (1772-1835), a Scottish clergyman. Dr M'Crie had a warm sympathy with the sentiments and opinions of his hero; and on every point of his history he possessed the most complete information. He devoted himself to his task as to a great Christian duty, and not only gave a complete account of the principal events of Knox's life, 'his sentiments, writings, and exertions in the cause of religion and liberty,' but illustrated, with masterly ability, the whole contemporaneous history of Scotland. Men may differ as to the

views taken by Dr M'Crie of some of those subjects, but there can be no variety of opinion as to the talents and learning he displayed. His *Life of Knox* was first published in 1813, and has passed through six editions. Following up his historical and theological retrospect, the same author afterwards published a *Life of Andrew Melville* (1819), but the subject is less interesting than that of his first biography. He wrote also *Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson*—Scottish clergymen and supporters of the Covenant—and *Histories of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain*. Dr M'Crie published, in 1817, a series of papers in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, containing a vindication of the Covenanters from the distorted view which he believed Sir Walter Scott to have given of them in his tale of *Old Mortality*. Sir Walter replied anonymously, by reviewing his own work in the *Quarterly Review*! There were faults and absurdities on the side both of the Covenanters and the Royalists, but the cavalier predilections of the great novelist certainly led him to look with more regard on the latter—heartless and cruel as they were—than on the poor persecuted peasants.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The general demand for biographical composition tempted some of our most popular original writers to embark in this delightful department of literature. Southey, as we have seen, was early in the field; and his more distinguished poetical contemporaries, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, also joined. The first, besides his copious *Memoirs of Dryden and Swift*, prefixed to their works, contributed a series of *Lives of the English Novelists* to an edition of their works published by Ballantyne, which he executed with great taste, candour, and discrimination. He afterwards undertook a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, which was at first intended as a counterpart to Southey's *Life of Nelson*, but ultimately swelled out into nine volumes. The hurried composition of this work, and the habits of the author, accustomed to the dazzling creations of fiction, rather than the sober plodding of historical inquiry and calm investigation, led to many errors and imperfections. It abounds in striking and eloquent passages; the battles of Napoleon are described with great clearness and animation; and the view taken of his character and talents is, on the whole, just and impartial, very different from the manner in which Scott had alluded to Napoleon in his *Vision of Don Roderick*. The great diffuseness of the style, however, and the want of philosophical analysis, render the *Life of Napoleon* more a brilliant chronicle of scenes and events than an historical memoir worthy the genius of its author. It was at first full of errors, but afterwards carefully corrected by its author. The friends of Sir Walter attributed his mental disease in great measure to the labour entailed upon him by this *Life of Napoleon*. A *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes, 1828, was published by WILLIAM HAZLITT, the essayist and critic (1778-1830), but it is a partial and prejudiced work.

THOMAS MOORE.

MR MOORE published a *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, 1825; *Notices of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1830; and *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*,

1831. The last has little interest. The *Life of Byron*, by its intimate connection with recent events and living persons, was a duty of very delicate and difficult performance. This was further increased by the freedom and licentiousness of the poet's opinions and conduct, and by the versatility or *mobility* of his mind, which changed with every passing impulse and impression. 'As well,' says Moore, 'from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse, as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognisable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual ever before, of himself, presented.' Byron left ample materials for his biographer. His absence from England, and his desire 'to keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him—if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him'—led him to maintain a regular correspondence with Moore and his publisher Mr Murray. Byron also kept a journal, and recorded memoranda of his opinions, his reading, &c.; something in the style of Burns. He was a master of prose as of verse, unsurpassed in brilliant sketches of life, passion, and adventure, whether serious or comic, and also an acute literary critic. Byron had written *Memoirs of his own life*, which he presented to Moore, who sold the manuscript to Murray the publisher for 2000 guineas. The friends of the noble poet became alarmed on account of the disclosures said to have been made in the Memoir, and offered to advance the money paid for the manuscript, in order that Lady Byron and the rest of the family might have an opportunity of deciding whether the work should be published or suppressed. The result was, that the manuscript was destroyed by Mr Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs Leigh, Byron's half-sister. Moore repaid the 2000 guineas to Murray, and the latter engaged him to write the *Life of Byron*, contributing a great mass of materials, and ultimately giving no less than £4870 for the *Life* (*Quarterly Review*, 1853). Moore was, strictly speaking, not justified in destroying the manuscript which Byron had intrusted him with as a vindication of his name and honour. He might have expunged the objectionable passages. But it is urged in his defence, that while part of the work never could have been published, all that was valuable or interesting to the public was included in the noble poet's journals and memorandum-books. Moore's *Notices* are written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, he preserved too much of what was worthless and unimportant; as a biographer, he was too indulgent to the faults of his hero; yet who could have wished a friend to dwell on the errors of Byron?

Character and Personal Appearance of Lord Byron.

From Moore's *Notices of the Life of Lord Byron*.

The distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two

great sources—the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both. 'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to shew that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play. So much did this extreme mobility—this readiness to be strongly acted on by what was nearest—abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintance of the hour his heart was upon his lips, and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositaries of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life. . . .

The same facility of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. 'Many pictures have been painted of him,' says a fair critic of his features, 'with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.' His head was remarkably small—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples, while the glossy dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather too thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features. In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR CAMPBELL, besides the biographies in his *Specimens of the Poets*, published a *Life of Mrs Siddons*, the distinguished actress, and a *Life of Petrarch*. The latter is homely and earnest, though on a romantic and fanciful subject. There is a reality about Campbell's biographies quite distinct from what might be expected to emanate from the imaginative poet, but he was too little of a student, and generally too careless and indolent to be exact.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, T. H. LISTER, P. FRASER TYTLER, ETC.

Amongst other additions to our standard biography may be mentioned the *Life of Lord Clive*, by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1836); and the *Life of Lord Clarendon*, by MR T. H. LISTER (1838). The *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by MR PATRICK FRASER TYTLER (published in one volume in the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, 1833), is also valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state-papers and contemporaneous events. Free access to all public documents and libraries is now easily obtained, and there is no lack of desire on the part of authors to prosecute, or of the public to reward these researches. A *Life of Lord William Russell*, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL (1819), is enriched with information from the family papers at Woburn Abbey; and from a similarly authentic private source, LORD NUGENT wrote *Memoirs of Hampden* (1831). The Diaries and Journals of Evelyn and Pepys, so illustrative of the court and society during the seventeenth century, have already been noticed. To these we may add the *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, written by his wife, Mrs Lucy Hutchinson, and first published in 1806. Colonel Hutchinson was governor of Nottingham Castle during the period of the Civil War. He was one of the best of the Puritans, and his devoted wife has done ample justice to his character and memory in her charming domestic narrative. Another work of the same description, published from family papers in 1822, is *Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie of Ferviswood, and of Lady Grisell Baillie*, written by their daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. These Memoirs refer to a later period than that of the Commonwealth, and illustrate Scottish history. George Baillie—whose father had fallen a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government of Charles II.—was a Presbyterian and Covenanter, but neither gloomy nor morose. He held office under Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1738, aged seventy-five. His daughter, Lady Murray, who portrays the character of her parents with a skilful yet tender hand, and relates many interesting incidents of the times in which they lived, was distinguished in the society of the court of Queen Anne, and has been commemorated by Gay, as one of the friends of Pope, and as ‘the sweet-tongued Murray.’

While the most careful investigation is directed towards our classic authors—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, &c. forming each the subject of numerous Memoirs—scarcely a person of the least note has been suffered to depart without the honours of biography. The present century has amply atoned for any want of curiosity on the part of former generations, and there is some danger that this taste or passion may be carried too far. Memoirs of ‘persons of quality’—of wits, dramatists, artists, and actors, appear every season. Authors have become as familiar to us as our personal associates. Shy, retired men like Charles Lamb, and studious recluses like Wordsworth, have been portrayed in all their strength and weakness. We have Lives of Shelley, of Keats, Hazlitt, Hannah More, Mrs Hemans,

Mrs Maclean (L. E. L.), of James Smith (one of the authors of *The Rejected Addresses*), of Monk Lewis, Hayley, and many authors of less distinction. In this influx of biographies worthless materials are often elevated for a day, and the gratification of a prurient curiosity or idle love of gossip is more aimed at than literary excellence or sound instruction. The error, however, is one on the right side. ‘Better,’ says the traditional maxim of English law, ‘that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer’—and better, perhaps, that nine useless lives should be written than that one valuable one should be neglected. The chaff is easily winnowed from the wheat; and even in the Memoirs of comparatively insignificant persons, some precious truth, some lesson of dear-bought experience, may be found treasured up for ‘a life beyond life.’ In what may be termed professional biography, facts and principles not known to the general reader are often conveyed. In Lives like those of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr Wilberforce, Mr Francis Horner, and Jeremy Bentham, new light is thrown on the characters of public men, and on the motives and sources of public events. Statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers both act and are acted upon by the age in which they live, and, to be useful, their biography should be copious. In the Life of Sir Humphry Davy by his brother, and of James Watt by M. Arago, we have many interesting facts connected with the progress of scientific discovery and improvement; and in the Lives of Curran, Grattan, and Sir James Mackintosh (each in two volumes), by their sons, the public history of the country is illustrated. Sir John Barrow’s Lives of Howe and Anson are excellent specimens of naval biography; and we have also lengthy Memoirs of Lord St Vincent, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, Lord Exmouth, Lord Keppel, &c. On the subject of biography in general, we quote with pleasure an observation by Mr Carlyle:

‘If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man’s life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without—how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many lives will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense biographies.’

We have enumerated the most original biographical works of this period; but a complete list of all the Memoirs, historical and literary, that have appeared would fill pages. Two general Biographical Dictionaries have also been published: one in ten volumes quarto, published between the

years 1799 and 1815 by Dr Aikin; and another in thirty-two volumes octavo, re-edited, with great additions, between 1812 and 1816 by Mr Alexander Chalmers. An excellent epitome was published in 1828, in two large volumes, by John Gorton. A general Biographical Dictionary, or *Cyclopædia of Biography*, conducted by Charles Knight (1858), with *Supplement* (1872), has been published in seven volumes. In Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, Murray's *Family Library*, and the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are some valuable short biographies by authors of established reputation. The *Lives of the Scottish Poets* have been published by David Irving (1804-1810); and a *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, by Robert Chambers, in four volumes octavo (1837), to which a supplemental volume has been added. A more extended and complete general biographical dictionary is still a desideratum.

THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Critical and biblical literature have made great progress within the last century, but the number of illustrious divines is not great. The early Fathers of the Protestant Church had indeed done so much in general theology and practical divinity, that comparatively little was left to their successors.

DR PALEY.

The greatest divine of the period is DR WILLIAM PALEY, a man of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works: he stands out in bold relief among his brother-divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and his intrinsic excellence.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade. This excellent author was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father was afterwards curate of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and teacher of the grammar-school there. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after completing his academical course, he became tutor in an academy at Greenwich. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he was ordained to be assistant curate of Greenwich. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of his college, and went thither to reside, engaging first as tutor. He next lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament. Paley's college-friend, Dr Law, Bishop of Carlisle, presented him with the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, and he removed

to his country charge, worth only £80 per annum. He was soon inducted into the vicarage of Dalston; in Cumberland, to a prebend's stall in Carlisle Cathedral, and also to the archdeaconry of Carlisle. In 1785, appeared his long-meditated *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy*; in 1790 his *Horæ Paulinæ*; and in 1794 his *View of the Evidences of Christianity*. Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebend of St Paul's; the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the sub-deanery of Lincoln; and the Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth about a thousand pounds per annum—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, and perhaps a deficiency, real or supposed, in personal dignity, and some laxness, as well as an inveterate provincial homeliness, in conversation, prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. When his name was once mentioned to George III., the monarch is reported to have said: 'Paley! what, *pigeon Paley*?'—an allusion to a famous sentence in the *Moral and Political Philosophy* on property. As a specimen of his style of reasoning, and the liveliness of his illustrations, we subjoin this passage, which is part of an estimate of the relative duties of men in society:

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following:

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less-favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

From the same work we give another short extract:

Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared

with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation, in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

In 1802 Paley published his *Natural Theology*, his last work. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations: he was particularly fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in all their plans of utility, sociality, and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper. By thus dividing and husbanding his pleasures, they remained with him to the last. He died on the 25th of May 1805.

No works of a theological or philosophical nature have been so extensively popular among the educated classes of England as those of Paley. His perspicacity of intellect and simplicity of style are almost unrivalled. Though plain and homely, and often inelegant, he has such vigour and discrimination, and such a happy vein of illustration, that he is always read with pleasure and instruction. No reader is ever at a loss for his meaning, or finds him too difficult for comprehension. He had the rare art of popularising the most recondite knowledge, and blending the business of life with philosophy. The principles inculcated in some of his works have been disputed, particularly his doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals, which has been considered as trenching on the authority of revealed religion, and also lowering the standard of public duty. The system of Paley certainly would not tend to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, with respect to his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience;' and something of the same laxness of moral feeling pervades his ethical system. His abhorrence of all hypocrisy and pretence was probably at the root of this error. Like Dr Johnson, he was a practical moralist, and looked with distrust on any high-strained virtue or enthusiastic devotion. Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' He considered the art of life to consist in properly 'setting our habits,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His *Moral and Political Philosophy* is framed on this basis of utility, directed by strong sense, a discerning judgment, and a sincere regard for the true end of all knowledge—the well-being of mankind here and hereafter. Of Paley's other works, Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced the following opinion: 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the *Horæ Paulinæ*. The *Evidences of Christianity* are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's *Analogy*, and a most skilful abridgment of Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History*. He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely

intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His *Natural Theology* is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it.' This is not quite correct. Paley was all his life a student of natural history, taking notes from the works of Ray, Derham, Nieuwentyt, and others; and to these he added his own original observations, clear expression, and arrangement.

The World was made with a Benevolent Design.

From *Natural Theology*.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it—which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to shew their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

A new and illustrated edition of Paley's *Natural Theology* was published in 1835, with scientific illustrations by Sir Charles Bell, and a Preliminary Discourse by Henry, Lord Brougham.

Character of St Paul.—From the 'Horæ Paulinae.'

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of per-

verseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of him, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so called, in support of the mission which he executed; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so?

DR WATSON—DR HORSLEY—DR PORTEUS—
GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

DR RICHARD WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff (1737-1816), did good service to the cause of revealed religion and social order by his replies to Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Paine. To the former, he addressed a series of letters, entitled *An Apology for Christianity*, in answer to Gibbon's celebrated chapters on the Rise and Progress of Christianity; and when Paine published his *Age of Reason*, the bishop met it with a vigorous and conclusive reply, which he termed *An Apology for the Bible*. Dr Watson also published a few Sermons, and a collection of Theological Tracts, selected from various authors, in six volumes. His Whig principles stood in the way of his church preferment, and he had not magnanimity enough to conceal his disappointment, which is strongly expressed in an autobiographical Memoir published after his death by his son. Dr Watson, however, was a man of forcible intellect and of various knowledge. His controversial works are highly honourable to him, both for the manly and candid spirit in which they are written, and the logical clearness and strength of his reasoning.

DR SAMUEL HORSLEY, Bishop of St Asaph (1733-1806), was one of the most conspicuous churchmen of his day. He belonged to the High Church party, and strenuously resisted all political or ecclesiastical change. He was learned and eloquent, but prone to controversy, and deficient in charity and the milder virtues. His character was not unlike that of one of his patrons, Chancellor Thurlow, stern and unbending, but cast in a manly mould. He was an indefatigable student. His first public appearance was in the character

of a man of science. He was some time secretary of the Royal Society—wrote various short treatises on scientific subjects, and published an edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. As a critic and scholar, he had few equals; and his disquisitions on the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, his translation of the Psalms, and his *Biblical Criticisms* (in four volumes), justly entitled him to the honour of the mitre. His Sermons, in three volumes, are about the best in the language: clear, nervous, and profound, he entered undauntedly upon the most difficult subjects, and dispelled, by research and argument, the doubt that hung over several passages of Scripture. He was for many years engaged in a controversy with Dr Priestley on the subject of the Divinity of Christ. Both of the combatants lost their temper; but when Priestley resorted to a charge of 'incompetency and ignorance,' it was evident that he felt himself sinking in the struggle. In intellect and scholarship, Dr Horsley was vastly superior to his antagonist. The political opinions and intolerance of the bishop were more successfully attacked by Robert Hall, in his *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*.

DR BEILBY PORTEUS, Bishop of London (1731-1808), was a popular dignitary of the Church, author of a variety of sermons and tracts connected with church-discipline. He distinguished himself at college by a prize poem *On Death*, which has been often reprinted: it is but a feeble transcript of Blair's *Grave*. Dr Porteus warmly befriended Beattie the poet (whom he wished to take orders in the Church of England), and he is said to have assisted Hannah More in her novel of *Cælebs*.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD (1756-1801) enjoyed celebrity both as a writer on controversial divinity and as a classical critic. He left the Church in consequence of his embracing Unitarian opinions, and afterwards left also the dissenting establishment at Hackney to which he had attached himself. He published translations of some of the epistles in the New Testament, and an entire translation of the same sacred volume, with notes. He was also author of a work on Christian Evidence, in reply to Paine. The Bishop of Llandaff having, in 1798, written an address against the principles of the French Revolution, Wakefield replied to it, and was subjected to a crown prosecution for libel; he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. 'The sentence passed upon him was infamous,' said Samuel Rogers: 'what rulers we had in those days!' (*Table Talk*.) Wakefield published editions of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, &c., which ranked him among the scholars of his time, though Porson thought little of his learning, and subsequent critics have been of the same opinion. Wakefield was an honest, precipitate, and simple-minded man; a Pythagorean in his diet, and eccentric in many of his habits and opinions. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'as violent against Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, and anathematised the final N as strongly as episcopacy.'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

The infidel principles which abounded at the period of the French Revolution, and continued to agitate both France and England for some years, induced a disregard of vital piety long afterwards in the higher circles of British society.

To counteract this, MR WILBERFORCE, then member of parliament for the county of York, published in 1797 *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity*. Five editions of the work were sold within six months, and it still continues, in various languages, to form a popular religious treatise. The author attested by his daily life the sincerity of his opinions. William Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant, and born at Hull in 1759. He was educated at Cambridge, and on completing his twenty-first year, was returned to parliament for his native town. He soon distinguished himself by his talents, and became the idol of the fashionable world, dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales. In 1784, while pursuing a continental tour with some relations, in company with Dean Milner, the latter so impressed him with the truths of Christianity, that Wilberforce entered upon a new life, and abandoned all his former gaieties. In parliament, he pursued a strictly independent course. For twenty years he laboured for the abolition of the slave-trade, a question with which his name is inseparably entwined. His time, his talents, influence, and prayers, were directed towards the consummation of this object, and at length, in 1807, he had the high gratification of seeing it accomplished. The religion of Wilberforce was mild and cheerful, unmix'd with austerity or gloom. He closed his long and illustrious life on the 29th July 1833, one of those men who, by their virtues, talents, and energy, impress their own character on the age in which they live. His latter years realised his own beautiful description—

Effects of Religion in Old Age and Adversity.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us—when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us—then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismissal is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly

transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

DR SAMUEL PARR.

DR SAMUEL PARR (1747-1825) was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian. His sermons on Education (1780) are, however, marked with cogency of argument and liberality of feeling. His celebrated Spital sermon (1800), when printed, presented the singular anomaly of fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Sydney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr Parr's wig, which, 'while it trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and swelled out into boundless convexity of frizz.' Mr Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for, though a staunch Whig, Parr was no revolutionist or leveller. His object was to extend education among the poor, and to ameliorate their condition by gradual and constitutional means. Dr Parr was long head-master of Norwich School; and in knowledge of Greek literature was not surpassed by any scholar of his day. His uncompromising support of Whig principles, his extensive learning, and a certain pedantry and oddity of character, rendered him always conspicuous among his brother-churchmen. He died at Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual curacy of which he had enjoyed for above forty years, and where he had faithfully discharged his duties as a parish pastor.

DR EDWARD MALTEBY.

EDWARD MALTEBY (1770-1859), successively Bishop of Chichester and Durham, was a native of Norwich. In his eighth year he became a pupil of Dr Parr, who was afterwards his warm friend and constant correspondent. In 1785 Dr Parr retired from the school at Norwich, and as his pupil was too young to go to the university, Parr said to him: 'Ned, you have got Greek and Latin enough. You must go to Dr Warton at Winchester, and from him acquire taste and the art of composition.' In 1788 Mr Malteby commenced his residence at Pembroke Hall, in the university of Cambridge, where he became a distinguished scholar, carrying off the highest academical honours. Having entered the Church, he received in 1794 the living of Buckden in Huntingdonshire, and Holbeach in Lincolnshire. In 1823, he was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1831, he was promoted to the see of Chichester; and in 1836, was translated to that of Durham. After holding the see of Durham for about twenty years, his sight began to fail, with other infirmities of age, and he obtained permission to resign the

see in the year 1856. Bishop Maltby is author of *Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion* (1802), several volumes of *Sermons*, an improved edition of Morell's *Thesaurus*—a work of great research and value—and several detached sermons, charges, &c. While Bishop of Durham, Dr Maltby was of eminent service to the university there, and was distinguished no less for his scholastic tastes and acquirements than for his liberality towards all other sects and churches.

DR THOMAS H. HORNE—DR HERBERT MARSH.

One of the most useful of modern Biblical works is the *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, by THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, D.D. (born in 1780, and one of the scholars of Christ's Hospital). The first edition of the *Introduction* appeared in 1818, in three volumes, and it was afterwards enlarged into five volumes: the tenth edition appeared in 1856. The most competent critical authorities have concurred in eulogising this work as the most valuable introduction to the sacred writings which has ever been published. The venerable author officiated as rector of a London parish, and had a prebend in St Paul's Cathedral. He was author of a vast number of theological treatises and of contributions to periodical works, and died January 27, 1862.

DR HERBERT MARSH, Bishop of Peterborough, who died in May 1839 at the age of eighty-one, obtained distinction as the translator and commentator of Michaelis's *Introduction to the New Testament* (in six vols. 1793–1801), one of the most valuable of modern works on divinity. In 1807 this divine was appointed Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, in 1816 he was made Bishop of Llandaff, and in 1819 he succeeded to the see of Peterborough. Besides his edition of Michaelis, Dr Marsh published *Lectures on Divinity*, and a *Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome*. He was author also of some controversial tracts on the Catholic question, the Bible Society, &c., in which he evinced great acuteness, tintured with asperity. In early life, during a residence in Germany, Dr Marsh published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars; and more particularly a very elaborate *History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Time of the Conference at Pilsnitz to the Declaration of War* (1800), a work which is said to have produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension, on the recommendation of Mr Pitt. As a bishop, Dr Marsh had 'a very bad opinion of the practical effects of high Calvinistic doctrines upon the common people; and he thought it his duty to exclude those clergymen who professed them from his diocese. He accordingly devised no fewer than eighty-seven interrogatories, by which he thought he could detect the smallest taint of Calvinism that might lurk in the creed of the candidate.' His conduct upon the points in dispute, though his intentions might have been good, was considered by Sydney Smith (*Edinburgh Review*) and other critics as singularly injudicious and oppressive. Dr Marsh's Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism are valuable to theological students.

ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOP SUMNER—DR D'OYLY
—REV. C. BENSON—DR TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The brothers, DRS SUMNER, earned marked distinction and high preferment in the Church. The Primate of England, DR JOHN BIRD SUMNER, Lord-archbishop of Canterbury (born in 1780 at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire), in 1816 published an *Examination of St Paul's Epistles*; in 1821, *Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character*; in 1822, *Treatise on the Records of Creation* (appealed to by Sir Charles Lyell as a proof that revelation and geology are not discordant); in 1824, *Evidences of Christianity*, &c. These works have all been very popular, and have gone through a great number of editions. Archbishop Sumner died in 1862.—DR CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER (born in 1790) in 1822 published a treatise on the *Ministerial Character of Christ*. In 1823 he was intrusted with the editing and translating Milton's long-lost treatise on *Christian Doctrine*; and Macaulay and others have warmly praised the manner in which he executed his task. The charges and public appearances of this prelate have all been of a liberal evangelical character.

DR GEORGE D'OYLY (1778–1846), in conjunction with DR RICHARD MANT—afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor—prepared an annotated edition of the Bible, 1813–14, to be published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. This work has been frequently reprinted at Oxford and Cambridge, and is held in high repute as a popular library of divinity. Dr D'Oyly published various volumes of Sermons and other theological treatises, and was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. Dr Mant was also a popular writer of sermons.—The REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, prebendary of Worcester, is author of the *Chronology of our Saviour's Life*, 1819; *Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge*, 1820; the Hulsean Lectures for 1822, *On Scripture Difficulties*, &c.—The Sermons of the REV. CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, Professor in the East India College, Hertfordshire (1828), have also been well received.

An American divine, DR TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817), is author of a comprehensive work, *Theology Explained and Defended*, which has long been popular in this country as well as in the United States. It consists of a series of 173 sermons, developing a scheme of didactic theology, founded upon moderate Calvinism. The work has gone through six or eight editions in England, besides almost innumerable editions in America. Dr Dwight was President of Yale College from 1795 until his death, and was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, philosophy, and divinity. His latest work, *Travels in New England and New York*, four volumes, gives an interesting and faithful account of the author's native country, its progress, and condition.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M., is justly regarded as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the body of English dissenters. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and born at Arnesby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May 1764. He

studied divinity at an academy in Bristol for the education of young men preparing for the ministerial office among the Baptists, and was admitted a preacher in 1780, but next year attended King's College, Aberdeen. Sir James Mackintosh was at the same time a student of the university, and the congenial tastes and pursuits of the young men led to an intimate friendship between them. From their partiality to Greek literature, they were named by their class-fellows 'Plato and Herodotus.' Both were also attached to the study of morals and metaphysics, which they cherished through life. Mr Hall entered the church as assistant to a Baptist minister at Bristol, whence he removed in 1790 to Cambridge. He first appeared as an author in 1791, by publishing a controversial pamphlet entitled *Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom*; in 1793 appeared his eloquent and powerful treatise, *An Apology for the Freedom of the Press*; and in 1799 his sermon, *Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society*. The last was designed to stem the torrent of infidelity which had set in with the French Revolution, and is no less remarkable for profound thought than for the elegance of its style and the splendour of its imagery. His celebrity as a writer was further extended by his *Reflections on War*, a sermon published in 1802; and *The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis*, another sermon preached in 1803. The latter is highly eloquent and spirit-stirring—possessing, indeed, the fire and energy of a martial lyric or war-song. In November 1804 the noble intellect of Mr Hall was deranged, in consequence of severe study operating on an ardent and susceptible temperament. His friends set on foot a subscription for pecuniary assistance, and a life-annuity of £100 was procured for him. He shortly afterwards resumed his ministerial functions; but in about twelve months he had another attack. This also was speedily removed; but Mr Hall resigned his church at Cambridge. On his complete recovery, he became pastor of a congregation at Leicester, where he resided for about twenty years. During this time he published a few sermons and criticisms in the *Eclectic Review*. The labour of writing for the press was opposed to his habits and feelings. He was fastidious as to style, and he suffered under a disease in the spine which entailed upon him acute pain. A sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817 was justly considered one of the most impressive, touching, and lofty of his discourses. In 1826 he removed from Leicester to Bristol, where he officiated in charge of the Baptist congregation till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 21st of February 1831. The masculine intellect and extensive acquirements of Mr Hall have seldom been found united to so much rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the 'beauty of holiness,' and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity. His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents. A complete edition of his Works has been published, with a Life, by Dr Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes.

On Wisdom.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

Influence of Great and Splendid Actions.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

Preparation for Heaven.

If there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The

wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city ‘which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.’ Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us ‘seek the things that are above,’ and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, ‘that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us.’ While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales (1817).

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling

ecstasy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; ‘to seize’ with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

The REV. JOHN FOSTER (1770–1843) was author of a volume of *Essays, in a Series of Letters*, published in 1805, which was ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day. The essays are four in number—On a Man’s Writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; On the Application of the Epithet Romantic; and On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste. Mr Foster’s essays are excellent models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common-sense. He also wrote a volume *On the Evils of Popular Ignorance*, 1819, and *Contributions to the Eclectic Review*, two volumes, 1844. His *Lectures* delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, were collected and published 1844–47. Like Hall, Mr Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation. He died at Stapleton, near Bristol.

In the essay On a Man’s Writing Memoirs of Himself, Mr Foster speculates on the various phases of a changeable character, and on the contempt which we entertain at an advanced period of life for what we were at an earlier period.

Changes in Life and Opinions.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John

Buncle found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a sceptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapour of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigour may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates sincerely the perverseness which Petruccio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun, to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No; in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favourite, especially if unpopular part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candour all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom,

while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome, into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—'The right divine of kings to govern wrong,' with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: 'What fools we have been!' while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in other instances, what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.

DR ADAM CLARKE.

Another distinguished dissenter was DR ADAM CLARKE (1760-1832), a profound oriental scholar, author of a *Commentary on the Bible* (1810-26)—a very valuable work—of various religious treatises, a *Bibliographical Dictionary* (1802-4), &c. He was also editor of a collection of state-papers supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera* (1818). Dr Clarke was a native of Moybeg, a village in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a schoolmaster. He was educated at Kingswood School, an establishment of Wesley's projecting for the instruction of itinerant preachers. In due time he himself became a preacher; and so indefatigable was he in propagating the doctrines of the Wesleyan persuasion, that he twice visited Shetland, and established there a Methodist mission. In the midst of his various journeys and active duties,

Dr Clarke continued those researches which do honour to his name. He fell a victim to the cholera when that fatal pestilence visited our shores.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757-1839) was senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh. After a careful education at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford—where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784—Mr Alison entered into sacred orders, and was presented to different livings by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Loughborough, and Dr Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. Having, in 1784, married the daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr Alison looked forward to a residence in Scotland; but it was not till the close of the last century that he was able to realise his wishes. In 1790 he published his *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*; and in 1814 two volumes of Sermons, justly admired for the elegance and beauty of their language, and their gentle, persuasive inculcation of Christian duty. On points of doctrine and controversy the author is wholly silent: his writings, as one of his critics remarked, were designed for those who 'want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them, and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them see and feel the delights which providence has attached to their exercise.' A selection from the Sermons of Mr Alison, consisting of those on the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, was afterwards printed in a small volume.

From the Sermon on Autumn.

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the

successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are 'yet greater things than these.'

There is, in the second place, an 'eventide' in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more 'blossoms like the rose;' the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we sit pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We saw down in the lodge 'of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,' and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have 'disquieted ourselves in vain.'

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, 'will cease from troubling,' and the weary, wherever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

REV. JOHN BROWN—DR JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, of Haddington (1722-1787), was a learned and distinguished divine of the Associate Secession Church of Scotland, and author of various theological works. He was born at Carpow, Perthshire, of poor parents, both of whom died before he was eleven years of age. 'I was left,' he says, 'a poor orphan, and had nothing to depend on but the providence of God.' He was first employed as a shepherd, and afterwards undertook the occupation of a pedler or travelling merchant—the nearest approach, perhaps, ever made to the ideal pedler in Wordsworth's *Excursion*:

Vigorous of health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day.

Before he was twenty years of age, John Brown had taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which he afterwards added the modern and oriental languages. He was for some time schoolmaster of Kinross, and in 1748 entered on the study of philosophy and divinity in connection with the Associate Synod—a dissenting body subsequently merged in the United Presbyterian Church. In 1750 he was ordained pastor of the Secession Church at Haddington, and in 1768 was elected Professor of Divinity under the Associate Synod, which appointment he held for twenty years. Mr Brown's principal works are his *Dictionary of the Holy Bible* (1769), his *Self-interpreting Bible* (1778)—so called from its very copious marginal references—his *General History of the Christian Church* (1771), *A Compendious View of Natural and Revealed Religion* (1782), *Harmony of Scripture Prophecies* (1784), and a great number of short religious treatises and devotional works. Mr Brown's most valuable and popular work is the *Self-interpreting Bible*, which is still highly prized both in this country and in America, and is invaluable to Biblical students.

A grandson of the foregoing divine, DR JOHN BROWN (1784-1838), was also an eminent minister and professor in the Scottish Secession Church, and celebrated as a Biblical expositor. In 1806 he was ordained pastor of a church at Biggar, and in 1822 transferred to Edinburgh, where he became Professor of Pastoral and Exegetical Theology in connection with the Associate Synod. Both as a preacher and lecturer, Dr Brown is described as a divine of the highest order, 'vigorous, pure, fervent, manly, and profoundly pathetic.' He was considered the ripest Biblical scholar of his age. He was also an extensive theological writer, and among his works are *Expository Discourses on the Epistles of St Peter*, the *Epistle to the Galatians*, and the *Epistle to the Romans*. In 1860 a Life of Dr Brown was published by Dr John Cairns, to which Dr Brown's son, John Brown, M.D.—a distinguished littérateur and medical practitioner in Edinburgh—made some interesting additions, published in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 1861. We subjoin a brief extract:

Anecdote of the Early Life of John Brown.

For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness or divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife, in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I was 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-laddie, got from the professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has, in his beautiful small hand, written in it what follows: 'He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St Andrews, a distance of twenty-

four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and, drawing it down, said: "Boy, read this and you shall have it for nothing." The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy.'

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon, borne away at Otterbourne. When I read his own simple story of his life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon, after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, 'lying money'—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had.*

DR ANDREW THOMSON—DR CHALMERS.

DR ANDREW THOMSON (1779-1831), an active and able minister of the Scottish Church, was author of various sermons and lectures, and editor of the *Scottish Christian Instructor*, a periodical which exercised no small influence in Scotland on ecclesiastical questions. Dr Thomson was successively minister of Sprouston, in the presbytery of Kelso; of the East Church, Perth; and of St George's Church, Edinburgh. In the annual meetings of the General Assembly he displayed great ardour and eloquence as a debater, and was the recognised leader of one of the church-parties. He waged a long and keen warfare with the British and Foreign Bible Society for circulating the books of the Apocrypha along with the Bible, and his speeches on this subject, though exaggerated in tone and manner, produced a powerful effect. There was, in truth, always more of the debater than the divine in his public addresses. The life of this ardent, impetuous, and independent-minded man was brought suddenly to a close—in the prime of health and vigour, he fell down dead at the threshold of his own door.

The most distinguished and able of Scottish divines during this period was THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. and LL.D., one of the first Presbyterian ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the university of Oxford, and one of the few Scotsmen who have been elected corresponding members of the Royal Institute of France. He was a native of Anstruther, in the county of Fife, and born March 17, 1780. His father was a shipowner and general merchant in the town, and

* *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, p. 264.

Thomas, when not twelve years of age, was sent to college at St Andrews. The Scottish universities have been too much regarded as elementary seminaries, and efforts are now making to elevate their character by instituting some preliminary test of admission, and improving the professorial chairs. Chalmers had little preparation, and never attained to critical proficiency as a scholar, but he had a strong predilection for mathematical studies, which he afterwards pursued in Edinburgh under Professor Playfair. He was also assistant mathematical teacher at St Andrews. Having studied for the Church, he was, in 1803, ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. Here the activity of his mind was strikingly displayed. In addition to his parochial labours, he 'lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a Volunteer corps; and he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity," which he afterwards completed with so much ability.' At Kilmany, Dr Chalmers received more serious and solemn impressions as to his clerical duties, and in an address to the inhabitants of the parish, there is the following remarkable passage:

Inefficacy of mere Moral Preaching.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil-speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established, in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely turned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had

the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforesaid made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the cloth and the remission, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

From Kilmany, Dr Chalmers removed to Glasgow; to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St John's in 1819. In both, his labours were unceasing. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author was diffused not only over Great Britain, but throughout all Europe and America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers—John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—have described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, his countenance large, dingy, and when in repose, unanimated. He also *read* his sermons, adhering closely to his manuscript. What, then, it may be asked, constituted the charm of his oratory? 'The magic,' says Cockburn, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region, than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by shewing the intellectual power that overcomes them; and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm. Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy.'* A writer in the *London*

* *Memorials of his Time*, by Henry Cockburn, 1856.

Magazine gives a graphic account of Dr Chalmers's appearance in London: 'When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England." Chalmers, like the celebrated French divines—according to Goldsmith—assumed all that dignity and zeal which become men who are ambassadors from Christ. The English divines, like timorous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employers. The style of Dr Chalmers became the rage in Scotland among the young preachers, but few could do more than copy his defects. His glowing energy and enthusiasm were wanting. In Glasgow, Chalmers laboured incessantly for the benefit of his parishioners ('excavating the practical heathenism' of the city, as he termed it), and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow, voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient; but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Dr Chalmers removed to St Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College; and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the university of Edinburgh. This appointment he relinquished in 1843, on his secession from the Established Church. He continued an active and zealous member of the rival establishment, the Free Church, until his death, May 30, 1847. His death, like that of his friend, Dr Andrew Thomson, was very sudden. He had retired to rest in his usual health, and was found next morning dead in bed, 'the expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering.'

The collected works of Dr Chalmers published during his life fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes. Of these the first two are devoted to *Natural Theology*; volumes three and four to *Evidences of Christianity*; five, *Moral Philosophy*; six,

Commercial Discourses; seven, *Astronomical Discourses*; eight, nine, and ten, *Congregational Sermons*; eleven, *Sermons on Public Occasions*; twelve, *Tracts and Essays*; thirteen, *Introductory Essays*, originally prefixed to editions of Select Christian Authors; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, more especially with reference to its Large Towns*; seventeen, *On Church and College Endowments*; eighteen, *On Church Extension*; nineteen and twenty, *Political Economy*; twenty-one, *The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate*; twenty-two to twenty-five, *Lectures on the Romans*. In all Dr Chalmers's works there is great energy and earnestness, accompanied with a vast variety of illustration. His knowledge was more useful than profound; it was extensive, including science no less than literature, the learning of the philosopher with the fancy of the poet, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and daily life of the Scottish poor and middle classes. The ardour with which he pursues any favourite topic, presenting it to the reader or hearer in every possible point of view, and investing it with the charms of a rich poetical imagination, is a striking feature in his intellectual character.* It gave peculiar effect to his pulpit ministrations; for, by concentrating his attention on one or two points at a time, and pressing these home with almost unexampled zeal and animation, a distinct and vivid impression was conveyed to the mind, unbroken by any extraneous or discursive matter. His pictures have little or no background—the principal figure or conception fills the canvas. The style of Dr Chalmers is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means graceful phraseology. These blemishes are, however, more than redeemed by his piety and eloquence, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing force and ardour of his mind. His *Astronomical Discourses* (1817) contain passages of great sublimity and beauty. His triumphs are those of genius, aided by the deepest conviction of the importance of the truths he inculcates. After the death of this popular divine, no less than nine volumes were added to his works—*Daily Scripture Readings*, *Sabbath Scripture Readings*, *Sermons*, *Institutes of Theology*, and *Prelections on Butler's Analogy*, &c. These were edited by the son-in-law of the deceased, the Rev. Dr Hanna, who also wrote a copious and excellent Life of his illustrious

* Robert Hall seems to have been struck with this peculiarity. In some Gleanings from Hall's Conversational Remarks, appended to Dr Gregory's *Memoir*, we find the following criticism, understood to refer to the Scottish divine: 'Mr Hall repeatedly referred to Dr —, and always in terms of great esteem as well as high admiration of his general character, exercising, however, his usual free and independent judgment. The following are some remarks on that extraordinary individual: "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr —? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?" "You mean, I suppose, the kaleidoscope?" "Yes, sir; an idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. . . . His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

relative, extending, with extracts from writings and correspondence, to four volumes (1849-52).

Picture of the Chase—Cruelty to Animals.

The sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts. There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England; when the gallant knight-hood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great enterprise—and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene—and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise—and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors, which, in the progress of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamour of the bloodhounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathised with; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation—we allow them to be reckless of pain, but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised: 'The whole inferior creation groaning and travailling together in pain,' because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminently over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the

indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beautiful domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more beneficent scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so 'the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revealed among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the beat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixt and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering

which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

Insignificance of this Earth.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in

the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

The Statute-book not necessary towards Christianity.

How comes it that Protestantism made such triumphant progress in these realms when it had pains and penalties to struggle with? and how came this progress to be arrested from the moment it laid on these pains and penalties in its turn? What have all the enactments of the statute-book done for the cause of Protestantism in Ireland? and how is it, that when single-handed Truth walked through our island with the might and prowess of a conqueror, so soon as propped by the authority of the state, and the armour of intolerance was given to her, the brilliant career of her victories was ended? It was when she took up the carnal and laid down the spiritual weapon—it was then that strength went out of her. She was struck with impotency on the instant that, from a warfare of principle, it became a warfare of politics. There are gentlemen opposed to us profound in the documents of history; but she has really nothing to offer half so instructive as the living history that is now before our eyes. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, and worse than nothing, in Ireland.

But after all, it is a question which does not require the evidence of history for its elucidation. There shines upon it an immediate light from the known laws and principles of human nature. When Truth and Falsehood enter into collision upon equal terms, and do so with their own appropriate weapons, the result is infallible. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.* But if, to strengthen the force of Truth, you put the forces of the statute-book under her command, there instantly starts up on the side of Falsehood an auxiliary far more formidable. You may lay an incapacity on the persons, or you may put restraint and limitation on the property of Catholics; but the Catholic mind becomes tenfold more impregnable than before. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she

has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men—it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the statute-book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on the system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. 'Give,' says that great orator—'give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the treasury and the patronage of the crown; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.' In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of Majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.*

DUGALD STEWART.

We have no profound *original* metaphysician in this period, but some rich and elegant commentators. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART expounded and illustrated the views of his distinguished teacher, Dr Reid; and by his essays and treatises, no less than by his lectures, gave additional grace and popularity to the system. Mr Stewart was the son of Dr Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the college buildings, November 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he undertook to teach his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. A more congenial opening occurred for him in 1780, when Dr Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair. Mr Stewart was appointed his successor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1810, when Dr Thomas Brown was conjoined with him as colleague. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. His political friends, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland, with a salary of £600 per annum. Mr Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th of June 1828. No lecturer was ever more popular than Dugald Stewart—his taste, dignity, and eloquence rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no great partiality for the metaphysical studies in

which he excelled. They consist of *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, one volume of which was published in 1792, a second in 1813, and a third in 1827; also *Philosophical Essays*, 1810; a *Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy*, written in 1815, to which a second part was added in 1821; and a *View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*, published only a few weeks before his death. Mr Stewart also published *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and wrote *Memoirs of Robertson the historian*, and Dr Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' says Mr James Mill, himself an able metaphysician, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.' A handsome edition of the collected Works of Dugald Stewart, edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Memoir by Professor Veitch, was published in Edinburgh, in eleven volumes.

On Memory.

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his

* The above forms part of a speech delivered at a public meeting in Edinburgh, in March 1829, in favour of removing the Roman Catholic disabilities. The effect of Dr Chalmers's address is described as prodigious, the audience rising to their feet and cheering vociferously.

notice ; a fifth, by his memory for poetry ; a sixth, by his memory for music ; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them ; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary ; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition ; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition ; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible ; secondly, to be retentive ; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready ; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive ; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

DR THOMAS BROWN.

DR THOMAS BROWN (1778-1820), the successor of Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh, was son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. His taste for metaphysics was excited by the perusal of Professor Stewart's first volume, a copy of which had been lent him by Dr Currie of Liverpool. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr Darwin's *Zoonomia*. On the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, he became one of the philosophical contributors ; and when a controversy arose in regard to Mr Leslie, who had, in his *Essay on Heat*, stated his approbation of Hume's theory of causation, Dr Brown warmly espoused the cause of the philosopher, and vindicated his opinions in an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*. At this time Dr Brown practised as a physician,

but without any predilection for his profession. His appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy seems to have fulfilled his destiny, and he continued to discharge its duties amidst universal approbation and respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a talent, or rather taste for poetry, which he early entertained ; and he published *The Paradise of Coquettes*, 1814 ; *The Wanderer of Norway*, 1815 ; and *The Bower of Spring*, 1816. Though correct and elegant, with occasionally fine thoughts and images, the poetry of Dr Brown wants force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. As a philosopher he was acute and searching, and a master of the power of analysis. His style wants the rich redundancy of that of Dugald Stewart, but is also enlivened with many eloquent passages, in which there is often a large infusion of the tenderest feeling. Dr Brown quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside ; and was sometimes too flowery in his illustrations. His *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* are highly popular, and form a class-book in the university. In some of his views Dr Brown differed from Reid and Stewart. His distinctions have been pronounced somewhat hypercritical ; but Mackintosh considers that he rendered a new and important service to mental science by what he calls 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered, in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

Desire of the Happiness of Others.

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure. It is this, indeed, which contributes in no inconsiderable degree to the perpetuity of affection. Love, the mere feeling of tender admiration, would in many cases have soon lost its power over the fickle heart, and in many other cases would have had its power greatly lessened, if the desire of giving happiness, and the innumerable little courtesies and cares to which this desire gives birth, had not thus in a great measure diffused over a single passion the variety of many emotions. The love itself seems new at every moment, because there is every moment some new wish of love that admits of being gratified ; or rather, it is at once, by the most delightful of all combinations, new, in the tender wishes and cares with which it occupies us, and familiar to us, and endeared the more by the remembrance of hours and years of well-known happiness.

The desire of the happiness of others, though a desire always attendant on love, does not, however, necessarily suppose the previous existence of some one of those emotions which may strictly be termed love. This feeling is so far from arising necessarily from regard for the sufferer, that it is impossible for us not to feel it when the suffering is extreme, and before our very eyes, though we may at the same time have the utmost abhorrence of him who is agonising in our sight, and whose very look, even in its agony, still seems to speak only that atrocious spirit which could again gladly

perpetrate the very horrors for which public indignation as much as public justice had doomed it to its dreadful fate. It is sufficient that extreme anguish is before us; we wish it relief before we have paused to love, or without reflecting on our causes of hatred; the wish is the direct and instant emotion of our soul in these circumstances—an emotion which, in such peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for hatred to suppress, and which love may strengthen indeed, but is not necessary for producing. It is the same with our general desire of happiness to others. We desire, in a particular degree, the happiness of those whom we love, because we cannot think of them without tender admiration. But though we had known them for the first time simply as human beings, we should still have desired their happiness; that is to say, if no opposite interests had arisen, we should have wished them to be happy rather than to have any distress; yet there is nothing in this case which corresponds with the tender esteem that is felt in love. There is the mere wish of happiness to them—a wish which itself, indeed, is usually denominated love, and which may without any inconvenience be so denominated in that general humanity which we call a love of mankind, but which we must always remember does not afford, on analysis, the same results as other affections of more cordial regard to which we give the same name. To love a friend is to wish his happiness indeed, but it is to have other emotions at the same instant, emotions without which this mere wish would be poor to constant friendship. To love the natives of Asia or Africa, of whose individual virtues or vices, talents or imbecility, wisdom or ignorance, we know nothing, is to wish their happiness; but this wish is all which constitutes the faint and feeble love. It is a wish, however, which, unless when the heart is absolutely corrupted, renders it impossible for man to be wholly indifferent to man; and this great object is that which nature had in view. She has by a provident arrangement, which we cannot but admire the more, the more attentively we examine it, accommodated our emotions to our means, making our love most ardent where our wish of giving happiness might be most effectual, and less gradually and less in proportion to our diminished means. From the affection of the mother for her new-born infant, which has been rendered the strongest of all affections, because it was to arise in circumstances where affection would be most needed, to that general philanthropy which extends itself to the remotest stranger on spots of the earth which we never are to visit, and which we as little think of ever visiting as of exploring any of the distant planets of our system, there is a scale of benevolent desire which corresponds with the necessities to be relieved, and our power of relieving them, or with the happiness to be afforded, and our power of affording happiness. How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could diffuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little if at all acquainted. Our love, and the desire of general happiness which attends it, are therefore, by the concurrence of many constitutional tendencies of our nature in fostering the generous wish, stronger as felt for an intimate friend than for one who is scarcely known to us. If there be an exception to this gradual scale of importance according to intimacy, it must be in the case of one who is absolutely a stranger—a foreigner who comes among a people with whose general manners he is perhaps unacquainted, and who has no friend to whose attention he can lay claim from any prior intimacy. In this case, indeed, it

is evident that our benevolence might be more usefully directed to one who is absolutely unknown, than to many who are better known by us, that live in our very neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of domestic loves and friendships of their own. Accordingly we find, that by a provision which might be termed singular—if we did not think of the universal bounty and wisdom of God—a modification of our general regard has been prepared in the sympathetic tendencies of our nature for this case also. There is a species of affection to which the stranger gives birth merely as being a stranger. He is received and sheltered by our hospitality almost with the zeal with which our friendship delights to receive one with whom we have lived in cordial union, whose virtues we know and revere, and whose kindness has been to us no small part of the happiness of our life.

Is it possible to perceive this general proportion of our desire of giving happiness, in its various degrees, to the means which we possess, in various circumstances, of affording it, without admiration of an arrangement so simple in the principles from which it flows, and at the same time so effectual—an arrangement which exhibits proofs of goodness in our very wants, of wisdom in our very weaknesses, by the adaptation of these to each other, and by the ready resources which want and weakness find in these affections which everywhere surround them, like the presence and protection of God himself!

SIR J. MACKINTOSH—J. MILL—DR ABERCROMBIE
—GEORGE COMBE.

The *Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy* (already alluded to) by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and his review of Madame de Staël's *Germany* in the *Edinburgh Review*, unfold some interesting speculations on moral science. He agrees with Butler, Stewart, and the most eminent preceding moralists, in admitting the supremacy of the moral sentiments; but he proceeds a step farther in the analysis of them. He attempts to explain the origin and growth of the moral faculty, or principle, derived from Hartley's Theory of Association, and insists repeatedly on the value of utility, or beneficial tendency, as the great test or criterion of moral action.—Some of the positions in Mackintosh's *Dissertation* were combated with unnecessary and unphilosophical asperity by JAMES MILL, the author of an able *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, 1829, in an anonymous *Fragment on Mackintosh*. Mill (already noticed as the historian of India) contributed a series of valuable articles on Law, Jurisprudence, Colonisation, &c. to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.—In 1830 DR JOHN ABERCROMBIE (1781–1844) published *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth*—a popular metaphysical work, directed chiefly against materialism. The same author published *The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, 1833, and some medical treatises.

None of these writers viewed mind in connection with organisation, but this mode of inquiry has been pursued by Dr Gall and his followers. The leading doctrines of Gall are—that the brain is the organ of the mind, that various portions of the encephalon are the organs of various faculties of the mind, and that volume or size of the whole brain and its various parts is, other circumstances being equal, the measure of the powers of the mind and its various faculties in individuals. This system is founded upon observation—that is to say, it was observed that large brains, unless when of inferior quality, or in an abnormal condition,

were accompanied by superior intellect and force of character; also that, in a vast number of instances which were accurately noticed, a large development of a special part of the brain was accompanied by an unusual demonstration of a certain mental character, and never by the opposite. From these demonstrations the fundamental character of the various faculties was sought to be eliminated. The system is well known under the name of Phrenology; and it has been expounded and enforced, in clear and admirable English, by the late MR GEORGE COMBE (1788-1858). Mr Combe was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but strongly attached to literary and philosophical pursuits. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and was known over all Europe and America for his speculations on mental science, the criminal law, the currency, &c. The principal works of Mr Combe are *Essays on Phrenology*, 1819; *The Constitution of Man*, 1828; *System of Phrenology*, 1836; *Notes on the United States of America*, three volumes, 1841; *Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture*; and pamphlets on the *Relation between Science and Religion*, on *Capital Punishments*, on *National Education*, on the *Currency Question*, &c.

Distinction between Power and Activity.

From the *System of Phrenology*.

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great proneness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognised with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations—considered apart from organisation—the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs Siddons and Mr John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive

nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feeble minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity. The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterised by proneness to inaction. In a lymphatic brain, great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combative-ness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation, all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combative-ness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others, as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory; but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr Spurzheim thinks that 'long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity.'

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of a moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances

they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feebler minds would sink in despair.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

There were in this period several writers on the science of political economy, 'treating of the formation, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; the causes which promote or prevent its increase, and their influence on the happiness or misery of society.' Adam Smith laid the foundations of this science; and as our population and commerce went on increasing, thereby augmenting the power of the democratical part of our constitution, and the number of those who take an interest in the affairs of government, political economy became a more important and popular study. It now forms one of the subjects for lectures in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

BENTHAM—MALTHUS—RICARDO—SADLER, ETC.

A singular but eminent writer in this department, and in the kindred studies of jurisprudence and morals, JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832), was for more than half a century distinguished as an author and utilitarian philosopher. He lived in intercourse with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of his opinions. Bentham was the son of a wealthy London solicitor, and was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He was only thirteen when he entered college, but even then he was known by the name of 'the philosopher.' He took his degree of B.A. in 1763, and afterwards studying the law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never pleaded in public. His first literary performance was an examination of a passage in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and was entitled, *A Fragment on Government*, 1776. The work was prompted, as he afterwards stated, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it.' His zeal was increased by a pamphlet which had been issued by Priestley. 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The phrase is a good one, whether invented by Priestley or Bentham; but it still leaves the means by which happiness is to be extended as undecided as ever, to be determined by the judgment and opinions of men. To insure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and govern-

ment—to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle. In 1778 he published a pamphlet on *The Hard Labour Bill*, recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; *Letters on Usury*, 1787; *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics*, 1789; *Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation*, 1802; *A Theory of Punishments and Rewards*, 1811; *A Treatise on Judicial Evidence*, 1813; *Paper relative to Codification and Public Instruction*, 1817; *The Book of Fallacies*, 1824, &c. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses—kept young men as secretaries—corresponded and wrote daily—and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency, and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. His various productions were collected and edited by Dr (afterwards Sir) John Bowring and Mr John Hill Burton, advocate, and published in eleven volumes. In his latter works Bentham adopted a peculiar uncouth style or nomenclature, which deters ordinary readers, and indeed has rendered his works almost a dead-letter. Fortunately, however, part of them was arranged and translated into French by M. Dumont. Another disciple, Mr James Mill, made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly criticised them in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Sir James Mackintosh in the *Ethical Dissertation* which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the science of legislation, Bentham evinced a profound capacity and extensive knowledge: the error imputed to his speculations is that of not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' As an ethical philosopher, he carried his doctrine of utility to an extent which would be practically dangerous, if it were possible to make the bulk of mankind act upon a speculative theory.

One of the most celebrated of the political economists was the REV. T. R. MALTHUS, an English clergyman, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Mr Malthus was born of a good family in 1766, at his father's estate in Surrey. In 1798 appeared his celebrated work, an *Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society*. The principle here laid down is, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence. 'Population not only rises to the level of the present supply of food, but if you go on every year increasing the quantity of food, population goes on increasing at the same time, and so fast, that the food is commonly still too small for the people.' After the publication of this work, Mr Malthus went abroad with Dr Clarke and some other friends; and in the course of a tour through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, he collected facts in illustration of his theory. These he embodied in a second and greatly improved

edition of his work, which was published in 1803. The most important of his other works are, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent*, 1815; and *Principles of Political Economy*, 1820. Several pamphlets on the Corn-laws, the Currency, and the Poor-laws, proceeded from his pen. Mr Malthus was in 1805 appointed Professor of Modern History and Political Economy in Haileybury College, and he held the situation till his death in 1834.

MR DAVID RICARDO (1772-1823) was author of several original and powerful treatises connected with political economy. His first was on *The High Price of Bullion*, 1810; and he published successively *Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency*, 1816; and *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, 1817. The last work is considered the most important treatise on that science, with the single exception of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Mr Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stock-broker, and retiring from business, he entered into parliament as representative for the small borough of Portarlington. He seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died, much regretted by his friends, at his seat, Gatcomb Park, in Gloucestershire, on the 11th of September 1823.

The *Elements of Political Economy*, by JAMES MILL, 1821, were designed by the author as a school-book of the science as modelled or improved by Ricardo.—DR WHATELY (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) published two introductory Lectures, which, as Professor of Political Economy, he had delivered to the university of Oxford in 1831. This eminent person was also author of a highly valued work, *Elements of Logic*, which attained great popularity, and is a standard work; *Thoughts on Secondary Punishments*; and other works, all displaying marks of a powerful intellect.—A good elementary work, *Conversations on Political Economy*, by MRS MARCET, was published in 1827.—THE REV. DR CHALMERS on various occasions supported the views of Malthus, particularly in his work *On Political Economy in connection with the Moral Prospects of Society*, 1832. He maintains that no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population would increase, and therefore he urges the expediency of a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion by every pastor and instructor in the kingdom. Few clergymen would venture on such a task!—Another zealous commentator was MR J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, author of *Elements of Political Economy*, and of various contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which have spread more widely a knowledge of the subject. Mr M'Culloch also edited an edition of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and the works of Ricardo, and compiled several useful and able statistical works, the most important of which are a *Dictionary of Commerce*, a *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, and a *Geographical Dictionary*. This gentleman was a native of Wigtownshire, born in 1789, and died at the Stationery Office, London, of which he was comptroller, November 11, 1864. A pension of £200

a year was conferred on Mr M'Culloch by the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

The opponents of Malthus and the economists, though not numerous, have been determined and active. Cobbett never ceased for years to inveigh against them. Coleridge also joined in the cry. MR GODWIN came forward in 1820, with an *Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind*, a treatise very unworthy the author of *Caleb Williams*.—In 1830 MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER (1780-1835) published *The Law of Population: a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings, and developing the Real Principle of their Increase*. A third volume to this work was in preparation by the author when he died. Mr Sadler was a mercantile man, partner in an establishment in Leeds. In 1829 he became representative in parliament for the borough of Newark, and distinguished himself by his speeches against the removal of the Catholic disabilities and the Reform Bill. He also wrote a work on the Condition of Ireland. Mr Sadler was an ardent benevolent man, an impracticable politician, and a florid speaker. His literary pursuits and oratorical talents were honourable and graceful additions to his character as a man of business, but in knowledge and argument he was greatly inferior to Malthus and Ricardo.—Among other works of this kind we may notice, *An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and the Sources of Taxation*, 1831, by the REV. RICHARD JONES. This work is chiefly confined to the consideration of Rent, as to which the author differs from Ricardo.—MR NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR (1790-1864), Professor of Political Economy in the university of Oxford, in 1831, published *Two Lectures on Population*. He was the ablest of all the opponents of Malthus. Mr Senior wrote treatises on the Poor-laws, on National Education, and other public topics. In 1864 he published *Essays on Fiction*, being a collection of articles on Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and Thackeray, contributed to the chief Reviews. He also contributed a valuable article on Political Economy to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE adopted fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction. She can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation' of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared much to owe her distinction solely to her connection with so motley and various a band. Hannah withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she considered the call of duty, and we suspect *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle* would have been as unworthy in her eyes. This excellent woman was one of five daughters, children of Jacob More, who taught a school in the village of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family afterwards removed to Bristol, and there Hannah attracted the attention and patronage of Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician of eminence, but afterwards took orders and settled at Bristol. In her seventeenth year she published a pastoral

drama, *The Search after Happiness*, which in a short time went through three editions. Next year she brought out a tragedy, *The Inflexible Captive*. In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, &c. Her sister has thus described her first interview with the great English moralist :

First Interview with Johnson.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds ; she had sent to engage Dr Percy—Percy's *Collection*, now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected ; he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house : yes, Abyssinian Johnson ! Dictionary Johnson ! Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson ! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion ? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press—the *Tour to the Hebrides*—and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing !' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's on Wednesday evening—what do you think of us ? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius : when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

In a subsequent letter (1776), after the publication of Hannah's poem, *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, the same lively writer says :

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene ; nay, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of conubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says : 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education ; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them ; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes ; and how we found a great house with nothing in it ; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none ; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to

those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return ; but how, alas ! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the innamorato—'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What ! five women live happily together ! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you ! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote : Mrs Medalla—Sterne's daughter—sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them ; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.

In 1777 Garrick brought out Miss More's tragedy of *Percy* at Drury Lane, where it was acted seventeen nights successively. Her theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copy-right of the play she got £150 more. Two legendary poems, *Sir Eldred of the Bower* and *The Bleeding Rock*, formed her next publication. In 1779, the third and last tragedy of Hannah More was produced ; it was entitled *The Fatal Falsehood*, but was acted only three nights. At this time, she had the misfortune to lose her friend Mr Garrick by death, an event of which she has given some interesting particulars in her letters.

Death and Character of Garrick.

From Dr Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick was at that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony ; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her ; she was prepared for meeting me ; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes ; at last she whispered : 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure : 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible ; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart ; neither do I deserve ; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time ; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday, he was in good spirits and free from pain ; but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomburgk, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning, she desired to be called if

there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said 'O dear!' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.

In 1782, Miss More presented to the world a volume of *Sacred Dramas*, with a poem annexed, entitled *Sensibility*. All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of the female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten; but *Percy* is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786, she published another volume of verse, *Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies*; and *The Bas Bleu, or Conversation*. The latter—which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance'—was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's.* The following couplets have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed:

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

Small habits well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now

resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her *Bas Bleu*, she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first prose publication was *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, produced in 1788. This was followed in 1791 by an *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*. As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of *The Cheap Repository*, which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories—as *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*—are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. With the same object, our authoress published a volume called *Village Politics*. Her other principal works are—*Structures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799; *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*, 1805; *Cælebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*, two volumes, 1809; *Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life*, two volumes, 1811; *Christian Morals*, two volumes, 1812; *Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul*, two volumes, 1815; and *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*, 1819. The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo. The work entitled *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*, was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte. Of *Cælebs*, we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted; but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel-readers. It has not inaptly been styled 'a dramatic sermon.' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, 'it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, the *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes.' In her latter days, there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together

* These meetings were called the Blue-stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More's poem proceeds on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue-stocking Club, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu.' Byron wrote a light satirical sketch of the *Blues* of his day—the frequenters of the London saloons—but it is unworthy of his genius.

at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.* These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry—also established by them—after attending church-service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000.

In 1834, *Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More*, by William Roberts, Esq., were published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

SAMUEL AND WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

SAMUEL IRELAND, a dealer in scarce books, prints, &c., was author of several picturesque tours, illustrated by aqua-tinta engravings; but is chiefly remarkable as having been made by his son, a youth of eighteen, the unconscious instrument of giving to the world a variety of Shakspearean forgeries. WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND (1777–1835) was articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, and, like Chatterton, began early to imitate ancient writings. His father was morbidly anxious to discover some scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting, and this set the youth to manufacture a number of documents, which he pretended to have accidentally met with in the house of a gentleman of fortune. 'Amongst a mass of family papers,' says the elder Ireland, 'the contracts between Shakspeare, Lówine, and Condelle, and the lease granted by him and Hemyng to Michael Fraser, which was first found, were discovered; and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland (described as the friend of Shakspeare, in consequence of his having saved his life on the river Thames), and also the deed of trust to John Hemyng, were discovered. In pursuing this search, he (his son) was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman. At this house the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his manuscript notes, and three manuscript plays, with part of another, were discovered.' These forged documents included, besides the deeds, a Protestant Confession of Faith by Shakspeare, letters to Anne Hatha-

way, the Earl of Southampton, and others, a new version of *King Lear*, and one entire original drama, entitled *Vortigern and Rowena*. Such a treasure was pronounced invaluable, and the manuscripts were exhibited at the elder Ireland's house, in Norfolk Street. A controversy arose as to the genuineness of the documents, in which Malone took a part, proving that they were forged; but the productions found many admirers and believers. They were published by subscription, in a large and splendid volume, and *Vortigern* was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, John Kemble acting the principal character. Kemble, however, was not to be duped by the young forger, being probably, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, warned by Malone. The representation of the play completely broke up the imposture. The structure and language of the piece were so feeble, clumsy, and extravagant, that no audience could believe it to have proceeded from the immortal dramatist. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast swelled to such a height as to bear down critical patience; and when Kemble uttered the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with a discordant howl. We give what was considered the 'most sublime passage' in *Vortigern*:

O sovereign Death!

That hast for thy domain this world immense;
Churchyards thy charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
And wrapt him in the cloak of lasting night.

So impudent and silly a fabrication was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice. The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly failed. In 1805, he published a confession of the Shakspearean forgery, *An Authentic Account of the Shakspeare Manuscripts*, in which he makes this declaration: 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unacquainted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shakspeare. Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false; this being the true account.' Several other novels, some poems, and attempts at satire, proceeded from the pen of Ireland; but they are unworthy of notice; and the last thirty years of the life of this industrious but unprincipled littérateur were passed in obscurity and poverty.

EDMUND MALONE—RICHARD PORSON.

EDMUND MALONE (1741–1812), who was conspicuous in the detection and exposure of Ireland's forgeries, was an indefatigable dramatic critic

and commentator, as well as a zealous literary antiquary. He edited Shakspeare (1790), wrote *Memoirs of Dryden*, Sir Joshua Reynolds, W. Gerard Hamilton, &c.; was the friend of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson, and still more emphatically the friend of Johnson's biographer, Boswell; and in nearly all literary questions for half a century he took a lively interest, and was always ready with notes or illustrations. Mr Malone was the son of an Irish judge, and born in Dublin. After studying at Trinity College, he repaired to London, was entered of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1767. His life, however, was devoted to literature, in which he was a useful and delighted pioneer.

The fame of English scholarship and classical criticism descended from Bentley to Porson. RICHARD PORSON (1759-1808) was in 1793 unanimously elected Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge. Besides many fugitive and miscellaneous contributions to classical journals, Porson edited and annotated the first four plays of Euripides, which appeared separately between 1797 and 1801. He collected the Harleian manuscript of the *Odyssey* for the Grenville edition of Homer (1800), and corrected the text of *Æschylus* and part of *Herodotus*. After his death, his *Adversaria, or Notes and Emendations of the Greek Poets*, were published by Professor Monk and Mr J. C. Blomfield—afterwards Bishop of London—and his *Tracts and Miscellaneous Criticisms* were collected and published by the Rev. T. Kidd. The most important of these were the *Letters to Archdeacon Travis* (1790), written to disprove the authenticity of 1 John, v. 7, and which are admirable specimens of learning, wit, and acute argumentation. Porson as a Greek critic has never perhaps been excelled. He rose from a humble station—his father was a parish-clerk in Norfolk—solely by his talents and early proficiency; his memory was prodigious, almost unexampled, and his acuteness and taste in Greek literature were unerring. The habits of this great scholar were, however, fatal to his success in life. He was even more intemperate than Sheridan, careless of the usual forms and courtesies of society, and impracticable in ordinary affairs. His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease. His redeeming qualities, besides his scholastic acquirements and natural talents, were his strict integrity and love of truth. Many of his pointed sayings were remembered by his friends. Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem *Madoc* as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered: '*Madoc* will be read—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion. 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of *The Decline and Fall into English*.' He disliked reading folios, 'because,' said he, 'we meet with so few milestones'—that is, we have such long intervals between the turning over of the leaves. On the whole, though Porson was a critic of the highest order, and though conceding to classical literature all the respect that can be claimed for it, we must lament, with one of his friends, that such a man should have 'lived and laboured for nearly half a century, and yet have left little or nothing to the world that was truly and originally his own.'

WILLIAM COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835), by his *Rural Rides*, his *Cottage Economy*, his works on America, and various parts of his *Political Register*, is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham, in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He afterwards served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He first attracted notice as a political writer by publishing a series of pamphlets under the name of Peter Porcupine. He was then a decided loyalist and high-churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his *Register*. After the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. He was apparently destitute of the faculty of generalising his information and details, and evolving from them a lucid whole. His unfixeness of principle also operated strongly against him; for no man who is not considered honest and sincere, or who cannot be relied upon, will ever make a lasting impression on a popular assembly. Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised, as to have become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-Toryism to ultra-Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. Jeremy Bentham said of him: 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The retired philosopher did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett: the latter acted on the momentary feeling or impulse, and never calculated the consequence to himself or others. No individual in Britain was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of other men; and in all his writings there was much natural freshness, liveliness, and vigour. He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his style have been universally acknowledged; and when engaged in describing rural subjects, or depicting local manners, he is very happy. On questions of politics or criticism he fails, because he seems resolved to attack all great names and established opinions. He remarks on one occasion that anybody could, at the time he wrote, be made a baronet, since Walter Scott and Dudley Coufts Trotter (what a classification!) had been so elevated. 'It has become,' he says, 'of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare;' and he concludes a ludicrous criticism on *Paradise Lost* by wondering how it could have been tolerated by a people amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood! Yet Cobbett had a taste for what may be termed the poetry of nature. He is loud in his praises of the singing-birds of England—which he missed so much in America—and he loved to write on green lanes and meadows. The following

description is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's *Pamela* :

Boysish Scenes and Recollections.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small ! It is always thus : the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small ! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers ! The Thames was but a 'creek !' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise ! Everything was become so pitifully small ! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot ; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill ; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood ; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes ! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead ; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high ! The post-boy going down-hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing ! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother ! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change ! I looked down at my dress. What a change ! What scenes I had gone through ! How altered my state ! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries ! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes ; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

There are good sense and right feeling in the following sentence

On Field-sports.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend

to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising ; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker ; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime ; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration ; for though great talents are wanted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives ; the surrounding objects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

WILLIAM COMBE—JOSEPH RITSON.

WILLIAM COMBE (1741–1823) was an extensive miscellaneous writer both in prose and verse. To none of his works did he affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of others. Among his literary frauds was a collection of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton, 1780–82*. Thomas, the second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton,' was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the romantic circumstances attending his death, which, he said, had been foretold by an apparition, but which it is now believed was an act of suicide. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. An attempt was made in the *Quarterly Review, 1852*, to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of *Junius's Letters*. The proof was wholly inconclusive, and there seems no doubt that Combe wrote the pseudo-Lyttelton epistles. In the same vein he manufactured a series of *Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza*. He wrote a satirical work, *The Diaboliad*, and a continuation or imitation of Le Sage, entitled *The Devil upon Two Sticks in England, 1790* ; but the most popular of all Combe's works was *The Tour of Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, which was originally published in the *Poetical Magazine*, with humorous illustrations by Rowlandson, and afterwards (1812) printed separately in one volume. *The Tour* went through several editions ; the descriptions, in lively verse, were attractive, and the coloured engravings—in which the appearance of Syntax was well preserved—formed an excellent comment on the text. Combe wrote other poems in the style of *Syntax*—as *Johnny Quæ Genus, The English Dance of Death, The Dance of Life, &c.* None of these, though aided by humorous illustrations, had much success, and *Syntax* itself, once so popular, is now rarely seen. A voluminous *History of Westminster Abbey*, in two volumes quarto, was written by Combe, who, up to his eightieth year, and often in prison, continued to pour forth anonymous productions in almost every department of literature. He was well connected, and at one time rich, but a life of folly and extravagance kept him always in embarrassment.

The following is a short specimen of the Lyttelton fabrication :

Genius and Talent generally appreciated by the World
—Case of Goldsmith.

I sincerely lament with you the death of Dr Goldsmith, as a very considerable loss to the learned, the laughing, and the sentimental world. His versatile genius was capable of producing satisfaction to persons of all these varying denominations. But I shall, without hesitation, combat the opinion which you derive from the insolvent state in which he died, that talent and genius meet with an ungrateful return from mankind.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. If your favourite author died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of 'Take no thought for to-morrow,' with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, enjoyed without interruption every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification, by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labour will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Hebrides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end.

Learning and fine talents must be respected and valued in all enlightened ages and nations; nay, they have been known to awaken a most honourable veneration in the breasts of men accustomed to spoil, and wading through blood to glory. An Italian robber not only refused the rich booty of a caravan, but conducted it under his safeguard, when he was informed that Tasso accompanied it. The great Duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Cambray, gave particular orders that the lands, &c. of the admired Fenelon, archbishop of the diocese, should not be profaned by the violence of war. Cæsar, the ambitious Cæsar, acknowledged Tully's superior character, for that the Roman orator had enlarged the limits of human knowledge, while he had only extended those of his country. But to proceed one step higher—

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.

Rest then assured, my friend, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labours obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.

JOSEPH RITSON (1752-1803), a zealous literary

antiquary and critic, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad-strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable *Collection of English Songs*; in 1790, *Ancient Songs, from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution*; in 1792, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*; in 1794, *A Collection of Scottish Songs*; in 1795, *A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, &c. relating to Robin Hood, &c.* Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, which kept him in a state of constant warfare with his brother-collectors. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, writing to his friend Mr Ellis in 1803, remarks: 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.' Scott has borne ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature.

REV. GILBERT WHITE.

THE REV. GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render White's History a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on Angling, which all admire, and hundreds have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing, yet in sentences like the following—however humble be the theme—we may trace no common power of picturesque painting:

The Rooks returning to their Nests.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him.'

The migration of the swallows, the instincts of animals, the blossoming of flowers and plants, and the humblest phenomena of ever-changing

nature, are recorded by Gilbert White in the same earnest and unassuming manner.

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN—SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

Among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition, are the writings of the REV. WILLIAM GILPIN (1724–1804) and SIR UVEDALE PRICE (1747–1829). The former was author of *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, and *Observations on Picturesque Beauty*, as connected with the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands. As vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, Mr Gilpin was familiar with the characteristics of forest scenery, and his work on this subject (1791) is equally pleasing and profound—a storehouse of images and illustrations of external nature, remarkable for their fidelity and beauty, and an analysis ‘patient and comprehensive, with no feature of the chilling metaphysics of the schools.’ His *Remarks on Forest Scenery* consist of a description of the various kinds of trees. ‘It is no exaggerated praise,’ he says, ‘to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself. And though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty, yet, when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangement of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty at least—to the form, and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance and proportion of animals which range in a higher class.’ Having described trees as individuals, he considers them under their various combinations, as clumps, park-scenery, the copse, glen, grove, the forest, &c. Their permanent and incidental beauties in storm and sunshine, and through all the seasons, are afterwards delineated in the choicest language, and with frequent illustration from the kindred pages of the poets; and the work concludes with an account of the English forests and their accompaniments—lawns, heaths, forest distances, and sea-coast views; with their proper appendages, as wild horses, deer, eagles, and other picturesque inhabitants. As a specimen of Mr Gilpin’s manner—though a very inadequate one—we subjoin his account of the effects of the sun, ‘an illustrious family of tints,’ as fertile sources of incidental beauty among the woods of the forest :

Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various

parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun’s disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare’s language,

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain’s top

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact I believe is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky

its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelop it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvas.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene coruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet-hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare hath introduced it beautifully, where, speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

The *Essays on the Picturesque*, by Sir Uvedale Price, were designed by their accomplished author to explain and enforce the reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape-painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scenery, and to promote the cultivation of what has been termed landscape-gardening. He examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting, and shewed how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty. The best edition of these *Essays*, improved by

the author, is that of 1810. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder published editions of both Gilpin and Price—the latter a very handsome volume, 1842—with a great deal of additional matter. Besides his *Essays on the Picturesque*, Sir Uvedale has written essays on Artificial Water, on House Decorations, Architecture, and Buildings—all branches of his original subject, and treated with the same taste and elegance. The theory of the author is, that the picturesque in nature has a character separate from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions have been overturned by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophical Essays*; but the exquisite beauty of his descriptions must ever render his work interesting, independently altogether of its metaphysical or philosophical distinctions. His criticism of painters and paintings is equally able and discriminating; and by his works we consider Sir Uvedale Price has been highly instrumental in diffusing those just sentiments on matters of taste, and that improved style of landscape-gardening, which so eminently distinguish the English artists and aristocracy of the present times.

Picturesque Atmospheric Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and fitting clouds, with shadows equally fitting and uncertain; refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seem suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and of the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth, for then, even the mid-day lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint impression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

Twilight.

There are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avenues hardly preserve their solemnity; and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident and gradation of light (and that possibly in a great degree from the weakness, and consequently the irritability of these organs), speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy; he

has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven.

From that high mount of God whence light and shade
Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
To grateful twilight.—[*Paradise Lost*, v. 643.]

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed:

Hide me from day's *garish* eye.—
When the sun begins to fling
His *flaring* beams.

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once, at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water, and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight.

At length the morn, and cold indifference came.

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realised. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvas; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decomposes what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

REV. A. ALISON—F. GROSE—R. GOUGH.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) published in 1790 *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections. The objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty. This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, has been disputed and condemned as untenable, but part of Mr Alison's reasoning is just, and his illustrations and language are particularly apposite and beautiful. For example, he thus traces the pleasures of the antiquary:

Memorials of the Past.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over

the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

The Effect of Sounds as modified by Association.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid rains, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse in the field of battle, or of a young untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. . . . There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful.

Mr Alison published also two volumes of *Sermons*, remarkable for elegance of composition. He was a prebendary of Salisbury, and senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh—a man of amiable character and varied accomplishments.

FRANCIS GROSE (1731–1791) was a superficial antiquary, but voluminous writer. He published the *Antiquities of England and Wales*, in eight volumes, the first of which appeared in 1773; and the *Antiquities of Scotland*, in two volumes, published in 1790. To this work Burns contributed his *Tam o' Shanter*, which Grose characterised as a 'pretty poem!' He wrote also treatises on Ancient Armour and Weapons, Military Antiquities, &c.

RICHARD GOUGH (1735–1809) was a celebrated

topographer and antiquary. His *British Topography, Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*, his enlarged edition of Camden's *Britannia*, and various other works, evince great research and untiring industry. His valuable collection of books and manuscripts he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

LORD ERSKINE.

The published Speeches of THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE (1750-1823), are among the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law, and was called to the bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech, delivered in November 1778, in defence of Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (who was charged with libel), was so brilliant and successful as at once to place him above all his brethren of the bar. In 1783 he entered parliament as member for Portsmouth. The floor of the House of Commons, it has been said, is strewn with the wreck of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures. In 1806 he was made Lord Chancellor and created Baron Erskine. He enjoyed the Great Seal but for a short time, having retired in 1807 on the dissolution of the Whig ministry. After this he withdrew in great measure from public life, though mingling in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. In 1817 he published a political fragment, entitled *Armata*, in which are some good observations on constitutional law and history. We subjoin extracts from Erskine's speech in defence of John Stockdale, December 9, 1789. Stockdale had published a defence of Warren Hastings, written by the Rev. John Logan, which, it was said, contained libellous observations upon the House of Commons.

On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bonâ fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, there-

fore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has *no trial*. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by *God and his country*, is a *victim and a sacrifice*.

On the Government of India.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection. . . .

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself,

the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Justice and Mercy.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed—his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

LORD THURLOW.

One short speech by the rough, vigorous lawyer and Lord Chancellor, EDWARD THURLOW (1732-1806), has been pronounced 'superlatively great' in effect. The Duke of Grafton, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. The Chancellor rose from the woosack, and, as related by an eye-witness, 'advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a loud tone of voice, at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one

venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' MR CHARLES BUTLER, an English barrister of some distinction (1750-1832), in his *Reminiscences* says: 'The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.' He was at the same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

The one speech of Thurlow's was not more popular or effective than one sentence by the Irish orator, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817), in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted by the government for a seditious libel. The libel contained this declaration: 'In four words lies all our power—universal emancipation and representative legislature.'

'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.'

A passage in Cowper's *Task* (Book II.) had probably suggested this oratorical burst:

We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire! that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The miscellaneous writings of SOUTHEY are numerous—*Letters from England by Don Manuel Esprilla*, 1807; *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 1829; *The Doctor*, 1834-47; a vast number of articles in the *Quarterly Review*, and the different historical and biographical works already noticed. The *Doctor* is his best prose work; it contains, as he said, something of *Tristram Shandy*, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet the predominant characteristic of the book is still his own. The style of Southey is always easy, pure, and graceful. The following extract is from the *Chronicle of the Cid*:

Effects of the Mohammedan Religion.

Mohammed inculcated the doctrine of fatalism because it is the most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement of all Mohammedan nations. They will not struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they will not avoid the infection of the plague. If from this state of stupid patience they are provoked into a paroxysm of brutal fury, they destroy the tyrant; but the tyranny remains unaltered. Oriental revolutions are like the casting a stone into a stagnant pool; the surface is broken for a moment, and then the green weeds close over it again.

Such a system can produce only tyrants and slaves, those who are watchful to commit any crime for power, and those who are ready to endure any oppression for tranquillity. A barbarous and desolating ambition has been the sole motive of their conquering chiefs; the wisdom of their wisest sovereigns has produced nothing of public benefit: it has ended in idle moralisings, and the late discovery that all is vanity. One tyrant at the hour of death asserts the equality of mankind; another, who had attained empire by his crimes, exposes his shroud at last, and proclaims that now nothing but that is left him. 'I have slain the princes of men,' said Azzud ad Dowlah, 'and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go!' and he died with the frequent exclamation: 'What avails my wealth? my empire is departing from me!' When Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him, silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day; but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature; Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralised upon the vanity of the world.

It were wearying to dwell upon the habitual crimes of which their history is composed; we may estimate their guilt by what is said of their virtues. Of all the Abbasides, none but Mutaded equalled Almanzor in goodness. A slave one day, when fanning away the flies from him, struck off his turban, upon which Mutaded only remarked, that the boy was sleepy; but the vizier, who was present, fell down and kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful, I never heard of such a thing! I did not think such clemency had been possible!' for it was the custom of this caliph, when a slave displeased him, to have the offender buried alive.

The Mohammedan sovereigns have suffered their just punishment; they have been miserable as well as wicked. For others they can feel no sympathy, and have learned to take no interest; for themselves there is nothing but fear; their situation excludes them from

hope, and they have the perpetual sense of danger, and the dread of that inevitable hour wherein there shall be no distinction of persons. This fear they have felt and confessed; in youth it has imbibed enjoyment, and it has made age dreadful. A dream, or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems, and read: 'Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who chooseth a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words, he who had murdered Yahia and the Barmecides wept aloud.

In these barbarous monarchies the people are indolent, because if they acquire wealth they dare not enjoy it. Punishment produces no shame, for it is inflicted by caprice, not by justice. They who are rich or powerful become the victims of rapacity or fear. If a battle or fortress be lost, the commander is punished for his misfortune; if he become popular for his victories, he incurs the jealousy and hatred of the ruler. Nor is it enough that wealth, and honour, and existence are at the despot's mercy; the feelings and instincts must yield at his command. If he take the son for his eunuch, and the daughter for his concubine—if he order the father to execute the child—it is what destiny has appointed, and the Mohammedan says: 'God's will be done.' But insulted humanity has not unfrequently been provoked to take vengeance; the monarch is always in danger, because the subject is never secure. These are the consequences of that absolute power and passive obedience which have resulted from the doctrines of Mohammed; and this is the state of the society wherever his religion has been established.

Collections of English Poets.

The collections of our poets are either too scanty or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgment in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Mævius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the gods may do, certainly the public and the booksellers tolerate them. When Dr Aikin began to re-edit Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the *Monthly Magazine*, 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist or direct his inquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine; it gives worth to what originally was worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire to the age of the Republic.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830), whose bold and vigorous tone of

thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts, found many admirers, especially among young minds. He was a man of decided talent, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote a metaphysical treatise *On the Principles of Human Action*, 1805; an abridgment of Tucker's *Light of Nature*, 1807; *Eloquence of the British Senate*, 1808. In 1813 Hazlitt delivered a series of Lectures on English Philosophy at the Russell Institution. In 1817 appeared his *View of the English Stage*, and a collection of essays entitled *The Round Table*. In 1818 he lectured at the Surrey Institution on the English Poets. *The English Comic Writers*, *The Dramatic Literature of the Time of Elizabeth*, and the *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, were then successively produced, being chiefly composed of theatrical criticisms contributed to the journals of the day. He wrote also *Table Talk*, 1821-22; *The Spirit of the Age* (criticisms on contemporaries), 1825; *The Plain Speaker*, a collection of essays, 1826. Various sketches of the galleries of art in England appeared from his pen, and *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, originally contributed to one of the daily papers. He wrote the article 'Fine Arts' for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and essays on the English Novelists and other standard authors, first published in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and other periodicals, the hand of Hazlitt may be traced. His most elaborate work was a *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes (1828-30), which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably written. Shortly before his death—which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830—he had committed to the press the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.*, containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate flights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem, or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied; and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr Hazlitt has, with pious diligence and care, collected and edited his father's works in a series of handsome portable volumes.

The Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

The Character of Hamlet.

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other

as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only ‘the outward pageants and the signs of grief,’ but ‘we have that within which passes show.’ We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless.* The ethical delineations of ‘that noble and liberal casuist’—as Shakspeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-coloured Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments*! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the ‘license of the time,’ or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unHINGED and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of

affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When ‘his father’s spirit was in arms,’ it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral :

I loved Ophelia : forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

This distinguished American ornithologist (1780-1851) was a native of Louisiana, son of an admiral in the French navy. He travelled for years collecting materials for his great work, *The Birds of America* (1828, &c.), which was completed in 87 parts, with 448 plates of birds, finely coloured, and costing altogether £182, 14s. A second edition, in seven volumes, was published in 1844. Cuvier said : ‘Audubon’s works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honour of ornithology.’

The Humming-bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow,* would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

* Audubon had recollected a passage in Campbell’s *Gertrude of Wyoming* :

Winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

* To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away.—GOETHE’S *Wilhelm Meister*.

Descent of the Ohio.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the Indian summer. The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilisation. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmoled by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilisation into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and—although I know all to be fact—can scarcely believe its reality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859), a native of America, commenced a career of literary exertion in this country by the publication in 1820 of *The Sketch-book*, a series of short tales, sketches, and essays, sentimental and humorous, which were originally printed in an American periodical, but illustrative chiefly of English manners and scenery. Mr Irving had previously published, in conjunction with others, a satirical periodical entitled *Salmagundi* (1807–8), and in 1809 appeared his *History of New York*, by *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, being an imaginary account of the original Dutch inhabitants of that State. *The Sketch-book* was received with great favour in Britain; its carefully elaborated style and beauties of diction were highly praised, and its portraits of English rural life and customs, though too antiquated to be strictly accurate, were pleasing and interesting. It was obvious that the author had formed his taste upon the works of Addison and Goldsmith; but his own great country, its early state of society, the red Indians, and native traditions, had also supplied him with a fund of natural and original description. His stories of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow are among the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced. In 1822 Mr Irving continued the same style of fanciful English delineation in his *Bracebridge Hall*, in which we are introduced to the interior of a squire's mansion, and to a number of original characters, drawn with delicacy and discrimination equal to those in his former work. In 1824 appeared another series of tales and sketches, but greatly inferior, entitled *Tales of a Traveller*. Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, Mr Irving studied the history and antiquities of that romantic country, and in 1828 published *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, in four volumes, written in a less ornate style than his former works, but valuable for the new information it communicates. Next year appeared *The Conquest of Granada*, and in 1832 *The Alhambra*, both connected with

the ancient Moorish kingdom of Granada, and partly fictitious. Several lighter works afterwards issued from his fertile pen—*Astoria*, a narrative of American adventure; *A Tour on the Prairies*; *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*; *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*; *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*; a *Life of Goldsmith*; *Mahomet and his Successors*; a *Life of Washington*; &c. The principal works of Mr Irving are his *Sketch-book* and *Bracebridge Hall*; these are the corner-stones of his fame. In all his writings, however, there are passages evincing fine taste, gentle affections, and graceful description. His sentiments are manly and generous, and his pathetic and humorous sketches are in general prevented from degenerating into extravagance by practical good sense and a correct judgment. Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style; but the success of Mr Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. The sums obtained by Mr Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history. Mr Murray gave £200 for *The Sketch-book*, but he afterwards doubled the sum. For *Bracebridge Hall*, the same publisher gave 1000 guineas; for *Columbus*, 3000 guineas; and for *The Conquest of Granada*, £2000. On these last two works, the enterprising publisher lost heavily, but probably the continued sale of the earlier works formed a compensation.

Mr Irving was born in New York; his family was originally from the island of Orkney. He died at his country-seat, 'Sunnyside,' on the banks of the Hudson.

Manners in New York in the Dutch Times.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather-cock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weather-cocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weather-cock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-year's days, the festival of St Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken

for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, inasmuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty

dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apples, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or *oly kocks*; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey diversifications of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, 'Yah, Mynheer,' or 'Yah, ya Vrouw,' to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

Feelings of an American on First Arriving in England.

From Bracebridge Hall.

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed

to the future rather than the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

Rural Life.—From 'The Sketch-book.'

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heart-felt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sounds of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life: those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from *The Flower and the Leaf* of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices.



JAMES HOGG



DR THOMAS CHALMERS



SYDNEY SMITH.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.—From 'Bracebridge Hall.'

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from whom to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yecept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on

its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Associated with Washington Irving in the *Salmagundi* papers was JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (1778–1860), a voluminous writer. In 1819, Mr Paulding commenced a second series of *Salmagundi* essays, but without much success. His novels of *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831) and *Westward Ho!* (1832) are said to contain faithful historical pictures of the early settlers of New York and Kentucky: of the former, six editions were published within a year. Among the other works of Mr Paulding are *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1813); *Letters from the South* (1817); *The Backwoodsman*, a poem (1818); *A Sketch of Old England* (1822); *Koningsmarke* (1823); *The New Mirror for Travellers* (1828); *Chronicles of the City of Gotham* (1830); a *Life of Washington* (1835); and various other slight novels and satirical sketches. A Life of Paulding by his son was published in 1867, and about the same time his *Select Works*, in four volumes, were issued by a New York publishing house.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

One of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of the age was the REV. SYDNEY SMITH, born at Woodford in Essex, in 1771. He was one of the three sons of a somewhat eccentric and improvident English gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education, and place them in positions favourable for their advancement. The eldest, Robert—best known by the name given by his school-fellows at Eton, of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law. Sydney, the second son, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and

entered the church. Courtenay, the youngest son, went to India, and acquired great wealth, as well as reputation as a judge and oriental scholar. The opinion or hypothesis that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the side of the mother than that of the father, is illustrated by the history of this remarkable family, for the mother of the young Smiths, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. Sydney having gained a fellowship at New College, Oxford, worth about £100 per annum, was cast upon his own resources. He obtained a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish, Mr Beach, two years afterwards, engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to the university of Weimar, in Saxony. They set out; but 'before we could get there,' said Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' He officiated in the Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England to marry a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The lady had a brother, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, under Pitt, but he was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. The lady, however, had a small fortune of her own, and she realised £500 by the sale of a fine necklace which her mother had given her. The Salisbury squire added £1000 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the more sordid of the ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional source. The *Edinburgh Review* was started in 1802, and Sydney Smith was the original projector of the scheme.

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was:

'Tenui musam meditatur avena'—

We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line;* and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into

* *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—The judge is condemned when the guilty are absolved. The young adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page!

the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

One feature in the scheme, important to Smith, as to all the others, was, that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet, or sixteen printed pages. In 1804, Mr Smith sought the wider field of London. He officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square. His sermons were highly popular; and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which he delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806, at the Royal Institution—and which were published after his death—still more widely extended his reputation. In Holland House and in other distinguished circles, his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* also added to his popularity, though their liberality of tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short period of the Whig administration in 1806-7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, and here he wrote a highly amusing and powerful political tract, entitled *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley*. The success of the *Letters* was immense—they have gone through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such masterly political irony, combined with irresistible argument, had been witnessed. In ridiculing the idea prevalent among many timid though excellent persons at the time, that a conspiracy had been formed against the Protestant religion, headed by the pope, Mr Smith places the subject in a light highly ludicrous and amusing:

The Pope has not Landed.

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [the late Mr Spencer Perceval]; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the *Spanker* gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

The effects of the threatened French invasion are painted in similar colours. Mr Smith is arguing that, notwithstanding the fears entertained in England on this subject, the British

rulers neglected the obvious means of self-defence :

Fears of Invasion Ridiculed.

As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits: all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's *Lives*, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Anherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

In Yorkshire, Mr Smith became a farmer, as well as zealous parish minister, and having in his youth applied himself to the occasional study of medicine, he was useful among his rural neighbours. To make the most of his situation in life was always his policy, and no man, with a tithe of his talents, was ever more of a contented practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age; and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding mere party considerations, gave him a prebend's stall at Bristol. 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favour: he enabled Mr Smith to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somersetshire. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for Mr Smith a prebendal stall at St Paul's, in exchange for the inferior one he held at Bristol. The political agitation during the unsettled state of the Reform Bill elicited from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and some short but decidedly liberal speeches. In one of these, delivered at Taunton in 1831, he introduced the famous episode of Mrs Partington, which is one of the happiest specimens of his peculiar humour :

Story of Mrs Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Illustrations of this kind are highly characteristic of their author. They display the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humour, at the same time that they drive home his argument with irresistible effect. Sydney Smith, like Swift, seems never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. His wit and banter are equally direct and cogent. Though a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner-out of the first lustre,' as he has himself characterised Mr Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not seem to flow naturally, and without effort, as if struck out or remembered at the moment it is used. In his latter years, Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He considered that the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded. The rights of the Dean and Chapter he defended with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times unfriendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait-painting, bordering on caricature, and a variety of rich illustration. In 1839, the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of a considerable fortune: 'in my grand climacteric,' he said, 'I became unexpectedly a rich man.' This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds; and when Pennsylvania and other States sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St Paul's took the field, and by a petition and letters on the subject, roused all Europe against the repudiating States. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections, and this shewed no diminution in his powers of ridicule or reasoning. His useful and distinguished life was closed on the 22d of February 1845. Sydney Smith was a fine representative of the intellectual Englishman—manly, fearless, and independent. His talents were always exercised on practical subjects; to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had the wit and energy of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of

original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after Mr Smith's death, a paper was published, entitled *A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church*, which he had left in an incomplete state. A Memoir of his life, with a selection from his Letters, was given to the world in 1855, by his daughter, Lady Holland.

Wit the Flavour of the Mind.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

Difficulty of Governing a Nation.

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom; at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best—a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just in common men to avoid.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue.

If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to find a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

Locking in on Railways.

Railway travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct; but to burn or crush a whole train, merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will permit.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir*.

A Model Bishop.

A grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in parliament, never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that, if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits on mankind.

All Curates hope to draw Great Prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House; has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little further, till he reaches St Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny-roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crumpet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the university—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes a useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, who exercised greater influence on the periodical literature and criticism of this century than any of his contemporaries, was a native of Edinburgh, born on the 23d of October 1773. His father was a depute-clerk in the Court of Session. After education at the High School of Edinburgh, two sessions at the university of Glasgow, and one session—from October to June 1791–92—at Queen's College, Oxford, Mr Jeffrey studied Scots law, and passed as an advocate in 1794. For many years his income did not exceed £100 per annum, but his admirable economy and independent spirit kept him free from debt, and he was indefatigable in the cultivation of his intellectual powers. He was already a Whig in politics. His literary ambition and political sentiment found scope in the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared in October 1802. We have quoted Sydney Smith's account of the origin of this work; the following is a statement on the subject made by Jeffrey to Mr Robert Chambers in 1846:

'I cannot say exactly where the project of the *Edinburgh Review* was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in Buccleuch Place (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr Thomas Brown, Lord Murray (John Archibald Murray, a Scottish advocate, and now one of the Scottish judges*), and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be

got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time, Constable (the publisher) was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had—for a long time, at least—a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back-approaches or different lanes. He had also so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time, in a magazine, the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

Jeffrey's memory had failed him as respects the first number of the *Review*, for Brougham wrote six of the articles in that number. In the Autobiography of the latter, it is stated that Jeffrey's salary as editor was for five or six years £300 a year, and afterwards £500. We have always understood that it was £50 each number from 1803 to 1809, and afterwards £200 each number. The youth of the Edinburgh reviewers was a fertile source of ridicule and contempt, but the fact was exaggerated. Smith, its projector, was thirty-one; Jeffrey, twenty-nine; Brougham, Horner, and Brown, twenty-four each—'excellent ages for such work,' as Henry Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, has remarked. The world was all before the young adventurers! The only critical journal of any reputation was the *Monthly Review*, into which Mackintosh, Southey, and William Taylor of Norwich, occasionally threw a few pages of literary or political speculation, but without aiming at such lengthy disquisitions or severe critical analysis as those attempted by the new aspirants.

The chief merit and labour attaching to the continuance and the success of the *Edinburgh Review* fell on its accomplished editor. From 1803 to 1829 Mr Jeffrey had the sole management of the *Review*; and when we consider the distinguished ability which it has uniformly displayed,

* This gentleman, distinguished for his liberality and munificence, died in Edinburgh, on the 7th of March 1859, aged eighty-one.

and the high moral character it has upheld, together with the independence and fearlessness with which from the first it has promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few men have exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the whole current of contemporary literature and public opinion. Besides his general superintendence, Mr Jeffrey was a large contributor to the *Review*. The departments of poetry and elegant literature seem to have been his chosen field; and he constantly endeavoured, as he says, 'to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.' This was a vocation of high mark and responsibility, and on the whole the critic discharged his duty with honour and success. As a moral writer he was unimpeachable. In poetical criticism he sometimes failed. This was conspicuously the case as regards Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose originality and rich imaginative genius he would not or could not appreciate. To Montgomery, Lamb, and other young authors he was harsh and unjust. Flushed with success and early ambition, Jeffrey and his coadjutors were more intent on finding fault than in discovering beauties, and were more piqued by occasional deviation from old established conventional rules than gratified by meeting with originality of thought or traces of true inventive genius. They improved in this respect as they grew older, and Jeffrey lived to express regret for the undue severity into which he was occasionally betrayed. Where no prejudice or prepossession intervened, he was an admirable critic. If he was not profound, he was interesting and graceful. His little dissertations on the style and works of Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, and Scott (always excepting the review of *Marmion*, which is a miserable piece of nibbling criticism), as well as his observations on moral science and the philosophy of life, are eloquent and discriminating, and conceived in a fine spirit of humanity. He seldom gave full scope to the expression of his feelings and sympathies, but they do occasionally break forth and kindle up the pages of his criticism. At times, indeed, his language is poetical in a high degree. The following glowing tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare is worthy of the subject :

On the Genius of Shakspeare.

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and

harmonising touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; *he alone* who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

Of the invention of the steam-engine, Jeffrey remarks, with a rich felicity of illustration :

It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

How just, also, and how finely expressed, is the following refutation of a vulgar error that even Byron concended to sanction—namely, that genius is a source of peculiar unhappiness to its possessors :

Men of Genius generally Cheerful.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at anyrate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

Innumerable observations of this kind, remarkable for ease and grace, and for original reflection, may be found scattered through Lord Jeffrey's critiques. His political remarks and views of public events are equally discriminating, but of course will be judged of according to the opinions of the reader. None will be found at variance with national honour or morality, which are paramount to all mere party questions. In his office of literary critic, when quite impartial, Lord Jeffrey exercised singular taste and judgment in making selections from the works he reviewed, and interweaving them, as it were, with the text of his criticism. Whatever was picturesque, solemn, pathetic, or sublime, caught his eye, and was thus introduced to a new and vastly extended circle of readers, besides furnishing matter for various collections of extracts and innumerable school-exercises. The chief defect of his writing is the occasional diffuseness and carelessness of his style. He wrote as he spoke, with great rapidity and with a flood of illustration.

At the bar, Jeffrey's eloquence and intrepidity were not less conspicuous than his literary talents. In 1829 he was, by the unanimous suffrages of his

legal brethren, elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and he then resigned the editorship of the *Review* into the hands of another Scottish advocate, MR MACVEY NAPIER (1777-1847). In 1830, on the formation of Earl Grey's ministry, Jeffrey was nominated to the first office under the crown in Scotland—Lord Advocate—and sat for some time in parliament. In 1834 he gladly exchanged the turmoil of politics for the duties of a Scottish judge; and as Lord Jeffrey, he sat on the bench until within a few days of his death, on the 26th of January 1850. As a judge he was noted for undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability; as a citizen, he was esteemed and beloved. He practised a generous though unostentatious hospitality, preserved all the finer qualities of his mind undiminished to the last, and delighted a wide circle of ever-welcome friends and visitors by his rich conversational powers, candour, and humanity. The more important of Jeffrey's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were collected by him in 1844, and published in four volumes, since reprinted in one large volume. We add part of a review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, 1819.

The Perishable Nature of Poetical Fame.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now, the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion; and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *perat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets,

worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the *Specimens*, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be laid for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.

Of the original contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, the most persevering, voluminous, and varied was HENRY BROUGHAM, also, like Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh. His family, however, belonged to the north of England. The father of the future Lord Chancellor came to reside in Edinburgh, and lodged with the widow of a Scottish

minister a sister of Dr Robertson the historian. This lady had a daughter, and Eleanora Syme became the wife of Henry Brougham, younger of Brougham Hall in Westmoreland. The first offspring of the marriage was a son, born September 19, 1778, and named Henry Peter. The latter name he seems early to have dropped. At an early age, Henry Brougham was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials of his Time*, relates a characteristic anecdote, typical of Brougham's future career. 'Brougham,' he says, 'made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot, but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember having had him pointed out to me as the fellow who had beat the master.' From the High School, Brougham entered the university, and applied himself so assiduously to the study of mathematics, that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the *Philosophical Transactions* a paper on *Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light*. In 1798 he had another paper in the same work, *General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the Higher Geometry*. Thomas Campbell, who then lived in Edinburgh, said the best judges there regarded these theorems, as proceeding from a youth of twenty, 'with astonishment.' Having finished his university course, Henry Brougham studied for the Scottish bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the *Edinburgh Review*, he published an elaborate work in two volumes, *An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*, in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. His unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory made him distinguished as an English barrister, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons, and joined the Whig opposition. There he rose to still greater eminence. His political career does not fall within the scope of this work, but it strikingly illustrates the sagacity of his friend, Francis Horner, who said of him in January 1810: 'I would predict that, though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove, in the main, serviceable to the true faith of liberty and liberal principles.' In the course of his ambitious career, Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey. Politicians neither love nor hate, according to Dryden; but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct, amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion, he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, free trade, and law reform. Here were ample grounds for public admiration; and when in 1830 he received the highest professional advancement,

by his elevation to the office of Lord Chancellor, and the name of the great commoner, Henry Brougham, was merged in that of Lord Brougham and Vaux, the nation generally felt and acknowledged that the honours were well won, and worthily bestowed. Lord Brougham held the Great Seal for four years, retiring with his party in November 1834. This terminated his official life, but he afterwards laboured unceasingly as a law reformer. His withdrawal from office also left him leisure for those literary and scientific pursuits which he had never wholly relinquished. Subsequent to that period he brought out a variety of works—*Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*; *Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the Reign of George III.*; *Political Philosophy*; *Speeches, with Historical Introductions, and Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients*; *Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology*; *Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia*; *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*; and several pamphlets on Law Reform. A cheap collected edition of these works, in ten volumes, was issued in 1855-6. In his youth, Brougham is said to have written a novel, and to have tried his hand at poetry! There is, perhaps, no department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. He only, however, reaped laurels on the fields of forensic and senatorial eloquence. As an essayist or critic, he must rank below his youthful associates, Francis Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. In the first twenty numbers of the *Review* he wrote eighty articles! Brougham's style is generally heavy, verbose, and inellegant; and his time was, during the better part of his life, too exclusively devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age, either in exact scientific knowledge or correct literary information. In his sketches of modern statesmen, however, we have occasionally new facts and letters, to which ordinary writers had not access, illustrative of interesting and important events. Lord Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa, and resided part of every year), on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his *Life and Times*, which were published in three volumes, 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer; his vanity and prejudices are also very conspicuous; but the work has the merit of disclosing many of the springs of political movements, and includes a number of valuable letters and other papers.

Studies in Osteology.

From *Discourse on Natural Theology*.

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of

its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes is perceived, and the reason understood—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shewn that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals, whether of known or unknown tribes, occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.

*Peroration of the Speech at Conclusion of the Trial of Queen Caroline, October 4, 1820.**

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence: first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for

* Lord Brougham is said to have written this peroration fifteen times over, in order to render it as perfect and effective as possible.

it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.' But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is shaken; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

Law Reform.

From Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1828.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under

whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dead and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

A taste for literary history and anecdote was diffused by MR ISAAC D'ISRAELI (1766–1848), author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and a long series of kindred works and compilations. After some abortive poetical efforts, Mr D'Israeli in 1791 published the first volume of his *Curiosities of Literature*; a second was added in 1792, and a third in 1817. A second series in three volumes was published in 1823. During the progress of this *magnum opus* of the author, he issued essays on *Anecdotes*, on the *Manners and Genius of the Literary Character*, a volume of *Miscellanies or Literary Recreations*, and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length, in 1812, he struck into his natural vein with *Calamities of Authors, Quarrels of Authors*, 1814; the *Literary and Political Character of James I.*, 1816; *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, 1828–31; *Eliot, Hampden, and Pym*, 1832; &c. Though labouring under partial blindness, Mr D'Israeli in 1841 issued three volumes entitled *The Amenities of Literature*, consisting, like the *Curiosities* and *Miscellanies*, of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant philosophical style, which presents the fruits of antiquarian research and study—not, however, always well digested or accurately stated—without their dryness and general want of connection. Few authors have traversed so many fields of literature, and gleaned such a variety of curious and interesting particulars. After a long life spent in literary research and composition, Mr D'Israeli died at his seat of Brandenham House, Bucks, in 1848, aged eighty-two. In the following year, a new edition—the fourteenth—of the *Curiosities of Literature* was published, accompanied with a memoir from the pen of his son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, who has since published a collected edition of his father's works in seven handsome portable volumes. The family of D'Israeli settled in England in 1748. The father of Isaac was an Italian descendant of one of the Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century, and who found a refuge in the Venetian republic. 'His ancestors,' says Mr Benjamin Disraeli, 'had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in the Terra Firma, and, grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli [more correctly D'Israeli, for so it was written down to the time

of its present political owner], a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be for ever recognised.' This seems a poetical genealogy. Benjamin D'Israeli, the first English settler of the race, entered into business in London, made a fortune while still in middle life, and retired to Enfield, where he died in 1817, at the age of ninety. Isaac, his son, was wholly devoted to literature. His parents considered him moon-struck, but after various efforts to make him a man of business, they acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. He wrote a poem against Wolcot, a satire *On the Abuse of Satire*, and then entered on that course of antiquarian literary research which has made his name known to the world. His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character. 'His feelings,' says his son, 'though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident.' His thoughts all centred in his library! The *Curiosities of Literature* still maintain their place. Some errors—chiefly in boasted discoveries and second-hand quotations—have been pointed out by Mr Bolton Corney, in his amusing and sarcastic volume of *Illustrations* (1838), but the labours of D'Israeli are not likely to be soon superseded. He was not the first in the field. 'Among my earliest literary friends,' he says, 'two distinguished themselves by their anecdotal literature; James Petit Andrews, by his *Anecdotes Ancient and Modern*, and William Seward, by his *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*. These volumes were favourably received, and to such a degree, that a wit of that day, and who is still (1839) a wit as well as a poet, considered that we were far gone in our "anecdote-age."*' D'Israeli's work, *The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions*, is his ablest production. It was a favourite with Byron—'often a consolation, and always a pleasure.'

REV. CALEB C. COLTON.

An excellent collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820, under the title of *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; addressed to those who Think*. Six editions of the work were disposed of within a twelvemonth, and the author in 1822 added a second volume to the collection. The history of the author of *Lacon* conveys a moral more striking than any of his maxims. The REV. CALEB C. COLTON was vicar of Kew and Petersham; gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and he resided some time in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau in 1832. We subjoin a few of the reflections from *Lacon*.

* Those works are now rarely met with. The *Anecdotes of JAMES PETIT ANDREWS* (1737-1797) were published in 1789-90. He wrote also a *Continuation of Henry's History of England*, and other historical and antiquarian works.—WILLIAM SEWARD (1747-1799) published his *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, in two volumes, in 1794. He added three more volumes, and afterwards another work of the same kind, *Biographiana*, two volumes, 1799. Mr Seward was the son of a wealthy brewer, partner in the firm of Calvert & Co. Notices of him will be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

True Genius always united to Reason.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the few. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Error only to be Combated by Argument.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

Mystery and Intrigue.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea

and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy—the night to be very dark—the water to be very deep—and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

Magnanimity in Humble Life.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Avarice.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother-slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

JOHN NICHOLS—ARTHUR YOUNG.

One of the most industrious of literary collectors and editors was JOHN NICHOLS (1745–1826), who for nearly half a century conducted the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr Nichols was early put apprentice to WILLIAM BOWYER, an eminent London printer (1699–1778), who, with scholarship that reflected honour on himself and his craft, edited an edition of the New Testament, with notes, and was author of several philological tracts. On the death of Bowyer, Mr Nichols carried on the printing business—in which he had previously been a partner—and became associated

with David Henry, the brother-in-law of Cave, the original proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Henry died in 1792, and the whole labours of the magazine and business devolved on Mr Nichols, whose industry was never relaxed. The most important of his numerous labours are his *Anecdotes, Literary and Biographical, of William Bowyer*, 1782; *The History and Antiquities of Leicester*, 1795–1811; *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, eight volumes, 1812–14; and *Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century*—supplementary to the *Anecdotes*—three volumes octavo. Additions have from time to time been made to these works by Mr Nichols's son and successor, so that the *Anecdotes* form nine large volumes, and the *Illustrations* eight volumes, the seventeenth—completing the series—having been issued in 1859. Mr Nichols edited the correspondence of Atterbury and Steele, Fuller's *Worthies*, Swift's works, &c., and compiled accounts of the *Royal Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth and James I.*, each in three volumes quarto.

ARTHUR YOUNG (1741–1820) was eminent for his writings and services in the promotion of agriculture. He was one of the first who succeeded in elevating this great national interest to the dignity of a science, and rendering it popular among the higher classes of the country. He was for many years an unsuccessful theorist and experimenter on a small paternal estate in Suffolk to which he succeeded, but the knowledge thus acquired he turned to good account. In 1770 he commenced a periodical, entitled *The Farmer's Calendar*; and he afterwards edited another periodical, *The Annals of Agriculture*, to which King George III. was an occasional contributor. A list of his published letters, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, would fill one of our pages; but the most important of Young's works are a *Tour in Ireland*, 1776–79, and *Travels in France*, 1787–89. These journeys were undertaken by the recommendation and assistance of government, with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and prosperity of Ireland and France. He was author also of surveys of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex, and Oxford; with reports on waste lands, inclosures, &c. The French Revolution alarmed Young with respect to its probable effects on the English lower classes, and he wrote several warning treatises and political tracts. Sir John Sinclair—another devoted and patriotic agriculturist—having prevailed on Pitt to establish a Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young was appointed its secretary, with a salary of £400 per annum, and he was indefatigable in his exertions to carry out the views of the association. To the end of his long life, even after he was afflicted with blindness, the attention of Mr Young was devoted to pursuits of practical utility. Some of his theories as to the system of large farms—for which he was a strenuous advocate—and other branches of agricultural labour, may be questioned; but he was a valuable pioneer, who cleared the way for many improvements since accomplished.

SIR JOHN CARR.

A series of light descriptive and gossiping tours, by SIR JOHN CARR (1772–1832), made con-

siderable noise in their day. The first and best was *The Stranger in France*, 1803. This was followed by *Travels Round the Baltic*, 1804-5; *The Stranger in Ireland*, 1806; *Tour through Holland*, 1807; *Caledonian Sketches*, 1809; *Travels in Spain*, 1811. Sir John was also author of some indifferent poems and dramas. This indefatigable tourist had been an attorney in Dorsetshire, but the success of his first work on France induced him to continue a series of similar publications. In Ireland he was knighted by the Lord-lieutenant (the Duke of Bedford), and his Irish tour was ridiculed in a witty jeu d'esprit, *My Pocket-book*, written by Mr E. Dubois of the Temple. Sir John prosecuted the publishers of this satire, but was non-suited. His *Caledonian Sketches* were happily ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*; and Byron—who had met the knight-errant at Cadiz, and implored 'not to be put down in black and white'—introduced him into some suppressed stanzas of *Childe Harold*, in which he is styled 'Green Erin's knight and Europe's wandering star.'

REV. JAMES BERESFORD.

A humorous work, in the form of dialogues, entitled *The Miseries of Human Life*, 1806-7, had great success and found numerous imitators. It went through nine editions in a twelvemonth—partly, perhaps, because it formed the subject of a very amusing critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. 'It is the English only,' as Scott remarks, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life;' and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. The jokes are occasionally heavy, and the classical quotations forced, but the object of the author was attained—the book sold, and its readers laughed. We subjoin two short 'groans.'

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning.

The author of this jeu d'esprit was a clergyman, the REV. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford (1764-1840). Mr Beresford was author of several translations and essays.

BRYDGES—DOUCE—FOSBROOKE—ETC.

In the style of popular literary illustration, with imagination and poetical susceptibility, may be mentioned SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837), who published the *Censura Literaria*, 1805-9, in ten volumes; the *British Bibliographer*, in three volumes; an enlarged edition of Collins's *British Peerage*; *Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron*, &c. As principal editor of the *Retrospective*

Review, Sir Egerton Brydges drew public attention to the beauties of many old writers, and extended the feeling of admiration which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others had awakened. In 1835 this veteran author edited an edition of Milton's poetical works in six volumes. A tone of querulous egotism and complaint pervades most of the works of this author, but his taste and exertions in English literature entitle him to high respect. Sir Egerton's original works are numerous—*Sonnets and Poems*, 1785-95; *Imaginary Biography*, 1834; *Autobiography*, 1834; with several novels, letters, &c. Wordsworth praised highly the following sonnet by Brydges:

Echo and Silence.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on
high,

Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;
And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunters' horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill;
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

The *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, published in 1807, by MR FRANCIS DOUCE (1762-1834), and the *British Monachism*, 1802, and *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, 1824, by the REV. T. D. FOSBROOKE (1770-1842), are works of great research and value as repositories of curious information. Works of this kind illustrate the pages of our poets and historians, besides conveying pictures of national manners.

A record of English customs is preserved in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, published, with additions, by SIR HENRY ELLIS, in two volumes quarto, in 1808; and in 1842 in two cheap portable volumes. The work relates to the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, and is an admirable delineation of olden life and manners. Mr Brand (1743-1806) was a noted collector and antiquary.

ROBERT MUDIE (1777-1842), an indefatigable writer, self-educated, was a native of Forfarshire, and for some time connected with the London press. He wrote and compiled altogether about ninety volumes, including *Babylon the Great*, a *Picture of Men and Things in London*; *Modern Athens*, a sketch of Edinburgh society; *The British Naturalist*; *The Feathered Tribes of Great Britain*; *A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature*; two series of four volumes each, entitled *The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the Air*, and *Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter*; and next, *Man, Physical, Moral, Social, and Intellectual*; *The World Described*, &c. He furnished the letterpress to Gilbert's *Modern Atlas*, the natural history to the *British Cyclopædia*, and numerous other contributions to periodical works. Mudie was a nervous and able writer, deficient in taste in works of light literature and satire, but an acute and philosophical observer of nature, and peculiarly happy in his

geographical dissertations and works on natural history. His imagination could lighten up the driest details; but it was often too excursive and unbridled. His works were also hastily produced, 'to provide for the day that was passing over him;' but, considering these disadvantages, his intellectual energy and acquirements were wonderful.

TRAVELLERS

MACARTNEY—STAUNTON—BRUCE—MUNGO PARK.

The growing importance of our trade with China suggested a mission to the imperial court, in order to obtain some extension of the limits within which the traffic was confined. In 1792 an embassy was formed on a liberal scale, LORD MACARTNEY (1737-1806) being placed at its head, and SIR GEORGE L. STAUNTON (1737-1801) being secretary of legation or envoy-extraordinary. These two able diplomatists and travellers had served together in India, Macartney as governor of Madras, and Staunton as his secretary. The latter negotiated the peace with Tippoo Sahib in 1784, for which he was elevated to the baronetcy, and received from the East India Company a pension of £500 a year. The mission to China did not result in securing the commercial advantages anticipated, but the *Journal* published by Lord Macartney, and the *Authentic Account of the Embassy* by Sir George Staunton, added greatly to our knowledge of the empire and people of China. Sir George's work was in two volumes quarto, and formed one of the most interesting and novel books of travels in the language. It was read with great avidity, and translated into French and German.

One of the most romantic and persevering of our travellers was JAMES BRUCE of Kinnaird, a Scottish gentleman of ancient family and property, who devoted several years to a journey into Abyssinia to discover the sources of the river Nile. The fountains of celebrated rivers have led to some of our most interesting exploratory expeditions. Superstition has hallowed the sources of the Nile and the Ganges, and the mysterious Niger long wooed our adventurous travellers into the sultry plains of Africa. The inhabitants of mountainous countries still look with veneration on their principal streams, and as they roll on before them, connect them in imagination with the ancient glories or traditional legends of their native land. Bruce partook largely of this feeling, and was a man of an ardent enthusiastic temperament. He was born at Kinnaird House, in the county of Stirling, on the 14th of December 1730, and was intended for the legal profession. He was averse, however, to the study of the law, and entered into business as a wine-merchant in London. Being led to visit Spain and Portugal, he was struck with the architectural ruins and chivalrous tales of the Moorish dominion, and applied himself diligently to the study of Eastern antiquities and languages. On his return to England he became known to the government, and it was proposed that he should make a journey to Barbary, which had been partially explored by Dr Shaw. At the same time, the consulship of Algiers became vacant, and Bruce was appointed to the office. He left England, and arrived at Algiers in 1762.

Above six years were spent by our traveller at Algiers and in various travels—during which he surveyed and sketched the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec—and it was not till June 1768 that he reached Alexandria. Thence he proceeded to Cairo, and embarked on the Nile. He arrived at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and after some stay there, he set out for the sources of Bahr-el-Azrek, under an impression that this was the principal branch of the Nile. The spot was at length pointed out by his guide—a hillock of green sod in the middle of a watery plain. The guide counselled him to pull off his shoes, as the people were all pagans, and prayed to the river as if it were God.

First View of the Supposed Source of the Nile.

'Half-undressed as I was,' continues Bruce, 'by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those-myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.'

After several adventures in Abyssinia, in the course of which he received high personal distinctions from the king, Bruce obtained leave to depart. He returned through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, encountering the severest hardships and dangers from the sand-floods and simoom of the desert, and his own physical sufferings and exhaustion.

It was not until seventeen years after his return that Bruce published his Travels. Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed. Even Johnson doubted whether he had ever been in Abyssinia! The work appeared in 1799, in five large quarto volumes, with another volume of

plates. The strangeness of the author's adventures at the court at Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of the narrative, and the undisguised vanity of the traveller, led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were directed against him. The really honourable and superior points of Bruce's character—such as his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking such a journey at his own expense—were overlooked in this petty war of the wits. Bruce felt their attacks keenly; but he was a proud-spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinades impeaching his veracity. He survived his publication only four years. The foot which had trod without failing the deserts of Nubia, slipped one evening on his own staircase, while handing a lady to her carriage, and he died in consequence of the injury then received, April 16, 1794. A second edition of the *Travels*, edited by Dr Alexander Murray—an excellent Oriental scholar—was published in 1805, and a third in 1813. The style of Bruce is prolix and inelegant, though occasionally energetic. He seized upon the most prominent points, and coloured them highly. The general accuracy of his work has been confirmed from different quarters. MR HENRY SALT (died in 1827), the next European traveller in Abyssinia, twice penetrated into the interior of the country—in 1805 and 1810—but without reaching so far as Bruce. This gentleman confirms the historical parts of Bruce's narrative; and MR NATHANIEL PEARCE (1780–1820), who resided many years in Abyssinia, and was engaged by Salt—verifies one of Bruce's most extraordinary statements—the practice of the Abyssinians of eating raw meat cut out of a living cow! This was long ridiculed and disbelieved, though in reality it is not much more barbarous than the custom which long prevailed among the poor Highlanders in Scotland of bleeding their cattle in winter for food. Pearce witnessed the operation: a cow was thrown down, and two pieces of flesh, weighing about a pound, cut from the buttock, after which the wounds were sewed up, and plastered over with cow-dung. Dr Clarke and other travellers have borne testimony to the correctness of Bruce's drawings and maps. The only disingenuousness charged against our traveller is his alleged concealment of the fact, that the Nile, whose sources have been in all ages an object of curiosity, was the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, flowing from the west, and not the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, which descends from Abyssinia, and which he explored. It seems also clear that Paez, the Portuguese traveller, had long previously visited the source of the Bahr-el-Azrek.

Next in interest and novelty to the travels of Bruce are those of MUNGO PARK in Central Africa. Mr Park was born at Fowlshill, near Selkirk, on the 10th of September 1771. He studied medicine, and performed a voyage to Bencoolen in the capacity of assistant-surgeon to an East Indian. The African Association, founded in 1778 for the purpose of promoting discovery in the interior of Africa, had sent out several travellers—John Ledyard, Lucas, and Major Houghton—all of whom had died. Park, however, undeterred by these examples, embraced the society's offer, and set sail in May 1795. On

the 21st of June following he arrived at Jillifree, on the banks of the Gambia. He pursued his journey towards the kingdom of Bambarra, and saw the great object of his mission, the river Niger, flowing towards the east. The sufferings of Park during his journey, the various incidents he encountered, his captivity among the Moors, and his description of the inhabitants, their manners, trade, and customs, constitute a narrative of the deepest interest. The traveller returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1797, when all hope of him had been abandoned, and in 1799 he published his *Travels*. The style is simple and manly, and replete with a fine moral feeling. One of his adventures—which had the honour of being turned into verse by the Duchess of Devonshire—is thus related. The traveller had reached the town of Segou, the capital of Bambarra, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king.

The Compassionate African Matron.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has

no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he, &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

His fortitude under suffering, and the natural piety of his mind, are beautifully illustrated by an incident related after he had been robbed and stripped of most of his clothes at a village near Kooma :

The Traveller's Pious Fortitude.

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation ; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like those would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand ; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me ; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

Park had discovered the Niger—or Joliba, or Quorra—flowing to the east, and thus set at rest the doubts as to its direction in the interior of Africa. He was not satisfied, however, but longed to follow up his discovery by tracing it to its termination. For some years he was constrained to remain at home, and he followed his profession of a surgeon in the town of Peebles. He embraced a second offer from the African Association, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of March 1805. Before he saw the Niger once more 'rolling its immense stream along the plain,' misfortunes had thickened around him. His expedition consisted originally of forty-four men ; now, only seven remained. He built a boat at Sansanding to

prosecute his voyage down the river, and entered it on the 17th of November 1805, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or to perish in the attempt. The party had sailed several days, when, on passing a rocky part of the river named Bussa, the natives attacked them, and Park and one of his companions (Lieutenant Martyn) were drowned while attempting to escape by swimming. The letters and journals of the traveller had been sent by him to Gambia previous to his embarking on the fatal voyage ; and a narrative of the journey, compiled from them, was published in 1815.

To explore the interior of Africa continued still to be an object of adventurous ambition. Park had conjectured that the Niger and Congo were one river ; and in 1816 a double expedition was planned, one part of which was destined to ascend the Congo, and the other to descend the Niger, hopes being entertained that a meeting would take place at some point of the mighty stream. The command of this expedition was given to CAPTAIN TUCKEY, an experienced naval officer ; and he was accompanied by Mr Smith, a botanist, Mr Cranch, a zoologist, and by Mr Galway, an intelligent friend. The expedition was unfortunate—all died but Captain Tuckey, and he was compelled to abandon the enterprise from fever and exhaustion. In the narrative of this expedition, there is an interesting account of the country of Congo, which appears to be an undefined tract of territory, hemmed in between Loango on the north and Angola on the south, and stretching far inland. The military part of this expedition, under Major Peddie, was equally unfortunate. He did not ascend the Gambia, but pursued the route by the Rio Nunez and the country of the Foulahs. Peddie died at Kacundy, at the head of the Rio Nunez ; and Captain Campbell, on whom the command then devolved, also sunk under the pressure of disease and distress. In 1819 two other travellers, MR RITCHIE and LIEUTENANT LYON, proceeded from Tripoli to Fezzan, with the view of penetrating southward as far as Sudan. The climate soon extinguished all hopes from this expedition ; Mr Ritchie sunk beneath it, and Lieutenant Lyon was so reduced as to be able to extend his journey only to the southern frontiers of Fezzan.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON.

In 1822 another important African expedition was planned by a different route, under the care of MAJOR DENHAM, CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, and DR OUDNEY. They proceeded from Tripoli across the Great Desert to Bornu, and in February 1823 arrived at Kuka, the capital of Bornu. An immense lake, the Tchad, was seen to form the receptacle of the rivers of Bornu, and the country was highly populous. The travellers were hospitably entertained at Kuka. Oudney fell a victim to the climate ; but Clapperton penetrated as far as Sokoto, the residence of the Sultan Bello, and the capital of the Fellatah empire. The sultan received him with much state, and admired all the presents that were brought to him. 'Everything,' he said, 'is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all.' The traveller's presence of mind is illustrated by the following anecdote :

'March 19.—I was sent for,' says Clapperton, 'by the sultan, and desired to bring with me the "looking-glass of the sun," the name they gave to my sextant. I first exhibited a planisphere of the heavenly bodies. The sultan knew all the signs of the zodiac, some of the constellations, and many of the stars, by their Arabic names. The looking-glass of the sun was then brought forward, and occasioned much surprise. I had to explain all its appendages. The inverting telescope was an object of immense astonishment; and I had to stand at some little distance, to let the sultan look at me through it, for his people were all afraid of placing themselves within its magical influence. I had next to shew him how to take an observation of the sun. The case of the artificial horizon, of which I had lost the key, was sometimes very difficult to open, as happened on this occasion; I asked one of the people near me for a knife to press up the lid. He handed me one quite too small, and I quite inadvertently asked for a dagger for the same purpose. The sultan was immediately thrown into a fright; he seized his sword, and half drawing it from the scabbard, placed it before him, trembling all the time like an aspen-leaf. I did not deem it prudent to take the least notice of his alarm, although it was I who had in reality most cause of fear; and on receiving the dagger, I calmly opened the case, and returned the weapon to its owner with apparent unconcern. When the artificial horizon was arranged, the sultan and all his attendants had a peep at the sun, and my breach of etiquette seemed entirely forgotten.'

Sokoto formed the utmost limit of the expedition. The result was published in 1826, under the title of *Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr Oudney*. Clapperton resumed his travels in 1825, and completed a journey across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin, accompanied by Captain Pearce, a naval surgeon, a draughtsman, and Richard Lander, a young man who volunteered to accompany him as a confidential servant. They landed at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin; but death soon cut off all but Clapperton and Lander. They pursued their course, and visited Bussa, the scene of Mungo Park's death. They proceeded to Sokoto, after an interesting journey, with the view of soliciting permission from the sultan to visit Timbuktu and Bornu. In this Clapperton was unsuccessful; and being seized with dysentery, he died in the arms of his faithful servant on the 13th of April 1827. Lander was allowed to return; and in 1830 he published an account of Captain Clapperton's last expedition. The unfortunate traveller was at the time of his death in his thirty-ninth year.

Clapperton made valuable additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa. 'The limit of Lieutenant Lyon's journey southward across the desert was in latitude 24 degrees, while Major Denham, in his expedition to Mandara, reached latitude 9 degrees 15 minutes; thus adding 14½ degrees, or 900 miles, to the extent explored by Europeans. Hornemann, it is true, had previously crossed the desert, and had proceeded as far southward as Nyffe, in latitude 10½ degrees; but no account was ever received of his journey. Park in his first expedition reached Silla, in longitude 1 degree 34 minutes west, a distance of 1100 miles from the mouth of the Gambia. Denham and Clapperton, on the other hand, from the east side of Lake Tchad in longitude 17 degrees, to Sokoto

in longitude 5½ degrees, explored a distance of 700 miles from east to west in the heart of Africa; a line of only 400 miles remaining unknown between Silla and Sokoto. But the second journey of Captain Clapperton added tenfold value to these discoveries. He had the good-fortune to detect the shortest and most easy road to the populous countries of the interior; and he could boast of being the first who had completed an itinerary across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin.'

RICHARD LANDER.

The honour of discovering and finally determining the course of the Niger was left to RICHARD LANDER. Under the auspices of government, Lander and his brother left England in January 1830, and arrived at Badagry on the 19th of March. From Bussa they sailed down the Niger, and ultimately entered the Atlantic by the river Nun, one of the branches from the Niger. They returned from their triumphant expedition in June 1831, and published an account of their travels in three small volumes, for which Mr Murray, the eminent bookseller, is said to have given a thousand guineas. Richard Lander was induced to embark in another expedition to Africa—a commercial speculation fitted out by some Liverpool merchants, which proved an utter failure. A party of natives attacked the adventurers on the river Niger, and Lander was wounded by a musket-ball. He arrived at Fernando Po, but died from the effects of his wound on the 16th of February 1834, aged thirty-one. A narrative of this unfortunate expedition was published in 1837 in two volumes, by Mr Macgregor Laird and Mr Oldfield, surviving officers of the expedition.

BOWDICH—CAMPBELL—BURCHELL.

Of Western Africa, interesting accounts are given in the *Mission to Ashantee*, 1819, by MR BOWDICH; and of Southern Africa, in the *Travels of MR CAMPBELL*, a missionary, 1822; and in *Travels in Southern Africa*, 1822, by MR BURCHELL. Campbell was the first to penetrate beyond Lattaku, the capital of the Bechuana tribe of the Matchapins. He made two missions to Africa, one in 1813, and a second in 1820, both being undertaken under the auspices of the Missionary Society. He founded a Christian establishment at Lattaku, but the natives evinced little disposition to embrace the pure faith, so different from their sensual and superstitious rites. Until Mr Bowdich's mission to Ashantee, that powerful kingdom and its capital, Coomassie (a city of 100,000 souls), although not nine days' journey from the English settlements on the coast, were known only by name, and very few persons in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence, or of the state, strength, and political condition of the Ashantee nation.

J. L. BURCKHARDT—J. E. BELZONI.

Among the numerous victims of African discovery are two eminent travellers—Burckhardt and Belzoni. JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT (1784–1817) was a native of Switzerland, who visited England,

and was engaged by the African Association. He proceeded to Aleppo in 1809, and resided two years in that city, personating the character of a Mussulman doctor of laws, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language and customs of the East. He visited Palmyra, Damascus, and Lebanon; stopped some time at Cairo, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca, crossing the Nubian desert by the route taken by Bruce. He returned to Cairo, and was preparing to depart thence in a caravan for Fezzan, in the north of Africa, when he was cut off by a fever. His journals, letters, and memoranda, were all preserved, and are very valuable. He was an accurate observer of men and manners, and his works throw much light on the geography and moral condition of the countries he visited. They were published at intervals from 1819 to 1830.—JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was a native of Padua, in Italy, who came to England in 1803. He was a man of immense stature and muscular strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. From 1815 to 1819 he was engaged in exploring the antiquities of Egypt. Works on this subject had previously appeared—The *Egyptiaca* of Hamilton, 1809; Mr Legh's *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt*, 1816; Captain Light's *Travels*, 1818; and *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, &c., by Mr R. Walpole, 1817. Mr Legh's account of the antiquities of Nubia—the region situated on the upper part of the Nile—had attracted much attention. While the temples of Egypt are edifices raised above ground, those of Nubia are excavated rocks, and some almost of mountain magnitude have been hewn into temples and chiseled into sculpture. Mr Legh was the first adventurer in this career. Belzoni acted as assistant to Mr Salt, the British consul at Egypt, in exploring the Egyptian Pyramids and ancient tombs. Some of these remains of art were eminently rich and splendid, and one which he discovered near Thebes, containing a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured with hundreds of figures, he brought with him to Britain, and it is now in the British Museum. In 1820 he published *A Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia*, which shews how much may be done by the labour and unremitting exertions of one individual. Belzoni's success in Egypt, his great bodily strength, and his adventurous spirit, inspired him with the hope of achieving discoveries in Africa. He sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of travelling to Timbuktu, but died at Benin of an attack of dysentery on the 3d of December 1823, aged sixty-five. We subjoin a few passages from Belzoni's Narrative:

The Ruins at Thebes.

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the

whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr Hamilton—cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c., are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

Opening a Tomb at Thebes.

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of the rope into the

aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum, to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

The architectural ruins and monuments on the banks of the Nile are stupendous relics of former ages. They reach back to the period when Thebes poured her heroes through a hundred gates, and Greece and Rome were the desert abodes of barbarians. 'From the tops of the Pyramids,' said Napoleon to his soldiers on the eve of battle, 'the shades of forty centuries look down upon you.' Learning and research have unveiled part of the mystery of these august memorials. Men like Belzoni have penetrated into the vast sepulchres, and unearthed the huge sculpture; and scholars like Young and Champollion, by studying the hieroglyphic writing of the ancient Egyptians, have furnished a key by which we may ascertain the object and history of these Eastern remains.

DR E. D. CLARKE.

One of the most original and interesting of modern travellers was the REV. DR EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE (1769-1822), a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the first Professor of Mineralogy in that university. In 1799 Dr Clarke set off with Mr Malthus and some other college-friends on a journey among the northern nations. He travelled for three years and a half, visiting the south of Russia, part of Asia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The first volume of his Travels appeared in 1810, and included Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. The second, which became more popular, was issued in 1812, and included Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and three other volumes appeared at intervals before 1819. The

sixth volume was published after his death, part being contributed by Mr Walpole, author of *Travels in the Levant*. Dr Clarke received from his publishers the large sum of £7000 for his collection of Travels. Their success was immediate and extensive. As an honest and accomplished writer, careful in his facts, clear and polished in his style, and comprehensive in his knowledge and observation, Dr Clarke has not been excelled by any general European traveller.

Description of the Pyramids.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the Pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the Pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm [or boat]. Messrs Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the Pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in

effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast-high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption: but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages and of various nations have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the Pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the Pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccára, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Saïd; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which

remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned, amidst the sandy waste, the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half-buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's *Travels*. The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plating of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

CLASSIC TRAVELLERS—FORSYTH, EUSTACE, ETC.

The classic countries of Greece and Italy have been described by various travellers—scholars, poets, painters, architects, and antiquaries. The celebrated *Travels of Anacharsis*, by Barthélemy, were published in 1788, and shortly afterwards translated into English. This excellent work—of which the hero is as interesting as any character in romance—excited a general enthusiasm with respect to the memorable soil and history of Greece. Dr Clarke's *Travels* further stimulated inquiry; and Byron's *Childe Harold* drew attention to the natural beauty and magnificence of Grecian scenery and ancient art. MR JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE, afterwards LORD BROUGHTON (1786-1869), the fellow-traveller of Lord Byron, published an account of his *Journey through Albania*. Late in life (in 1859), Lord Broughton published two volumes entitled *Italy: Remarks made in Several Visits from the year 1816 to 1854*. DR HOLLAND, in 1815, gave to the world his interesting *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia*. A voluminous and able work, in two quarto volumes, was published in 1819, by MR EDWARD DODWELL, entitled *A Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece*. SIR WILLIAM GELL, in 1823, gave an account of a *Journey to the Morea*. An artist, MR H. W. WILLIAMS, also published *Travels in Greece and Italy*, enriched with valuable remarks on the ancient works of art.

Lord Byron also extended his kindling power and energy to Italy; but previous to this time a master-hand had described its ruins and antiquities. A valuable work, which has now become a standard authority, was in 1812 published under

the modest title of *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802 and 1803*, by JOSEPH FORSYTH, Esq. Mr Forsyth (1763-1815) was a native of Elgin, in the county of Moray, and conducted a classical seminary at Newington-Butts, near London, for many years. On his return from a tour in Italy, he was arrested at Turin in 1803, in consequence of Napoleon's harsh and unjust order to detain all British subjects travelling in his dominions. After several years of detention, he prepared the notes he had made in Italy, and published them in England, as a means of enlisting the sympathies of Napoleon and the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. This last effort for freedom failed, and the author always regretted that he had made it. Mr Forsyth was at length released on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The Remarks, thus hastily prepared for a special purpose, could hardly have been improved if expanded into regular dissertations and essays. They are vigorous and acute, evincing keen observation and original thinking, as well as the perfect knowledge of the scholar and the critic. Some detached sentences from Forsyth will shew his peculiar and picturesque style. First, of the author's journey to Rome :

The Italian Vintage.

The vintage was in full glow. Men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Horace's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.*

The Coliseum.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary ; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal ; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns ; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric ; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants ; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in plasters ; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring ; popes widened the breach ; and time, not unassisted, continues

* The poet Rogers has sketched the same joyous scene of Italian life :

Many a canzonet
Comes through the leaves, the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. *Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears, so general is the joy.

the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished ; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse ; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd ; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices ; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel ; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery ; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter ; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arena* to a luxurious supper ! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman ; visited by every caste ; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

In the year following the publication of Forsyth's original and valuable work, appeared *A Classical Tour in Italy*, in two large volumes, by JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, an English Catholic priest, who had travelled in Italy in the capacity of tutor. Though pleasantly written, Eustace's work is one of no great authority or research. John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) characterises Eustace as 'one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation.' Mr Eustace died at Naples in 1815. *Letters from the North of Italy*, addressed to Mr Hallam the historian, by W. STEWART ROSE, Esq., in two volumes, 1819, are partly descriptive and partly critical ; and though somewhat affected in style, form an amusing miscellany. *A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples*, by the HON. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN (1821), is more of an itinerary than a work of reflection, but is plainly and pleasingly written. *The Diary of an Invalid*, by HENRY MATTHEWS (1820), and *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* (1820), by MISS WALDIE, are both interesting works : the first is lively and picturesque in style, and was well received by the public. In 1821 LADY MORGAN published a work entitled *Italy*, containing pictures of Italian society and manners, drawn with more vivacity

and point than delicacy, but characterised by Lord Byron as very faithful. *Observations on Italy*, by MR JOHN BELL (1825), and a *Description of the Antiquities of Rome*, by DR BURTON (1828), are works of accuracy and research. *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, by W. BROCKEDON (1828-9), unite the effects of the artist's pencil with the information of the observant topographer. MR BECKFORD, author of the romance of *Vathek*, had in early life written a work called *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*. After remaining unpublished for more than forty years, two volumes of these graphic and picturesque delineations were given to the world in 1835. Every season adds to the number of works on Italy and the other parts of the continent.

Funeral Ceremony at Rome.

From Matthews' *Diary of an Invalid*.

One day, on my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed, on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier, dressed in the robes of their orders, and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax; but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature, cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino and hood, which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body, deprived of the soul that animated, and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit than the clothes which it has also left behind. The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral-service is concluded, the corpse is stripped and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults underneath the churches for the reception of the dead. Those who can afford it are put into a wooden shell before they are cast into one of these Golgothas; but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and after fifty years it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life. With respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children till the

poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom one may attribute the want of strength and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable.

*Statue of the Medicean Venus at Florence.**

From Matthews' *Diary*.

The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the inimitable Venus. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution—but I doubt whether Venus be not a misnomer. Who can recognise in this divine statue any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.

A Morning in Venice.

From Beckford's *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*.

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the Grand Canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the Grand Canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high-altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of

* This celebrated work of art was discovered in the villa of Adrian, in Tivoli, in the sixteenth century, broken into thirteen pieces. The restorations are by a Florentine sculptor. It was brought to Florence in the year 1689. It measures in stature only 4 feet 11 inches. There is no expression of passion or sentiment in the statue: it is an image of abstract or ideal beauty.

the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III., and pay a tardy homage to St Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeas was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions; and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I ate my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding-garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, as one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.

Description of Pompeii.

From Williams' *Travels in Italy, Greece, &c.*

Pompeii is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian Way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbarium below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a sentry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand: * proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several

streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign—not a very decent one—near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage-wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping-stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation-room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding-mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine-shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school, in which was a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city long before its burial; pipes of terra-cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small; I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Everything seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side-pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side-pavements in proportion: these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tufa with stucco; one-third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble; but in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating-room various kinds of food and game tolerably represented: one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which [only a third] is excavated, may be about four miles.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY—ROSS, PARRY, FRANKLIN,
LYON, BEECHEY, ETC.

Contemporaneous with the African expeditions already described, a strong desire was felt in this country to prosecute our discoveries in the northern seas, which for fifty years had been neglected. The idea of a north-west passage to Asia still presented attractions, and on the close of the revolutionary war, an effort to discover it was resolved upon. In 1818 an expedition was fitted out, consisting of two ships, one under the command of CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, and another under LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR EDWARD PARRY.—The most interesting feature in this

* This story has since been proved to be fabulous. The place in question was no sentry-box, but a funeral monument of an Augustal named M. Cerinius Restitutus, as appeared from an inscription.—DYER'S *Pompeii*, p. 53.

voyage is the account of a tribe of Esquimaux hitherto unknown, who inhabited a tract of country extending on the shore for 120 miles, and situated near Baffin's Bay. A singular phenomenon was also witnessed—a range of cliffs covered with snow of a deep crimson colour, arising from some vegetable substance. When the expedition came to Lancaster Sound, a passage was confidently anticipated; but after sailing up the bay, Captain Ross conceived that he saw land—a high ridge of mountains, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet—and he abandoned the enterprise. Lieutenant Parry and others entertained a different opinion from that of their commander as to the existence of land, and the Admiralty fitted out a new expedition, which sailed in 1819, for the purpose of again exploring Lancaster Sound. The expedition, including two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, was intrusted to Captain Parry, who had the satisfaction of verifying the correctness of his former impressions, by sailing through what Captain Ross supposed to be a mountain-barrier in Lancaster Sound. 'To have sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond the point reached by any former navigator—to have discovered many new lands, islands, and bays—to have established the much-contested existence of a Polar Sea north of America—finally, after a wintering of eleven months, to have brought back his crew in a sound and vigorous state—were enough to raise his name above that of any former Arctic voyager.' The long winter sojourn in this Polar region was relieved by various devices and amusements: a temporary theatre was fitted up, and the officers came forward as amateur performers. A sort of newspaper was also established, called the *North Georgian Gazette*, to which all were invited to contribute; and excursions abroad were kept up as much as possible. The brilliant results of Captain Parry's voyage soon induced another expedition to the northern seas of America. That commander hoisted his flag on board the *Fury*, and Captain Lyon, distinguished by his services in Africa, received the command of the *Hecla*. The ships sailed in May 1821. It was more than two years ere they returned; and though the expedition, as to its main object of finding a passage into the Polar Sea, was a failure, various geographical discoveries were made. The tediousness of winter, when the vessels were frozen up, was again relieved by entertainments similar to those formerly adopted; and further gratification was afforded by intercourse with the Esquimaux, who, in their houses of snow and ice, burrowed along the shores. We shall extract part of Captain Parry's account of this shrewd though savage race.

Description of the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dullness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole excellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished,

and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear; but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, 'there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;' she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S.S.W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head—for what female head is indifferent to praise?—began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation—considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right—ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents—became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good-humour, which they

preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food—they have no other—which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working-people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.

A third expedition was undertaken by Captain Parry, assisted by Captain Hoppner, in 1824, but it proved still more unfortunate. The broken ice in Baffin's Bay retarded his progress until the season was too far advanced for navigation in that climate. After the winter broke up, huge masses of ice drove the ships on shore, and the *Fury* was so much injured, that it was deemed necessary to abandon her with all her stores. In April 1827, Captain Parry once more sailed in the *Hecla*, to realise, if possible, his sanguine expectations; but on this occasion he projected reaching the North Pole by employing light boats and sledges, which might be alternately used, as compact fields of ice or open sea interposed in his route. On reaching Hecla Cove, they left the ship to commence their journey on the ice. Vigorous efforts were made to reach the Pole, still 500 miles distant; but the various impediments they had to encounter, and particularly the drifting of the snow-fields, frustrated all their endeavours; and after two months spent on the ice, and penetrating about a degree farther than any previous expedition, the design was abandoned—having attained the latitude of 82 degrees 45 minutes. These four expeditions were described by Captain Parry in separate volumes, which were read with great avidity. The whole have since been published in six small volumes, constituting one of the most interesting series of adventures and discoveries recorded in our language. On his return, Captain Parry was appointed Hydrographer to the Admiralty, and received the honour of knighthood. From 1829 to 1834 he resided in New South Wales as commissioner to the Australian Agricultural Company. He again returned to England, and held several Admiralty appointments, the last of which was governor of Greenwich Hospital. In 1852, he attained to the rank of rear-admiral, and died, universally regretted, July 1855, aged sixty-five.

Following out the plan of northern discovery, an expedition was, in 1819, despatched overland to proceed from the Hudson's Bay factory, tracing the coast of the Northern Ocean. This expedition was commanded by CAPTAIN JOHN FRANKLIN, accompanied by Dr Richardson, a scientific gentleman; two midshipmen—Mr Hood and Mr (afterwards

Sir George) Back—and two seamen. The journey to the Coppermine River displayed the characteristic ardour and hardihood of British seamen. Great suffering was experienced. Mr Hood lost his life, and Captain Franklin and Dr Richardson were at the point of death, when timely succour was afforded by some Indians. 'The results of this journey, which, including the navigation along the coast, extended to 5500 miles, are obviously of the greatest importance to geography. As the coast running northward was followed to Cape Turnagain, in latitude $68\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, it is evident that, if a north-west passage exist, it must be found beyond that limit.' The narratives of Captain Franklin, Dr Richardson, and Mr Back form a fitting and not less interesting sequel to those of Captain Parry. The same intrepid parties undertook, in 1823, a second expedition to explore the shores of the Polar Seas. The coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, 902 miles, was examined. Subsequent expeditions were undertaken by CAPTAIN LYON and CAPTAIN BEECHEY. The former failed through continued bad weather; but Captain Beechey having sent his master, Mr Elson, in a barge to prosecute the voyage to the east, that individual penetrated to a sandy point, on which the ice had grounded, the most northern part of the continent then known. Captain Franklin had, only four days previous, been within 160 miles of this point, when he commenced his return to the Mackenzie River, and it is conjectured, with much probability, that had he been aware that by persevering in his exertions for a few days he might have reached his friends, it is possible that a knowledge of the circumstance might have induced him, through all hazards, to continue his journey. The intermediate 160 miles still remained unexplored. In 1829, Captain, afterwards Sir John Ross, disappointed at being outstripped by Captain Parry in the discovery of the strait leading into the Polar Sea, equipped a steam-vessel, solely from private resources, and proceeded to Baffin's Bay. 'It was a bold but inconsiderate undertaking, and every soul who embarked on it must have perished, but for the ample supplies they received from the *Fury*, or rather from the provisions and stores which, by the providence of Captain Parry, had been carefully stored up on the beach; for the ship herself had entirely disappeared. He proceeded down Regent's Inlet as far as he could in his little ship the *Victory*; placed her among ice clinging to the shore, and after two winters, left her there; and in returning to the northward, by great good-luck fell in with a whaling-ship, which took them all on board and brought them home.' Captain James Ross, nephew of the commander, collected some geographical information in the course of this unfortunate enterprise.

Valuable information connected with the Arctic regions was afforded by MR WILLIAM SCORESBY (1760–1829), a gentleman who, while practising the whale-fishing, had become the most learned observer and describer of the regions of ice. His *Account of the Northern Whale Fishery*, 1822, is a standard work of great value; and he is author also of an *Account of the Arctic Regions* (1820). His son, the REV. DR WILLIAM SCORESBY (1789–1857), was distinguished as a naval writer, author of *Arctic Voyages, Discourses to Seamen*, and other works.

EASTERN TRAVELLERS.

The scenes and countries mentioned in Scripture have been frequently described since the publications of Dr Clarke. BURCKHARDT traversed Petræa (the Edom of the prophecies); MR WILLIAM RAE WILSON, in 1823, published *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land*; MR CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH—the accomplished British resident at Bagdad, who died in 1821, at the early age of thirty-five—wrote an excellent *Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*; the HON. GEORGE KEPPEL performed the overland journey to India in 1824, and gave a narrative of his observations in Bassorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, &c. MR J. S. BUCKINGHAM also travelled by the overland route—taking, however, the way of the Mediterranean and the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor—and the result of his journey was given to the world in three separate works—the latest published in 1827—entitled *Travels in Palestine*; *Travels among the Arab Tribes*; and *Travels in Mesopotamia*. DR R. R. MADDEN, a medical gentleman, who resided several years in India, in 1829 published *Travels in Egypt, Turkey, Nubia, and Palestine*. *Letters from the East, and Recollections of Travel in the East* (1830), by JOHN CARNE, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge, extend, the first over Syria and Egypt, and the second over Palestine and Cairo. Mr Carne is a judicious observer and picturesque describer, yet he sometimes ventures on doubtful biblical criticism. The miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, for example, he thinks should be limited to a specific change in the direction of the winds. The idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side must consequently be abandoned. 'This,' he says, 'is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative language of Scripture, where it is said that "the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night;" and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse, from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that the "sea returning to his strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled at its approach.' In either case a miracle must have been performed, and it seems unnecessary and hypercritical to attempt reducing it to the lowest point. Mr Milman, in his *History of the Jews*, has fallen into this error, and explained away the miracles of the Old Testament till all that is supernatural, grand, and impressive disappears.

Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts Adjacent (1822), by DR ROBERT RICHARDSON, is an interesting work, particularly as relates to antiquities. The doctor travelled by way of Alexandria, Cairo, &c. to the Second Cataract of the Nile, returning by Jerusalem, Damascus, Baalbek, and Tripoli. He surveyed the Temple of Solomon, and was the first acknowledged Christian received within its holy walls since it has been appropriated to the religion of Mohammed. The *Journal to some Parts of Ethiopia* (1822), by MESSRS WADDINGTON and HANBURY, gives an account of the antiquities of Ethiopia and the extirpation of the Mamalukes.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1769–1833) was author of

a History of Persia and Sketches of Persia. MR MORIER'S *Journeys through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor*, abound in interesting descriptions of the country, people, and government. SIR WILLIAM OUSELEY (1771–1839)—who had been private secretary to the British Embassy in Persia—has published three large volumes of *Travels* in various countries of the East, particularly Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812. This work illustrates subjects of antiquarian research, history, geography, philology, &c., and is valuable to the scholar for its citations from rare oriental manuscripts. Another valuable work on this country is by SIR ROBERT KER PORTER (1780–1842), and is entitled *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c.*, published in 1822.

Society in Bagdad.

From Sir R. Ker Porter's *Travels*.

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissue muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed marquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the numud were spread in her own

chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors—while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god—sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. 'As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids,' the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalions, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

The French authors Chateaubriand, Laborde, and Lamartine have minutely described the Holy Land; and in the *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land*, by J. L. STEPHENS, information respecting these interesting countries will be found.

Various works on India appeared, including a general Political History of the empire by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1826), and a *Memoir of Central India* (1823), by the same author. *Travels in the Himmalayan Provinces of Hindostan and the Punjab, in Ladakh and Cashmere, in Peshawar, Cabul, &c., from 1819 to 1825*, by W. MOORCROFT and GEORGE TREBECK, relate many new and important particulars. Mr Moorcroft crossed the great chain of the Himalaya Mountains near its highest part, and first drew attention to those stupendous heights, rising in some parts to above 27,000 feet. *A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himmala Mountains* was made by MR JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1820), who gives an interesting account of his perilous journey. He visited Gangotri, an almost inaccessible haunt of superstition, the Mecca of Hindu pilgrims, and also the spot at which the Ganges issues from its covering of perpetual snow. In 1825 Mr Fraser published a *Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the years 1821 and 1822, including an Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia*. The following is a brief sketch of a Persian town:

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in colour, and from the irregularity of their construction, resemble

inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medressas; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup-d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens, adorned with chinâr, poplars, and cypress, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

The same author published *Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces*, 1826; *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran, with Travels through Various Parts of Persia*, 1838; &c. Among other Indian works may be mentioned, *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, 1830, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES TOD (1782-1835); and *Travels into Bokhara*, by LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR ALEXANDER BURNES. The latter is a narrative of a journey from India to Cabul, Tartary, and Persia, and is a valuable work. The accomplished author was cut off in his career of usefulness and honour in 1841, being treacherously murdered at Cabul, in his thirty-sixth year.

Of China we have the history of the two embassies—the first in 1792-94, under Lord Macartney, of which a copious account was given by SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, one of the commissioners. Further information was afforded by SIR JOHN BARROW'S *Travels in China*, published in 1804, and long our most valuable work on that country. The second embassy, headed by Lord Amherst, in 1816, was recorded by HENRY ELLIS, Esq., third commissioner, in a work in two volumes (1818), and by DR ABEL, a gentleman attached to the embassy. One circumstance connected with this embassy occasioned some speculation and amusement. The ambassador was required to perform the *ko-tou*, or act of prostration, nine times repeated, with the head knocked against the ground. Lord Amherst and Mr Ellis were inclined to have yielded this point of ceremony; but Sir George Staunton and the other members of the Canton mission took the most decided part on the other side. The result of their deliberations was a determination against the performance of the *ko-tou*; and the emperor at last consented to admit them upon their own terms, which consisted in kneeling upon a single knee. The embassy went to Peking, and were ushered into an ante-chamber of the imperial palace.

Scene at Peking, described by Mr Ellis.

Mandarins of all buttons* were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them: the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message

* The buttons, in the order of their rank, are as follows: ruby red, worked coral, smooth coral, pale blue, dark blue, crystal, ivory, and gold.

from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which to the Chinese—though now scarcely admitted—was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne mun tih lee'—your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject.

During his absence, an elderly man, whose dress and ornaments bespoke him a prince, was particularly inquisitive in his inspection of our persons and inquiries. His chief object seemed to be to communicate with Sir George Staunton, as the person who had been with the former embassy; but Sir George very prudently avoided any intercourse with him. It is not easy to describe the feelings of annoyance produced by the conduct of the Chinese, both public and individual: of the former I

shall speak hereafter; of the latter I can only say that nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous.

A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

Lord Amherst was generally condemned for refusing the proffered audience. The emperor, in disgust, ordered them instantly to set out for Canton, which was accordingly done. This embassy made scarcely any addition to our knowledge of China.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

The embassy of Lord Amherst to China was, as we have related, comparatively a failure; but the return-voyage was rich both in discovery and in romantic interest. The voyage was made, not along the coast of China, but by Corea and the Loo-choo Islands, and accounts of it were published in 1818 by MR MACLEOD, surgeon of the *Alceste*, and by CAPTAIN BASIL HALL of the *Lyra*. The work of the latter was entitled *An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-choo Island*. In the course of this voyage it was found that a great part of what had been laid down on the maps as part of Corea, consisted of an immense archipelago of small islands. The number of these was beyond calculation; and during a sail of upwards of one hundred miles, the sea continued closely studded with them. From one lofty point a hundred and twenty appeared on sight, some with waving woods and green verdant valleys. Loo-choo, however, was the most important, and by far the most interesting of the parts touched upon by the expedition. There the strange spectacle was presented of a people ignorant equally of the use of firearms and the use of money, living in a state of primitive seclusion and happiness such as resembles the dreams of poetry rather than the realities of modern life.

Captain Basil Hall distinguished himself by the composition of other books of travels, written with delightful ease, spirit, and picturesqueness. The first of these consists of *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico*, being the result of his observations in those countries in 1821 and 1822. South America had, previous to this, been seldom visited, and its countries were also greater objects of curiosity and interest from their political condition, on the point of emancipation from Spain. The next work of Captain Hall was *Travels in North America*, in 1827 and 1828, written in a more ambitious strain than his former publications, and containing some excellent descriptions and remarks, mixed up with political disquisitions. This was followed by *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, addressed chiefly to young persons, in three small volumes; which were so favourably received, that a second, and afterwards a third series, each in three volumes, were given to the

public. A further collection of these observations on foreign society, scenery, and manners, was published by Captain Hall in 1842, also in three volumes, under the title of *Patchwork*. This popular author died at Haslar Hospital in 1844, aged 56. He was the second son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., President of the Royal Society, and author of some works on Architecture, &c.

HENRY DAVID INGLIS.

One of the most cheerful and unaffected of tourists and travellers, with a strong love of nature and a poetical imagination, was MR HENRY DAVID INGLIS, who died in March 1835, at the early age of forty. Mr Inglis was the son of a Scottish advocate. He was brought up to commercial pursuits; but his passion for literature, and for surveying the grand and beautiful in art and nature, overpowered his business habits, and led him at once to travel and to write. Diffident of success, he assumed the *nom de plume* of Derwent Conway, and under this disguise he published *The Tales of Ardennes; Solitary Walks through Many Lands; Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*, 1829; and *Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees* in 1830, 1831. The last two works were included in *Constable's Miscellany*, and were deservedly popular. Mr Inglis was then engaged as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but tiring of this, he again repaired to the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain. His travels in both countries were published; and one of the volumes—*Spain in 1830*—is the best of all his works. He next produced a novel descriptive of Spanish life, entitled *The New Gil Blas*; but it was unsuccessful. After conducting a newspaper for some time in Jersey, Mr Inglis published an account of the Channel Islands, marked by the easy grace and picturesque charm that pervade all his writings. He next made a tour through Ireland, and wrote his valuable work entitled *Ireland in 1834*. His last work was *Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, published in parts in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

LOUIS SIMOND.

LOUIS SIMOND, a French author, who, by familiarity with our language and country, wrote in English as well as in his native tongue, published in 1822 a work in two volumes—*Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819*. M. Simond had previously written a similar work on Great Britain, during the years 1810 and 1811, which was well received and favourably reviewed by Southey, Jeffrey, and other critics. M. Simond resided twenty years in America. We subjoin his account of a

Swiss Mountain and Avalanche.

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a chalet on the top of the mountain (the Wingernalp). This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream, or at least of very rich milk,

was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or lades answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champêtre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles; and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our head. Between us and the Jungfrau the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow, but a prolongation of sound, in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another, all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather snowy ice, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off drapery gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on the chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the deathlike silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely indebted to them; and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility, and shortness of days, strike our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—the universe—compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the whole fabric into the compass of

a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when, rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shewn an inaccessible shelf of rock on the west side of the Jungfrau, upon which a lämmergeier—the vulture of lambs—once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of Murren, situated above the Staubbach: some red scraps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

The following are sketches of character by Simond:

Rousseau (1712-1778).

Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire—that of the mind; the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet—he said and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be more numerous, but they were bound to him by far weaker ties. Those of Rousseau made the French Revolution, and perished for it; while Voltaire, miscalculating its chances, perished by it. Both perhaps deserved their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too—for in the deadly encounter of all the passions, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail. Heroes and martyrs do not care for epigrams; and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or to cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has somewhere said, *n'a toujours tenu lieu d'éloquence!* And well it might; for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself. Nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendancy over the minds of others, without this intimate persuasion, in yourself. Rousseau's might only be a sort of poetical persuasion lasting but as long as the occasion; yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, though but for a quarter of an hour perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

Mr M——, son of the friend of Rousseau to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his *Confessions*, to be published after his death, had the goodness to shew them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself in a small hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers, however, were several sketch-books, or memoranda, half filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought which is there put down. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they did not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan; but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possibly some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyrdom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his commonplace-book.

These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his taste in composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression—giving words a peculiar energy by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naïveté* of old language; and, in the artificial process of simplicity, carefully effacing the trace of each laborious footstep as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr

M—— had promised to Rousseau that he would publish his *Confessions* as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Anceci, affording a curious but frightfully disgusting picture of monkish manners at the time. It is a pity that Mr M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius.

Madame de Staël (1766-1817).

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel that I must remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation: she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the society of Paris was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself. It was the best mirror she could get—and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty. Yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure. Conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure, the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND SERIAL WORKS.

We have referred to the continuation of the *Cyclopædia* of Ephraim Chambers by DR ABRAHAM REES, a dissenting clergyman (1743-1825). This revival was so successful that the publishers of the work agreed with Dr Rees to undertake a new and magnificent work of a similar nature; and in 1802 the first volume of *Rees's Cyclopædia* was issued, with illustrations in a style of engraving never surpassed in this country. This splendid work extended to forty-five volumes. In 1771 the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, edited by Mr William Smellie, was published in three volumes. The second edition, commenced in 1776, was enlarged to ten volumes, and embraced biography and history. The third edition, completed in 1797, amounted to eighteen volumes, and was enriched with valuable treatises on Grammar and Metaphysics, by the Rev. Dr Gleig; with profound articles on Mythology, Mysteries, and Philology, by Dr Doig; and with an elaborate view of the philosophy of

induction, and contributions in physical science, by Professor Robison. Two supplementary volumes were afterwards added to this work. A fourth edition was issued under the superintendence of Dr James Millar, and completed in 1810; it was enriched with some admirable scientific treatises from the pen of Professor Wallace. Two other editions, merely nominal, of this *Encyclopædia* were published; and a Supplement to the work was projected by Mr Archibald Constable, and placed under the charge of Professor Macvey Napier. To this Supplement Constable attracted the greatest names both in Britain and France: it contained contributions from Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jameson, Leslie, Mackintosh, Dr Thomas Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Professor Wallace, Dr Thomas Young, M. Biot, M. Arago, &c. Dugald Stewart was to receive £1000 for his Dissertation on Metaphysical Philosophy, and Professor Playfair £500 for a similar contribution on Natural Philosophy. The former actually received £1600; and the latter would have received an additional £500 had he lived to complete his treatise. Such large sums had never before been given in Scotland for literary labour. The Supplement was completed in six volumes. In the year 1826, when the *Encyclopædia Britannica* fell into the hands of Messrs Adam and Charles Black, a new edition of the whole was commenced, incorporating all the articles in the Supplement, with such modifications and additions as were necessary to adjust them to the later views and information applicable to their subjects. Mr Napier was chosen editor, and an assistant in the work of revision and addition was found in Dr James Browne, a man of varied and extensive learning. New and valuable articles were contributed by Sir David Brewster, Mr Galloway, Dr Traill, Dr Roget, Dr John Thomson, Mr Tytler, Professor Spalding, Mr Moir, &c. This great national work—for such it may justly be entitled—was completed in 1842, in twenty-one volumes. Another edition of this *Encyclopædia*, the eighth, greatly improved, was published in 1859–60, edited by Professor Traill, and enriched with contributions from Lord Macaulay, Sir John Herschel, and other eminent authors. A ninth edition is now (1876) in progress, under the editorial charge of Mr Thomas Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the university of St Andrews.

Of a more portable and popular form is *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, a cheap and comprehensive 'dictionary of universal knowledge for the people.' This work, issued by W. & R. Chambers, was commenced in 1859 and completed in 1868, in ten volumes large octavo. The editor, ANDREW FINDLATER, LL.D.—a man of extensive learning and literary connections—was admirably adapted for such a task; and, with the aid of a body of friendly and able contributors in every department of literature and science, he succeeded in producing a work of rare excellence and utility, which has commanded a large sale both in this country and in America. A new edition was completed in 1875. A vitiated edition has been published in the United States. The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was begun in 1815, and presented this difference from its rivals, that it departed from

the alphabetical arrangement—certainly the most convenient—and arranged its articles in what the conductors considered their natural order. Coleridge was one of the contributors to this work; some of its philological articles are ingenious. The *London Encyclopædia*, in twenty volumes royal 8vo, is a useful compendium, and includes the whole of Johnson's *Dictionary*, with its citations. *Lardner's Cyclopædia* is a collection of different works on natural philosophy, arts and manufactures, history, biography, &c., published in 131 small 8vo volumes, issued monthly. Popular cyclopædias, each in one large volume, have been published, condensing a large amount of information. Of these, Mr M'Culloch, the political economist, is author of one on Commerce, and another on Geography; Dr Ure on Arts and Manufactures; Mr Brande on Science, Literature, and Art; Mr Blaine on Rural Sports. There is also a series of cyclopædias on a larger scale, devoted to the various departments of medical science.

The plan of monthly publication for works of merit, and combining cheapness with elegance, was commenced by Mr Constable in 1827. It had been planned by him two years before, when his active mind was full of splendid schemes; and he was confident that, if he lived for half-a-dozen years, he would 'make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain, as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *salt-poke*.' *Constable's Miscellany* was not begun till after the failure of the great publisher's house, but it presented some attraction, and enjoyed for several years considerable though unequal success. The works were issued in monthly numbers at a shilling each, and volumes at three shillings and sixpence. Basil Hall's *Travels*, and Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, were included in the *Miscellany*, and had a great sale. The example of this Edinburgh scheme stirred up a London publisher, Mr Murray, to attempt a similar series in the English metropolis. Hence began the *Family Library*, which was continued for about twelve years, and ended in 1841 with the eightieth volume. Mr Murray made his volumes five shillings each, adding occasionally engravings and wood-cuts, and publishing several works of standard merit—including Washington Irving's *Sketch-book*, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, &c. Mr Irving also abridged for this Library his *Life of Columbus*; Mr Lockhart abridged Scott's *Life of Napoleon*; Scott himself contributed a *History of Demonology*; Sir David Brewster a *Life of Newton*; and other popular authors joined as fellow-labourers. Another series of monthly volumes was begun in 1833, under the title of *Sacred Classics*, being reprints of celebrated authors whose labours have been devoted to the elucidation of the principles of revealed religion. Two clergymen—Mr Cattermole and Mr Stebbing—edited this library, and it was no bad index to their fitness for the office, that they opened it with Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, one of the most able, high-spirited, and eloquent of theological or ethical treatises. The *Edinburgh Cabinet Library* commenced in 1830, and included a number of valuable works, embodying the latest information and discoveries, chiefly on geographical and historical subjects. The convenience of the monthly mode of publication has

recommended it to both publishers and readers: editions of the works of Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Southey, the fashionable novels, &c., have been thus issued and circulated in thousands. Old standard authors and grave historians, decked out in this gay monthly attire, have also enjoyed a new lease of popularity: Boswell's *Johnson*, Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, Hume, Smollett, and Lingard, Tytler's *Scotland*, Cowper, Robert Hall, and almost innumerable other British *worthies*, have been so published. Those libraries, however—notwithstanding the intentions and sanguine predictions of Constable—were chiefly supported by the more opulent and respectable classes. To bring science and literature within the grasp of all, a Society was formed in 1825 for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, at the head of which were several statesmen and leading members of the Whig aristocracy—Lords Auckland, Althorp (afterwards Earl Spencer), John Russell, Nugent, Suffield, Mr Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), Sir James Mackintosh, Dr Maltby (afterwards Bishop of Durham), Mr Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, &c. Their object was to circulate a series of treatises on the exact sciences, and on various branches of useful knowledge, in numbers at sixpence each. The first was published in March 1827, being *A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science*, by Mr Brougham. Many of the works issued by this Society were excellent compendiums of knowledge; but the general fault of their scientific treatises was, that they were too technical and abstruse for the working-classes, and were, in point of fact, purchased and read chiefly by those in better stations of life. Another series of works of a higher cast, entitled *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, in four-shilling volumes, also emanated from this Society, as well as a very valuable and extensive series of maps and charts, forming a complete atlas. A collection of Portraits, with biographical memoirs, and an improved description of Almanac, published yearly, formed part of the Society's operations. Their labours were on the whole beneficial; and though the demand for cheap literature was then rapidly extending, the steady impulse and encouragement given to it by a Society possessing ample funds and large influence, must have tended materially to accelerate its progress. It was obvious, however, that the field was only partly occupied, and that large masses, both in the rural and manufacturing districts, were unable either to purchase or understand many of the treatises of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Under this impression, the publishers of the present work commenced, in February 1832, their weekly periodical, *Chambers's Journal*, consisting of original papers on subjects of ordinary life, science, and literature, and containing in each number a quantity of matter equal to that in a number of the Society's works, and sold at one-fourth of the price. The result of this extra-

ordinary cheapness—and we may honestly add the good quality of the material—was a circulation soon exceeding fifty thousand weekly. The *Penny Magazine*, a respectable periodical, and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, were afterwards commenced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and attained each a very great circulation. There are now numerous other labourers in the same field of humble usefulness; and it is scarcely possible to enter a cottage or workshop without meeting with some of these publications—cheering the leisure moments of the peasant or mechanic, and, by withdrawing him from the operation of the grosser senses, elevating him in the scale of rational beings.

We cannot close this section without adverting to the Reviews and Magazines. The *Edinburgh Review*, started in October 1802 under circumstances elsewhere detailed, was a work entirely new in our literature, not only as it brought talent of the first order to bear upon periodical criticism, but as it presented many original and brilliant disquisitions on subjects of public importance, apart from all consideration of the literary productions of the day. It met with instant success. Of the first number, 750 copies were printed. The demand exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions followed. In 1808, the circulation had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum—from which it has declined—in 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed. The *Review*, we need not say, still occupies an important position in the English world of letters. As it was devoted to the support of Whig politics, the Tory or ministerial party of the day soon felt a need for a similar organ of opinion on their side, and this led to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in 1809. The *Quarterly* has ever since kept abreast with its northern rival in point of ability, and is said to have outstripped it in circulation. The *Westminster Review* was established in 1824, by Mr Bentham and his friends, as a medium for the representation of Radical opinions. In talent, as in popularity, this work has been unequal.

The same improvement which the *Edinburgh Review* originated in the critical class of periodicals was effected in the department of the magazines, or literary miscellanies, by the establishment, in 1817, of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, which has been the exemplar of many other similar publications—*Fraser's*, *Tait's* (now extinct), the *New Monthly*, *Bentley's Miscellany* (extinct), the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Contemporary Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, &c. These magazines present each month a melange of original articles in light literature, mingled with papers of political disquisition. In all of them there is now literary matter of merit equal to what obtained great reputations in the last century.



THOMAS HOOD



LORD MACAULAY



ALFRED TENNYSON.



LORD LYTTON



HENRY W LONGFELLOW

EIGHTH PERIOD
1830-1876
Reigns of George IV. William IV.
Queen Victoria

SOME of the great names which illustrated the former period, and have made it famous, continued after 1830 to grace our literature. Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, the creative masters of the last generation, still remained, but their strength was spent, their honours won, and it may be long ere the world see again such a cluster of eminent poetical contemporaries. Other names, however, were brightening the horizon. Macaulay, Carlyle, and Tennyson appeared, and we had vast activity in every department of our national literature, while in some there was unquestioned pre-eminence. This has been seen in the revival of speculative philosophy, corresponding with the diffusion of physical science—in the study of nature, its laws and resources; and in the rich abundance of our prose fiction, which is wholly without a parallel in ancient or modern times. The novel has, indeed, become a necessity in our social life—a great institution. It no longer deals with heroic events and perilous adventures—the romance of history or chivalry. But it finds nourishment and vigour in the daily walks and common scenes of life—in the development of character, intellect, and passion, the struggles, follies, and varieties of ordinary existence. Even poetry reflects the contemplative and inquiring spirit of the age. In history and biography, the two grand sources of our literary distinction in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the same tendencies prevail—a desire to know all and investigate all. Every source of information is sought after—every leading fact, principle, or doctrine in taste, criticism, and ethics is subjected to scrutiny and analysis; while literary journals and cheap editions, multiplied by the aid of steam, pour forth boundless supplies. To note all these in our remaining space would be impossible; many works well deserving of study we can barely glance at, and many must be omitted. In the delicate and somewhat invidious task of dealing with living authors, we shall seek rather to afford information and awaken interest than to pronounce judgments; and we must trust largely to the candour and indulgence of our readers.

POETS.

The chief representative poet of the period is Alfred Tennyson, who, on the death of Wordsworth, by universal acclaim succeeded to the laurel,

Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base,

and who has, like his predecessor, slowly won his way to fame. But, before noticing the laureate, several other names claim attention.

HARTLEY, DERWENT, AND SARA COLERIDGE.

The children of Samuel Taylor Coleridge all inherited his love of literature, and the eldest possessed no small portion of kindred poetical genius. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849) was born at Clevedon, near Bristol. His precocious fancy and sensibility attracted Wordsworth, who addressed some lines to the child, then only six years of age, expressive of his anxiety and fears for his future lot. The lines were prophetic. After a desultory, irregular education, Hartley competed for a fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, and gained it with high distinction; but at the close of the probationary year, he was judged to have forfeited it on the ground mainly of intemperance. He then attempted a literary life in London, but was unsuccessful. 'The cause of his failure,' says his brother, 'lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular forms; but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives which he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force.' Hartley next tried a school at Ambleside, but his scholars soon fell off, and at length he trusted solely to his pen. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in 1832 wrote for a Leeds publisher *Biographia Borealis, or Lives of Distinguished Northmen*. In 1833 appeared *Poems*, vol. i. (no second volume was published), and in 1834, *Lives of Northern Worthies*. The latter years of Hartley Coleridge were spent in the Lake country at Grasmere, and afterwards on the banks of Rydal Water. He was regarded with love, admiration, and pity; for with all his irregularities he preserved a childlike purity and simplicity of character, and 'with hair white as snow,' he had, as one of his friends remarked, 'a heart as green as May.' The works of Hartley Coleridge have been republished and edited by his brother—the *Poems*, with a Memoir, two volumes, 1851; *Essays and Marginalia* (miscellaneous essays and criticism), two volumes, 1851; and *Lives of Northern Worthies*, three volumes, 1852. The poetry of Hartley Coleridge is of the school of Wordsworth—unequal in execution, for hasty and spontaneous production was the habit of the poet, but at least a tithe of his verse merits preservation, and some of his sonnets are exquisite. His prose works are

characterised by a vein of original thought and reflection, and by great clearness and beauty of style. His *Lives of Northern Worthies* form one of the most agreeable of modern books, introducing the reader to soldiers, scholars, poets, and statesmen.

THE REV. DERWENT COLERIDGE (born at Keswick in 1800) is Principal of St Mark's College, Chelsea, and a prebendary of St Paul's. He has published a series of *Sermons*, 1839, but is chiefly known as author of the Memoir of his brother Hartley, and editor and annotator of some of his father's writings.

SARA COLERIDGE (1803-1852) was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, and is commemorated in Wordsworth's poem of *The Triad*. In respect of learning and philosophical studies, she might have challenged comparison with any of the erudite ladies of the Elizabethan period; while, in taste and fancy, she well supported the poetical honours of her family. The works of Sara Coleridge are—*Phantasmion*, a fairy tale, 1837, and *Pretty Lessons for Good Children*. She translated, from the Latin, Martin Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the Abipones*, three volumes, 1822, and enriched her father's works with valuable notes and illustrations. This accomplished lady was married to her cousin, HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE (1800-1843), who was author of a lively narrative, *Six Months in the West Indies in 1825*; of an *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets*, 1830; and editor of the *Literary Remains* and of many of the writings of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In 1873 was published *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter, a work in two volumes, containing much interesting information relative to the Lake Poets, besides displaying the virtues and acquirements of the deceased authoress. Some one said of Sara Coleridge: 'Her father had looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.'

Sonnets by Hartley Coleridge.

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the glad welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

To Shakspeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So, in the compass of a single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
To make all worlds. Great Poet! 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart

Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Address to Certain Gold-fishes.

Restless forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes—
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay:

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart;
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound—
Is but the task of wry pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem!

We add a few sentences of Hartley Coleridge's graceful and striking prose:

History and Biography.

In history, all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth; in biography, the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified—as circumstances amid which he is placed—as the sphere in which he moves—or the materials he works with. The man with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue; but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and fore ground. In history, the man, like the earth on the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in biography, he is, like the earth in the ancient cosmogony, the centre and final cause of the system.

The Opposing Armies on Marston Moor.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honour and their love, their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle love, as they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The Roundheads, arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage; the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberets, and heavy fire-arms of the parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise or sour-mannered: the soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together. It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on one side or more swearing on the other, or which to a truly Christian ear had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the church; there was bravery and virtue in both; but with this high advantage on the parliamentary side—that while the aristocratic honour of the royalists could only inspire a certain number of *gentlemen*, and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.

Discernment of Character.

I know it well,
Yet must I still distrust the elder brother;
For while he talks—and much the flatterer talks—
His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
Of all his boast: indeed I marked it well, &c.

MASON'S *Characteristics*.

This is beautifully true to nature. Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes—by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but, above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocinative understanding, their disregard to pre-sentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant. Be it, however, remembered that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer

tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent, and is quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error.

J. A. HERAUD—W. B. SCOTT.

JOHN ABRAHAM HERAUD—an author of curious and varied erudition, and long connected with periodical literature—has made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, *The Descent into Hell*, 1830, and *Judgment of the Flood*, 1834. He has also been a contributor to the unacted drama, having written several tragedies—*Salaverra*, *The Two Brothers*, *Videna*, &c. Mr Heraud is, or rather was, in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His *Descent* and *Judgment* are remarkable poems—'psychological curiosities,' evincing a great amount of misplaced intellectual and poetic power. In 1871 Mr Heraud published *The Ingathering*, a volume of poetry; and *The War of Ideas*, a poem on the Franco-Prussian war.

In 1838 WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, an artist and man of genius, published *Hades*, or *the Transit*, and in 1846 *The Year of the World*, both transcendental poems, mystical as Mr Heraud's strains, but evidently prompted by admiration of Shelley. In 1854 Mr Scott issued *Poems by a Painter*; and in 1875 a volume of *Poems, Ballads, &c.*, with etchings by the author and by Alma Tadema.

MRS SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES (1787-1854) was the daughter of a retired officer, Captain Charles Bowles, of Buckland, near Lymington, Hants. She was, when young, deprived of her parents, and was left almost wholly to the care of the nurse, to whom she makes grateful reference in her writings. In her country retirement, she early cultivated literature, and produced successively *Ellen Fitz-Arthur*, a poem, 1820; *The Widow's Tale*, and other Poems, 1822; *Solitary Hours, Prose and Verse*, 1826; *Chapters on Churchyards*—a series of tales and sketches in prose, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and reprinted in two volumes, 1829. A long and affectionate intimacy subsisted between Southey and Miss Bowles, and in 1839 they were married. The *Athenæum* (Aug. 1854) states that no sacrifice could be greater than the one Miss Bowles made on this occasion. She resigned a larger income than she knew she would receive at Southey's death, and she 'consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced—with a certain knowledge of the injurious treatment to which she might be exposed—from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection; namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.' The laureate himself, in writing to his friend Walter Savage Landor on the subject of this second marriage, said he had, according to

human foresight, 'judged well, and acted wisely;' but to his family it was peculiarly distasteful, except to one of its members, Edith May Southey, married to Mr Warter, the editor of the posthumous edition of Southey's *Doctor and Commonplace Books*. To this lady, Mrs Southey, in 1847—four years after the death of the laureate—dedicated a volume bearing the title of *Robin Hood: a Fragment, by the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey; with other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.* So early as 1823, Southey had projected a poem on Robin Hood, and asked Caroline Bowles to form an intellectual union with him that it might be executed. Various efforts were made and abandoned. The metre selected by Southey was that of his poem of *Thalaba*—a measure not only difficult, but foreign to all the ballad associations called up by the name of Robin Hood. Caroline Bowles, however, persevered, and we subjoin two stanzas of the portion contributed by her.

Majestically slow
The sun goes down in glory—
The full-orbed autumn sun;
From battlement to basement,
From flanking tower to flanking tower,
The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
Fling back the flamy splendour.
Wave above, wave below,
Orange, and green, and gold,
Russet and crimson,
Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods,
Close round on all sides:
Those again begirt
In wavy undulations of all hues
To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.

The holy stillness of the hour,
The hush of human life,
Lets the low voice be heard—
The low, sweet, solemn voice
Of the deep woods,
Its mystical murmuring
Now swelling into choral harmony,
Rich, full, exultant;
In tremulous whispers next,
Sinking away,
A spiritual undertone,
Till the cooing of the wood-pigeon
Is heard alone.

The poem was never completed: 'clouds were gathering the while,' says Mrs Southey, 'and before the time came that our matured purpose should bear fruit, the fiat had gone forth, and "all was in the dust."' The remaining years of the poetess were spent in close retirement. She left behind her, it is said, upwards of twelve hundred letters from the pen of Southey. The writings of Mrs Southey, both prose and verse, illustrate her love of retirement, her amiable character, and poetical susceptibilities. A vein of pathos runs through most of the little tales or novelettes, and colours her poetry.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;

Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all 's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Once upon a Time.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
A season long ago;
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now shall know.
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray;
I've never plucked such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae;
I've never smelt such violets
As all that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn-root—
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then and gay
With golden gorse—bright blossoming—
As none blooms nowadays.
The blackbird sings but seldom now
Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing—
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew.
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seemed woven warm of golden air—
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
 Were finely flavoured then ;
 And nuts—such reddening clusters ripe
 I ne'er shall pull again ;
 Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich
 As fruits of sunniest clime ;
 How all is altered for the worse
 Since I was in my prime !

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing-bell doth toll—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There 's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state :
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change !—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonised, and now
 Beyond the stars !

O change—stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod :
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

The first production of MR READE appears to have been a volume entitled *The Broken Heart and other Poems*, 1825. From that period up to 1868 he has published a long series of poems and dramas. *Cain the Wanderer* and *the Revolt of the Angels* in 1830; *Italy*, 1838; *Catiline* and *The Deluge*, 1839; *Sacred Poems*, 1843; *Memnon*, 1844; *Revelations of Life*, 1849; &c. Mr Reade has lived to superintend and publish four collective editions of his poetical works (1851-1865). He has also written some novels, and two volumes of *Continental Impressions* (1847). The poem of *Italy*, in the Spenserian stanza, recalls Byron's *Childe Harold*, while the *Revelations* resemble Wordsworth's *Excursion*. We subjoin a few lines of description :

We looked toward
 The sun, rayless and red ; emerging slow
 From a black canopy that lowered above.
 O'er a blue sky it hung where fleecy clouds

Swelled like low hills along the horizon's verge,
 Down slanting to a sea of glory, or
 O'er infinite plains in luminous repose.
 Eastward the sulphurous thunder-clouds were rolled :
 While on the lurid sky beneath was marked
 The visibly falling storm. The western rays
 Braided its molten edges, rising up
 Like battlemented towers, their brazen fronts
 Changing perturbedly : from which, half seen,
 The imaginative eye could body forth
 Spiritual forms of thrones and fallen powers,
 Reflecting on their scarred and fiery fronts,
 The splendours left behind them.

Catiline, a drama, is well conceived and executed ; but here also Mr Reade follows another poetical master, Ben Jonson.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

This gentleman (1802-1839) was early distinguished for scholarship and poetic talent. In conjunction with a school-fellow—the Rev. John Moultrie, who also wrote some pleasing poetry—Mr Praed set up a paper called *The Etonian* ; and he was associated with Macaulay as a writer in *Knights Quarterly Magazine*. The son of a wealthy London banker, Mr Praed was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge ; he studied for the bar, and, having entered public life as a Conservative politician, sat in the House of Commons for English boroughs, and for a short period in 1835 held the office of Secretary of the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to periodicals, and were first collected by an American publisher in 1844. They are light, fashionable sketches, yet executed with great truth and sprightliness. The following is an excellent portrait of a wealthy English bachelor and humorist :

Quince.

Near a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil church and steeple,
 There stood—alas, it stands no more !—
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which, for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants ;
 He won the sympathies of all
 By making puns and making presents.
 Though all the parish was at strife,
 He kept his counsel and his carriage,
 And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
 And shrunk from Chancery-suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head,
 Warm was his double ale and feelings ;
 His partners at the whist-club said
 That he was faultless in his dealings.
 He went to church but once a week,
 Yet Dr Poundtext always found him
 An upright man, who studied Greek,
 And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
 He used to swear were made to cozen ;
 All who subscribed to them were fools—
 And he subscribed to half a dozen.

It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing ;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter ;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said : ' I cannot make them better.'
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With, ' Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle !'

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table ;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable.
Old Quince averred upon his troth
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon ;
And none knew why he fed them both
With his own hands, six days in seven.

When'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs Glasse or patterns.
Alice was studying baker's bills ;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters ;
Jane happened to be hemming frills ;
And Nell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him ;
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge ;
Some heard he had been crossed in love
Before he came away from college ;
Some darkly hinted that His Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him ;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him.

I found him at threescore and ten
A single man, but bent quite double ;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily ;
One frosty day he made his will,
The next he sent for Dr Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died ;
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand : ' Ah me !' he cried,
' Penelope must wear the willow !'
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket,
And say that when I call again
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

' I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him !—
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox ;
She'll find him an uncommon mouser ;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshäuser.

' Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine ;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid. But Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection !
Tom, we shall meet again ; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction !'

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist ; but several of his compositions, of a different nature, shew that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thoughts ' too deep for tears,' and rich imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in, like momentary shadows, among his light and fantastic effusions. His wit and sarcasm were always well applied. This ingenious and gifted man was a native of London, son of one of the partners in the book-selling firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe. He was educated for the counting-house, and at an early age was placed under the charge of a City merchant. His health, however, was found unequal to the close confinement and application required at the merchant's desk, and he was sent to reside with some relatives in Dundee, of which town his father was a native. While resident there, Mr Hood evinced his taste for literature. He contributed to the local newspapers, and also to the *Dundee Magazine*, a periodical of considerable merit. On the re-establishment of his health, he returned to London, and was put apprentice to a relation, an engraver. At this employment he remained just long enough to acquire a taste for drawing, which was afterwards of essential service to him in illustrating his poetical productions. About the year 1821 he had adopted literature as a profession, and was installed as regular assistant to the *London Magazine*, which at that time was left without its founder and ornament, Mr John Scott, who was unhappily killed in a duel. On the cessation of this work, Mr Hood wrote for various periodicals. He was some time editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and also of a magazine which bore his own name. His life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by ill health and all the disquiet and uncertainties incidental to authorship. When almost prostrated by disease, the government stepped in to relieve him with a small pension ; and after his premature death in May 1845, his literary friends contributed liberally towards the support of his widow and family. The following lines, written a few weeks before his death, possess a peculiar and melancholy interest :

Farewell, Life ! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim :
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapour chill ;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome, Life ! the spirit strives :
Strength returns, and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—

O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould !

April 1845.

Mr Hood's productions are in various styles and forms. His first work, *Whims and Oddities*, attained to great popularity. Their most original feature was the use which the author made of puns—a figure generally too contemptible for literature, but which, in Hood's hands, became the basis of genuine humour, and often of the purest pathos. He afterwards (1827) tried a series of *National Tales*; but his prose was less attractive than his verse. A regular novel, *Tylney Hall*, was a more decided failure. In poetry he made a great advance. *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is a rich imaginative work, superior to his other productions. As editor of the *Comic Annual*, and also of some of the literary annuals, Mr Hood increased his reputation for sportive humour and poetical fancy; and he continued the same vein in his *Up the Rhine*—a satire on the absurdities of English travellers. In 1843, he issued two volumes of *Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering*, collected chiefly from the *New Monthly Magazine*. His last production of any importance was the *Song of the Shirt*, which first appeared in *Punch* (1844), and is as admirable in spirit as in composition. This striking picture of the miseries of the poor London sempstresses struck home to the heart, and aroused the benevolent feelings of the public. In most of Hood's works, even in his puns and levities, there is a 'spirit of good' directed to some kindly or philanthropic object. He had serious and mournful jests, which were the more effective from their strange and unexpected combinations. Those who came to laugh at folly, remained to sympathise with want and suffering. The 'various pen' of Hood, said Douglas Jerrold, 'touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears.' Charles Lamb said Hood carried two faces under his *namesake*, a tragic one and a comic.

Of Hood's graceful and poetical puns, it would be easy to give abundant specimens. The following stanzas form part of an inimitable burlesque :

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past !
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay ! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest ?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound ;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat !
Oh, Time has plucked the plummy brow !
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law ! . . .

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans ;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?

A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work ; but men
Fight now with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate ;
'Tis gone the archer's craft !
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft. . . .

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about ?
Or blood—if they are in the vein ?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque* is out !

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place ;
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case !

Farewell, then, ancient men of might !
Crusader, errant squire, and knight !
Our coats and customs soften ;
To rise would only make you weep ;
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety coffin ! .

The grave, lofty, and sustained style of Hood is much more rare than this punning vein; but a few verses will shew how truly poetical at times was his imagination—how rapt his fancy. The diction of the subjoined stanzas is rich and musical, and may recall some of the finest flights of the Elizabethan poets. We quote from an *Ode to the Moon*.

Mother of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old ? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread ?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like ? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bonnd galley on its perilous way ;
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray :
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars :
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latinian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be !
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he* the veriest Pagan who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee ;
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows ;
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,

Casting their dappled shadows at my feet ;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In the *Gem*, a literary annual for 1829, Mr Hood published a ballad entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which is also remarkable for its exhibition of the secrets of the human heart, and its deep and powerful moral feeling. It is perhaps to be regretted that an author who had undoubted command of the higher passions and emotions, should so seldom have frequented this sacred ground, but have preferred the gaieties of mirth and fancy. He probably saw that his originality was more apparent in the latter, and that popularity was in this way more easily attained. Immediate success was of importance to him ; and until the position of literary men be rendered more secure and unassailable, we must often be content to lose works which can only be the 'ripened fruits of wise delay.'

The following is one of Hood's most popular effusions in that style which the public identified as peculiarly his own :

A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf !
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door ! the door ! he 'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy !)
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that 's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He 'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)
Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above !)

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt !'

'Work—work—work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work !
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It 's oh ! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

'Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

'O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you 're wearing out !
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death ?
That phantom of grisly bone ;
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

'Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair ;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

'Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work !
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work !
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to shew me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet ;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

'Oh, but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich !—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt !'

The following stanzas possess a sad yet sweet reality of tone and imagery :

The Death-bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Hood's works have been collected into four volumes : *Poems of Wit and Humour* ; *Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year* ; and *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*.

A son of Mr Hood's (commonly termed TOM HOOD) was also a professional littérateur, author of several novels, books for children, and other works: he was also editor of a comic periodical, *Fun*. He died in 1874, aged 39.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Under the signature of the Greek letter Delta, DAVID MACBETH MOIR (1798 1851) was a large poetical contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His best pieces are grave and tender, but he also wrote some lively *jeux d'esprit*, and a humorous Scottish tale, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch*, which was published in one volume, in 1828. His other works are—*The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems*, 1824 ; *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*, 1831 ; *Domestic Verses*, 1843 ; and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century*, 1851. His Poetical Works, edited by Thomas Aird—who prefixed to the collection an excellent memoir of the poet—were published in two volumes in 1852. Mr Moir practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him. Of his poetry, Mr Aird says: 'In Delta's earlier strains there are generally fancy, and feeling, and musical rhythm, but not much thought. His love of poetry, however, never suffered abatement, and as "a maker," he was improving to the very last. To unfaded freshness of heart he was adding riper thought : such was one of the prime blessings of his pure nature and life. Reserve and patience were what he wanted, in order to be a greater name in song than he is.'

When Thou at Eve art Roaming.

I.

When thou at eve art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming,
And falling down—a cataract,
'Twas there with thee I want to talk ;
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh.

II.

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in her light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,
Then be thou melancholy too,
While pausing on the hours I proved
With thee beloved.

III.

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
As soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
And then its flight remembrance wings
To bypast things.

IV.

To me, through every season, dearest ;
In every scene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright ;
My solitary, sole delight ;
Where'er I am, by shore—at sea—
I think of thee !

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

Associated with Præd, Macaulay, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and others in the *Etonian* and *Knights Quarterly Magazine*, was the REV. JOHN MOULTRIE (1799-1874), for some time rector of Rugby—

an amiable and accomplished man, and one of the most graceful and meditative of the minor poets. He published two volumes—*My Brother's Grave, and other Poems*, 1837; and *The Dream of Life, and other Poems*, 1843; also a volume of *Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Rugby*, 1852. A complete edition of Moultrie's poems was published in 1876, with memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, one of the most attached and admiring of his college friends. The following is part of one of his earliest and best poems :

My Brother's Grave.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.

Few words upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare ;
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there :
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around ;
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street ;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell
From neighbouring fort or citadel—
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life ;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,

Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid 'in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.'
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath day ;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees ;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of heaven ;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone ?
What form, in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray ?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup ?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed ;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul ;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.

My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet ;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget !

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain ;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day !
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God !
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine. . . .

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom ;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side ;
With thee he roams, an infant shade ;
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both ! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best ;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirit wanders o'er ?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality ?

THE HON. MRS NORTON.

The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius, and MRS NORTON has well sustained the honours of her race. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas, whose convivial wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and whose many amiable qualities greatly endeared him to his friends. He died at a comparatively early age (in 1817), while filling the office of Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1806, Thomas Sheridan was in Scotland, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, and he there married a daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callender of Craighforth, by whom he had a numerous family.* Caroline Elizabeth Sarah was one of three sisters; she was born in 1808, and in her nineteenth year was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, son of the first Lord Grantley. This union was dissolved in 1840, after Mrs Norton had been the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description. Mr Norton was for thirty years recorder of Guildford; he died in 1875. From her childhood, Caroline Sheridan wrote verses. Her first publication was an attempt at satire, *The Dandies' Rout*, to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, a poem embodying a pathetic story of village-life, but which was not published until 1829. Her next work was a poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering

* Lady Elizabeth, the mother of Mrs Norton, was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. She wrote a novel, entitled *Carwell*. Those who trace the preponderance of talent to the mother's side, may conclude that a fresh infusion of Irish genius was added to the Sheridan family by this connection.

Jew, and which she termed *The Undying One*, 1831. A novel, *The Wife and Woman's Reward*, 1835, was Mrs Norton's next production. In 1840 appeared *The Dream, and other Poems*. In 1845, she published *The Child of the Islands*, a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales, when he should be able to attend to social questions, to the condition of the people 'in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes,' and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor. This was no new theme of the poetess: she had years before written letters on the subject, which were published in the *Times* newspaper. At Christmas 1846, Mrs Norton issued two poetical fairy tales, *Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children*, which charm alike by their graceful fancy and their brief sketches of birds, woods, and flowers. In 1850 appeared a volume of *Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse*, being a collection of miscellaneous pieces originally contributed to periodicals. Next year a bolder venture was tried, a three-volume novel, entitled *Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times*. The incidents of this story are too uniformly sad and gloomy—partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress; but it presents occasional passages of humour and sarcasm, and a more matured though unfavourable knowledge of the world. It seemed as if the mind of the accomplished writer had been directed more closely to 'the evils done under the sun,' and that she longed passionately for power to redress them. In 1854 she wrote *English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century*; in 1862, *The Lady of Garaye*; in 1863, a novel entitled *Lost and Saved*. Her subsequent public appearances have been chiefly on topics of social importance; and the recent improvement in the English marriage laws may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings and untiring exertions of Mrs Norton. 'This lady,' says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel.' The truth of this remark, both as to poetical and personal similarity of feeling, will be seen from the following impassioned verses, addressed by Mrs Norton to the late Duchess of Sutherland, to whom she dedicated her Poems. The simile of the swan flinging aside the 'turbid drops' from her snowy wing is certainly worthy of Byron. But happily Mrs Norton has none of Byron's misanthropy or cold hopelessness.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;

To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered
youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not
crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would
take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which
steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide:

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy
drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

In a poem entitled *Autumn* there is a noble simile:

I know the gray stones in the rocky glen,
Where the wild red deer gather one by one,
And listen, startled, to the tread of men
Which the betraying breeze hath backward blown!

So—with such dark majestic eyes, where shone
 Less terror than amazement—nobly came
 Peruvia's Incas, when, through lands unknown,
 The cruel conqueror with the blood-stained name
 Swept with pursuing sword and desolating flame.

In *The Winter's Walk*, a poem written after walking with Mr Rogers the poet, Mrs Norton has the following graceful and picturesque lines :

Gleamed the red sun athwart the misty haze
 Which veiled the cold earth from its loving gaze,
 Feeble and sad as hope in sorrow's hour—
 But for thy soul it still had warmth and power ;
 Not to its cheerless beauty wert thou blind ;
 To the keen eye of thy poetic mind
 Beauty still lives, though nature's flowerets die,
 And wintry sunsets fade along the sky !
 And nought escaped thee as we strolled along,
 Nor changeful ray, nor bird's faint chirping song.
 Blessed with a fancy easily inspired,
 All was beheld, and nothing unadmired ;
 From the dim city to the clouded plain,
 Not one of all God's blessings given in vain.

The affectionate attachment of Rogers to Sheridan, in his last and evil days, is delicately touched upon by the poetess :

And when at length he laid his dying head
 On the hard rest of his neglected bed,
 He found (though few or none around him came
 Whom he had toiled for in his hour of fame—
 Though by his Prince unroyally forgot,
 And left to struggle with his altered lot),
 By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved—
 Faithful at least the friend he had *not* served :
 For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer,
 Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's ear ;
 And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
 Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in mine.

Picture of Twilight.

O Twilight ! Spirit that dost render birth
 To dim enchantments ; melting heaven with earth,
 Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
 A softness like the atmosphere of dreams ;
 Thy hour to all is welcome ! Faint and sweet
 Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
 Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
 Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
 And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
 Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
 Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
 Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
 Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—
 His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
 To whom *his* coming is the chief event
 Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
 The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
 And these poor cottagers have only cast
 One careless glance on all that show of pride,
 Then to their tasks turned quietly aside ;
 But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home ;
 Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come ;
 The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
 The frugal meal prepared, are all for him ;
 For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
 For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
 For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
 Whistling the fragment of some village song !
 Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
 Fair fleeting sister of the mournful Night !
 As in impatient hope he stands apart,
 Companioned only by his beating heart,
 And with an eager fancy oft beholds
 The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
 The memory of the day,
 When icy Death hath sealed the breath
 Of some dear form of clay ;

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
 The face we thought so fair,
 And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
 Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
 For hopes that come no more,
 Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
 ' Not lost, but gone before.'

Oh, sadly yet with vain regret
 The widowed heart must yearn ;
 And mothers weep their babes asleep
 In the sunlight's vain return ;

The brother's heart shall rue to part
 From the one through childhood known ;
 And the orphan's tears lament for years
 A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
 Beat wild on this world's shore,
 And all our calm is in that balm,
 ' Not lost, but gone before.'

O world wherein nor death, nor sin,
 Nor weary warfare dwells ;
 Their blessed home we parted from
 With sobs and sad farewells ;

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
 Our own with tears grow dim,
 And faint accords of dying words
 Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn ;

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,
 We'll meet our loved once more,
 Whose feet have trod the path to God—
 ' Not lost, but gone before.'

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY—ALARIC A. WATTS.

MR HERVEY, a native of Manchester (1804–1859), for some years conducted the *Athenæum* literary journal, and contributed to various other periodicals. He published *Australia, and other Poems*, 1824 ; *The Poetical Sketch-book*, 1829 ; *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*, 1832 ; *The English Helicon*, 1841 ; &c. His verses are characterised by delicate fancy and feeling.

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters ! and, purple and bright,
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the
 gale ;
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along :
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away, and away !
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and
o'er.

The *Poetical Sketches* (1822) and *Lyrics of the Heart* (1850) of MR ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS (1799–1864) are similar to the productions of Mr Hervey. Their author—a native of London—was connected with the periodical press, and was also among the first editors of those illustrated annual volumes once so numerous, in which poems and short prose sketches from popular or fashionable writers of the day were published. The *Literary Souvenir* ran to ten volumes (1824–34), and the *Cabinet of Modern Art* to three volumes (1835–38). Though generally very poor in point of literary merit, these illustrated annuals unquestionably fostered a taste for art among the people. In 1853, a pension of £300 was settled upon Mr Watts.

GEORGE DARLEY—SIR AUBREY AND AUBREY
THOMAS DE VERE.

A critic has said that many 'pensive fancies, thoughtful graces, and intellectual interests blossom beneath our busier life and our more rank and forward literature.' Some of these we have had the pleasure of pointing out, and among the graceful contributors of such poetry, we may include MR DARLEY, author of *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, 1827; of *Thomas à Beckett and Ethelstan*, dramas; *Errors of Extasie, and other Poems*. Mr Darley—who was a native of Dublin—died at a comparatively early age in 1846. He was in the latter part of his life one of the writers in the *Athenæum*, and an accomplished critic.—SIR AUBREY DE VERE (died in 1846) was author of two dramatic poems, *Julian the Apostate*, 1822,

and *The Duke of Mercia*, 1823; also of *A Song of Faith, and other Poems*, 1842. The last volume is dedicated to Wordsworth, who had perused and 'rewarded with praise' some of the pieces.—Sir Aubrey's third son, AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE (born in 1814), has published several pieces both in verse and prose—*The Waldenses, with other Poems*, 1842; *The Search after Proserpine*, 1843; *Mary Tudor, a Drama*, 1847; *Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, 1850; *The Infant Bridal, and other Poems*, 1864; &c.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Though of late chiefly known as a theologian and prose author, RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH early attracted attention by some poems evincing genuine feeling and graceful expression. *The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems*, appeared in 1835; *Sabbation, Honor Neale, &c.* in 1838; *Elegiac Poems*, 1850; *Poems from Eastern Sources*, 1851, &c. This accomplished divine is a native of Dublin, born in 1807. Having studied for the church, he was some time engaged in different places as curate. In 1845, he became Rector of Itchin-Stoke, near Alresford; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; Professor and Examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856; and in 1864 he succeeded Dr Whately as Archbishop of Dublin.

Evening Hymn.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?

Some Murmur, when their Sky is Clear.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,

Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

THOMAS AIRD—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

A few poems of wild imaginative grandeur, with descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character, have been written by THOMAS AIRD, born at Bowden, county of Roxburgh, August 28, 1802. Educated at the university of Edinburgh, Mr Aird formed the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Mr Moir, and other contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and in this favourite periodical he published most of the poetical pieces collected into one volume, 1848, and reprinted in 1856. Two volumes of prose sketches have also proceeded from his pen—*Religious Characteristics*, 1827, and *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*, 1848. For nearly a quarter of a century, Mr Aird conducted a Conservative weekly newspaper, *The Dumfries Herald*. Resident in a beautiful country, with just employment enough to keep the mind from rusting, and with the regard of many friends, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity as rare among poets as it is enviable. He died at Dumfries on the 25th of April 1876.

From 'The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck.'

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.
'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.
Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:
With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:

With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There, in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and raised his startled form,
And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce dis-tempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The idol and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.
Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest being draw.

[Here he was visited by a dream or series of visions. While plunged in the lake of God's wrath, and fixed there, as it seemed, for thousands of years, in dull, passive lethargy, a new heavenly vision burst upon the fiend.]

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
And oh! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control:

'No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarrèd face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race:
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

'And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from
this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy
blistered feet ;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all
the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy
sorrows fast ;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and
priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of
God.'

[The fiend sprung upward in haughty defiance.]

His pride would have the works of God to shew the
signs of fear,
With flying angels to and fro to watch his dread career ;
But all was calm : he felt Night's dews upon his sultry
wing,
And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty
King ;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly
sea,
So grew his eye's enridgèd gleams ; and doubt and
danger flee :
Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves to
avenge its chief,
Up slowly drew the fiend his form, that shook with
proud relief :
And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high
heaven,
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell
be given.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life
of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing
north wind ran ;
Till, like a glimmering lamp that 's lit in lazar-house by
night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed
aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering
shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the fiend, till swallowed like
a star.

What judgment from the tempted heavens shall on his
head go forth ?
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the
north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air :
The will of God's enough, without His red right arm
made bare.
'Twas He that gave the fiend a space, to prove him still
the same ;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her
prey to claim.

Among the other volumes of verse about this
time we may mention *The Lays of Middle Age,*
and other Poems, 1859, by JAMES HEDDERWICK,
Glasgow. These *Lays* are the fruit of a thought-
ful poetic mind, loving nature, and 'whatsoever
things are pure and lovely, and of good report.'

Middle Age.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load !
High table-land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil !

Season when not to achieve is to despair !
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil !
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought !

How art thou changed ! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs ;
But now, these trophies ours, we recognise
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before ;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges ! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough !
The languid autumn mellows round us now :
Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842 THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY sur-
prised and gratified the lovers of poetry and of
classic story by the publication of his *Lays of*
Ancient Rome. Adopting the theory of Niebuhr
—now generally acquiesced in as correct—that
the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy
of the early history of Rome are founded merely
on ancient ballads and legends, he selects four of
those incidents as themes for his verse. Identifying
himself with the plebeians and tribunes, he
makes them chant the martial stories of Horatius
Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of
Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys. The style
is homely, abrupt, and energetic, carrying us along
like the exciting narratives of Scott, and presenting
brief but striking pictures of local scenery and
manners. The incidents and characters so hap-
pily delineated were hallowed by their antiquity
and heroism. 'The whole life and meaning of
the early heroes of Rome,' says the enthusiastic
Professor Wilson, 'are represented in the few
isolated events and characters which have come
down ; and what a source of picturesque exagger-
ation to these events and characters there is in
the total want of all connected history ! They
have thus acquired a pregnancy of meaning
which renders them the richest subjects of poetic
contemplation ; and to evolve the sentiment they
embody in any form we choose is a proper exercise
of the fancy. For the same reason, is not the
history which is freest of the interpreting reflec-
tion that characterises most modern histories, and
presents most strictly the naked incident, always
that which affords the best, and, as literature
shews, the most frequent subjects of imagination ?
The Roman character is highly poetical—bold,
brave, and independent—devoid of art or subtlety
—full of faith and hope—devoted to the cause of
duty, as comprised in the two great points of rever-
ence for the gods and love of country. Shakspeare
saw its fitness for the drama ; and these *Lays of*
Ancient Rome are, in their way and degree, a further
illustration of the truth. Mr Macaulay might have
taken, and we trust will yet take, wider ground ;
but what he has done he has done nobly, and like

“an antique Roman.” Previous to this, during his collegiate career, the poet-historian had shewn his fitness to deal with picturesque incidents and characters in history. His noble ballads, *The Battle of Naseby*; *Ivry, a Song of the Huguenots*; and *The Armada, a Fragment*, are unsurpassed in spirit and grandeur except by the battle-pieces of Scott.

The ancestors of Lord Macaulay were long settled in the island of Lewis, Ross-shire. His grandfather, the Rev. John Macaulay, was successively minister of South Uist, of Lismore, of Inveraray, and of Cardross in Dumbartonshire. In Inveraray, he met with Johnson and Boswell on their return from the Hebrides in the autumn of 1773. He died at Cardross in 1789. Two years previous to his death, a daughter of Mr Macaulay was married to Thomas Babington, Esq., of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire—many years the representative of Leicester in parliament—and thus an English connection was formed, from which, at a subsequent period, Lord Macaulay derived the scene of his birth, his Christian name, and many of his early associations. Zachary Macaulay (1768–1838), son of the Scottish minister, was sent when a boy to the West Indies. He was disgusted with the state of slavery in Jamaica, and afterwards, on his return to Great Britain, resided at Clapham, and became an active associate of Clarkson and Wilberforce. He married Selina, daughter of Mr Thomas Mills, a bookseller in Bristol, and had, with other children, a son destined to take a high place among the statesmen, orators, essayists, and historians of England.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, the seat of his paternal uncle, on the 25th of October 1800. At the age of twelve he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr Preston, first at Shelford, afterwards near Buntingford, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. As a schoolboy he was noted as being an insatiable reader; and he sent a defence of novel-reading to the serious journal of his father's friends, the *Christian Observer*. This passion for novel-reading adhered to him to the last.* In his nineteenth year he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge; he gained two prizes for English verse, one in 1819 on *Pompeii*, and one two years afterwards on *Evening*. He gained the Craven scholarship in 1821, took his degree of B.A. in 1822, became Fellow of his college in 1824, and took his degree of M.A. in 1825. He had distinguished himself by contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1823 and 1824; and in August 1825 appeared his celebrated article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*. This essay, though afterwards condemned by its author as ‘containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved,’ and as ‘overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament,’ arrested public attention in no ordinary degree, and was hailed as the precursor (which it proved to be) of a series of brilliant contributions to our critical literature. Having studied at Lincoln's Inn, Mr Macaulay was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit. In 1827, Lord Lyndhurst—generously discarding political feeling, as he did also in the case of Sydney Smith—appointed Macaulay Commissioner of Bankruptcy. Three years afterwards, a distinguished Whig nobleman,

the Marquis of Lansdowne, procured his return to parliament for the borough of Calne, and he rendered effective service in the Reform debates of 1831 and 1832. The speeches of Macaulay were carefully studied and nearly all committed to memory, but were delivered with animation and freedom, though with too great rapidity and in too uniform a tone and manner to do full justice to their argument and richness of illustration. In 1832 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, and the same year the citizens of Leeds returned him as their representative to the House of Commons. In 1834 he proceeded to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and was placed at the head of a Commission for the reform of East India legislation. He took an active part in the preparation of the Indian criminal code, enriching it with explanatory notes, which are described as highly valuable. He returned to England in 1838, and in the following year was triumphantly and almost without expense returned to parliament for the city of Edinburgh, which he continued to represent until 1847. In the Melbourne administration he held the office of Secretary at War, and in that of Lord John Russell, Paymaster of the Forces, with a seat in the cabinet. During this time he had written most of his essays, and published his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. As member for Edinburgh, his independence of character is said to have rendered him somewhat unaccommodating to certain of his constituents; his support of the Maynooth grant was resented by others; and his general political principles, so decidedly liberal, and so strongly and eloquently expressed, were opposed to the sentiments of the Conservative citizens of Edinburgh. Thus a combination of parties was formed against him, and it proved successful. He was rejected by the constituency at the general election in 1847. This defeat forms the subject of a striking copy of verses by Macaulay, but which were not published until after his death: part of these we subjoin. The electors of Edinburgh redeemed, or at least palliated, their error by returning Macaulay again to parliament, free of expense, and without any movement on his part. This was in 1852. He had previously published the first two volumes of his *History of England*, which appeared in 1849, and were read with extraordinary avidity and admiration. Other two volumes were published in 1855, and a portion of a fifth volume after the death of the author. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow, and presented with the freedom of the city. While engaged on his History, Macaulay turned aside to confer a graceful and substantial favour on Mr Adam Black, publisher, Edinburgh. Mr Black had solicited literary assistance from his distinguished friend for a new edition (the eighth) of his *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The request was complied with; ‘and,’ says Mr Black, ‘it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the *Encyclopædia* that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned.’ On this generous footing, Macaulay contributed five carefully finished biographies—Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt—the last appearing in 1859. From failing health he withdrew from parliament in January 1856. In 1857 various

* Dean Milman's Memoir of Lord Macaulay, written for the *Annual Journal of the Royal Society*.

honours were showered on the popular author: he was elected a foreign member of the French Academy, a member of the Prussian Order of Merit, High Steward of Cambridge, and a peer of Great Britain under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. His health, however, was gone; he laboured under derangement of the action of the heart, and felt, says Dean Milman, 'inward monitions: his ambition (as the historian of England) receded from the hope of reaching the close of the first Brunswicks; before his last illness he had reduced his plan to the reign of Queen Anne. His end, though not without warning to those who watched him with friendship and affection, was sudden and singularly quiet; on December 28, 1859, he fell asleep and woke not again. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, his favourite haunt.'

Lord Macaulay's memory and conversational powers were the wonder and envy of all his contemporaries. He was constantly heaping up stores of knowledge, as his reverend biographer remarks, and those stores 'could not overload his capacious and retentive memory, which disdained nothing as beneath it, and was never perplexed or burdened by its incalculable possessions.' He has been accused of talking too much, and Sydney Smith alluded to the 'eloquent flashes of silence' with which it was sometimes, though rarely, relieved; but this was a jocular exaggeration, and in general society Macaulay seldom demanded a larger share than all were willing to yield to him.

Lines written in August 1847.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,

I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
And all was silent in that ancient hall,
Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait, and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou?

'Yes, darling; let them go;' so ran the strain:
'Yes; let them go, Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

'Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign;
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

'Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
The sense of beauty, and the thirst of truth. . . .

'And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

'Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

'No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow;
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine.

'Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds
scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly
gleam
Lights the drear May-day of antarctic seas.

'Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare;
Thine, when through forests breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind, by many a tiger's lair.

'Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

'Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
Remember me, and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

'Yes, they will pass; nor deem it strange:
They come and go as comes and goes the sea:
And let them come and go; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.'

Epitaph on a Jacobite (1845).

To my true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here.

Extracts from 'Horatius.'

The following are extracts from the first of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, founded on the legend of Horatius Cocles. The Lays or ballads must, however, be read continuously to be properly appreciated, for their merit does not lie in particular passages, but in the rapid movement and progressive interest of the story, and the Roman spirit and bravery which animate the whole.

[Horatius offers to defend the Bridge.]

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame !

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold ;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

[The bridge is hewn down ; Lartius and Herminius escape, and Horatius is left alone.]

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

'Down with him !' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

'O Tiber, Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

[How Horatius was rewarded.]

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night :
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home :
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
 are !

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O
 pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
 daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy
 walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
 of war ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
 day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
 spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
 land !

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
 hand :

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
 empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
 war,

To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour
 drest ;

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
 crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
 and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
 wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our
 lord the King.'

' And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall fall well he
 may—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
 ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
 culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
 plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
 France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance !
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
 in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
 guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
 Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath
 turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count
 is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
 Biscay gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
 cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 ' Remember St Bartholomew,' was passed from man to
 man ;

But out spake gentle Henry : ' No Frenchman is my foe :
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
 go.'

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
 war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
 Navarre !

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
 France to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;

And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white ;

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false
 Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may
 know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
 his church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
 points of war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of
 Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
 shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
 spearmen's souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
 be bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
 to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
 raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of
 the brave.

Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

W. E. AYTOUN—THEODORE MARTIN.

The same style of ballad poetry, applied to incidents and characters in Scottish history, was adopted with distinguished success by PROFESSOR WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, 1849, and *Bothwell*, a tale of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, 1856. The *Lays* range from the field of Flodden to the extinction of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, and are animated by a fine martial spirit, intermingled with scenes of pathos and mournful regret. The work has gone through a great number of editions. In a similar spirit of nationality, Mr Aytoun published a collected and collated edition of the old *Scottish Ballads*, two volumes, 1858. In satirical and humorous composition,

both in poetry and prose, Mr Aytoun also attained celebrity. His tales and sketches in *Blackwood's Magazine* are marked by a vigorous hand, prone to caricature; and he is author of a clever satire—*Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy, by Percy T. Jones*, 1854. In conjunction with his friend, MR THEODORE MARTIN, Mr Aytoun wrote *The Book of Ballads, by Bon Gaultier*—a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to different periodicals, and collected into one volume; and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation of the ballads of Goethe. Mr Aytoun was a native of Edinburgh, born in 1813. Having studied at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards in Germany, he was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1840. In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in Edinburgh University, and in 1852 he was made sheriff of Orkney. His poetical talents were first displayed in a prize poem, *Judith*, which was eulogised by Professor Wilson, afterwards the father-in-law of the young poet. He died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865.—Mr Martin is a native of Edinburgh, born in 1816. He is now a parliamentary solicitor in London. Besides his poetical labours with Mr Aytoun, Mr Martin has translated Horace, Catullus, and Goethe's *Faust*; also the *Vita Nuova* of Dante; the *Corregio* and *Aladdin* of the Danish poet Æhlenschläger, and *King Rene's Daughter*, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Herts. Mr Martin was selected by Her Majesty to write the *Life of the Prince Consort*, the first volume of which appeared in 1874, and was highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the author. In 1851 Mr Martin was married to Miss Helen Faucit, an accomplished and popular actress.

The Burial-march of Dundee.

From the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

I.

Sound the fife, and ery the slogan—
 Let the pibroch shake the air
 With its wild triumphant music,
 Worthy of the freight we bear.
 Let the ancient hills of Scotland
 Hear once more the battle-song
 Swell within their glens and valleys
 As the clansmen march along!
 Never from the field of combat,
 Never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried
 Than we bring with us to-day;
 Never since the valiant Douglas
 On his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
 To our dear Redeemer's shore!
 Lo! we bring with us the hero—
 Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
 Crowned as best beseems a victor
 From the altar of his fame;
 Fresh and bleeding from the battle
 Whence his spirit took its flight,
 'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
 And the thunder of the fight!
 Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
 As we march o'er moor and lea!
 Is there any here will venture
 To bewail our dead Dundee?
 Let the widows of the traitors
 Weep until their eyes are dim!

Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
 Let none dare to mourn for him!
 See! above his glorious body
 Lies the royal banner's fold—
 See! his valiant blood is mingled
 With its crimson and its gold.
 See how calm he looks and stately,
 Like a warrior on his shield,
 Waiting till the flush of morning
 Breaks along the battle-field!
 See—Oh never more, my comrades,
 Shall we see that falcon eye
 Redden with its inward lightning,
 As the hour of fight drew nigh!
 Never shall we hear the voice that,
 Clearer than the trumpet's call,
 Bade us strike for king and country,
 Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn our army lay:
 Slowly rose the mist in columns
 From the river's broken way;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
 And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 As we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering-cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
 And we swore to do or die!
 Then our leader rode before us,
 On his war-horse black as night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels
 Knew that charger in the fight!
 And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose;
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,
 And we thought of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;
 Ere the evening-star shall glisten
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Græmes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his country and King James!
 Think upon the royal martyr—
 Think of what his race endure—
 Think on him whom butchers murdered
 On the field of Magus Muir:
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
 By your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil
 Lay beneath your blows the while,
 Be they Covenanting traitors,
 Or the brood of false Argyle!
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
 Let them tell their pale Convention
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour
 Is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their prince's anger
 As we loathe his foreign gold.
 Strike! and when the fight is over,
 If you look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest
 Search for him that was Dundee!

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
 Not a man who heard him speak
 Would that day have left the battle.
 Burning eye and flushing cheek
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath;
 For their souls were strong within them,
 Stronger than the grasp of Death.
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe:
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer,
 When they scent the stately deer.
 From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum;
 Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath,
 Wound the long battalion slowly,
 Till they gained the field beneath;
 Then we bounded from our covert.
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
 When they saw the rugged mountain
 Start to life with armed men!
 Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 Amongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening-star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest!
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race

80

Who would rather die unsullied,
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!
 Reck not of the after-time:
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

Sonnet to Britain, by the D— of W—.

From Bon Gaultier.

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
 Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
 O Britain! O my country! words like these
 Have made thy name a terror and a fear
 To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
 Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
 Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut!*
 And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks;
 Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
 Of armies, in the centre of his troop
 The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
 Until the forces of the foeman droop;
 Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,
 Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

FRANCES BROWN.

This lady, blind from infancy, is a more remarkable instance of the poetical faculty existing apart, as it were, from the outer world than that of Dr Blacklock. FRANCES BROWN, daughter of the postmaster of Stranorlar, a village in the county Donegal, Ireland, was born in 1816. When only eighteen months old, she lost her eyesight from small-pox. She learned something from hearing her brothers and sisters reading over their tasks; her friends and relatives read to her such books as the remote village afforded, and at length she became acquainted with Scott's novels, Pope's Homer, and Byron's *Childe Harold*. She wrote some verses which appeared in the *Irish Penny Journal*, and in 1841 sent a number of small poems to the *Athenæum*. The editor introduced her to public notice: her pieces were greatly admired; and in 1844 she ventured on the publication of a volume, *The Star of Atteghai, the Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems*. Shortly afterwards, a small pension of £20 a year was settled on the poetess; and the Marquis of Lansdowne is said to have presented her with a sum of £100. In 1847 she issued a second volume, *Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems*, and she has contributed largely to periodical works. The poetry of Miss Brown, especially her lyrical pieces, is remarkable for clear poetic feeling and diction; while the energy displayed, from her childhood, by this almost friendless girl, raises, as the editor of her first volume remarked, 'at once the interest and the character of her muse.'

The Last Friends.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered: 'I came back to see the mountains.'

I come to my country, but not with the hope
 That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting
 bow,

For the vigour of soul, that seemed mighty to cope
 With time and with fortune, hath fled from me
 now ;
 And love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
 Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
 For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
 But the hills of my country they welcome me yet !

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
 When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track ;
 From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
 The lands of old story, they summoned me back ;
 They rose on my dreams through the shades of the
 West,
 They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet,
 For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
 But I knew that the mountains would welcome me
 yet !

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar—
 They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave ;
 For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
 The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
 And I, I return with the memory of years,
 Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set ;
 They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
 But our mountains remember their promises yet !

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old ?
 And where are the faces my childhood hath seen ?
 For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown
 cold,
 But our streams are still bright, and our hills are
 still green ;
 Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
 When brothers in heart in their shadows we met ;
 And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,
 For their summits are sacred to liberty yet !

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
 Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land ;
 And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow,
 For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no
 brand :

Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle—
 Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set ;
 Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
 For the hills of my country, remember it yet !
June 16, 1843.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Several volumes of graceful, meditative poetry, and records of foreign travel, were published between 1833 and 1844 by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, called to the House of Peers in 1863 as BARON HOUGHTON. These are: *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, 1833; *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent*, 1838; *Poetry for the People*, 1840; *Poems, Legendary and Historical*, 1844; *Palm Leaves*, 1844. Lord Houghton was born in that enviable rank of society, the English country-gentleman. He is eldest son of the late R. P. Milnes, Esq., of Frystone Hall, Yorkshire. In 1831, in his twenty-second year, he took his degree of M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1837, he was returned to the House of Commons as representative of the borough of Pontefract, which he continued to represent till his elevation to the peerage. In parliament, Lord Houghton has been distinguished by his philanthropic labours, his efforts in support of national education, and generally his support of all questions of social amelioration and reform. In 1848 he edited the *Life and Remains of John Keats*; and in 1873-76 published two volumes of biographical

sketches, entitled *Monographs, Personal and Social*, abounding in anecdote and in interesting illustrations of English social life and literature. In 1876 the collected Poetical Works of Lord Houghton were published in two volumes.

St Mark's at Venice.

Walk in St Mark's the time the ample space
 Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
 When, on each side, with gravely darkened face
 The masses rise above the light arcade ;
 Walk down the midst with slowly tunèd pace,
 But gay withal, for there is high parade
 Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass
 Like varying groups on a magician's glass. . . .

Walk in St Mark's again some few hours after,
 When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—
 When fitful music and inconstant laughter
 Give place to Nature's silent moonlight smile :
 Now Fancy wants no faery gale to waft her
 To Magian haunt, or charm-engirded isle ;
 All too content, in passive bliss, to see
 This show divine of visible poetry.

On such a night as this impassionedly
 The old Venetian sung those verses rare :
 'That Venice must of needs eternal be,
 For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,
 And cast its reflex on the crystal sea,
 And Venice was the image pictured there ;'
 I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem
 As treading on an unsubstantial dream.

That strange cathedral ! exquisitely strange—
 That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye
 Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range
 Gives its rich-broidered border to the sky—
 Those ever-prancing steeds ! My friend, whom change
 Of restless will has led to lands that lie
 Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set
 Above those domes an airy minaret ?

The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
 Were better than men now,
 Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
 Of more ingenuous brow :
 I heed not those who pine for force
 A ghost of time to raise,
 As if they thus could check the course
 Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
 That I delight to close
 This book of life self-wise and new,
 And let my thoughts repose
 On all that humble happiness
 The world has since forgone—
 The daylight of contentedness
 That on those faces shone !

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
 Enjoyed, as far as known—
 With will, by no reverse unmanned—
 With pulse of even tone—
 They from to-day and from to-night
 Expected nothing more
 Than yesterday and yesternight
 Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
 Of duties to be done,
 A game where each man took his part,
 A race where all must run ;

A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *novi* his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares :
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh ! loiter not ; those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear ;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

From 'The Long-ago.'

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high :
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years :
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow ;
Oh ! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

Without attempting, in our confined limits, to range over the fields of American literature, now rapidly extending, and cultivated with ardour and success, we have pleasure in including some eminent transatlantic names in our list of popular

authors. MR HALLECK became generally known in this country in 1827 by the publication of a volume of *Poems*, the result partly of a visit to England. In this volume are some fine verses on Burns, on Alnwick Castle, &c., and it includes the most elevated of his strains, the martial lyric *Marco Bozzaris*. Our poet-laureate, Mr Tennyson, has described the poetical character :

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul—
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll.

Mr Halleck, in his beautiful verses, *On viewing the Remains of a Rose brought from Alloway Kirk in Autumn* 1822, had previously identified, as it were, this conception of the laureate's with the history of the Scottish poet :

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate, of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard !—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of Fame are flown !

Mr Halleck was a native of Guildford, Connecticut, born in 1790. He resided some time in New York, following mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he published *Fanny*, a satirical poem in the *ottava rima* stanza. Next appeared his volume of *Poems*, as already stated, to which additions were made in subsequent republications. His works are comprised in one volume, and it is to be regretted that his muse was not more prolific. He died November 19, 1867. His *Life and Letters* were published in one volume in 1869 by James Grant Wilson of New York, who has also edited the poetical works of Halleck (1871), and written a short Memoir of Bryant, in the *Western Monthly*, November 1870.

Marco Bozzaris.

The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night-attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were : 'To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.'

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power :
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek :
'To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !'
He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest-pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
'Strike, till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike, for your altars and your fires ;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land !'

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death !
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible ; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought ;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought ;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men ;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime ;

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys ;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This singular and unfortunately degraded man of genius—the Richard Savage of American literature—was born at Boston, January 19, 1809. He was left destitute when a child by the death of his parents (strolling players), but was adopted and liberally educated by a benevolent Virginian planter, Mr Allan. All attempts to settle him respectably in life failed. He was reckless, debauched, and unmanageable. He was expelled from college and from a military academy in which he was placed by Mr Allan ; he enlisted in the army, but soon deserted ; and after various scenes of wretchedness, he became a contributor to, and occasional editor of, several American periodicals. His prose tales attracted notice from their ingenuity and powerful, though morbid and gloomy painting ; and his poem of *The Raven*, coloured by the same diseased imagination, but with bright gleams of fancy, was hailed as the most original and striking poem that America had ever produced. Poe died in a hospital at Baltimore, the victim of intemperance, October 7, 1849. A complete edition of the works of Poe, with Memoir by John H. Ingram, was published in 1875, in four volumes—three of them prose, and one poetry. The editor clears the memory of the unfortunate poet from certain charges brought against him by Griswold, the American editor. Some of the criticisms by Poe collected in this edition of his works are marked by a fine critical taste and acuteness.

The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-
door :
''Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber-
door—

Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating:

‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door:

This it is, and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I opened
wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, ‘Lenore!’—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, ‘Lenore!’—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than
before.
‘Surely,’ said I—‘surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore.

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.’

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-
door—

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,
‘Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,’ I said,
‘art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s
Plutonian shore!’

Quoth the Raven: ‘Nevermore.’

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber-door,

With such name as ‘Nevermore.’

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he
fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: ‘Other friends
have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before.’

Then the bird said: ‘Never more.’

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
‘Doubtless,’ said I, ‘what it utters is its only stock and
store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one
burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of “Never—never more.”’

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking ‘Never more.’

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom’s core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light
gloating o’er,

She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
‘Wretch!’ I cried, ‘thy god hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!’

Quoth the Raven: ‘Never more!’

‘Prophet!’ said I, ‘thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me,
I implore !’

Quoth the Raven : ‘ Never more.’

‘ Prophet !’ said I, ‘ thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird
or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant
Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore?’

Quoth the Raven : ‘ Never more.’

‘ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !’ I
shrieked upstarting—
‘ Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s
Plutonian shore !
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my
door !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door !’

Quoth the Raven : ‘ Never more.’

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-
door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming, throws his
shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor,

Shall be lifted—never more !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The father of the present generation of American poets, and one of the most original of the brotherhood, is WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. With a precocity rivalling that of Cowley or Chatterton, Bryant at the age of thirteen wrote a satirical poem on the Jeffersonian party, which was published in 1808 under the title of *The Embargo*. A few lines from this piece will shew how well the boy-poet had mastered the art of versification :

E’en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood and with zeal inflame ;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury’s stride !
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng, obedient, flock around ;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And Darkness perches on her dragon wings !
Oh, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel,
Chase Error’s mist, and break her magic spell !
But vain the wish—for, hark, the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed !
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare ;
While in their midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tones his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead’s vote.

From this perilous course of political versifying, the young author was removed by being placed at Williams College. He was admitted to the bar, and practised for several years with fair success ; but in 1825 he removed to New York, and entered upon that literary life which he has ever since followed. In 1826 Mr Bryant became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and his connection with that journal still subsists. His poetical works consist of *Thanatopsis*—an exquisite solemn strain of blank verse, first published in 1816 ; *The Ages*, a survey of the experience of mankind, 1821 ; and various pieces scattered through periodical works. Mr Washington Irving, struck with the beauty of Bryant’s poetry, had it collected and published in London in 1832. The British public, he said, had expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of Cooper. ‘ The same keen eye and just feeling for nature,’ he added, ‘ the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.’ From this opinion Professor Wilson—who reviewed the volume in *Blackwood’s Magazine*—dissented, believing that Cooper’s pictures are infinitely richer in local peculiarity of imagery and thought. ‘ The chief charm of Bryant’s genius,’ he considered, ‘ consists in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the religion of the woods.’ This is strictly applicable to the *Thanatopsis* and *Forest Hymn* ; but Washington Irving is so far right that Bryant’s grand merit is his nationality and his power of painting the American landscape, especially in its wild, solitary, and magnificent forms. His diction is pure and lucid, with scarcely a flaw, and he is a master of blank verse. Mr Bryant has translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, 4 vols. (Boston, 1870–1872).

From ‘*Thanatopsis*.’

Not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre ! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings ; yet, the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ! All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Wind-flower.

Lodged in sunny cleft
 Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
 The little wind-flower, whose just-opened eye
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
 With unexpected beauty, for the time
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.

The Disinterred Warrior.

Gather him to his grave again,
 And solemnly and softly lay,
 Beneath the verdure of the plain,
 The warrior's scattered bones away.
 Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
 The homage of man's heart to death ;
 Nor dare to trifle with the mould
 Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
 That remnant of a martial brow,
 Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
 That strong arm—strong no longer now.
 Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
 Of God's own image ; let them rest,
 Till not a trace shall speak of where
 The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the Hand
 That formed of earth the human face,
 And to the elements did stand
 In nearer kindred than our race.
 In many a flood to madness tossed,
 In many a storm has been his path ;
 He hid him not from heat or frost,
 But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
 Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
 A tribute to the net and spear
 Of the red ruler of the shade.
 Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
 Roots in the shaded soil below,
 The stars looked forth to teach his way,
 The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race ! But they are gone,
 With their old forests wide and deep,
 And we have built our homes upon
 Fields where their generations sleep.
 Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
 Upon their fields our harvest waves,
 Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
 Ah, let us spare at least their graves !

An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—
 My fathers' ancient burial-place,
 Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
 Withdrew our wasted race.
 It is the spot—I know it well—
 Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
 A ridge toward the river-side ;
 I know the shaggy hills about,
 The meadows smooth and wide ;
 The plains that, toward the eastern sky,
 Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
 Would say a lovely spot was here,
 And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
 Between the hills so sheer.
 I like it not—I would the plain
 Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
 The cattle in the meadows feed,
 And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
 Or drop the yellow seed,
 And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
 Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
 To see these vales in woods arrayed,
 Their summits in the golden light,
 Their trunks in grateful shade ;
 And herds of deer, that bounding go
 O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
 The forest hero, trained to wars,
 Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
 And seamed with glorious scars,
 Walk forth, amid his train, to dare
 The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
 Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
 Hither the artless Indian maid
 Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
 And the gray chief and gifted seer
 Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
 On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
 And scattered in the furrows lie
 The weapons of his rest ;
 And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
 Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
 Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
 Or the young wife that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race, who waste us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plough !

They waste us—ay, like April snow
 In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
 And fast they follow, as we go
 Toward the setting day—

Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more :
The springs are silent in the sun ;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet !

R. H. DANA—N. P. WILLIS—O. W. HOLMES.

RICHARD HENRY DANA (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1787) was author of a small volume, *The Buccaneer, and other Poems* (1827), which was hailed as an original and powerful contribution to American literature. He had previously published *The Dying Raven*, a poem (1825), and contributed essays to a periodical work. *The Buccaneer* is founded on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England by a pirate, and has passages of vivid, dark painting resembling the style of Crabbe.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806-1867) was a prolific and popular American writer, who excelled in light descriptive sketches. He commenced author in 1827 with a volume of fugitive pieces, which was well received, and was followed in 1831 and 1835 by two volumes of similar character. In 1835 he published two volumes of prose, *Pencillings by the Way*, which formed agreeable reading, though censurable on the score of personal disclosures invading the sanctity of private life. On this account, Willis was sharply criticised and condemned by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*. Numerous other works of the same kind—*Inklings of Adventure* (1836), *Dashes at Life* (1845), *Letters from Watering-places* (1849), *People I have Met* (1850), &c., were thrown off from time to time, amounting altogether to thirty or forty separate publications ; and besides this constant stream of authorship, Mr Willis was editor of the *New York Mirror* and other periodicals. Though marred by occasional affectation, the sketches of Willis are light, graceful compositions.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809) contributed various pieces to American periodicals, and in 1836 published a collected edition of his *Poems*. In 1843 he published *Terpsichore*, a poem ; in 1846, *Urania* ; in 1850, *Astræa, the Balance of Allusions*, a poem ; and in 1858, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a series of light and genial essays, full of fancy and humour, which has been successful both in the Old and the New World. Mr Holmes is distinguished as a physician. He practised in Boston ; in 1836 took his degree of M.D. at

Cambridge ; in 1838 was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College ; and in 1847 succeeded to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University. In 1849 he retired from general practice. Some of the quaint sayings of Holmes have a flavour of fine American humour :

Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessities.

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean ; it keeps it sweet, and renders it enduring. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind over-taxed. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself. Stupidity often saves a man from going mad. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non-computes* at once.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times ! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called the *jerky* minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over ? We rather think we do. They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their native element of out-of-doors.

The Buccaneer's Island.—By DANA.

The island lies nine leagues away.

Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,

No sound but ocean's roar,

Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—

How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with beatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale ;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
Curses were on the gale ;

Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Thirty-five.—By WILLIS.

O weary heart! thou'rt half-way home!
 We stand on life's meridian height—
 As far from childhood's morning come,
 As to the grave's forgetful night.
 Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
 Look onward with a placid brow—
 Hope promised but to bring us here,
 And Reason takes the guidance now—
 One backward look—the last—the last!
 One silent tear—for *Youth is past!*

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
 Who comes with me and Memory on?
 Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
 Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
 To Pleasure and her giddy troop
 Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
 But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
 To think that Love may leave us here!
 Have we no charm when Youth is flown?—
 Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
 That sends its thread across the wave,
 I see a brightening light, from far,
 Steal down a path beyond the grave!
 And now—bless God!—its golden line
 Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—
 And shews the dear hand clasped in mine!
 But, list what those sweet voices say:
 'The better land 's in sight,
 And, by its chastening light,
 All love from life's midway is driven,
 Save hers whose clasped hand will bring thee on to
 heaven!'

The American Spring.—By HOLMES.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
 Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
 White, azure, golden—drift, or sky, or sun:
 The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest;
 The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
 Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
 The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
 Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.
 Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
 Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
 On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
 The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
 The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
 Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
 Beats with faint wing against the snowy pane,
 Or crawls tenacious o'er its lucid plain;
 From shaded chinks of lichen-crustled walls
 In languid curves the gliding serpent crawls;
 The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
 Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
 On floating rails that face the softening noons
 The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
 Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
 Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
 Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
 Chased to the margin of receding floods,
 O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
 And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
 Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
 O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis
 Like blue-eyed Pallas towers erect and free,
 With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
 And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose;
 Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
 The rival lily hastens to emerge,
 Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
 Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
 The yielding season's bridal serenade;
 Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
 Through the deep arches of her forest halls:
 The blue-bird breathing from his azure plumes,
 The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
 The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
 Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
 The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,
 Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
 The robin jerking his spasmodic throat
 Repeats, staccato, his peremptory note;
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.
 Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
 Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.
 Why dream I here within these caging walls,
 Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls,
 While from heaven's face the long-drawn shadows roll,
 And all its sunshine floods my opening soul!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, a distinguished American author both in prose and verse, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. Having studied at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, the poet, after three years' travelling and residence in Europe, became Professor of Modern Languages in his native college. This appointment he held from 1829 to 1835, when he removed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, Cambridge. While a youth at college, Mr Longfellow contributed poems and criticisms to American periodicals. In 1833 he published a translation of the Spanish verses called *Coplas de Manrique*, accompanying the poem with an essay on Spanish poetry. In 1835 appeared his *Outre-Mer, or Sketches from beyond Sea*, a series of prose descriptions and reflections somewhat in the style of Washington Irving. His next work was also in prose, *Hyperion, a Romance* (1839), which instantly became popular in America. In the same year he issued his first collection of poems, entitled *Voices of the Night*. In 1841 appeared *Ballads, and other Poems*; in 1842, *Poems on Slavery*; in 1843, *The Spanish Student*, a tragedy; in 1845, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*; in 1846, *The Belfry of Bruges*; in 1847, *Evangeline*, a poetical tale in hexameter verse; in 1849, *Kavanaugh*, a prose tale; and *The Seaside and the Fireside*, a series of short poems; in 1851, *The Golden Legend*, a medieval story in irregular rhyme; and in 1855, *The Song of Hiawatha*, an American-Indian tale, in a still more singular style of versification, yet attractive from its novelty and wild melody. Thus:

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,
 Love the shadow of the forest,
 Love the wind among the branches,
 And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

In 1858 appeared *Miles Standish*; in 1863, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; in 1866, *Flower de Luce*; in 1867, a translation of Dante; in 1872, *The Divine Tragedy*, a sacred but not successful drama, embodying incidents in the lives of John the Baptist and Christ; and the same year, *Three Books of Song*; in 1875, *The Masque of Pandora*. Other poems and translations have appeared from the fertile pen of Mr Longfellow; and several collected editions of his Poems, some of them finely illustrated and carefully edited, have been published. He is now beyond all question the most popular of the American poets, and has also a wide circle of admirers in Europe. If none of his larger poems can be considered great, his smaller pieces are finished with taste, and all breathe a healthy moral feeling and fine tone of humanity. An American critic (Griswold) has said justly that of all their native poets he best deserves the title of artist.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

'Try not the Pass !' the old man said ;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !'
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !'
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream !'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time ;

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The Ladder of St Augustine.

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will :

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life ; alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloom on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow !

Autumn in America.

With what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillowed clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,

Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings ;
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings ;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

A Rainy Day.

A cold, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-pane,
And made a river of the road ;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by ;
And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky—
Thus cold and colourless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire,
And said, 'Behold me, and admire !'
Only the Poet seemed to hear
In drowse or dream, more near and near
Across the border-land of sleep
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to scorn ;
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,
As from the road with sudden sweep
The mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern door ;
A moment stopped, and then again,
With crack of whip and bark of dog,
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
And all was silent as before—
All silent save the dripping rain.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A native of Manchester, and carrying on business there as an engraver, CHARLES SWAIN (1803-1874) became known as a poet in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* and other literary journals. His collected works are : *Metrical Essays*, 1827 ; *The Mind and other Poems*, 1831 ; *Dramatic*

Chapters, Poems, and Songs, 1847; *English Melodies*, 1849; *Art and Fashion*, 1863; and *Songs and Ballads*, 1868. Some of Mr Swain's songs and domestic poems—which are free from all mysticism and exaggerated sentiment—have been very popular both at home and abroad. They have great sweetness, tenderness, and melody.

The Death of the Warrior King.

There are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light Conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broidered pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

SYDNEY DOBELL—ALEXANDER SMITH—
GERALD MASSEY.

Under the pseudonym of 'Sydney Yendys,' SYDNEY DOBELL (1824-1874) published several elaborate poetical works. He was born at Cranbrook, Kent, in 1824, but spent the greater part of his youth in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where his father was engaged in business as a wine-merchant. In his intervals of leisure the young poet—whose regular employment was in his

father's counting-house—contrived to write a dramatic poem, *The Roman*, published in 1850. In 1854 appeared *Balder, Part the First*; in 1855, *Sonnets on the War*, written in conjunction with Mr A. Smith; and in 1856, *England in Time of War*. A man of cultivated intellectual tastes and benevolence of character, Mr Dobell seems to have taken up some false or exaggerated theories of poetry and philosophy, and to have wasted his thoughts and conceptions on uncongenial themes. The great error of some of our recent poets is the want of simplicity and nature. They heap up images and sentiments, the ornaments of poetry, without aiming at order, consistency, and the natural development of passion or feeling. We have thus many beautiful and fanciful ideas, but few complete or correct poems. Part of this defect is no doubt to be attributed to the youth of the poets, for taste and judgment come slowly even where genius is abundant, but part also is due to neglect of the old masters of song. In Mr Dobell's first poem, however, are some passages of finished blank verse:

The Italian Brothers.

I had a brother;
We were twin shoots from one dead stem. He grew
Nearer the sun, and ripened into beauty;
And I, within the shadow of my thoughts,
Pined at his side and loved him. He was brave,
Gallant, and free. I was the silent slave
Of fancies; neither laughed, nor fought, nor played,
And loved not morn nor eve for very trembling
At their long wandering shades. In childhood's sports
He won for me, and I looked on aloof;
And when perchance I heard him called my brother,
Was proud and happy. So we grew together,
Within our dwelling by the desert plain,
Where the roe leaped,
And from his icy hills the frequent wolf
Gave chivalry to slaughter. Here and there
Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
With history. And far and near, where grass
Was greenest, and the unconscious goat browsed free,
The teeming soil was sown with desolations,
As though Time—striding o'er the field he reaped—
Warned with the spoil, rich droppings for the
gleaners
Threw round his harvest way. Frieze, pedestal,
Pillars that bore through years the weight of glory,
And take their rest. Tombs, arches, monuments,
Vainly set up to save a name, as though
The eternal served the perishable; urns,
Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left
Full of their immortality. In shrouds
Of reverent leaves, rich works of wondrous beauty
Lay sleeping—like the Children in the Wood—
Fairer than they.

The Ruins of Ancient Rome.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,

With calm prerogative the eternal pile
 Impassive shone with the unearthly light
 Of immortality. When conquering suns
 Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
 With thoughts of ages : like some mighty captive
 Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses,
 Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
 Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was
 saddest,

Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
 With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
 And bent with duty. Like some village children
 Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
 And with decorous care and reverent pity
 Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
 Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
 And everywhere he was begirt with years,
 And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
 Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
 Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
 That none should mock the dead.

In 1871 Mr Dobell published a spirited political
 lyric, entitled *England's Day*.

The day has gone by when the public of this
 country could be justly charged with neglect of
 native genius. Any manifestation of original
 intellectual power bursting from obscurity is
 instantly recognised, fostered, and applauded. The
 ever-open periodical press is ready to welcome and
 proclaim the new comer, and there is no lack of
 critics animated by a tolerant and generous spirit.
 In 1853 appeared *Poems* by ALEXANDER SMITH
 (1830-1867), the principal piece in the collection
 being a series of thirteen dramatic scenes, entitled
A Life Drama. The manuscript of this volume
 had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan,
 and portions of it had been laid before the public
 by that enthusiastic critic, accompanied with a
 strong recommendation of the young author as a
 genuine poet of a high order. Mr Smith (born in
 Kilmarnock) had been employed as a designer of
 patterns in one of the Glasgow factories, but the
 publication of his poems marked him out for higher
 things, and he was elected to the office of Secretary
 to the Edinburgh University. Thus placed in a
 situation favourable for the cultivation of his
 talents, Mr Smith continued his literary pursuits.
 He joined with Mr Dobell, as already stated, in
 writing a series of War Sonnets; he contributed
 prose essays to some of the periodicals; and in
 1857 he came forward with a second volume of
 verse, *City Poems*, similar in style to his first col-
 lection. In 1861 appeared *Edwin of Deira*. Nearly
 all Mr Smith's poetry bears the impress of youth
 —excessive imagery and ornament, a want of art
 and regularity. In one of Miss Mitford's letters we
 read : 'Mr Kingsley says that Alfred Tennyson
 says that Alexander Smith's poems shew fancy,
 but not imagination; and on my repeating this
 to Mrs Browning, she said it was exactly her
 impression.' The young poet had, however, a vein
 of fervid poetic feeling, attesting the genuineness
 of his inspiration, and a fertile fancy that could
 form brilliant pictures. With diligent study, sim-
 plicity, distinctness, and vigour might have been
 added, had the poet not been cut down in the very
 flower of his youth and genius. His prose works,
Dreamthorp, A Book of Essays, A Summer in

Skye, and Alfred Hagar's Household, are admir-
 ably written. A Memoir of Smith, with some
 literary remains, was published in 1868, edited by
 P. P. Alexander.

Autumn.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
 Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
 Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
 All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It joined November's troop, then marching past;
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hand
 A few half-withered flowers.

Unrest and Childhood.

Unrest ! unrest ! The passion-panting sea
 Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
 Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
 Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
 And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
 Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
 Heaven years in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
 We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
 In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
 Knows not the taste of rest; y a maniac world,
 Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[A child runs past.]

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
 By the unceasing music of thy being !
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
 'Tis ages since He made his youngest star,
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
 Thou later revelation ! Silver stream,
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
 Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
 What wilt thou be hereafter ?

GERALD MASSEY, born at Tring, in Hertford-
 shire, in the year 1828, has fought his way to dis-
 tinction in the face of severe difficulties. Up to
 his seventeenth or eighteenth year he was either a
 factory or an errand boy. He then tried periodical
 writing, and after some obscure efforts, produced
 in 1854 the *Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other*
Poems, a volume that passed through several
 editions; in 1855, *War Waits*; in 1856, *Craig-*
crook Castle, and other Poems. Mr Massey is
 author also of *Havelock's March*, 1861; *Tale of*
Eternity, 1869; and of various other pieces in prose
 and verse. By these publications, and with occa-
 sional labours as a journalist and lecturer, he has
 honourably established himself in the literary
 profession. His poetry possesses both fire and
 tenderness, with a delicate lyrical fancy, but is
 often crude and irregular in style. It is remarkable
 that the diligence and perseverance which enabled
 the young poet to surmount his early troubles,
 should not have been employed to correct and
 harmonise his verse. Of all the self-taught English

poets, Bloomfield seems to have been the most intent on studying good models, and attaining to correct and lucid composition. A prose work, *Shakspeare and his Sonnets*, by Mr Massey, is ingenious and well written.

Conclusion of Babe Christabel.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
She walked, betwixt us twain, like love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare;
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DAVID GRAY.

In 1862 appeared a small volume, *The Luggie, and other Poems*, by DAVID GRAY (1838-1861), with a memoir of the author by James Hedderwick, and a prefatory notice by R. M. Milnes, after-

wards Lord Houghton. Gray was born on the banks of the Luggie,* and reared in the house of his father, a handloom weaver at Merkland, near Kirkintilloch. David was one of a large family, but he was intended for the church, and sent to Glasgow, where he supported himself by teaching, and attended classes in the university for four seasons. The youth, however, was eager for literary fame; he had written thousands of verse, and published from time to time pieces in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a journal in which Alexander Smith had also made his first appearance in all the glory of print. In his twenty-second year Gray started off for London, as ambitious and self-confident, and as friendless as Chatterton when he left Bristol on a similar desperate mission. Friends, however, came forward. Gray had corresponded with Sydney Dobell and Mr Monckton Milnes, and he became acquainted with Mr Lawrence Oliphant, and with two accomplished ladies—Miss Coates, Hampstead, and Miss Marian James, an authoress of considerable reputation. Assistance in money and counsel was freely given, but consumption set in, and the poor poet, having longed to return to his native place, was carefully sent back to Merkland. There he wrought hopefully at his poems, and when winter came, it was arranged that he should remove to the south of England. Mr Milnes, the kind ladies at Hampstead, and some Scottish friends (Mrs Nichol, widow of Professor Nichol, Mr William Logan, and others), supplied the requisite funds, and Gray was placed in a hydropathic establishment at Richmond. Thence he was removed, through the kindness of Mr Milnes, to Devonshire; but the desire for home again returned, and in the middle of January 1861, the invalid presented himself abruptly at Merkland. 'Day after day,' says Mr Hedderwick—'week after week—month after month—life was now ebbing away from him for ever.' But 'even under the strong and touching consciousness of an early doom—with the dart of death, like the sword of Damocles, continually suspended over him and visible—Gray continued to weave, in glory, if not in joy, his poetic fancies.' His ardent wish was to see his poems in print, and they were sent to the press. One page was immediately put in type, and the dying poet had the inexpressible gratification of seeing and reading it on the day preceding his death. This was part of a description of a winter scene on the banks of the Luggie:

A Winter Scene.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is plumed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone

* The Luggie flows past Merkland, at the foot of a precipitous bank, and shortly afterwards loses itself among the shadows of Oxbang, with its fine old mansion-house and rookery, and debouches into the Kelvin, one of the tributaries of the Clyde, celebrated in Scottish song. It is a mere unpretending rivulet.—*HEDDERWICK'S Memoir of Gray.*

Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent ; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.

The young poet received this specimen page as 'good news,' and said he could now subside tranquilly 'without tears' into his eternal rest. A monument was erected to his memory at Kirkintilloch in 1865, Mr Henry Glassford Bell, the sheriff of Glasgow, delivering an interesting speech on the occasion. The monument bears the following inscription, from the pen of Lord Houghton : 'This monument of affection, admiration, and regret, is erected to DAVID GRAY, the poet of Merkland, by friends from far and near, desirous that his grave should be remembered amid the scenes of his rare genius and early death, and by the Luggie, now numbered with the streams illustrious in Scottish song. Born 29th January 1838 ; died 3d December 1861.' Three of the most active of the literary friends of David Gray—namely, Lord Houghton, Mr Hedderwick (the accomplished and affectionate biographer of the poet), and Sheriff Bell (whose latest literary task was editing a new edition of Gray's Poems)—have borne testimony to the rich though immature genius of this young poet, and to the pure and noble thoughts which fired his ambition, and guided his course through the short period of his life. Besides his principal poem, *The Luggie*, Gray wrote a series of *Sonnets* entitled *In the Shadows*, which are no less touching than beautiful in composition, and greatly superior to the poetry of Michael Bruce, written under similarly affecting circumstances.

An Autumnal Day.

Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine
flowed

In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark green grass,
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet-brier, fragrant as the breath
Of maid beloved, when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me streams most dear unto my heart,
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
Lucid Ægean, gemmed with sacred isles—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale ;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled—a lonely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet. Far away,
A gently rising hill with umbrage clad,
Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir,
Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood, I know,
The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
In their own season ; with the bilberry
Of dim and misty blue, to childhood dear.
Here on a sunny August afternoon,
A vision stirred my spirit half-awake
To fling a purer lustre on those fields

That knew my boyish footsteps ; and to sing
Thy pastoral beauty, Luggie, into fame.

If it must be that I Die young.

If it must be ; if it must be, O God !
That I die young, and make no further moans ;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throes of too sweet breath !
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse ;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry ; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul ! obey
The law of life in patience till the day.

All Fair Things at their Death the Fairest.

Why are all fair things at their death the fairest ?
Beauty, the beautifullest in decay ?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest ?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow ? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love ?
Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain
And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection, that to hear is pain ?
Thus Sorrow and Death—alone realities—
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies !

Spring.

Now, while the long-delaying ash assumes
The delicate April green, and loud, and clear,
Through the cool, yellow, twilight glooms,
The thrush's song enchants the captive ear ;
Now, while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around ;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound—
Come with thy native heart, O true and tried !
But leave all books ; for what with converse high,
Flavoured with Attic wit, the time shall glide
On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

THOMAS RAGG—THOMAS COOPER.

Two other poets sprung from the people, and honourably distinguished for self-cultivation, merit notice. THOMAS RAGG was born in Nottingham in 1808. In 1833 he issued his first publication, *The Incarnation, and other Poems*, being at that time engaged in a lace-factory. *The Incarnation* was part of a philosophical poem on *The Deity*, and was published for the purpose of ascertaining whether means could be obtained for the publication of the whole. In consequence of favourable critical notices, two gentlemen in the west of England—whose names deserve to be recorded—Mr Mann of Andover, and Mr Wyatt of Stroud, offered to become responsible for the expenses of bringing out *The Deity*, and the then venerable James Montgomery undertook to revise the manuscript. It was published in 1834 with considerable success. In 1835 he produced *The Martyr of Verulam, and other Poems* ; in 1837, *Lyrics from the Pentateuch* ; in 1840, *Heber and*

other Poems; in 1847, *Scenes and Sketches*; in 1855, *Creation's Testimony to its Author*; and in 1858, *Man's Dreams and God's Realities*. The poet had been successively newspaper reporter and bookseller; but in 1858 Dr Murray, Bishop of Rochester, offered him ordination in the church, and he is now vicar of Lawley, near Wellington, Salop.

The Earth full of Love.—From 'Heber.'

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats, mellifluent, on the balmy air,
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love;
Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
As downward looking on this wayward world
They light it back to God. But neither stars,
Nor flowers, nor song of birds, nor earth, nor heaven,
So tell the wonders of that glorious name,
As they shall be revealed, when comes the hour
Of nature's consummation, hoped-for long,
When, passed the checkered vestibule of time,
The creature in immortal youth shall bloom,
And good, unmixed with ill, for ever reign.

THOMAS COOPER, 'the Chartist,' while confined in Stafford jail, 1842-44, wrote a poem in the Spenserian stanza, entitled *The Purgatory of Suicides*, which evinces poetical power and fancy, and has gone through several editions. This work was published in 1845; and the same year Mr Cooper issued a series of prose tales and sketches, *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. In the following year he published *The Baron's Yule Feast, a Christmas Rhyme*. Though addressed, like the *Corn-law Rhymes* of Elliott, to the working-classes, and tinged with some jaundiced and gloomy views of society, there is true poetry in Mr Cooper's rhymes. The following is a scrap of landscape-painting—a Christmas scene:

How joyously the lady bells
Shout, though the bluff north breeze
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
Did not out-diamond
All brightest gauds that man hath seen
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
In pomp and grandeur throned!

In 1848 Mr Cooper became a political and historical lecturer, set up cheap political journals, which soon died, and wrote two novels, *Alderman Ralph*, 1853, and *The Family Feud*, 1854. He was tinged with infidel opinions, but these he renounced, and commenced a course of Sunday evening lectures and discussions in support of Christianity. He has also written an account of his *Life*, which has reached a third edition.

LORD JOHN MANNERS—HON. MR SMYTHE.

A series of poetical works, termed 'Young England' or 'Tractarian Poetry' appeared in 1840 and 1841. *England's Trust, and other Poems*, by LORD JOHN MANNERS; *Historic Fancies*, by the

HON. MR SMYTHE (afterwards Lord Strangford); *The Cherwell Water Lily, &c.*, by the REV. F. W. FABER. The chief object of these works was to revive the taste for feudal feeling and ancient sports, combined with certain theological and political opinions characteristic of a past age. The works had poetical and amiable feeling, but were youthful, immature productions; and Lord John Manners must have regretted the couplet which we here print in Italics, and which occasioned no small ridicule:

No; by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage;
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers;
*Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.*

Lord John has since applied himself to politics. He held office in the Conservative administrations from 1852 to 1867, and again in Mr Disraeli's administration of 1874, being appointed Postmaster-general. His lordship is author also of *Notes of an Irish Tour*, 1849; *English Ballads and other Poems*, 1850; *A Cruise in Scotch Waters*; and several pamphlets on religious and political questions.

Lord Strangford (the seventh viscount) also took a part in public affairs, and promised to become an able debater, but ill health withdrew him from both politics and literature. He died in 1857, at the age of forty.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Among the authors of the day, uniting political sympathies and aspirations with lyrical poetry, is DR CHARLES MACKAY. Some of his songs are familiar as household words both in this country and in America, and his influence as an apostle or minstrel of social reform and the domestic affections must have been considerable. Dr Mackay commenced his literary career in 1834, in his twentieth year, by the publication of a small volume of poems. Shortly afterwards he became connected with the *Morning Chronicle* daily journal, and continued in this laborious service for nine years. In 1840, he published *The Hope of the World*, a poem in verse of the style of Pope and Goldsmith. In 1842 appeared *The Salamandrine*, a poetical romance founded on the Rosicrucian system, which supplied Pope with the inimitable aerial personages of his *Rape of the Lock*. *The Salamandrine* is the most finished of Dr Mackay's works, and has passed through several editions. From 1844 to 1847, our author conducted a Scottish newspaper, the *Glasgow Argus*; and while resident in the north, he received the honorary distinction of LL.D. from the university of Glasgow. Returning to London, he resumed his connection with the metropolitan press, and was for several years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, in the columns of which many of his poetical pieces first appeared. His collected works, in addition to those already enumerated, consist of *Legends of the Isles*, 1845; *Voices from the Crowd*, 1846; *Voices from the Mountains*, 1847; *Town Lyrics*, 1848; *Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature*, 1850; *The Lump of Gold, &c.* 1856; *Songs for Music*, 1857; *Under Green Leaves*, 1858; *A Man's Heart*, 1860; *Studies from the Antique*, 1864, &c.

Some prose works have also proceeded from the pen of Dr Mackay—*The Thames and its Tributaries*, two volumes, 1840; *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, two volumes, 1852; &c. In 1852, Dr Mackay made a tour in America, and delivered a course of lectures on Poetry, which he has repeated in this country. His transatlantic impressions he has embodied in two volumes of lively description, bearing the title of *Life and Liberty in America*. The poet, we may add, is a native of Perth, born in 1814, while his father, an officer in the army, was on recruiting service. He was in infancy removed to London, and five years of his youth were spent in Belgium.

Apologue from 'Egeria.'

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass.
'Where have I fallen? to what base region come?'
Exclaimed the one. 'The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from altitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate.'

And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it
blew.

All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil:
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood.
Its sister-acorn perished in its pride.

Love New and Old.

And were they not the happy days
When Love and I were young,
When earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sung?
When gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alleys lone,
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I guessed the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of mine own.

And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver evening has replaced
A morn and noon of gold?
Love stood alone mid youthful joy,
But now by sorrow tried,
It sits and calmly looks to heaven
With angels at its side.

Song—Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!'

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: 'Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!
And the red sparks lit the air;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: 'Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!'

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY—RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY was born at Basford, county of Nottingham, in 1816. He was educated in his native town and at Glasgow University, after which he studied for the bar. In 1819 he produced his first and greatest poem, *Festus*, subsequently enlarged, and now in its fifth edition. The next work of the poet was *The Angel World*, 1850, which was followed in 1855 by *The Mystic*, and in 1858 Mr Bailey published *The Age, a Colloquial Satire*. All of these works, excepting the last, are in blank verse, and have one tendency and object—to describe the history of a divinely instructed mind or soul, soaring upwards to communion with 'the universal life.' With the boldness of Milton, Mr Bailey passes 'the flaming bounds of space and time,' and carries his *Mystic* even into the presence of the 'fontal Deity.' His spiritualism and symbolical meanings are frequently incomprehensible, and his language crude and harsh, with affected archaisms. Yet there are fragments of beautiful and splendid imagery in the poems, and a spirit of devotional rapture that has recommended them to many who rarely read poetry. The *Colloquial Satire* is a failure—mere garrulity and slipshod criticism. Thus of war :

Of all conceits misgrafted on God's Word,
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all things,
As not to hurt another e'en in small things.
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife ;
To pray for, and to care for others' life.
A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way
Those men whose souls he prays for night and day ;
With what consistency let prelates say.
He's told to love his enemies ; don't scoff ;
He does so ; and with rifles picks them off.
He's told to do to all as he'd be done
By, and he therefore blows them from a gun ;
To bless his foes, he 'hangs them up like fun.'

We may contrast this doggerel with a specimen of Mr Bailey's ambitious blank verse, descriptive of the solitary, mystic recluse, dwelling 'lion-like within the desert :

Lofty and passionless as date-palm's bride,
High on the upmost summits of his soul—
Wrought of the elemental light of heaven,
And pure and plastic flame that soul could shew,
Whose nature, like the perfume of a flower
Enriched with aromatic sun-dust, charms
All, and with all ingratiates itself,
Sat dazzling Purity ; for loftiest things,
Snow-like, are purest. As in mountain morns
Expectant air the sun-birth, so his soul
Her God into its supranatural depths
Accepted brightly and sublimely. Vowed
To mystic visions of supernal things ;
Daily endowed with spheres and astral thrones,
His, by pre-emptive right, throughout all time ;
Immersed in his own essence, clarified
From all those rude propensities which rule
Man's heart, a tyrant mob, and, venal, sell
All virtues—ay, the crown of life—to what
Passion soe'er prepotent, worst deludes
Or defilest flatters, he, death-calm, beheld,
As though through glass of some far-sighting tube,
The restful future ; and, consumed in bliss,
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In vital and ethereal thought abstract,
The depth of Deity and heights of heaven.

Or the following fine lines from *Festus* :

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest :
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end ; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

And on universal love :

Love is the happy privilege of the mind—
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns :
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other :
All are compatible—all needful ; one
To life—to virtue one—and one to bliss :
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being.
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come ;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme :
The three are one in centre and in round ;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail ! air of love, by which we live !
How sweet, how fragrant ! Spirit, though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God—
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence ;
For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good :
We love each other ; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
According to their reason, love us too :
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficing precept—was 't not love ?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
To love God we must all his creatures love—
To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy !

In 1867 Mr Bailey added to his poetical works a production in the style of his early Muse, entitled *The Universal Hymn*.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE, born in London in 1803, commenced active life as a midshipman in the Mexican navy. When the war between Mexico and Spain had ceased, Mr Horne returned to England and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of several dramatic pieces—*Cosmo de Medici*, 1837 ; *The Death of Mariowce*, 1838 ; and *Gregory the Seventh*, 1840. In 1841 he produced a *Life of Napoleon* ; and in 1843, *Orion, an Epic Poem*, the most successful of his works, of which the ninth edition is now (1874) before us. In 1844 Mr Horne published two volumes of prose sketches entitled *A New Spirit*

of the Age, being short biographies, with criticism, of the most distinguished living authors. In 1846 appeared *Ballad Romances*; in 1848, *Judas Iscariot, a Mystery Play*; and in 1851, *The Dreamer and the Worker*, two vols. In 1852 Mr Horne went to Australia, and for some time held the office of Gold Commissioner. We may note that *Orion* was originally published at the price of one farthing, being 'an experiment upon the mind of a nation,' and 'as there was scarcely any instance of an epic poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime.' This nominal price saved the author 'the trouble and greatly additional expense of forwarding presentation copies,' which, he adds, 'are not always particularly desired by those who receive them.' Three of these farthing editions were published, after which there were several at a price which 'amply remunerated the publisher, and left the author no great loser.' *Orion*, the hero of the poem, was meant to present 'a type of the struggle of man with himself—that is, the contest between the intellect and the senses, when powerful energies are equally balanced.' The allegorical portion of the poem is defective and obscure, but it contains striking and noble passages.

The Progress of Mankind.—From 'Orion.'

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard,
Or fling it back upon an earlier time;
So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward light.
One mind perchance in every age contains
The sum of all before, and much to come;
Much that 's far distant still; but that full mind,
Companioned oft by others of like scope,
Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,
A circle small transpires and illumines:
Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone,
The man who for his race might supersede
The work of ages, dies worn out—not used,
And in his track disciples onward strive,
Some hair-breads only from his starting-point:
Yet lives he not in vain; for if his soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round—
His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.
So let the firm Philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wastes not in vain,
Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness; let the Hand
Which feels primeval impulses, direct
A forthright plough, and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains;
So let the herald poet shed his thoughts,
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain
Teems with low visions on his couch of down;
Break thou the clods while high-throned Vanity,
Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its court;
Sing thou thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

This poet is a native of Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, Ireland:

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one
is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my
own.

He was born in 1828, and from an early age contributed to periodical literature; removing to England he obtained an appointment in the Customs. His publications are—*Poems*, 1850; *Day and Night Songs*, 1854; *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* (a poem in twelve chapters), 1864; and *Fifty Modern Poems*, 1865. Mr Allingham says his 'works' claim to be 'genuine in their way.' They are free from all obscurity and mysticism, and evince a fine feeling for nature, as well as graceful fancy and poetic diction. Mr Allingham is editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

To the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering skiff.
The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
The glen where mountain-torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean-bays are ours
With all their isles; and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long,
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre fowl hatched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smitters of galloglas and kern?¹
Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
Which sad Iernè long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was haunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And fierce Oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Mised, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

Come back, O birds, or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Spanish bowers or English glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you; stay not then apart,
But bid the merles and throistles know
(And ere another May-time go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the west, dear nightingales!
The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MR TENNYSON, the most popular poet of his times, is the youngest of a poetical brotherhood of three—Frederick, Charles, and Alfred—sons of the late Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman,* who is described as having

¹ *Galloglas—kern*—Irish foot-soldier; the first heavy-armed, the second light.

* The mother of the laureate was also of a clerical family, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche. His paternal grandfather

been a man remarkable for strength and stature, and for the energetic force of his character. This gentleman had a family of eleven or twelve children, seven of whom were sons. The eldest three we have mentioned were all educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, pupils of Dr Whewell. Alfred was born in the parsonage of Somersby (near Spilsby) in 1810. In 1829, he gained the Chancellor's medal for the English prize poem, his subject being *Timbuctoo*. Previous to this, in conjunction with his brother Charles, he published anonymously a small volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1830 appeared *Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson*. This volume contained poems since altered and incorporated in later collections. These early productions had the faults of youthful genius—irregularity, indistinctness of conception, florid puerilities, and occasional affectation. In such poems, however, as *Mariana, Recollections of the Arabian Nights, and Claribel*, it was obvious that a true original poet had arisen. In 1833, Mr Tennyson issued another volume, shewing an advance in poetical power and in variety of style, though the collection met with severe treatment from the critics. For nine years the poet continued silent. In 1842, he reappeared with *Poems*, in two volumes—this third series being a reprint of some of the pieces in the former volumes considerably altered, with many new poems, including the most striking and popular of all his productions. These were of various classes—fragments of legendary and chivalrous story, as *Morte d'Arthur, Godiva, &c.*; or pathetic and beautiful, as *The May Queen and Dora*; or impassioned love-poems, as *The Gardener's Daughter, The Miller's Daughter, The Talking Oak, and Locksley Hall*. The last is the most finished of Tennyson's works, full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. It partly combines the energy and impetuosity of Byron with the pictorial beauty and melody of Coleridge. The lover of *Locksley Hall* is ardent, generous, and noble-minded, 'nourishing a youth sublime' with lofty aspirations and dreams of felicity. His passion is at first returned :

Extracts from 'Locksley Hall.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

was a Lincolnshire squire, owner of Bayons Manor and Usselby Hall—properties afterwards held by the poet's uncle, the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, who assumed the name of D'Eyncourt to commemorate his descent from that ancient Norman family, and in compliance with a condition attached to the possession of certain manors and estates. The eldest of the laureate's brothers, Frederick, is author of a volume of poems—graceful, but without any original distinctive character—entitled *Days and Hours*, 1854. Charles, the second brother, who joined with Alfred, as stated above, in the composition of a volume of verse, became vicar of Grassby, Lincolnshire, in 1835. He took the name of Turner, on succeeding to a property in Lincolnshire. In 1864, he published a volume of *Sonnets*.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The fair one proves faithless, and after a tumult of conflicting passions—indignation, grief, self-reproach, and despair—the sufferer finds relief in glowing visions of future enterprise and the world's progress.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

There is a marvellous brilliancy of colouring and force of sentiment and expression in this poem, while the versification is perfect. The ballad strains of Tennyson, and particularly his musical *Oriana*, also evince consummate art; and when he is purely descriptive, nothing can exceed the minute fidelity with which he paints the English landscape. The poet having shifted his residence from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, his scene-painting partook of the change.* The following is from his *Gardener's Daughter* :

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
Although between it and the garden lies

* The route from Alum Bay to Carisbrooke takes you past Farringford, where resides Alfred Tennyson. The house stands so far back as to be invisible from the road ; but the grounds—

A careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down—

looked very pretty, and thoroughly English. In another verse of the poem from which I have quoted—the invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice—he exactly describes the situation of Farringford :

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.

Every one well acquainted with Tennyson's writings will have noticed how the spirit of the scenery which he has depicted has changed from the 'glooming flats,' the 'level waste,' where 'stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,' which were the reflex of his Lincolnshire observation, to the beautiful meadow and orchard, thoroughly English ruralities of *The Gardener's Daughter* and *The Brook*. Many glimpses in the neighbourhood of Farringford will call to mind descriptive passages in these last-named poems.—*Letter in the Daily News*. The laureate has also an estate in Surrey (Aldworth, Haslemere), to which he retreats when the tourists and admirers become oppressive in the Isle of Wight.

A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

The poet, while a dweller amidst the fens of Lincolnshire, painted morasses, quiet meres, and sighing reeds. The exquisitely modulated poem of *The Dying Swan* affords a picture drawn, we think, with wonderful delicacy :

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows ;
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will ;
And far through the marsh green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The ballad of *The May Queen* introduces similar scenery :

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in
the pool.

The Talking Oak is the title of a fanciful and beautiful poem of seventy-five stanzas, in which a lover and an oak-tree converse upon the charms of a certain fair Olivia. The oak-tree thus describes to the lover her visit to the park in which it grew :

Extracts from 'The Talking Oak.'

'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
And livelier than a lark
She sent her voice through all the holt
Before her, and the park. . . .

'And here she came, and round me played,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole;"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist :
Alas ! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

'I wished myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have locked her hands.' . . .

O muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Summer-chace !
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Summer-place !

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows,
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs ?

'O yes ; she wandered round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kissed the name she found,
And sweetly murmured thine.

'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flushed her cheek with rosy light ;
She glanced across the plain ;
But not a creature was in sight :
She kissed me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred :

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That shew the year is turned. . . .

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust :

'For ah ! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have sucked and gathered into one
The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss ;
But lightly issuing through,
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

O flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea ;
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well ;
A thousand thanks for what I learn,
And what remains to tell.

And the poet, in conclusion, promises to praise the mystic tree even more than England honours his brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
*And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn.*

The last two lines furnish a finished little picture. Still more dramatic in effect is the portrait of the heroine of Coventry.

Godiva.

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone. . . .
She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?'—'But I would die,' said she.

He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filiped at the diamond in her ear;
'O ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered: 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeat it;' and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; and down the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
noon

Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

An extract from *The Lotos-eaters* will give a specimen of our poet's modulations of rhythm. This poem represents the luxurious lazy sleepiness said to be produced in those who feed upon the lotos, and contains passages not surpassed by the finest descriptions in the *Castle of Indolence*. It is rich in striking and appropriate imagery, and is sung to a rhythm which is music itself.

The Lotos-eaters.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown. . . .

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil. . . .

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream! . . .
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

The most prominent defects in these volumes of Mr Tennyson were occasional quaintness and obscurity of expression, with some incongruous combinations of low and familiar with poetical images.—His next work, *The Princess, a Medley*, appeared in December 1847. This is a story of a prince and princess contracted by their parents without having seen each other. The lady repudiates the alliance; but after a series of adventures and incidents as improbable and incoherent as the plots of some of the old wild Elizabethan tales and dramas, the princess relents and surrenders. The mixture of modern ideas and manners with those of the age of chivalry and romance—the attempted amalgamation of the conventional with the real, the farcical with the sentimental—renders *The Princess* truly a *medley*, and produces an unpleasant grotesque effect. Parts of the poem, however, are sweetly written; there are subtle touches of thought and satire, and some exquisite lyrical passages. Tennyson has nothing finer than these stanzas:

Song, 'The Splendour Falls.'

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The poet's philosophy as to the sexes is thus summed up:

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

In 1850 appeared, at first anonymously, *In Memoriam*, a volume of short poems, divided into sections, but all devoted, like the Sonnets of Shakespeare, to one beloved object—a male friend. Mr Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, and affianced to Mr Tennyson's sister, died at Vienna in 1833, and his memory is here embalmed in a series of remarkable and affecting poems, no less than one hundred and twenty-nine in number, and all in the same stanza. This sameness of subject and versification would seem to render the work monotonous and tedious; so minute a delineation of personal sorrow is also apt to appear unmanly and unnatural. But the poet, though adhering to one melancholy theme, clothes it in all the hues of imagination and intellect. He lifts the veil, as it were, from the inner life of the soul; he stirs the deepest and holiest feelings of our nature; he describes, reasons, and allegorises; flowers are intermingled with the cypress, and faith and hope brighten the vista of the future. His vast love and sympathy seem to embrace all nature as assimilated with his lost friend.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

The ship containing his friend's remains is thus beautifully apostrophised:

In Memoriam, IX.

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sail'st the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep gentle heavens before the prow;
Sleep gentle winds as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love!

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Arthur Hallam was interred in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, situated on a still and sequestered spot, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel:*

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

We add one of the sections, in which description of external nature is finely blended with the mourner's reminiscences:

In Memoriam, XXII.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheered the way,
And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that, somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

Winter scenes are described; Christmas, with its train of sacred and tender associations, comes; but the poet is in a new home:

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.

With the genial season, however, his sympathies expand, and in one section of noble verse he sings the dirge of the old year and the advent of the new:

In Memoriam, CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

* Memoir prefixed to Arthur Hallam's *Remains*, by his father, the historian. An interesting account of this volume is given by Dr John Brown, Edinburgh, in *Hours Subsecivæ*. Arthur Henry Hallam was born in London, February 1, 1811. He distinguished himself at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was author of several essays and poetical productions, which gave promise of future excellence. He died in his twenty-third year, September 15, 1833.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The patriotic aspirations here expressed are brought out more fully in some of Mr Tennyson's political lyrics, which are animated by true wisdom and generous sentiment.

The next publication of our author was an *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (1852)—a laureate offering, which he afterwards revised and improved, rendering it not unworthy of the hero or the poet.

The Funeral of the Great Duke.

O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gained a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clashed with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble work, the vast designs
 Of his laboured rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Past the Pyrenean pines,
 Followed up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings;

Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dashed on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foamed themselves away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Through the long tormented air
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
 So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do,
 In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!

In 1855 appeared *Maud, and other Poems*—the first, an allegorical vision of love and war, treated in a semi-colloquial bizarre style, yet suggestive and passionate. Maud is the daughter of the squire, and 'in the light of her youth and her grace' she captivates a mysterious misanthropic personage who tells the story. But Maud has another suitor, a 'new-made lord,' whose addresses are favoured by Maud's father and brother—the latter described as

That jewelled mass of millinery,
 That oiled and curled Assyrian bull.

The squire gives a grand political dinner, 'a gathering of the Tory,' to which the Timon-lover is not invited. He finds, however, in the rivulet crossing his ground, a garden-rose, brought down from the Hall, and he interprets it as a message from Maud to meet her in the garden among the roses at night. He proceeds thither, and invokes the fair one in a lyric which is unquestionably the charm of the volume. It begins:

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown.
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

Maud obeys the call; but her brother discovers them, insults the intruder, and a duel ensues, in which the brother is slain. The lover flees to France, but returns to England, for ever haunted by visions of Maud, and then, in another section, we are startled to find him declare himself 'dead, long dead,' and buried, but without finding peace in the grave! It is a vision, and the dreamer obtains a new excitement: he rejoices to think that a war is to arise in defence of the right:

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
 Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire:
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
 Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

And as months ran on, and rumour of battle grew,
 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I—
 For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true—

'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
 And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath
 With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
 Far into the north, and battle, and seas of death.

And the Tyrtæan war-strain closes with a somewhat fantastic image:

And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic
 deep,
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

Maud was the least successful of Mr Tennyson's longer poems. But three years afterwards (1858) the poet redeemed himself by the publication of *The Idylls of the King*, consisting of four poems—*Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine*, and *Guinevere*. This Arthurian romance was completed in 1869, by another volume, entitled *The Holy Grail*, and including *The Coming of Arthur*, *Pelleus and Etarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*—the whole of this Arthurian collection of idylls forming, according to Dean Alford, 'a great connected poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the 'higher soul of man,' as shewn in the king's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments, and departure. Of the versification of the Idylls—pure, flowing, blank verse—we subjoin a brief specimen :

From 'The Passing of Arthur.'

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
 ' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with a gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
 Which was an image of the mighty world,
 And I the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 ' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
 prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them
 friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 To the island valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Between the publication of the series of Arthurian idylls, Mr Tennyson issued *Enoch Arden, and other Poems* (1864). One of the latter was a piece in the North Lincolnshire dialect, written in the character of a farmer of the old school, and which displayed a vein of broad humour and a dramatic power that surprised as well as gratified the admirers of the poet. He afterwards gave a companion to this bucolic painting by depicting a farmer of the new school, as stolid and selfish, but not quite so amusing, as his elder brother.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The highest place among our modern poetesses must be claimed for MRS BROWNING, formerly Miss Barrett. In purity and loftiness of sentiment and feeling, and in intellectual power, she is excelled only by Tennyson, whose best works, it is evident, she had carefully studied. Her earlier style reminds us more of Shelley, but this arises from similarity of genius and classical tastes, not imitation. The first publication of this accomplished lady was an *Essay on Mind, and other Poems*, said to have been written in her seventeenth year. In 1833 appeared her translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, of which she has since given an improved version. In 1838 she ventured on a second volume of original poetry, *The Seraphim, and other Poems*, which was followed by *The Romant of the Page*, 1839. About this time a personal calamity occurred to the poetess, which has been detailed by Miss Mitford in her *Literary Recollections*. She burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and after a twelvemonth's confinement at home, was ordered to a milder climate. She went with some relatives to reside at Torquay, and there a fatal event took place 'which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially devotional feeling, to her poetry.' Her favourite brother, with two other young men, his friends, having embarked on board a small vessel for a sail of a few hours, the boat went down, and all on board perished. This tragedy completely prostrated Miss Barrett. She was not able to be removed to her father's house in London till the following year, and on her return home she 'began that life,' says Miss Mitford, 'which she continued for many years—confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted ; reading meanwhile almost every book worth reading in almost every language, studying with ever-fresh delight the great classic authors in the original, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.' Miss Mitford had presented her friend with a young spaniel, 'Flush, my dog,' and the companionship of this humble but faithful object of sympathy has been commemorated in some beautiful verses, graphic as the pencil of Landseer :

To Flush, my Dog.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
 Little is 't to such an end
 That I praise thy rareness !
 Other dogs may be thy peers
 Haply in these drooping ears,
 And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unweary—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning.
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing.
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After—platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

*The result of those years of seclusion and study was partly seen by the publication in 1844 of two volumes of *Poems*, by *Elizabeth Barrett*, many of which bore the impress of deep and melancholy thought, and of high and fervid imagination. 'Poetry,' said the authoress in her preface, 'has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work: not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being; but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain: and as work I offer it to the public; *feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration*; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.' To each of the principal poems in the collection explanatory notices were given. Thus, of *A Drama of Exile*, she says, the subject was 'the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness, with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man.' The pervading principle of the drama is love—love which conquers even Lucifer:

Adam. The essence of all beauty, I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colourless,
Is nothing to the eye—that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank—
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

Lucifer. Love! what is love? I lose it. Beauty
and love!

I darken to the image. Beauty—love!

[*He fades away, while a low music sounds.*]

Adam. Thou art pale, Eve.

Eve. The precipice of ill

Down this colossal nature, dizzies me—
And, hark! the starry harmony remote
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.

Adam. Think that we have not fallen so. By the
hope

And aspiration, by the love and faith,
We do exceed the stature of this angel.

Eve. Happier we are than he is, by the death.

Adam. Or rather, by the life of the Lord God!

How dim the angel grows, as if that blast
Of music swept him back into the dark.

Notwithstanding a few fine passages, *A Drama of Exile* cannot be considered a successful effort. The scheme of the poetess was imperfectly developed, and many of the colloquies of Adam and Eve, and of Lucifer and Gabriel, are forced and unnatural. The lyrics interspersed throughout the poem are often harsh and unmusical, and the whole drama is deficient in action and interest. In *A Vision of Poets*, Miss Barrett endeavoured to vindicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. 'I have attempted,' she says, 'to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "la patience angélique du génie," and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge.' The discipline of suffering and sorrow which the poetess had herself undergone, suggested or coloured these and similar speculations. The affliction which saddened had also purified the heart, and brought with it the precious fruits of resignation and faith. This is an old and familiar philosophy, and Miss Barrett's prose exposition of it must afterwards have appeared to her superfluous, for she omitted the preface in the later editions of her works. The truth is, all such personal revelations, though sanctioned by the examples of Dryden and Wordsworth, have inevitably an air of egotism and pedantry. Poetry is better able than painting or sculpture to disclose the object and feeling of the artist, and no one ever dreamt of confining those arts—the exponents of every range of feeling, conception, and emotion—to the mere office of administering pleasure. *A Vision of Poets* opens thus beautifully:

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

And thus he rose disquieted
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
And in the forest wandered,

Where, sloping up the darkest glades,
The moon had drawn long colonnades,
Upon whose floor the verdure fades

To a faint silver—pavement fair
The antique wood-nymphs scarce would dare
To foot-print o'er, had such been there.

He meets a lady whose mystical duty it is to 'crown all poets to their worth,' and he obtains a sight of some of the great masters of song—the dead kings of melody—who are characterised in brief but felicitous descriptions. A few of these we subjoin :

Here, Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There, Shakspeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughers for all time !

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips—that could be wild,
And laugh or sob out like a child.

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropt sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

The moderns, from Milton down to 'poor proud Byron,' are less happily portrayed; but in spite of many blemishes, and especially the want of careful artistic finishing, this poem is one of great excellence. There are other imaginative pieces of the authoress of a more popular character—as the *Rhyme of the Duchess May*, a romantic ballad full of passion, incident, and melody; and *Bertha in the Lane*, a story of the transfer of affection from one sister to another, related by the elder and dying sister in a strain of great beauty and pathos. One stanza will shew the style and versification of this poem :

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the Dark up, day and night.

There are parts of this fine poem resembling Tennyson's *May Queen*, but the laureate would never have admitted such an incongruous and spasmodic stanza as that with which Miss Barrett unhappily closes her piece :

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation !
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angels' hands of fire !—
I aspire while I expire.

The most finished of Miss Barrett's smaller poems—apart from the sonnets—are the verses on *Cowper's Grave*, which contain not one jarring line or expression, and *The Cry of the Children*, a pathetic and impassioned pleading for the poor children who toil in mines and factories. In individuality and intensity of feeling, this piece resembles Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, but it infinitely surpasses it in poetry and imagination.

The Cry of the Children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free. . . .

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels"—breaking out in a mad moaning—
"Stop ! be silent for to-day !"

Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, month to month !

Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth !

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !—

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark ;
And the children's souls, which God is calling
sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are as passionate as Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, and we suspect the title, 'from the Portuguese,' has no better authority than Sir Walter Scott's '*Old Play*' at the head of the chapters of his novels. The first of these so-called translations is eminently beautiful—quite equal to Wordsworth, or to Wordsworth's model, Milton:

Sonnet.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move

Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove :
 'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death!' I said. But,
 there,
 The silver answer rang : 'Not Death, but Love.'

An interval of some years elapsed ere Miss Barrett came forward with another volume, though she was occasionally seen as a contributor to literary journals. She became in 1846 the wife of a kindred spirit, Robert Browning, the poet, and removed with him to Italy. In Florence she witnessed the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, and this furnished the theme of her next important work, *Casa Guidi Windows*, a poem containing 'the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness' from the windows of her house, the Casa Guidi in Florence. The poem is a spirited semi-political narrative of actual events and genuine feelings. Part might pass for the work of Byron—so free is its versification, and so warm the affection of Mrs Browning for Italy and the Italians—but there are also passages that would have served better for a prose pamphlet. The genius of the poetess had become practical and energetic—inspired by what she saw around her, and by the new tie which, as we learn from this pleasing poem, now brightened her visions of the future :

The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor ;
 Stand out in it, my young Florentine,
 Not two years old, and let me see thee more ! . . .
 And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
 And from my soul, which fronts the future so,
 With unabashed and unabated gaze,
 Teach me to hope for, what the angels know
 When they smile clear as thou dost.

In 1856 appeared *Aurora Leigh*, an elaborate poem or novel in blank verse, which Mrs Browning characterises as the 'most mature' of her works, and one into which her 'highest convictions upon life and art are entered.' It presents us, like Wordsworth's *Prelude*, with the history of a poetical mind—an autobiography of the heart and intellect ; but Wordsworth, with all his contempt for literary 'conventionalities,' would never have ventured on such a sweeping departure from established critical rules and poetical diction as Mrs Browning has here carried out. There is a prodigality of genius in the work, many just and fine remarks, ethical and critical, and passages evincing a keen insight into the human heart as well as into the working of our social institutions and artificial restraints. A noble hatred of falsehood, hypocrisy, and oppression breathes through the whole. But the materials of the poem are so strangely mingled and so discordant—prose and poetry so mixed up together—scenes of splendid passion and tears followed by dry metaphysical and polemical disquisitions, or rambling commonplace conversation, that the effect of the poem as a whole, though splendid in parts, is unsatisfactory.

An English Landscape.—From 'Aurora Leigh.'

The thrushes sang,
 And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves—
 And then I turned, and held my finger up,
 And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world
 Went ill, as he related, certainly
 The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
 His brow would soften—and he bore with me
 In melancholy patience, not unkind,

While breaking into voluble ecstasy,
 I flattered all the beauteous country round,
 As poets use—the skies, the clouds, the fields,
 The happy violets, hiding from the roads
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
 The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
 Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths
 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all alive
 With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
 And palpitated forth upon the wind—
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist ;
 Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
 And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
 And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
 And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
 Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
 'And see, is God not with us on the earth ?
 And shall we put Him down by aught we do ?
 Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,
 Save poverty and wickedness ? Behold !'
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
 And clasped my hands, and called all very fair.

In 1860, *Poems before Congress* evinced Mrs Browning's unabated interest in Italy and its people. This was her last publication. She died on the 29th of June 1861, at the Casa Guidi, Florence ; and in front of the house, a marble tablet records that in it wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, by her song, created a golden link between Italy and England, and that in gratitude Florence had erected that memorial. In 1862 the literary remains of Mrs Browning were published under the title of *Last Poems*.

We subjoin a piece written in the early, and we think the purest style of the poetess :

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
 decaying.
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their
 praying.
 Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence,
 languish.
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave
 her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the
 deathless singing !
 O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was
 clinging !
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths
 beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while
 ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
 tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the
 glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker
 adoration.
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God
 hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
 him—
 With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
 hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love
to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird
could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick
poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious
influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its
number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his
home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses.
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and
loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of
that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst
she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother!
where 's my mother?'—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any
other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love
she bore him!—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in
death to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that
awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round
him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'My Saviour! *not*
deserted!'

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in
darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*
should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence
rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
and Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath
shaken—
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation!
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar
not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
vision.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The head of what has been termed the psycho-
logical school of poetry is MR ROBERT BROWNING,
who for more than thirty years has been recog-
nised as one of our most original and intellectual
poets. Latterly, the public—to use his own
words—

The British Public, ye who like me not
(God love you!), whom I yet have laboured for,

have been more indulgent to the poet, and more
ready to acknowledge his real merits. Mr Brown-
ing first attracted attention in 1836, when he
published his poem of *Paracelsus*. He had pre-
viously published anonymously a poem entitled
Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession. *Paracelsus*
evinced that love of psychological analysis and
that subtle imagination more fully displayed in the
author's later works. It is the history of a soul
struggling and aspiring after hidden knowledge,
power, and happiness—

All ambitious, upwards tending,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun—

but is thwarted and baffled in the visionary pur-
suit. For an author of twenty-four years of age,
this was a remarkable poem. Mr Browning next
tried the historical drama. In 1837 his tragedy
of *Strafford* was brought on the stage, the hero
being personated by Macready, a favourite actor.
It was played several nights, but cannot be said
to have been successful. Mr Horne, in his *New*
Spirit of the Age, characterises it as a 'piece of
passionate action with the bones of poetry.' Van
Dyck's portrait of Strafford, so well known from
copies and engravings, will always, we suspect,
eclipse or supersede any pen-and-ink delineation
of the splendid apostate. The poet now went to
Italy, where he resided several years, and in 1841
he sent forth another psychological poem—'the
richest puzzle to all lovers of poetry which was
ever given to the world'—a thin volume entitled
Sordello. Mr Browning's subsequent works were
in a dramatic form and spirit, the most popular
being *Pippa Passes*, forming part of a series
called *Bells and Pomegranates* (1841-44), of which
a second collection was published containing some
exquisite sketches and monologues. 'Pippa is a
girl from a silk-factory, who *passes* the various
persons of the play at certain critical moments, in
the course of her holiday, and becomes uncon-
sciously to herself a determining influence on the
fortune of each.' In 1843 the poet produced
another regular drama, a tragedy entitled *A Blot in*
the Scutcheon, which was acted at Drury Lane with
moderate success, and is the best of the author's
plays. Next to it is *King Victor and King Charles*,
a tragedy in four acts, in which the characters
are well drawn and well contrasted. Altogether
Mr Browning has written eight plays and two
short dramatic sketches, *A Soul's Tragedy* and
In a Balcony. Some of the others—*The Return*
of the Druses, *Colombé's Birthday*, and *Luria*—are
superior productions both in conception and
execution. Two narrative poems, *Christmas Eve*
and *Easter Day*, present the author's marked pe-
culiarities—grotesque imagery, insight into the
human heart, vivid painting, and careless, faulty
versification. In principle, the poet is thoroughly

orthodox, and treats the two great Christian festivals in a Christian spirit. Of the lighter pieces of the author, the most popular is *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a *Child's Story*, told with inimitable liveliness and spirit, and with a flow of rattling rhymes and quaint fancies rivalling Southey's *Cataract of Lodore*. This amusing production is as unlike the usual style of its author as *John Gilpin* is unlike the usual style of Cowper.

In 1855 the reputation of Mr Browning was greatly enhanced by the publication of a collection of poems, fifty in number, bearing the comprehensive title of *Men and Women*. In 1864 another volume of character sketches appeared, entitled *Dramatis Personæ*; and in 1868 was produced the most elaborate of all his works, *The Ring and the Book*, an Italian story of the seventeenth century concerning certain assassins

Put to death

By heading or hanging, as befitted ranks,
At Rome on February twenty-two,
Since our salvation sixteen ninety-eight.

The latest works of Mr Browning are *Balaustion's Adventure, including a Transcript from Euripides* (1871)—which is another recital of the story of Alcestes, supposed to be told by a Greek girl who had witnessed the performance; *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society* (1871), a name under which is thinly veiled the name of Louis Napoleon; *Fifine at the Fair* (1872); *Red Cotton Night-cap Country* (1873); and *Arctophanes' Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides, being the last Adventure of Balaustion* (1875). Of Aristophanes—

Splendour of wit that springs a thunder ball—
Satire—to burn and purify the world,
True aim, fair purpose—

we have this bright pen-and-ink portrait :

And no ignoble presence ! on the bulge
Of the clear baldness—all his head one brow—
True, the veins swelled, blue network, and there
surged

A red from cheek to temple—then retired
As if the dark-leaved chaplet damped a flame—
Was never nursed by temperance or health.
But huge the eyeballs rolled black native fire,
Imperiously triumphant, nostrils wide
Waited their incense ; while the pursed mouth's pout
Aggressive, while the beak supreme above,
While the head, face, nay, pillared throat thrown
back,

Beard whitening under like a vinous foam—
These made a glory of such insolence,
I thought, such domineering deity
Hephaistos might have carved to cut the brine
For his gay brother's prow, imbrue that path
Which, purpling, recognised the conqueror.
Impudent and majestic : drunk, perhaps,
But that 's religion ; sense too plainly snuffed :
Still, sensuality was grown a rite.

In 1875 also appeared from the prolific pen of the poet *The Inn Album*.

A fertile and original author with high and generous aims, Mr Browning has proved his poetic power alike in thought, description, passion, and conception of character. But the effect of even his happiest productions is marred by obscurity, by eccentricities of style and expression, and by the intrusion of familiar phrases and

Hudibrastic rhymes or dry metaphysical discussions. His choice of subjects—chiefly Italian—his stories of monastic life, repulsive crimes, and exceptional types of character—are also against his popularity. *The Ring and the Book* is prolix : four volumes of blank verse, in which the same tale of murder is told by various interlocutors, with long digressions from old chronicles and other sources—such a work must repel all but devoted poetical readers. These, however, Mr Browning has obtained, and the student who perseveres, digging for the pure 'untempered gold' of poetry, will find his reward in the pages of this master of psychological monologues and dramatic lyrics.

Mr Browning is a native of Camberwell in Surrey, born in 1812, and educated at the London University. He is also an honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In November 1846 he was married, as already stated, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett. Of Mr Browning's many descriptions of the 'sunny south,' the following is a favourable specimen, and Miss Mitford states that it was admired by Mr Ruskin for its exceeding truthfulness :

Picture of the Grape-harvest.

But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the vineyards
Grape-harvest began :
In the vat half-way up on our house-side
Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
Till breathless he grins,
Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
To keep the grapes under,
For still when he seems all but master,
In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
With basket on shoulder,
And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
Your girls that are older—
For under the hedges of aloe,
And where, on its bed
Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
Lies pulpy and red,
All the young ones are kneeling and filling
Their laps with the snails,
Tempted out by the first rainy weather—
Your best of regales,
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
When, supping in state,
We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,
Three over one plate—
Macaroni, so tempting to swallow,
In slippery strings,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of kings.
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you—
The rain-water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence.
Nay, taste while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
That peels, flake by flake,
Like an onion's, each smoother and whiter ;
Next sip this weak wine
From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
A leaf of the vine ;
And end with the prickly pear's red flesh,
That leaves through its juice
The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.—A Child's Story.

I.

Hamelin town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolls that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain;
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!'
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap!
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that?'
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'

V.

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: 'It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone.'

VI.

He advanced to the Council-table:
And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!'—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out : ‘ O rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! ’
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ‘ Come, bore me ! ’
—I found the Weser rolling o’er me.’

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
‘ Go, ’ cried the Mayor, ‘ and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! ’—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, ‘ First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! ’

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
‘ Beside, ’ quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
‘ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what ’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ’

X.

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried :
‘ No trifling ! I can’t wait ; beside,
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the head-cook’s pottage, all he ’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.’

XI.

‘ How ? ’ cried the Mayor, ‘ d’ye think I’ll brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst ;
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ’

XII.

Once more he stepped into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering,

Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper’s back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council’s bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
‘ He never can cross that mighty top !
He ’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ’
When lo ! as they reached the mountain’s side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say :
‘ It ’s dull in our town since my playmates left ;
I can’t forget that I ’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings ;
And horses were born with eagle’s wings ;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ’

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !
There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says, ‘ that heaven’s gate
Opens to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle’s eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men’s lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart’s content,
If he’d only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw ’twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear :
‘ And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress,
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise.

A Parting Scene (1526 A.D.).

PARACELUS and FESTUS.

Par. And you saw Luther?
Fest. 'Tis a wondrous soul!
Par. True : the so-heavy chain which galled man-
 kind

Is shattered, and the noblest of us all
 Must bow to the deliverer—may the worker
 Of our own project—we who long before
 Had burst our trammels, but forgot the crowd,
 We would have taught, still groaned beneath the
 load :

This he has done and nobly. Speed that may !
 Whatever be my chance or my mischance,
 What benefits mankind must glad me too :
 And men seem made, though not as I believed,
 For something better than the times display :
 Witness these gangs of peasants your new lights
 From Suabia have possessed, whom Münzer leads,
 And whom the Duke, the Landgrave, and the Elector
 Will calm in blood ! Well, well—'tis not my world !
Fest. Hark !

Par. 'Tis the melancholy wind astrir
 Within the trees ; the embers too are gray ;
 Morn must be near.

Fest. Best ope the casement. See,
 The night, late strewn with clouds and flying stars,
 Is blank and motionless : how peaceful sleep
 The tree-tops all together ! like an asp
 The wind slips whispering from bough to bough.

Par. Ay ; you would gaze on a wind-shaken tree
 By the hour, nor count time lost.

Fest. So you shall gaze.
 Those happy times will come again.

Par. Gone ! gone !
 Those pleasant times ! Does not the moaning wind
 Seem to bewail that we have gained such gains
 And bartered sleep for them ?

Fest. It is our trust
 That there is yet another world, to mend
 All error and mischance.

Par. Another world !
 And why this world, this common world, to be
 A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair soever,
 To some fine life to come ? Man must be fed
 With angels' food, forsooth ; and some few traces
 Of a diviner nature which look out
 Through his corporeal baseness, warrant him
 In a supreme contempt for all provision
 For his inferior tastes—some straggling marks
 Which constitute his essence, just as truly
 As here and there a gem would constitute
 The rock, their barren bed, a diamond.
 But were it so—were man all mind—he gains
 A station little enviable. From God
 Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
 Intelligence exists which casts our mind
 Into immeasurable shade. No, no :
 Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
 These are its sign, and note, and character ;
 And these I have lost !—gone, shut from me for
 ever,

Like a dead friend, safe from unkindness more !—
 See morn at length. The heavy darkness seems
 Diluted ; gray and clear without the stars ;
 The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
 Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let
 go
 His hold ; and from the east, fuller and fuller,
 Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in ;
 But clouded, wintry, desolate, and cold :
 Yet see how that broad, prickly, star-shaped
 plant,

Half down the crevice, spreads its woolly leaves
 All thick and glistening with diamond dew.—
 And you depart for Einsiedeln to-day,
 And we have spent all night in talk like this !
 If you would have me better for your love,
 Revert no more to these sad themes.

From 'My Last Duchess.'

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you but I),
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or, 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half flush that dies along her throat ;' such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the west,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good ; but
 thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine hundred years old name
 With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling ?

COVENTRY PATMORE—EDWARD ROBERT, LORD
LYTTON.

The delineation of married love and the domestic affections has been attempted by MR COVENTRY PATMORE, who has deservedly gained reputation from the sweetness and quiet beauty of his verse. His first work was a volume of *Poems*, 1844. This was republished with large additions in 1853, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems*. He then produced his most important work, *The Angel in the House*, in four parts—*The Betrothal*, 1854; *The Espousal*, 1856; *Faithful for Ever*, 1860; and *The Victories of Love*, 1862. Mr Patmore has also edited a volume of poetical selections, *The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets*, 1862. *The Angel in the House* contains passages of great beauty, both in sentiment and description. Mr Ruskin has eulogised it as 'a most finished piece of writing.' Its occasional felicities of expression are seen in verses like these :

A girl of fullest heart she was ;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same.
And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshewn—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.

And in this simile :

Her soft voice, singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole warbling in a windy wood.

The Joyful Wisdom.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right ;
And, knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely dight
In misery and ugliness.
What's that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
' Ah ! that 's the thing which I would be ?'
Not childhood, full of fears and fret ;
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known. . . .
Not these ; but souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
When everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline,
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise ;
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting and dies. . . .
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.

Counsel to the Young Husband.

'Now, while she's changing,' said the Dean,
'Her bridal for her travelling dress,
I'll preach allegiance to your queen !
Preaching 's the trade which I profess ;

And one more minute's mine ! You know
I've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She's yours ; but I love more than yet
You can ; such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth, which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel nearness ; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.
Fear comes at first ; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves
Like holy rocks by Druids poised,
The least force shakes, but none removes. . . .
Her strength is your esteem ; beware
Of finding fault ; her will 's unnerved
By blame ; from you 'twould be despair ;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her noble nature move
To make your utmost wishes true :
Yet think, while mending thus your love,
Of matching her ideal too !
The death of nuptial joy is sloth :
To keep your mistress in your wife,
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honour her with arduous life.'

Mr Patmore was born at Woodford in Essex, July 2, 1823, son of Mr P. G. Patmore (1786-1855), author of *Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities*, &c. In 1846 Mr Coventry Patmore was appointed one of the assistant-librarians of the British Museum, but retired from the office about 1868.

EDWARD ROBERT, LORD LYTTON, under the name of 'Owen Meredith,' has published two volumes of poetry—*Clytemnestra*, 1855, and *The Wanderer*, 1859. There are traces of sentimentalism and morbid feeling in the poems, but also fine fancy and graceful musical language. The poet is the only son of the first Lord Lytton, and was born November 8, 1831. The paternal taste in the selection of subjects from high life, with a certain voluptuous colouring, and a pseudo-melancholy, cynical air, has been reproduced in 'Owen Meredith,' though Tennyson was perhaps the favourite model. The young poet, however, had original merit enough to redeem such faults. He continued to write, and produced in succession *Lucile*, a novel in verse, 1860; *Serbski Pesme*, a translation of the national songs of Servia; *The Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance, 1863; *Chronicles and Characters*, two volumes of poems, chiefly historical, to which Mr Lytton prefixed his own name; *Orval, or the Fool of Time*, a dramatic poem, &c. For about twenty years Lord Lytton was engaged in the diplomatic service abroad, and in 1876 was appointed Governor-general or Viceroy of India. In 1874 the noble poet published two volumes of *Fables* in verse.

The Chess-board.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkedmated by each other's eyes ?
Ah ! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight ;

Brave pawns in valiant battle stand ;
 The double castles guard the wings ;
 The bishop, bent on distant things,
 Moves sidling through the fight.
 Our fingers touch, our glances meet
 And falter, falls your golden hair
 Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet
 Is heaving ; down the field, your queen
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,
 And checks me unaware.
 Ah me ! the little battle's done,
 Dispersed is all its chivalry.
 Full many a move, since then, have we
 'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
 And many a game with fortune played—
 What is it we have won ?
 This, this, at least—if this alone—
 That never, never, never more,
 As in those old still nights of yore—
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
 Can you and I shut out the skies,
 Shut out the world and wintry weather,
 And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
 Play chess as then we played together !

Changes.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
 Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
 And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear :
 Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
 God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care,
 And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;
 And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,
 I think of one—Heaven help and pity me !—
 Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think !
 We all are changed. God judges for us best.
 God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
 And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
 Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
 Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
 Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
 And not by what we are, too apt to fall !
 My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know
 all !

The REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (died in 1847)
 wrote *Tales in Verse*, 1830 ; *Poems* ; *Ballads* ; &c.
 His sacred poetry is of superior merit.

The Sailor's Grave.

There is in the lone, lone sea,
 A spot unmarked, but holy,
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down beneath the deep,
 That oft in triumph bore him,
 He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
 With the wild waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps—he sleeps, serene, and safe
 From tempest and from billow,
 Where storms that high above him chafe
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
 They did not dare to sever ;
 It was his home when he had breath,
 'Tis now his home for ever.

Sleep on—sleep on, thou mighty dead !
 A glorious tomb they've found thee ;
 The broad blue sky above thee spread,
 The boundless ocean round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here,
 No hand profane shall move thee,
 But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
 And warriors shout above thee.

And though no stone may tell
 Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
 They rest in hearts that love thee well,
 And they grace Britannia's story.

Hymn—'Abide with Me!'

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness thickens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwel'st with thy disciples, Lord—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing on thy wings,
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through clouds and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

CHARLES KENT (born in London in 1823) has
 published *Dreamland, with other Poems*, 1862 ; and
 a collective edition of his *Poems* was issued in
 1870. Mr Kent has also written several prose
 tales and essays.

Love's Calendar.

Talk of love in vernal hours,
 When the landscape blushes
 With the dawning glow of flowers,
 While the early thrushes
 Warble in the apple-tree ;
 When the primrose springing
 From the green bank, lulls the bee,
 On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide
 When through bosky shallows

Trills the streamlet—all its side
 Pranked with freckled mallows ;
 When in mossy lair of wrens
 Tiny eggs are warming ;
 When above the reedy fens
 Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,
 When the fruit, all mellow,
 Drops amid the ripening rays,
 While the leaflets yellow
 Circle in the sluggish breeze
 With their portents bitter ;
 When between the fading trees
 Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in winter time,
 When the hailstorm hurtles,
 While the robin sparks of rime
 Shakes from hardy myrtles,
 Never speak of love with scorn,
 Such were direst treason ;
 Love was made for eve and morn,
 And for every season.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

One of the best and most prolific of the American poetesses was MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY, born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791 ; died at Hartford in 1865. Maria Edgeworth and a host of critics have borne testimony to the poetic genius and moral influence of this accomplished woman.

The Early Blue-bird.

Blue-bird ! on yon leafless tree,
 Dost thou carol thus to me :
 ' Spring is coming ! Spring is here !'
 Say'st thou so, my birdie dear ?
 What is that, in misty shroud,
 Stealing from the darkened cloud ?
 Lo ! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
 Settles o'er the whitened ground,
 Yet thou singest, blithe and clear :
 ' Spring is coming ! Spring is here !'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain ?
 Winds are piping o'er the plain ;
 Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
 With a black and threatening eye ;
 Urchins, by the frozen rill,
 Wrap their mantles closer still ;
 Yon poor man, with doublet old,
 Doth he shiver at the cold ?
 Hath he not a nose of blue ?
 Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring 's a maid of mirth and glee,
 Rosy wreaths and revelry :
 Hast thou wooed some winged love
 To a nest in verdant grove ?
 Sung to her of greenwood bower,
 Sunny skies that never lower ?
 Lured her with thy promise fair
 Of a lot that knows no care ?
 Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
 Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
 She can sing a cheerful song ?
 When the rude winds rock the tree,
 If she'll closer cling to thee ?
 Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
 Unappalled shall pass thee by ;
 Though thy curtained chamber shew
 Siftings of untimely snow,

Warm and glad thy heart shall be ;
 Love shall make it Spring for thee.

Midnight Thoughts at Sea.

Borne upon the ocean's foam,
 Far from native land and home,
 Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
 Brooding o'er our venturous path,
 While the mountain wave is rolling,
 And the ship's bell faintly tolling :
 Saviour ! on the boisterous sea,
 Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
 Sweep us on with headlong force ;
 And the bark, which tempests surge,
 Moans and trembles at their scourge :
 Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
 Be Thou near, and all is well.
 Saviour ! on the stormy sea,
 Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
 When to us afar they turn ;
 Eyes that shew the rushing tear
 If our uttered names they hear :
 Saviour ! o'er the faithless main
 Bring us to those homes again,
 As the trembler, touched by Thee,
 Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
 Where with lonely keel we go ;
 Gentle brows and bosoms brave
 Those abysses richly pave :
 If beneath the briny deep
 We, with them, should coldly sleep,
 Saviour ! o'er the whelming sea,
 Take our ransomed souls to Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Society of Friends, or Quakers, in America can boast of a poet who more than rivals the English representative, Bernard Barton. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, passed his early years on his father's farm ; but after he came of age was chiefly engaged in literary pursuits. He edited several newspapers, and was an active opponent of negro slavery. He has published *Legends of New England*, in prose and verse, 1831 ; a volume of *Ballads*, 1838 ; *The Stranger in Lowell* (prose essays), 1845 ; *Voices of Freedom*, 1849 ; *Songs of Labour*, 1850 ; *National Lyrics*, 1865 ; *Mau Müller*, 1866 ; and various other poetical tales and sketches. There is a neat compact edition of his collected poetical works in two small volumes (the 'Merrimack Edition'), 1869. In 1873 he published *The Pennsylvanian Pilgrim, and other Poems*, which shewed that his fine vein of thought and melody was unimpaired.

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the Robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

'Nay!' said the grandmother, 'have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

'He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin :
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

'My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him !'

'Amen !' I said to the beautiful myth ;
'Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well :
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

'Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do !'

Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To shew that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.
'Halt !'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
'Fire !'—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash ;
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on !' he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host ;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier !
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861) was the son of a merchant in Liverpool. He was one of the pupils of Dr Arnold of Rugby, to whom he was strongly attached ; and having won the Balliol scholarship in 1836, he went to Oxford. The Tractarian movement was then agitating the university, and Clough was for a time under its influence. He ultimately abandoned the Romanising party ; but his opinions were unsettled, and he never regained the full assurance of his early faith. In 1843 he was appointed tutor as well as Fellow of Oriel College, and laboured successfully for about five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, the Cumberland lakes, or the Scotch Highlands. His most important poem, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (1848), which he terms a 'long-vacation pastoral,' commemorates one of these holiday tours in the Highlands by the Oxford tutor and his pupils. It is written in hexameter verse, of which Southey had given a specimen in his *Vision of Judgment*, and contains a faithful picture of Highland scenes and character. Clough grafts a love-story on his descriptive sketch, and makes one of the reading-party marry a Highland maiden and migrate to New Zealand. In 1848, from conscientious motives, the poet resigned his tutorship, and also gave up his fellowship. Next year he accepted the appointment of Principal of University Hall, London, but held it only for two years, at the end of which he went to America, and settled (October 1852) at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was drawn thence in less than a twelvemonth by the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which he accepted ; and to this was added, in 1856, the post of Secretary to a Commission for examining the scientific military schools on the continent. He took a warm interest in the philanthropic labours of Miss Nightingale ; and thus his life, though uneventful, was, as his biographer remarks, 'full of work.' Ill health, however, compelled him to go abroad, and he died at Florence, November 13, 1861. Besides the Highland pastoral of *The Bothie*, Clough produced a second long poem, *Amours de Voyage*, the result of a holiday of travel in Italy, and of the impressions made upon him in Rome. His third long poem of *Dipsychus* was written in Venice in 1850, and is much superior to the *Amours*. Another work, *Mari Magno*, consists of a series of tales on love and marriage, supposed to be related to each other by a party of

companions on a sea-voyage. The tales are as homely in style and incident as those of Crabbe, but are less interesting and less poetical. A number of small occasional pieces, 'poems of the inner life,' were thrown off from time to time by the poet; and a selection from his papers, with letters and a memoir, edited by his widow, was published in two volumes in 1869.

Autumn in the Highlands.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed and heather-blooms
are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are
bonnie ;
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and
yellow ;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the
birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and
ear-rings,
Cover her now o'er and o'er ; she is weary, and scatters
them from her.
There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to
Philip,
For as they talked, anon she said : 'It is well, Mr
Philip ;
Yes, it is well : I have spoken and learned a deal with
the teacher.
At the last I told him all ; I could not help it ;
And it came easier with him than could have been with
my father ;
And he calmly approved as one that had fully considered.
Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and
sudden ;
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet ;
I am afraid, but believe in you ; and I trust to the
teacher ;
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as
in passion ;
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is
likely.
What my father will say, I know not ; we will obey
him :
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and
venture.
O Mr Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different !'
And she hid her face—oh, where, but in Philip's bosom.

Morning in the City.

As the light of day enters some populous city,
Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak
signal,
High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the
gas-lamps—
All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening
clearness,
Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys.
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the
suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure : as labourers
settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness
of slumber ;
Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the
country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers ; soon
after,

Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the
doorway ;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio,
satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others
maidenly tripping ;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate
there ;
Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed ; and now
by this time
Little child bringing breakfast to 'father,' that sits on
the timber
There by the scaffolding ; see, she waits for the can
beside him ;
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires ;
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised
fabric—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway
outworks—
Seems re-accepted, resumed to primal nature and
beauty—
Such—in me, and to me, and on me—the love of Elspie !

In a Gondola on the Grand Canal, Venice.

Afloat ; we move—delicious ! Ah,
What else is like the gondola ?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola !)
How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)
With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air ;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whites slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark ;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

The distinguished American sculptor, MR W. STORY, whose 'Cleopatra' was the object of much interest and admiration in the Exhibition of 1862, has been a considerable contributor to our imaginative literature. His *Ginevra da Siena*, a long poem published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1866 ; his *Primitive Christian in Rome*, published in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1866 ; and his *Graffiti d'Italia*, 1868, are productions of genuine worth and interest. In 1870 Mr Story published a singular narrative poem in

blank verse on Judas's betrayal of Christ. The poet assumes that Judas was really devoted to his Master, was of an enthusiastic temperament, and believed that, if he delivered up Jesus, a glorious manifestation of the Godhead would take place, confounding the Saviour's enemies, and prostrating them in adoration; but when he saw Christ bound with cords and taken prisoner, he was overwhelmed with grief and horror, and flinging down the money he had received, went and hanged himself! The following is Mr Story's conception of the appearance of the Saviour on earth:

Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent;
Brows arched and dark; a high-ridged lofty head;
Thin temples, veined and delicate; large eyes,
Sad, very serious, seeming as it were
To look beyond you, and when'er he spoke
Illumined by an inner lamping light—
At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire
When taunted by the rabble in the streets;
A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark;
Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly;
Long nose, full lips, hands tapering, full of veins;
His movements nervous: as he walked he seemed
Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed,
And for the most part gazed upon the ground.

Besides the above poems and others scattered through periodical works, Mr Story is author of two interesting volumes in prose, *Roba di Roma, or Walks about Rome*, 1862. He has also published several legal works, and *The Life and Letters of Justice Story*, his father (1779-1845), a great legal authority in America. The artist himself is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was born in 1819.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The successor of Mr Longfellow in Harvard College has well sustained the honours of the professorial chair. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, appeared as an author in 1841, when he published a volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life*. In 1844 he produced a second series of *Poems*; in 1845, *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*; in 1848, a third series of *Poems*, and *The Biglow Papers*, a poetical satire on the invasion of Mexico by the United States, the slavery question, &c. In this last work Mr Lowell seems to have struck into the true vein of his genius. His humour is rich and original, and his use of the Yankee dialect was a novelty in literature. In his serious and sentimental verse the poet has several equals and some superiors in his own country; but as a humorist he is unrivalled. In January 1855 Mr Lowell succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard College. In 1864 appeared a second series of *The Biglow Papers*; in 1869, *Under the Willows, and other Poems*, and *The Cathedral*, an epic poem; in 1870, a volume of prose essays entitled *Among my Books*; and in 1871, *My Study Windows*, a second collection of essays, most of which had previously appeared in periodicals, and all of which are remarkable for critical taste and acumen. Mr Lowell has been connected editorially and as a contributor with many American reviews and magazines; has edited the poems of Marvell, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley, and also

delivered lectures on the British Poets. This popular author belongs to a family distinguished for literary attainments. His grandfather, Judge Lowell, and his father, Dr Charles Lowell, pastor of the West Church, Boston, were both highly accomplished men, and several other relations were men of culture and eminence in society. His wife, *née* Maria White (1821-1853), was a poetess of more than ordinary merit, and the subject of Longfellow's fine poem, *The Two Angels*.

On Popular Applause.

I thank ye, my friens, for the warmth o' your greetin';
Ther' 's few airthly blessins but wut 's vain an' fleetin';
But of ther' is one thet hain't no cracks an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it 's pop'lar applause;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend o' my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,
But it 's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev 'em love you;
It 's a blessin' thet 's breakin' out ollus in fresh spots:
It 's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the flesh-pots.
An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't ept to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,
With Taney to say 't wuz all legle an' fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch
By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.
Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss
em;

But the people they wouldn't be Mexicans, cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upshot, 'z you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?
An' doosn't the right primy-fashy include
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we'd gone for the union so strong,
When union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,
Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.

Hints to Statesmen.

A ginoinne statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;
For, ez sure ez he does, he 'll be blartin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more 'n a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
Thet we 'd better nut air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlutions ez long ez your arm,
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, do us harm;
For when you've done all your real meanin' to
smother,
The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.
No, never say nothin' without you 're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

What Mr Robinson Thinks.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes:
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know *ev'rythin'* down in Judas.

Invocation to Peace.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
 When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
 An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crust white,
 Walk the col' starlight into summer;
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
 Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
 Than the last smile thet strives to tell
 O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
 They filled my heart with livin' springs,
 But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
 Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
 To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
 Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
 But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry
 Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
 An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
 Calmer than clock-work, an' not carin',
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,
 Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
 The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
 But I can't hark to what they're sayin',
 With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
 The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
 Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
 Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
 To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
 An' hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented—
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
 Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
 Further an' further South retreatin' . . .

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet,
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
 Whose comin' step ther' 's cars thet won't
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, han't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Handsome an' brave, an' not tu knowin'?
 I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like them, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
 On war's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the rebel line asunder?

'T an't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
 An' thet world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
 Will take to twichtin' roun' the corners;
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scornors:
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Judgment where your meanest slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
 For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water!

Come, while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
 An' knows thet freedom an't a gift
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered!

The Courtin'.

Zekle crep up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimby crooknecks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
 Fetched back frum Concord bustered.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle fires danced all about
 The chiney on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
 Araspin' on the scraper—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The eldest son of the celebrated Dr Arnold of Rugby has inherited no small share of his father's critical talent and independent judgment. MATTHEW ARNOLD was born at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex, December 24, 1822. He won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1843, by a poem on Cromwell, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. In 1847 the Marquis of Lansdowne nominated him his private secretary, and he held this post till 1851, when he was appointed one of the government school inspectors.

Previous to this, Mr Arnold published anonymously *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*; in 1853 appeared *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems*; and in 1854, *Poems*, the first volume to which his name was attached, and which consisted of selections from the previous two volumes, with the addition of some new pieces. In 1857 Mr Arnold was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and in the year following he published *Merope*, a tragedy after the antique, with a preface, in which he explains and comments on the principles of the Greek tragedy. In 1861 he published *Three Lectures On Translating Homer*; and in 1867 a new volume of *Poems*. In 1869 he issued a collected edition of his *Poems* in two volumes, the first narrative and elegiac, the second dramatic and lyric. As a poet, Mr Arnold may be ranked with Lord Lytton; he is a classic and elaborate versifier, often graceful, but without the energy and fire of the true poet. His prose works include *Essays on Criticism*, 1865; *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867; *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869; *St Paul and Protestantism*, 1870; &c. A somewhat haughty aristocratic spirit pervades these essays. Mr Arnold has no patience with the middle-class 'Philistines,' the dullards and haters of light, who care only for what is material and practical. He is also a zealous Churchman, with little regard for Nonconformists or Puritans; yet in all these treatises are fine trains of thought and criticism, and original suggestive observations from which all sects may profit. Mr Arnold has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from both Edinburgh and Oxford universities.

The following is a specimen of Mr Arnold's blank verse :

Mycerinus.

Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt. He was a just king, according to Herodotus, but an oracle proclaimed that he was to live but six years longer, on which he abdicated his throne, and, accompanied by a band of revellers, retired to 'the silence of the groves and woods.'

There by the river banks he wandered on
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their sunned stems in grass and flowers ;
Where in one dream the feverish time of youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of joy
Might wander all day long and never tire.
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
Rose-crowned, and ever, when the sun went down,
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets, foamed with wine ;
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

It may be that sometimes his wondering soul
From the loud joyful laughter of his lips
Might shrink half-startled, like a guilty man
Who wrestles with his dream ; as some pale Shape,
Gliding half-hidden through the dusky stems,
Would thrust a hand before the lifted bowl,
Whispering : ' A little space, and thou art mine.'
It may be on that joyless feast his eye
Dwelt with mere outward seeming ; he, within,
Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,
And by that silent knowledge, day by day,
Was calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained.
It may be ; but not less his brow was smooth,
And his clear laugh fled ringing through the gloom,
And his mirth quailed not at the mild reproof
Sighed out by winter's sad tranquillity ;

Nor, palled with its own fullness, ebb'd and died
In the rich languor of long summer days ;
Nor withered, when the palm-tree plumes, that roofed
With their mild dark his grassy banquet hall,
Bent to the cold winds of the showerless spring ;
No, nor grew dark when autumn brought the clouds.
So six long years he revelled, night and day ;
And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound
Sometimes from the grove's centre echoes came,
To tell his wondering people of their king ;
In the still night, across the steaming flats,
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

Children Asleep.—From ' Tristram and Isult.'

They sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the wren nest,
On the castle's southern side ;
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day ;
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel-heads doth play
Turned to each other—the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair ;
Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby owners chased
The butterflies again.

Lines written in Kensington Gardens.

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.
Birds here make song ; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum ;
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !
Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy ;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.
Here at my feet what wonders pass !
What endless, active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.
Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.
In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can ;
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.
I on men's impious uproar hurled
Think often, as I hear them rave
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.
Yet here is peace for ever new !
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass,
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar !

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give !
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—MISS ROSSETTI.

An English artist, MR D. G. ROSSETTI, one of the originators of what is termed the Pre-Raphaelite style of art, or imitation of the early Italian painters, with their vivid colours, minute details, and careful finish, is known also as a poet and translator. In 1861 Mr Rossetti published *The Early Italian Poets from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri* (1100-1200-1300), in the original metres, together with *Dante's Vita Nuova*. In 1870 he issued a volume of *Poems*, some of which were early productions printed in periodical works. Nearly all of them are in form and colour, subject and style of treatment, similar to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The first relates the thoughts and musings of a maiden in heaven while waiting the arrival of her lover from the land of the living :

From ' *The Blessed Damozel* '

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
Nor wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service, meety worn ;
And her hair hanging down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun,
So high that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge,
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge,
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names :
And the souls mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The Sea Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime ;
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark when the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach,*
And listen at its lips ; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art ;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

Mr Rossetti is a native of London, born in 1828 son of Mr Gabriel Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, London, and author of a Commentary on Dante (1826-27), who died in 1854 aged seventy-one.

CHRISTINA GABRIELA ROSSETTI (born in 1830) daughter of the Professor, and sister of the above Dante Gabriel, is also an author, having written *Goblin Market, and other Poems*, 1862 ; *Prince's Progress*, 1866 ; *Commonplace and other Short Stories* (in prose), 1870 ; *Nursery Rhyme Book* 1872 ; &c.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In 1865 appeared a dramatic poem entitled *Atalanta in Calydon*, founded on the beautiful Greek legend of Calydon, and thoroughly Grecian in form and spirit. This work was hailed, both by the lovers and critics of poetry, as one of the most finished imaginative poems produced since the days of Shelley. 'It is the produce,' said the *Edinburgh Review*, 'not of the tender lyrical faculty which so often waits on sensitive youth, and afterwards fades into the common light of day, nor even of the classical culture of which it is itself a signal illustration, but of an affluent apprehensive genius which, with ordinary care and fair fortune will take a foremost place in English literature. In truth, the young poet had by this one bound

* This image of the sea-shell had been previously used both by Landor and Wordsworth.

placed himself in the first rank of our poets. His next work, *Chastelard* (1865), was a tragedy founded on the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the unfortunate young chevalier who accompanied the queen from France, and who fell a victim to his romantic and extravagant passion for Mary. The subject was a perilous one for the drama, even when handled with the utmost delicacy; but MR SWINBURNE treated it with voluptuous warmth; while his portrait of the heroine, whom he represented as cruel, relentless, and licentious, shocked the admirers of the queen. In 1866 appeared a volume of *Poems and Ballads*, which was considered so strongly objectionable, that Mr Swinburne's publishers, Messrs Moxon & Co., withdrew it from circulation. To the critical outcry against it, the poet replied in a pamphlet of *Notes* protesting against the prudery of his assailants; and one of his friends, Mr W. M. Rossetti, in a *Criticism on Swinburne's Poems and Ballads*, pleaded that 'in fact Mr Swinburne's mind appeared to be very like a *tabula rasa* on moral and religious subjects, so occupied is it with instincts, feelings, perceptions, and a sense of natural or artistic fitness and harmony!' The subsequent works of the poet are—*A Song of Italy*, 1867; *William Blake, a Critical Essay*, 1867; *Siena*, a poem, 1868; *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic*, 1870; and *Songs before Sunrise*, 1871. He has also edited selections from the poems of Byron and Coleridge, and contributed a few admirable critical essays to literary journals.

Mr Swinburne is a native of London, son of Admiral Swinburne, and born in 1837. He received his earlier education in France and at Eton; in 1857 he was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, but left the university without taking a degree. In his twenty-third year he published two plays, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, which exhibit literary power, but are crude and immature productions. We subjoin some extracts from *Calydon*. In these may be noted one drawback, which has come to be a mannerism of the poet—a too great proneness to alliteration. 'I will something affect the letter,' says Holofernes, 'for it argues facility;' but in highly poetical and melodious lines like the following, it is a defect.

Extract from '*Atalanta in Calydon*.'

CHIEF HUNTSMAN.

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
 Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven,
 Goddess whom all gods love with threefold heart,
 Being treble in thy divided deity,
 A light for dead men and dark hours, a foot
 Swift on the hills as morning, and a hand
 To all things fierce and fleet that roar and range.
 Mortal, with gentler shafts than snow or sleep;
 Hear now and help, and lift no violent hand,
 But favourable and fair as thine eye's beam
 Hidden and shewn in heaven; for I all night
 Amid the king's hounds and the hunting men
 Have wrought and worshipped toward thee; nor shall
 man
 See godlier hounds or deadlier hedge of spears;
 But for the end, that lies unreached at yet
 Between the hands and on the knees of gods.
 O fair-faced sun, killing the stars and dews
 And dreams and desolation of the night!
 Rise up, shine, stretch thine hand out, with thy bow

Touch the most dimmest height of trembling heaven,
 And burn and break the dark about thy ways,
 Shot through and through with arrows; let thine hair
 Lighten as flame above that flameless shell
 Which was the moon, and thine eyes fill the world,
 And thy lips kindle with swift beams; let earth
 Laugh, and the long sea fiery from thy feet
 Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs,
 And foam in reddening flakes, and flying flowers
 Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs,
 Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave
 With salt tresses cleaving lock to lock,
 All gold, or shuddering or unfurrowed snow;
 And all the winds about thee with their wings,
 And fountain-heads of all the watered world.

Chorus.

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
 And Madness, risen from hell;
 Strength, without hands to smite;
 Love, that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And Life, the shadow of death.
 And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years;
 And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after,
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him a light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

In 1874 Mr Swinburne published an epic drama or tragedy, *Bothwell*, continuing the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, after the episode of *Chastelard*. This tragedy of *Bothwell* is a most voluminous work—upwards of 15,000 lines—and with a numerous *dramatis personæ*, including, besides Darnley and the Queen, the four Maries, Rizzio, John Knox, the Regent Murray, French

and English ambassadors, &c. Though much too long and deficient in variety of situations and incidents for an English play, *Bothwell* is a powerful production—the most masterly of Mr Swinburne's dramatic works. Mary he has drawn in colours dark as the portraiture by Froude—as treacherous, passionate, fierce, cruel, and sensuous—a second Lady Macbeth. The historical facts, and much of the language of Knox and others, are skilfully introduced and interwoven with the passionate scenes; while occasionally French and English songs relieve the long dialogues.

Carberry Hill: Parting of Bothwell and Queen Mary.

Queen. Do not speak yet: a word should burst my heart;

It is a hollow crystal full of tears
That even a breath might break, and they be spilt,
And life run out with them; no diamond now,
But weaker than of wax. Life of that heart,
There is but one thing hath no remedy,
Death; all ills else have end or hope of end,
And time to work their worst before time change;
This death hath none; there is all hope shut fast,
All chance bound up for ever: change nor time
Can help nor comfort this. You shall not die;
I can hold fast no sense of thought but this.
You shall not.

Bothwell. Well, being sundered, we may live,
And living meet; and here to hold the field
Were but a deadly victory, and my hand
The mockery of a conqueror's; we should pass
No less their prisoners from the field thus won
Than from these lists defeated. You do well;
They dare not urge or strain the power they have
To bring the prisoner where my witness borne
Might shew them parcel of the deed and guilt
For which they rise up to lay hold on me
As upright men of doom, and with pure hands
To hale me to their judgment. I will go,
Till good time bring me back; and you that stay,
Keep faith with me.

Queen. O how does one break faith?
What are they that are faithless? By my love,
I cannot tell or think how I should lie,
Should live and lie to you that are my faith,
My soul, my spirit, my very and only god,
My truth and trust that makes me true of heart,
My life that feeds, and light that lightens me,
My breath and blood of living. Doth God think
How I shall be without you? what strange breath
Shall my days draw? what strange blood feed my life,
When this life that is love is gone from them,
And this light lost? Where shall my true life go,
And by what far ways follow to find love,
Fly where love will? Where will you turn from me?

Bothwell. Hence will I to Dunbar, and thence again
There is no way but northward, and to ship
From the north islands; thence betimes abroad,
By land or sea, to lurk and find my life
Till the wheel turn.

Queen. Ah God, that we were set
Far out at sea alone by storm and night,
To drive together on one end, and know
If life or death would give us good or ill,
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
Forget us or remember! He comes back:
Here is the end.

Bothwell. But till Time change his tune:
No more nor further. We shall find our day.

Queen. Have we not found? I know not what we shall,

But what hath been and is, and whence they are,
God knows if now I know not—he is here.

Re-enter KIRKALDY.

Kirkaldy. Madam, the Lords return by me this word:
With them you must go back to Edinburgh,
And there be well entreated as of friends;
And for the Duke, they are with one mind content
He should part hence for safe and present flight;
But here may tarry not, or pass not free.
This is the last word from them by my mouth.

Queen. Ay is it, sir; the last word I shall hear—
Last in mine ear for ever: no command
Nor threat of man shall I give ear to more,
That have heard this.—Will you not go, my Lord?
It is not I would hold you.

Bothwell. Then, farewell,
And keep your word to me. What! no breath more?
Keep then this kiss too with the word you gave,
And with them both my heart and its good hope
To find time yet for you and me. Farewell. [Exit.]

Queen. O God! God! God! Cover my face for me:
I cannot heave my hand up to my head;
Mine arms are broken. Is he got to horse?
I do not think one can die more than this.
I did not say farewell.

Kirkaldy. My Lord is gone!

Mary leaves Scotland.

SCENE—Dundrennan Abbey.

Queen. Methinks the sand yet cleaving to my foot
Should not with no more words be shaken off,
Nor this my country from my parting eyes
Pass unsaluted; for who knows what year
May see us greet hereafter? Yet take heed,
Ye that have ears, and hear me; and take note,
Ye that have eyes, and see with what last looks
Mine own take leave of Scotland. Seven years since
Did I take leave of my fair land of France,
My joyous mother, mother of my joy,
Weeping; and now with many a woe between
And space of seven years' darkness, I depart
From this distempered and unnatural earth,
That casts me out unmothered, and go forth
On this gray sterile bitter gleaming sea
With neither tears nor laughter, but a heart
That from the softest temper of its blood
Is turned to fire and iron. If I live,
If God pluck not all hope out of my hand,
If aught of all mine prosper, I that go
Shall come back to men's ruin, as a flame
The wind bears down, that grows against the wind,
And grasps it with great hands, and wins its way,
And wins its will, and triumphs; so shall I
Let loose the fire of all my heart to feed
On those that would have quenched it. I will make
From sea to sea one furnace of the land,
Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith
Who war with monarchs; God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them,
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all kings' heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples; I will set
Those old things of his holiness on high
That are brought low, and break beneath my feet
These new things of men's fashion; I will sit
And see tears flow from eyes that saw me weep,
And dust and ashes and the shadow of death
Cast from the block beneath the axe that falls
On heads that saw me humbled; I will do it,

Or bow mine own down to no royal end,
And give my blood for theirs if God's will be,
But come back never as I now go forth
With but the hate of men to track my way,
And not the face of any friend alive.
Mary Beaton. But I will never leave you till you die.

In 1876 Mr Swinburne published *Erechtheus, a Tragedy*, founded on a fragment of Euripides, and characterised by the same fine classic spirit which distinguished *Atalanta in Calydon*, but evincing more matured power and a richer imagination. The poet is young, and we may hope for some still greater work from him.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, a native of Scotland, born in 1841, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, whilst still a minor produced a volume of poems entitled *Undertones*, 1860. He has since published various works, and contributed largely to periodicals. Residing mostly at Oban in Argyleshire, the young poet has visited in his yacht and described the picturesque islands and scenes of the Hebrides with true poetic taste and enthusiasm. His prose work, *The Land of Lorne*, 2 vols. 1871, contains some exquisite descriptions of the sea-board of Lorne and the outlying isles, from Mull to the Long Island. The poetical works of Mr Buchanan, besides the *Undertones*, are *Idylls of Inverburn*, 1865; *London Poems*, 1866; translation of *Danish Ballads*, 1866; *The Book of Orm, a Prelude to the Epic*, 1870; *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*, 1871; *The Drama of Kings*, 1871; &c. In 1874 Mr Buchanan commenced the publication of a collected edition of his poetical works in five volumes—a very tasteful and interesting reprint.

The Curse of Glencoe.

Alas for Clan Ian! * alas for Glencoe!
The lovely are fled, and the valiant are low!
Thy rocks that look down from their cloudland of air,
But shadow destruction, or shelter despair!

No voice greets the bard from his desolate glen,
The music of mirth or the murmur of men;
No voice but the eagle's that screams o'er the slain,
Or sheep-dog that moans for his master in vain.

Alas for Clan Ian! alas for Glencoe!
Our hearths are forsaken, our homesteads are low!
There cubs the red hill-fox, the coy mountain-deer
Disports through our gardens, and feeds without fear.

Thy sons, a sad remnant, faint, famished, and few,
Look down from the crags of the stern Unagh-dhu—
The voice of thy daughters with weeping and wail
Comes wild from the snows of the bleak Corri-gail.

Ye sleep not, my kinsmen, the sleep of the brave!
The warrior fills not a warrior's grave;
No dirge was sung o'er you, no cairn heaves to tell
Where, butchered by traitors and cowards, ye fell.

Ye died not, my friends, as your forefathers died!
The sword in your grasp, and the foe at your side;
The sword was in sheath, and the bow on the wall,
And silence and slumber in hut and in hall.

* The Macdonalds of Glencoe were styled Mac-Ians, 'the race of John,' agreeably to a practice in use among the clans, in order to distinguish them from other branches of their common name.

They chased on your hills, in your hall did they dine,
They ate of your bread, and they drank of your wine,
The hand clasped at midnight in friendship, was hued
With crimson, ere morn, in your life-streaming blood.

Glenlyon! Glenlyon! the false and the fell!
And Lindsay and Drummond, twin bloodhounds of
hell!

On your swords, on your souls, wheresoever ye go,
Bear the burthen of blood, bear the curse of Glencoe!

Its spell be upon you by day and by night—
Make you dotards in council, and dastards in fight—
As you kneel at the altar, or feast in the hall,
With shame to confound you, with fear to appal;

Its spell be upon you to shrink, when you see
The maid in her beauty, the babe in his glee!—
Let them glare on your vision by field and by flood,
The forms ye have slaughtered, the avengers of
blood!

And hark! from the mountains of Moray and Mar,
Round the flag of a King, rise the shouts of a war—
Then, then, false clan Dermid, with wasting and woe
Comes the reckoning for blood, comes the curse of
Glencoe!

Youth.

Ah! through the moonlight of autumnal years
How sweet the back-look of our first youth-world!
Freshlier and earlier the Spring burst then:
The wild brook warbled to a sweeter tune,
Through Summer shaws that screened from brighter
suns;

The berry glittered and the brown nut fell
Riper and riper in the Autumn woods;
And Winter drifting on more glorious car,
Shed purer snows or shot intenser frost!
The young were merrier when our life was young;
Dropped mellow wisdom from the tongue of age,
And love and friendship were immortal things;
From fairer lips diviner music flowed;
The song was sacred, and the poet too,
Not art, but inspiration, was his song!

Of Mr Buchanan's prose description (which is
poetry in all but rhyme or form) we subjoin a
specimen:

The Seasons in the Highlands.

As the year passes, there is always something new to
attract one who loves nature. When the winds of March
have blown themselves faint, and the April heaven has
ceased weeping, there comes a rich sunny day, and all at
once the cuckoo is heard telling his name to all the hills.
Never was such a place for cuckoos in the world. The
cry comes from every tuft of wood, from every hillside,
from every projecting crag. The bird himself, so far
from courting retirement, flutters across your path at
every step, attended invariably by half a dozen excited
small birds; alighting a few yards off, crouches down
for a moment, between his slate-coloured wings; and
finally, rising again, crosses your path with his sovereign
cry.

O blithe new-comer, I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

Then, as if at a given signal, the trout leaps a foot into
the air from the glassy loch, the buds of the water-lily
float to the surface, the lambs bleat from the green and
heathery slopes; the rooks caw from the distant rookery;
the cock-grouse screams from the distant hill-top; and
the blackthorn begins to blossom over the nut-brown
pools of the burn. Pleasant days follow, days of high
white clouds and fresh winds whose wings are full of

warm dew. If you are a sportsman you rejoice, for there is not a hawk to be seen anywhere, and the weasel and foomart have not yet begun to promenade the mountains. About this time more rain falls, preliminary to a burst of fine summer weather, and innumerable glow-worms light their lamps in the marshes. At last the golden days come, and all things are busy with their young. Frequently in the midsummer, there is drought for weeks together. Day after day the sky is cloudless and blue; the mountain lake sinks lower and lower, till it seems to dry up entirely; the mountain brooks dwindle to mere silver threads for the water-ousel to fly by, and the young game often die for want of water; while afar off, with every red vein distinct in the burning light, without a drop of vapour to moisten his scorching crags, stands Ben Cruachan. By this time the hills are assuming their glory: the mysterious bracken has shot up all in a night, to cover them with a green carpet between the knolls of heather; the lichen is pencilling the crags with most delicate silver, purple, and gold; and in all the valleys there are stretches of light yellow corn and deep-green patches of foliage. The corn-crake has come, and his cry fills the valleys. Walking on the edge of the corn-field you put up the partridges—fourteen cheepers, the size of a thrush, and the old pair to lead them. From the edge of the peat-bog the old cock-grouse rises, and if you are sharp you may see the young following the old hen through the deep heather close by. The snipe drums in the marsh. The hawk, having brought out his young among the crags of Kerrera, is hovering still as stone over the edge of the hill. Then perchance, just at the end of July, there is a gale from the south, blowing for two days black as Erebus with cloud and rain; then going up into the north-west, and blowing for one day with little or no rain; and dying away at last with a cold puff from the north. All at once, as it were, the sharp sound of firing is echoed from hill to hill; and on every mountain-top you see the sportsman climbing, with his dog ranging above and before him, the keeper following, and the gillie lagging far behind. It is the twelfth of August. Thenceforth for two months at least there are broiling days interspersed with storms and showers, and the firing continues more or less from dawn to sunset.

Day after day, as the autumn advances, the tint of the hills is getting deeper and richer; and by October, when the beech leaf yellows, and the oak leaf reddens, the dim purples and deep greens of the heather are perfect. Of all seasons in Lorne the late autumn is perhaps the most beautiful. The sea has a deeper hue, the sky a mellower light. There are long days of northerly wind, when every crag looks perfect, wrought in gray and gold, and silvered with moss, when the high clouds turn luminous at the edges, when a thin film of hoar-frost gleams over the grass and heather, when the light burns rosy and faint over all the hills, from Morven to Cruachan, for hours before the sun goes down. Out of the ditch at the woodside flaps the mallard, as you pass in the gloaming, and, standing by the side of the small mountain loch, you see the flock of teal rise, wheel thrice, and settle. The hills are desolate, for the sheep are being smeared. There is a feeling of frost in the air, and Ben Cruachan has a crown of snow.

When dead of winter comes, how wondrous look the hills in their white robes! The round red ball of the sun looks through the frosty steam. The far-off firth gleams strange and ghostly, with a sense of mysterious distance. The mountain loch is a sheet of blue, on which you may disport in perfect solitude from morn to night, with the hills white on all sides, save where the broken snow shows the rusted leaves of the withered bracken. A deathly stillness and a deathlike beauty reign everywhere, and few living things are discernible, save the hare plunging heavily out of her form in the snow, or the rabbit scuttling off in a snowy spray, or the small birds piping disconsolate on the trees and dykes.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Two poems of great length and undoubted merit, cast in the old story-telling style of Chaucer, and several interesting translations from Icelandic authors, have been produced by WILLIAM MORRIS, London, born in 1834, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. The first work of Mr. Morris was a poem, *The Defence of Guenevere*, 1858. This was followed by *The Life and Death of JASON*, 1867—a poem in seventeen books, presenting a series of fine pictures and bright clear narratives flowing on in a strain of pure and easy versification. The next work of the author was a still more voluminous poem, *The Earthly Paradise*, in four parts, 1868–70. ‘Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people.’ The author says of himself—

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas tide such wondrous things did shew,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

In the manner of this northern wizard, Mr Morris presents the tales of his *Earthly Paradise* under the aspects of the different seasons of the year. The first and second parts range from March to August, and include fourteen tales—Atalanta's Race, the Doom of King Acrisius, Cupid and Psyche, the Love of Alcestis, the Son of Cræsus, Pygmalion and the Image, Ogier the Dane, and others. Part III., or ‘September, October, and November,’ contains the Death of Paris, the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, the Story of Acontius and Cydippe, the Man who never Laughed Again, the Lovers of Gudrun, &c. Part IV., or Winter, ‘December, January, and February,’ contains the Story of the Golden Apples, the Fostering of Aslang, Bellerophon at Argos, Bellerophon in Lycia, the Hill of Venus, &c. In this mixture of classic and Gothic fable, and in the number of tales in each part, the reader has variety enough in the *Earthly Paradise*, but the poem is too long ever to obtain general popularity.

July.

Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the early morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy.—Ah, be happy now!

Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was ; now thunder and wild rain,
Have wrapped the covering world, and foolish sin,
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain ;
Ah, love ! although the morn shall come again,
And on new rose-buds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile ?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,
But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows if next morn this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give ?

Song.—From 'The Love of Alcestis.'

O dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer ?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and scorn
To gain a scarce-remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame ?
And if the gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart ?
O fools ! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore.
Take heed of how the daisies grow,
O fools ! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given.

O brooder on the hills of heaven,
When for my sin thou drav'st me forth,
Hadst thou forgot what this was worth,
Thine own hand made ? The tears of men,
The death of threescore years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know
To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

An American humorist, somewhat in the style of Professor Lowell, has recently appeared in the pages of the Californian and United States journals, and whose fame soon spread to this country. FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born in Albany, New York, in 1831. His works have been republished in 1871 and 1872, by two London booksellers (Hotten, and Routledge & Co.), and consist of *East and West*, *That Heathen Chinee*, *Truthful Fames*, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, &c. A prose work, *Condensed Novels*, is a travesty of some popular works of fiction. We subjoin one of Bret Harte's graver effusions :

A Sanitary Message.

Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane :
The key-hole piped ; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew ;
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife
A softer voice stole through.

'Give thanks, O brothers !' said the voice,
'That He who sent the rains,
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew
That drips from patriot veins :
I've seen the grass on eastern graves
In brighter verdure rise ;
But, oh ! the rain that gave it life
Sprang first from human eyes.

'I come to wash away no stain
Upon your wasted lea ;
I raise no banners save the ones
The forests wave to me :
Upon the mountain-side, where Spring
Her farthest picket sets,
My reveillé awakes a host
Of grassy bayonets.

'I visit every humble roof ;
I mingle with the low :
Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow ;
Until, in tricklings of the stream,
And drainings of the lea,
My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.'

And thus all night, above the wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane :
The key-hole piped ; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew ;
But, mingling with these sounds of strife,
This hymn of peace stole through.

ELIZA COOK—MRS PARKES BELLOE—MISS HUME
—MISS PROCTER—ISA CRAIG-KNOX — JEAN
INGELOW—MRS WEBSTER.

In poetry, as in prose fiction, ladies crowd the arena, and contend for the highest prizes. Among other fair competitors are the following : In 1840 MISS ELIZA COOK (born in Southwark, London, about 1818) published a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled *Melaia, and other Poems*. A great number of small pieces have also been contributed by Miss Cook to periodical works ; and in 1849 she established a weekly periodical, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which enjoyed considerable popularity from 1849 until 1854, when ill health compelled Miss Cook to give it up. In 1864 she published a second volume of poems, *New Echoes, &c.* ; and the same year a pension of £100 a year was settled on the authoress.

Old Songs.

Old songs ! old songs !—what heaps I knew,
From 'Chevy Chase' to 'Black-eyed Sue ;'
From 'Flow, thou regal purple stream,'
To Rousseau's melancholy 'Dream !'
I loved the pensive 'Cabin-boy,'
With earnest truth and real joy ;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet 'Tom Bowling' and 'Poor Jack ;'
And oh, 'Will Watch, the smuggler bold,'
My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold.
I doted on the 'Auld Scots' Sonnet,'
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet ;
I went abroad with 'Sandy's Ghost,'
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,
And proudly tossed my curly head
With 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !'
I shouted 'Coming through the rye'
With restless step and sparkling eye,

And chased away the passing frown
With 'Bonny ran the burnie down' . . .

Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gained with pain and cost:
I have forgotten all the rules
Of Murray's books and Trimmer's schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman's thought
Much goodly lore the girl was taught;
But not a word has passed away
Of 'Rest thee, babe,' or 'Robin Gray.'

The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleeping as soundly and as long.

Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh;
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell,
Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs
Is closely mingled with 'Old Songs.'

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES (now Mrs Beloe), the daughter of the late Joseph Parkes of the Court of Chancery (1796-1865), is author of *Poems*, 1855; *Gabriel*, 1856; *The Cat Aspasia* (a prose story); *Ballads and Songs*, 1863; *La Belle France*, 1868; &c. As a poetess, this lady is of the romantic and imaginative school of Shelley—to whose memory her poem of *Gabriel* is dedicated. She has been an assiduous labourer in the cause of social amelioration and female improvement.—MISS MARY C. HUME, daughter of the late Joseph Hume, M.P., in 1858 published *Normilton*, a dramatic poem, with other pieces.—ADELAINE ANNE PROCTER (1825-1864) was author of *Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse*, 1858. This lady was the accomplished daughter of 'Barry Cornwall,' and her poetry had much of the paternal grace and manner.—ISA CRAIG (now Mrs Knox), author of *Poems*, 1856, is a native of Edinburgh, born October 17, 1831. While working as a sempstress, this lady contributed poems, reviews, and essays to the *Scotsman* newspaper, and was warmly befriended by the late Mr Ritchie, proprietor of that journal. She afterwards removed to London, and officiated as assistant-secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. She was the fortunate poetess who carried off the prize (£50) for the best poem at the Crystal Palace celebration of the Burns Centenary, January 25, 1859.—MISS JEAN INGELOW, a native of Ipswich, Suffolk, born about 1830, has written a volume of *Poems*, 1862, which ran through fourteen editions in five years. She has also written *A Story of Doom, and other Poems*, 1867; *Mopsa the Fairy*, 1869; several prose stories, and numerous contributions to periodical works.

Robin Hood.—By MISS PARKES.

In a fair wood like this where the beeches are growing,
Brave Robin Hood hunted in days of old;
Down his broad shoulders his brown locks fell flowing,
His cap was of green, with a tassel of gold.

His eye was as blue as the sky in midsummer,
Ruddy his cheek as the oak-leaves in June,

Hearty his voice as he hailed the new-comer,
Tender to maidens in changeable tune.

His step had a strength and his smile had a sweetness,
His spirit was wrought of the sun and the breeze,
He moved as a man framed in nature's completeness,
And grew unabashed with the growth of the trees.

And ever to poets who walk in the gloaming
His horn is still heard in the prime of the year;
Last eye he went with us, unseen, in our roaming,
And thrilled with his presence the shy troops of deer.

Then Robin stole forth in his quaint forest fashion,
For dear to the heart of all poets is he,
And in mystical whispers awakened the passion
Which slumbers within for the life that were free.

We follow the lead unawares of his spirit,
He tells us the tales which we heard in past time,
Ah! why should we forfeit this earth we inherit,
For lives which we cannot expand into rhyme!

I think as I lie in the shade of the beeches,
How lived and how loved this old hero of song;
I would we could follow the lesson he teaches,
And dwell as he dwelt these wild thickets among—

At least for a while, till we caught up the meaning,
The beeches breathe out in the wealth of their growth,
Width in their nobleness, love in their leaning,
And peace at the heart from the fullness of both.

A Doubting Heart.—By MISS PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon—for spring is nigh—
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Going Out and Coming In.—By ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.

His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim ;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out unto the light ;
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal,
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life :
Yet, awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Song.—By MISS INGELOW.

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so !
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below ?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore—
I remember all that I said ;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow ;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear ?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee near ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said ;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

MRS AUGUSTA WEBSTER has published *Dramatic Studies*, 1866 ; *A Woman Sold, and other Poems*, 1867 ; *Portraits* ; &c. She has also translated the *Prometheus Bound* and *Medea*.

The Gift.—By MRS WEBSTER.

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,

A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver ?

I came upon you something sad,
Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept,
And laughs through all my being ;
New joy into my life has leapt,
A joy of only seeing !

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver ?

LORD NEAVES—FREDERICK LOCKER—
AUSTIN DOBSON.

A choice little collection of *Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific* (1869), most of them originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been 'garnered up' in a small handsome volume by their author, the HON. LORD NEAVES, a Scottish judge. They are lively, witty, and sarcastic, the sarcasm being levelled at abuses and absurdities in social life. Charles Neaves was born in Edinburgh in 1800, was admitted to the bar in 1822, and raised to the bench in 1854. He was early distinguished as a scholar, of fine taste and fancy, and his Greek and Latin have not disqualified him for law or logic. Sir Edward Coke, that father of English jurisprudence, said : ' It standeth well with the gravity of our lawyers to cite verses '—and to *write* as well as cite verses cannot be derogatory to the dignity of Themis.

How to Make a Novel, a Sensational Song.

Try with me and mix what will make a novel,
All hearts to transfix in house or hall, or hovel.
Put the caldron on, set the bellows blowing,
We 'll produce anon something worth the shewing.

Never mind your *plot*, 't isn't worth the trouble :
Throw into the pot what will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest, what's the use of study ?
All will stand the test that's black enough and bloody.

Here's the *Newgate Guide*, here's the *Causes Célèbres* ;
Tumble in beside, pistol, gun, and sabre ;
These police reports, *those* Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts, to match the Seven Vials.

Down into a well, lady, thrust your lover ;
Truth, as some folks tell, there he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow, rivals of your daughters,
Bring as from below Styx and all its waters.

Crime that breaks all bounds, bigamy and arson ;
Poison, blood, and wounds, will carry well the farce on.
Now it's just in shape ; yet with fire and murder,
Treason, too, and rape might help it all the further.

Or, by way of change, in your wild narration,
Choose adventures strange of fraud and personation.
Make the job complete; let your vile assassin
Rob and forge and cheat, for his victim passin'.

Tame is virtue's school; paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool, with always a detective.
Hate for Love may sit; gloom will do for gladness,
Banish sense and wit, and dash in lots of madness.

Stir the broth about, keep the furnace glowing:
Soon we'll pour it out in three bright volumes
flowing.
Some may jeer and jibe; *we* know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe for a thousand copies!

A small volume of light graceful *London Lyrics*, by FREDERICK LOCKER, something in the style of Luttrell or Præd, has been so popular as to reach a fifth edition (1872).

Vanity Fair.

'Vanitas vanitatum' has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn, and the old to forget;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;
Joan trudges with Jack—are the sweethearts aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return;
The tree was enticing, its branches are bare—
Heigh-ho for the promise of Vanity Fair!

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair—
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest counsels are vain—
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there—
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

Another writer of light airy *vers de société* is a young poet, AUSTIN DOBSON. He has a graceful fancy, with humour, and a happy art of giving a new colour to old phrases. His volume of *Vignettes in Rhyme* is now in a third edition. Some serious verses (*After Sedan*, &c.) evince higher powers, which Mr Dobson should cultivate.

POET-TRANSLATORS—BOWRING, BLACKIE, ETC.

The poet-translators of this period are numerous. The most remarkable for knowledge of foreign tongues and dialects was SIR JOHN BOWRING, who commenced in 1821 a large series of translations—*Specimens of the Russian Poets*, *Bavarian Anthology*, *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*, *Specimens of the Polish Poets*, *Servian Popular*

Poetry, *Poetry of the Magyars*, *Cheskian Anthology*, or the *Poetical Literature of Bohemia*, &c. The last of these works appeared in 1832. In 1825 Dr Bowring became editor of the *Westminster Review*; he sat some time in parliament, and in 1854 was knighted and made governor of Hongkong. He was the literary executor of Jeremy Bentham, and author of political treatises, original poetry, and various other contributions to literature. The original bias of Sir John Bowring seems to have been towards literature, but his connection with Bentham, and his public appointments, chiefly distinguished his career. Sir John was a native of Exeter, born in 1792, died in 1872.—MR JOHN STUART BLACKIE (born in Glasgow in 1809, educated in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and Professor of Greek in the university of Edinburgh in 1834 gave an English version of Goethe's *Faust*; and in 1850 translated the lyrical drama of Æschylus, two volumes. Both of these versions were well received; and Mr Blackie has aided greatly in exciting a more general study of Greek in Scotland. In 1866 he published an elaborate work, *Homer and the Iliad*, being a translation of the *Iliad* in ballad measure, a third volume of critical dissertations, and a fourth of notes philological and archæological. In 1870 the Professor put forth a volume of *War Songs of the Germans*. He has published several other translations, and also original poems, chiefly on Highland scenes and legends. In 1874 he zealously advocated the founding of a chair of Celtic Literature in the university of Edinburgh. By the spring of 1876 the funds necessary for this purpose were nearly collected. The enthusiasm of the Professor beat down all opposition! In 1874 Professor Blackie published a scholarly and interesting volume *Hæcæ Hellenicæ*, being a collection of essays and discussions on important points of Greek philology and antiquity, from which we give an extract:

The Theology of Homer.

The theology of the Homeric poems is not the theology of an individual, but of an age; and this altogether irrespective of the Wolfian theory, which, in a style so characteristically German, with one sublimely sweeping negation, removed at once the personal existence of the supposed poet, and the actual coherence of the existing poem. The principal value of Wolf's theory, in the eyes of many genuine lovers of poetry, is that, while it robbed us of the poet Homer and his swarms of fair fancies, it restored to us the Greek people, and their rich garden of heroic tradition, watered by fountains of purely national feeling, and freshened by the breath of a healthy popular opinion, which, precisely because it can be ascribed to no particular person, must be taken as the exponent of the common national existence. To have achieved this revolution of critical sentiment with regard to the Homeric poems, to have set before the eyes of Europe the world-wide distance between the poetry of a Shelley or a Coleridge writing to express their own opinions, and the songs of a race of wandering minstrel-singers to give a new echo to the venerable voices of a common tradition; this were enough for the Berlin philologist to have done, without attempting to establish those strange paradoxes, repugnant alike to the instincts of a sound æsthetic and of a healthy historical criticism, which have made his name so famous. The fact is, that the peculiar dogmas of Wolf, denying the personality of the poet and the unity of the poems, have nothing whatever to do with that other grand result of his criticism to which we have alluded—the clear state

ment of the distinction between the sung poetry of popular tradition and the written poetry of individual authorship. Not because there was no Homer, are the Homeric poems so generically distinct from the modern productions of a Dante, a Milton, and a Goethe; but because Homer lived in an age when the poet, or rather the singer, had, and from his position could have no other object than to reflect the popular tradition of which his mind was the mirror. As certainly as a party newspaper or review of the present day represents the sentiments of the party of which it is the organ, so certainly did a Demodocus or a Phemius, a Homer or a Cinathus—the public singers of the public banquets of a singing, not a printing age—represent the sentiments of the parties, that is, the people in general, for whose entertainment they exercised their art. 'Tis the very condition, indeed, of all popular writing in the large sense, that it must serve the people before it masters them; that while entertainment is its direct, and instruction only its indirect object, it must, above all things, avoid coming rudely into conflict with public feeling or public prejudice on any subject, especially on so tender a subject as religion; nay, rather, by the very necessity of its position give up the polemic attitude altogether in reference to public error and vice, and be content, along with many glorious truths, to give immortal currency to any sort of puerile and perverse fancy that may be interwoven with the motley texture of popular thought. A poet, even in modern times, when the great public contains every possible variety of small publics, can ill afford to be a preacher; and if he carries his preaching against the vices of the age beyond a certain length, he changes his genus, and becomes, like Coleridge, a metaphysician, or, like Thomas Carlyle, a prophet. But in the Homeric days, corresponding as they do exactly to our mediæval times, when the imaginations of all parties reposed quietly on the bosom of a common faith, to suppose, as Herodotus in a well-known passage (ii. 53) does, that the popular minstrel had it in his power to describe for the first time the function of the gods, and to assign them appropriate names, were to betray a complete misconception both of the nature of popular poetry in general, and of the special character of the popular poetry of the Greeks, as we find it in the pages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. So far as the mere secular materials of his songs are concerned, Homer, we have the best reason to believe, received much more than he gave; but in the current theology and religious sentiment, we have not the slightest authority for supposing that he invented anything at all. Amid the various wealth of curious and not always coherent religious traditions, he might indeed select this and reject that, as more or less suited for his immediate purpose; he might give prominence to one aspect of his country's theology, while he threw another into the shade; he might even adorn and beautify to some extent what was rude, and here and there lend a fixity to what was vague; but whatsoever in the popular creed was stable, his airy music had no power to shake; whatsoever in the vulgar tradition had received fixed and rigid features, his plastic touch had no power to soften.

In 1853 an excellent translation of some of the Spanish dramas of Calderon was published by MR D. F. M'CARTHY.—Various works in the prose literature of Germany have been correctly and ably rendered by MRS SARAH AUSTIN (1793-1867), a lady of great talent and learning, descended from the Taylors of Norwich. Among Mrs Austin's translations are *Characteristics of Goethe*, 1833; *Ranke's History of the Popes*, 1840; and *Fragments from the German Prose Writers*, 1841. Mrs Austin also translated from the French Guizot's work on the French Revolution, and Cousin's Report on Prussian Education. She also edited

the work of her daughter, LADY DUFF GORDON (who died in 1869), entitled *Letters from Egypt*, 1863-65.—A series of interesting volumes, *Beautiful Thoughts from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Authors*, with translations, have been published (1864-66) by DR C. TAIT RAMAGE.

SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, the 'Inverury poet' (1789-1848), was author of some sweet, fanciful, and pathetic strains. He had wrought for several years as a weaver, and when out of employment, traversed the country as a pedler, accompanied by his wife and children. This precarious, unsettled life induced irregular and careless habits, and every effort to place the poor poet in a situation of permanent comfort and respectability failed. He first attracted notice by a poem inserted in the *Aberdeen Herald*, entitled *The Blind Boy's Pranks*; in 1844 he published a volume of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver*. He visited London, and was warmly patronised by his countrymen and others; but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee after a period of distress and penury. A sum of about £300 was collected for his widow and family.

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky* grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the pair doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hacket heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth, *could not*
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth; *he tried*
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn. *I will not*

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while, *have him*
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile; *in vain*
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

DAVID VEDDER.

A native of Burness, Orkney, MR VEDDER (1790-1854) obtained some reputation by a volume of *Orcadian Sketches*, published in 1842. His Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in Scotland. The following piece, which Dr Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students in

* This word, not found in Burns, is the same as *frack*, active, vigorous.

his theological prelections, is in a more elevated strain of poetry :

The Temple of Nature.

Talk not of temples—there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given ;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven ;
Its walls are the cerulean sky ;
Its floor the earth so green and fair ;
The dome is vast immensity—
All Nature worships there !

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare ;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All Nature worships there !

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth ;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer ;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All Nature worships there ! . . .

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
In reverence bend to Him ;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
From tower and tree and middle air ;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All Nature worships there !

GEORGE OUTRAM—A. MACLAGAN, ETC.

A small collection of *Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous* (third edition, 1874), was written from time to time by GEORGE OUTRAM (1805-1856), and published after his death. Mr Outram was born at Clyde Iron-works, in the vicinity of Glasgow, of which his father was manager. He passed as an advocate in 1827, but had little legal practice ; and in 1837 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*. He became also one of its proprietors, and settled down in Glasgow to his new duties for life. His friend and biographer, Sheriff Bell, says truly that Mr Outram left behind him the memory of a most kindly, amiable, and gifted man. He had a vein of genuine Scotch humour, as rich as it was original and unique.

The Annuity.—Air, 'Duncan Davidson.'

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a wesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce an' fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell ;
An'—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turned o' saxty-three ;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae tough,
By human ingenuity.

But years have come, an' years have gane,
An' there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me ;
She 's like to live—although she 's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrinkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity !

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company ;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An' 's like to live a dizen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully ;
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity :
It 's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
An' diligence, as on decret,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free ;
I led her out, 'mang snaw an' frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
An' missed the auld anatomy ;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fauity !
She threeps, an' threeps, he 's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get ;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity !

If there 's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she ?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity !
She doesna need—she 's fever-proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof ;
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be ;
Nae leech the cure would undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured ! she handles 't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale ;
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her an' her annuity.

Her broozled flesh an' broken banes
 Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
 She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity !
 They die when they're exposed to air,
 They canna thole the atmosphere ;
 But her ! expose her onywhere ;
 She lives for her annuity. . . .

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
 She 's ninety-four ; let them wha can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the Flood—
 She 's come o' patriarchal blood—
 She 's some auld pagan, mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside an' out—
 She 's sauted to the last degree—
 There 's pickle in her very snout
 Sae caper-like an' cruety ;
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her ;
 They 've Kyanised the useless knir,
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
 As this eternal jaud wears me ;
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But no the continuity.
 It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair ;
 I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I 'm charged for her annuity !

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN (born at Bridgend, Perth, in 1811) published in 1841 a volume of Poems ; in 1849, *Sketches from Nature, and other Poems* ; and in 1854, *Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes*. In one of the last letters written by Lord Jeffrey, he praised the homely and tender verses of MacLagan for their 'pervading joyousness and kindness of feeling, as well as their vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds.'—JAMES BALLANTINE (born in Edinburgh in 1808) is known equally for his Scottish songs and his proficiency in the revived art of glass-painting ; of the latter, the Palace at Westminster and many church windows bear testimony ; while his native muse is seen in *The Gaberlunzie's Wallet*, 1843 ; *The Miller of Deanhaugh* ; and a collected edition of his lyrics, published in 1856. In 1871 Mr Ballantine published *Lilies Lee*, a narrative poem in the Spenserian stanza, with other poems evincing increased poetic power and taste.—ANDREW PARK (born at Renfrew in 1811) is author of several volumes of songs and poems, and of a volume of travels entitled *Egypt and the East*, 1857. A collected edition of his poetical works appeared in 1854.—JOHN CRAWFORD (born at Greenock in 1816) published in 1850 a volume of *Doric Lays*, which received the commendation of Lord Jeffrey and Miss Mitford.—HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL (born at Sorbie, Wigtownshire, in 1798, died in 1870) was author of *Songs of the Ark*, 1831 ; *Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces*, 1847 ; &c. Mr Riddell passed many of his years as a shepherd in Ettrick, but afterwards studied for the church.—FRANCIS BENNOCH (born at Drumcrool, parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in 1812) settled early in London, and carries on business extensively as a merchant. He has written various songs and

short poems, and otherwise evinced his attachment to literature and art by his services on behalf of Miss Mitford, Haydon the painter, and others.—WILLIAM GLEN (1789-1826), a native of Glasgow, whose Poems have been published by Dr Charles Rogers (1874), was author of some popular occasional pieces and songs.—JAMES SMITH, a printer, has published a volume of *Poems, Songs, and Lyrics* (1866), containing many pieces of merit, especially those of a domestic and tender nature.

From 'The Widow.'—By A. MACLAGAN.

Oh, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
 Oh, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain ;
 Though the heart o' this world 's as hard as a stane,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though tottering now, like her auld crazy biel,
 Her step ance the lightest on hairst-rig or reel ;
 Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheering strain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though humble her biggin' and scanty her store,
 The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door ;
 Though she aft lifts the lid o' the girmel in vain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though thin, thin her locks, now like hill-drifted snaw,
 Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the crow ;
 Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

The sang o' the lark finds the widow asteen,
 The berr o' her wheel starts the night's dreamy eary ;
 The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her claes,
 That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
 Ere her auld Robin died, sae fond and sae fain—
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain. . . .

Ye wealthy and wise in this fair world of ours,
 When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi' flowers,
 When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains
 To the heart-broken widow who never complains.

Ilka Blade o' Grass Keps its Ain Drap o' Dew.

By JAMES BALLANTINE.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
 And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind,

Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith
 and ye 'll win through,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crossed in love, as whiles nae
 doubt ye 've been,
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae
 your een,

Believe it for the best, and trow there 's good in store
 for you,

For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and
 cloudless sky

Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring
 anew,

And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre
 proud and hie,

And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
 poortith's ee,

Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na
whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

When the Glen all is Still.—By H. S. RIDDELL.

When the glen all is still, save the stream from the
fountain ;
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather to
roam ;
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting his love to return to her home :
There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild wood,
Where violets and daisies sleep saft in the dew ;
Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming ;
Thy cheek shall be fanned by the breeze of the
lawn ;
The angel of love shall be 'ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O Mary ! no transports of Heaven's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meeting to me ;
For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest hopes are all gathered to
thee.

*Florence Nightingale.**—By F. BENNOCH.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men,
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
When she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save :
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew ;
How Sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel ;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace ;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then ;
Their eyes forgot their tears ;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale ;
They woke : the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale !

* This lady, the daughter of William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Embley Park, Hampshire, is justly celebrated for her exertions in tending the sick and wounded at Scutari during the Crimean war in 1854-55. In directing and presiding over the band of female nurses, the services of Miss Nightingale were invaluable, and gratefully acknowledged by her sovereign and the country. She still (1876) continues her career of disinterested usefulness.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.—By WILLIAM GLEN.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, ' Wae's me for Prince Charlie !'
Oh, when I heard the bonny soun',
The tears cam' happin' rarely ;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I : ' My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow ?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow ?'
' Oh, no, no, no !' the wee bird sang ;
' I've flown since mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

' On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger ;
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side is danger :
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

' Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys ;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace ?
He rowed him in a Hieland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger :
' Oh, this is no a land for me ;
I'll tarry here nae langer.'
He hovered on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly ;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, ' Wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

The Wee Pair o' Shoon.—By JAMES SMITH.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht !
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparkling ee sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair ;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine
Will never wear them mair !

But oh ! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped your name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held out
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame !
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn ;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn !

The castlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie,
The snaw's on hill an' plain ;
The flowers that decked my lammie's grave—
Are faded noo, an' gane !
Oh, dinna speak ! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon ;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my ee—
That wec, wee pair o' shoon !

DRAMATISTS.

Dramatic literature no longer occupies the prominent place it held in former periods of our history. Various causes have been assigned for this decline—as, the more fashionable attractions of the opera, the great size of the theatres, the love of spectacle or scenic display, which has usurped the place of the legitimate drama, and the late dinner-hours now prevalent among the higher and even the middle classes. The increased competition in business has also made our ‘nation of shopkeepers’ a busier and harder-working race than their forefathers; and the diffusion of cheap literature may have further tended to thin the theatres, as furnishing intellectual entertainment for the masses at home at a cheaper rate than dramatic performances. The London managers appear to have had considerable influence in this matter. They lavish enormous sums on scenic decoration and particular actors, and aim rather at filling their houses by some ephemeral and dazzling display, than by the liberal encouragement of native talent and genius. To improve, or rather re-establish the acted drama, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* suggested that there should be a classification of theatres in the metropolis, as in Paris, where each theatre has its distinct species of the drama, and performs it well. ‘We believe,’ he says, ‘that the evil is mainly occasioned by the vain endeavour of managers to succeed by commixing every species of entertainment—huddling together tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, and spectacle—and striving by alternate exhibitions, to draw all the dramatic public to their respective houses. Imperfect—very imperfect companies for each species are engaged; and as, in consequence of the general imperfection, they are forced to rely on individual excellence, individual performers become of inordinate importance, and the most exorbitant salaries are given to procure them. These individuals are thus placed in a false position, and indulge themselves in all sorts of mannerisms and absurdities. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performances; the managers wonder at their ruin; and critics become elegiacal over the mournful decline of the drama! Not in this way can a theatre flourish; since, if one species of performance proves attractive, the others are at a discount, and their companies become useless burdens; if none of them proves attractive, then the loss ends in ruin.’ Too many instances of this have occurred within the last thirty years. Whenever a play of real excellence has been brought forward, the public has shewn no insensibility to its merits; but so many circumstances are requisite to its successful representation—so expensive are the companies, and so capricious the favourite actors—that men of talent are averse to hazard a competition.

The tragedies of Miss Mitford and Lord Lytton were highly successful in representation, but the fame of their authors must ever rest on those prose fictions by which they are chiefly known. The *Lady of Lyons* is, however, one of our most popular acting plays; it is picturesque and romantic, with passages of fine poetry and genuine feeling.

Some of the dramatic productions of Mr Tom Taylor have also had marked success.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Two classic and two romantic dramas were produced by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, an eloquent English barrister and upright judge, whose sudden death was deeply lamented by a most attached circle of literary and accomplished friends, as well as by the public at large. Mr Talfourd was born at Doxey, a suburb of Stafford, January 26, 1795. His father was a brewer in Reading. Having studied the law, Talfourd was called to the bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Sergeant Talfourd, he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and liberal principles, and was returned to parliament for the borough of Reading. In 1835, he published his tragedy of *Ion*, which was next year produced at Covent Garden Theatre with success. His next tragedy, *The Athenian Captive*, was also successful. His subsequent dramatic works were *The Massacre of Glencoe*, and *The Castilian*, a tragedy. Besides these offerings to the dramatic muse, Talfourd published *Vacation Rambles*, 1851, comprising the recollections of three continental tours; a *Life of Charles Lamb*; and an *Essay on the Greek Drama*. In 1849, he was elevated to the bench; and in 1854 he died of apoplexy, while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. *Ion*, the highest literary effort of its author, seems an embodiment of the simplicity and grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is founded on the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the vengeance which the misrule of the race of Argos had brought on the people, in the form of a pestilence, could only be disarmed by the extirpation of the guilty race; and *Ion*, the hero of the play, at length offers himself a sacrifice. The character of *Ion*—the discovery of his birth as son of the king—his love and patriotism, are the chief features in the play, and are drawn with considerable power and effect. Take, for example, the delineation of the character of *Ion*:

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
To make the happy happier! Is he sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong!
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein

Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it : so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored ; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Extract from ' Ion.'

Ion, having been declared the rightful heir to the throne, is installed in his royal dignity, attended by the high-priest, the senators, &c. The people receive him with shouts.

Ion. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.—
Must I sit here ?

Medon. My son ! my son !
What ails thee ? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

Ion. Am I indeed so pale ?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter ; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.—

[*Sits on the throne.*]

Stand forth, Agenor.

Agenor. I await thy will.

Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people ; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our councils ; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is ;
And order my sad country.

Agenor. Pardon me—

Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request ;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from 'her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.

Agenor. Die ! Ere that hour,
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown !

Ion. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his ; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide.—Let me see
The captain of the guard.

Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.

Ion. I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.

Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes ?

Ion. No, Crythes ; in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard ; while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children ; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason ; while their sinews grow

Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee ; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

Crythes. My lord—

Ion. No more—my word hath passed.—
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in ; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me ; these sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.

Medon. Think of thee, my lord ?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.

Ion. Prithee, no more.—Argives ! I have a boon
To crave of you. When'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him !
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness ; what he did,
Alas ! ye know ; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty ; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty : our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one ; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty ; tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this !

Medon. Wherefore ask this now ?
Thou shalt live long ; the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.

Ion. The gods approve me then !
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die,
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.

Medon and others. We swear it !

Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers !
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]

Gracious gods !
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now ; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven ; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows ! [*Stabs himself.*]

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

Clemante. Hold !
Let me support him—stand away—indeed

I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.

Ion. This is a joy

I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!

Clem. And for this it was

Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!

Couldst thou think

I would be so divorced?

Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe—

It was a shallow and an idle thought;

'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;

No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think

On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—

Wilt thou not, sweet one?

Clem. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings—

Ha! no joy

Can enter here.

Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?

Irus. The pestilence abates.

Ion. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?

Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;

Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread

O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!

Let this console thee—Argos lives again—

The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*]

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Although long engaged in public business—in the Colonial Office—MR (now SIR) HENRY TAYLOR is distinguished both as a poet and prose essayist. He is a native of the county of Durham, born in 1800, only son of George Taylor, of Wilton Hall. In 1827 appeared his play of *Isaac Commenus*, 'which met with few readers,' says Southey, 'and was hardly heard of.' In 1834 was published *Philip van Artevelde*, a play in two parts, characterised by its author as an 'historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form.' The subject was suggested by Southey, and is the history of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death.'

There is no game so desperate which wise men
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom they do part withal.
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
Philip van Artevelde is such a man.

As the portrait of a revolutionary champion, Philip is powerfully delineated by the dramatist, and there are also striking and effective scenes in the play. The style and diction resemble those of Joanna Baillie's dramas—pure, elevated, and well sustained, but wanting the brief electric touches and rapid movement necessary to insure complete success in this difficult department of literature. Two years after the historical romance had established Henry Taylor's reputation as a poet, he produced a prose treatise, *The Statesman*, a small volume treating of 'such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation suggested to him.'

The counsels and remarks of the author are distinguished by their practical worldly character; he appears as a sort of political Chesterfield, and the work was said by Maginn to be 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.*' It abounds, however, in acute and sensible observations, shewing that the poet was no mere visionary or romantic dreamer. The other works of Sir Henry are—*Edwin the Fair*, an historical drama, 1842; *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*, 1847; *Notes from Life*, 1847; *Notes from Books*, 1849; *The Virgin Widow*, a play, 1850; *St Clement's Eve*, a play, 1862; *A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems*, 1868. The poetical works of Sir Henry Taylor enjoy a steady popularity with the more intellectual class of readers. *Philip van Artevelde* has gone through eight editions, *Isaac Commenus* and *Edwin* through five, and the others have all been reprinted.

The Death of Launoy, one of the Captains of Ghent.

From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.

Second Dean. Beside Nivelles the Earl and Launoy met.

Six thousand voices shouted with the last:
'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons
Blancs!'

But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelles,
When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrathful, and bade fire the church.

First Burgher. Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed!
Was 't done?

Second Dean. 'Twas done—and presently was heard
a yell,

And after that the rushing of the flames!
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying: 'Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome; make a leap—
Come out at window, John.' With that the flames
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting: 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.

First Burgher. A brave end.

'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us. . . .

Van Artevelde. I never looked that he should live
so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,

* In Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. iii., is the following notice of Henry Taylor, then under Sir James Stephen in the Colonial Office: 'Taylor is known as literary executor of Southey, and author of several esteemed dramas, especially *Philip van Artevelde*. He married Lord Montague's daughter. He is now one of my most respected acquaintances. His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world. He published a book called *The Statesman*, which some thought presumptuous in a junior clerk in a government office.' Southey said Henry Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own whom he had taken into his heart of hearts.

And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes fondered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have
passed for great,
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for
him.

Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be
bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned: a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Tinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.

Father John. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.

The 'Lay of Elena.'—From the same.

A bark is launched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits abaft;
A little sail is loosed to take
The night-wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lake and up the bay.
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed?
Before her shines the evening star,
Behind her in the woods afar
The castle lights are lost. . . .

It was not for the forms—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.

It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.

It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance. . . .

Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, shewed
Life was to him a summer's road—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betrayed a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;
As keeps the subtle fluid oil
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentrated all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er earth below and heaven above—
And then it took the name of love.

We add a few sentences of Sir Henry's prose
writings:

On the Ethics of Politics.—From 'The Statesman.'

The moral principle of private life which forbids one
man to despoil another of his property, is outraged in
the last degree when one man holds another in slavery.
Carry it therefore in all its absoluteness into political
life, and you require a statesman to do what he can,
under any circumstances whatever, to procure immediate
freedom for any parties who may be holden in slavery
in the dominion of the state which he serves. Yet, take
the case of negro slaves in the British dominions in the
condition of barbarism in which they were thirty years

ago, and we find the purest of men and strictest of moralists falling short of the conclusion. In private life, the magnitude of the good which results from maintaining the principle inviolate, far overbalances any specific evil which may possibly attend an adherence to it in a particular case. But in political affairs, it may happen that the specific evil is the greater of the two, even in looking to the longest train of consequences that can be said to be within the horizon of human foresight. For to set a generation of savages free in a civilised community, would be merely to maintain one moral principle inviolate at the expense of divers other moral principles. Upon the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that the cause of public morality will be best served by moralists permitting to statesmen, what statesmen must necessarily take and exercise—a free judgment namely, though a most responsible one, in the weighing of specific against general evil, and in the perception of perfect or imperfect analogies between public and private transactions, in respect of the moral rules by which they are to be governed. The standard of morality to be held forth by moralists to statesmen is sufficiently elevated when it is raised to the level of practicable virtue: such standards, to be influential, must be above common opinion certainly, but not remotely above it; for if above it, yet near, they draw up common opinion; but if they be far off in their altitude, they have no attractive influence.

Of Wisdom.—From 'Notes from Life.'

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, sense, or prudence; not the same with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect, according to the ways of Providence, almost always brings along with it great infirmities—or, at least, infirmities which appear great owing to the scale of operation; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it, which, whilst it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favour of the intellectual means. God is love, and God is light; whence, it results that love is light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light, that intellectual power issues into wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The works of DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803-1857) are various, consisting of plays, tales, and sketches of character, in which humour, fancy, and satire are blended. The most popular of these were contributed to *Punch, or the London Charivari*. Jerrold was born in London in January 1803. His father was an actor, lessee of the Sheerness Theatre, and the early years of Douglas were

spent in Sheerness. But before he had completed his tenth year, he was transferred to the guard-ship *Namur*, then lying at the mouth of the river—a first-class volunteer in His Majesty's service, and not a little proud of his uniform.' Two years were spent at sea, after which Douglas, with his parents, removed to London. He became apprentice to a printer—worked diligently during the usual business hours—and seized upon every spare moment for solitary self-instruction. The little, eager, intellectual boy was sure to rise in the world. He had, however, a sharp novitiate. His great friend at this time was MR LAMAN BLANCHARD (1803-1845), who was engaged in periodical literature, and author of numerous tales and essays, collected after his premature death, and published with a memoir of the author by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Douglas Jerrold took early to dramatic writing, and in his eighteenth year he was engaged at a salary of 'a few pounds weekly' to write pieces for the Coburg Theatre. His nautical and domestic drama, *Black-eyed Susan*, was brought out at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and had a prodigious success. It had a run of above three hundred nights, and produced many thousands to the theatre, though it brought only about £70 to the author. The other dramas of Jerrold are—*The Rent Day*, 1832; *Nell Gwynne* and *The Housekeeper*, 1833; *The Wedding Gown*, 1834; *The School-fellows* and *Doves in a Cage*, 1835; *Prisoner of War*, 1842; *Bubbles of the Day* and *Time Works Wonders*, 1845; *The Catspaw*, 1850; *Retired from Business*, 1851; *St Cupid*, 1853; *Heart of Gold*, 1854. The plays of Jerrold, like all his other writings, abound in pointed and witty sayings and lively illustration. His incidents and characters are also well contrasted and arranged for stage-effect, yet there is a want of breadth and simplicity. About 1831 Jerrold became a contributor to the magazines; and in 1840 he was editor of a series of sketches, called *Heads of the People*, illustrated by Kenny Meadows, to which Thackeray, R. H. Horne, Blanchard, Peake, and others contributed. Some of the best of Jerrold's essays appeared in this periodical. Afterwards *Punch* absorbed the greater part of his time, though he still continued to write occasionally for the stage. Henceforward his life was that of a professional littérateur, steadily rising in public estimation and in worldly prosperity—famous for his sarcasm, his witty sayings, and general conversational brilliancy. In 1852 a large edition was made to his income—£1,000 per annum—by his becoming editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. He was a zealous advocate of social reform; a passionate hater of all cant, pretence, and affectation; and though on some grave questions he wrote without sufficient consideration, his career was that of an honest journalist and lover of truth. Of his personal generosity of character many memorials remain. Mr Dickens relates one instance: 'There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the strangers' room of the club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word—I am sorry to

remember—and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you: "For God's sake let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this."^{*} He died, after a short illness, on the 8th of June 1857, and was interred in Norwood Cemetery—followed to the grave by all his literary *confrères*, who nobly raised a memorial fund of £2000 for the benefit of his family. The collected miscellaneous writings of Douglas Jerrold fill six duodecimo volumes. The longest is a story of town-life, *St Giles and St James*, by no means his happiest production. He was best in short satirical and descriptive sketches—spontaneous bursts of fancy or feeling. His *Candle Lectures*, *Story of a Feather*, *Men of Character*, and *Sketches of the English*, were highly popular. The style is concise and pungent—too much, perhaps, in the manner of dramatic dialogue, but lightened up by poetic feeling and imagery. His satire was always winged with fancy. Some brilliant or pointed saying carried home his argument or sentiment, and fixed it firmly in the mind. Like Charles Lamb and most humorists, he had tenderness and pathos. 'After all,' he said, 'life has something serious in it—it cannot be all a comic history of humanity.' Hence, amidst all the quips and turns of his fancy, the real mingles with the ideal, and shrewd, kindly observation and active sympathy are at the bottom of his picturesque sketches and portraits. He was often wrong, often one-sided—an ardent, impulsive man—but high-principled, sincere, and generous. In witty repartee he was unequalled among his contemporaries.

The following extracts are from his drama of *Bubbles of the Day*:

Fancy Fair in Guildhall for Painting St Paul's.

Sir Phenix Clearcake. I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary, but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall; its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

Lord Skindeep. Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I'm with you. Well, the precise object?

Sir P. It is to remove a stain—a very great stain from the city; to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution; to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay; to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal-smoke atmosphere of London; in a word, my lord, but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

Lord Skin. A gigantic effort!

Sir P. The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall; and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

Lord Skin. But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

Sir P. Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

Lord Skin. Well, well; command me in any way; benevolence is my foible.

Companies for leasing Mount Vesuvius, for making a Trip all round the World, for Buying the Serpentine River, &c.

Captain Smoke. We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer-matches.

Sir P. A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

Smoke. Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—*(Aside to Chatham:* We shall make it all right about the shares)—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer-match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

Chatham. Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

Smoke. Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on 't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

Lord Skin. Smoke, never say humbug; it's coarse.

Sir P. And not respectable.

Smoke. Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage, that now it's quite classic.

Chat. But why not embark his lordship in the lucifer question?

Smoke. I can't: I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from *asafetida*. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We've already advertised for wet-nurses and maids-of-all-work.

Sir P. A magnificent project! And then the fittings-up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room; with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop-deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weippert's quadrille band is engaged, and—

Smoke. For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

Chat. And the object?

Smoke. Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer: 'twill occupy only three years, and we've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to cork jackets.

Brown. And now, sir, the third venture?

Smoke. That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

Brown. What! so many watery graves?

Smoke. Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here's the prospectus. Look here; surmounted by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I know his lordship's goodness—he'll give you up the cemetery. *(Aside to Chatham:* A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

Sir P. What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water-lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable.

^{*} *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold, 1850. Mr Blanchard Jerrold succeeded his father as editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and is author of *Imperial Paris*, *The Life of the Emperor Napoleon III.*, and other works.

Time's Changes.—From 'Time Works Wonders.'

Florentine. O sir, the magic of five long years! We paint Time with glass and scythe—should he not carry harlequin's own wand? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

Clarence. Are they, in truth, so very great?

Florentine. Greater than harlequin's; but then Time works them with so grave a face, that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

Clara. Time has his bounteous changes too; and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower.

Retired from Business.

Tackle. Kitty, see what you'll get by waiting! I'll grow you such a garland for your wedding.

Kitty. A garland, indeed! A daisy to-day is worth a rose-bush to-morrow.

Puffins. But, Mr Pennyweight, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from business?

Gumm. No; in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and then only, may it be said of us, retired from business.

Winter in London.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures; in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities; but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions, all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around; when the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house: when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man, the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shews its true divinity, and with misery like a garment cling-

ing to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

The Emigrant Ship.

Some dozen folks, with gay, dull, earnest, careless, hopeful, wearied looks, spy about the ship, their future abiding-place upon the deep for many a day. Some dozen, with different feelings, shewn in different emotions, enter cabins, dip below, emerge on deck, and weave their way among packages and casks, merchandise and food, lying in labyrinth about. The ship is in most seemly confusion. The landsman thinks it impossible she can be all taut upon the wave in a week. Her yards are all so up and down, and her rigging in such a tangle, such disorder, like a wench's locks after a mad game at romps. Nevertheless, Captain Goodbody's word is as true as oak. On the appointed day, the skies permitting, the frigate-built *Halcyon*, with her white wings spread, will drop down the Thames—down to the illimitable sea.

She carries a glorious freighting to the antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, turning it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seeds of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—a music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history-men and story-men, annalists and legalists—English all—bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakspeare looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestaled upon yon main-block. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged cap of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to night-capped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; ay, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays.

Puns and Sayings of Jerrold.

Dogmatism is the maturity of puppyism.

Unremitting Kindness.—'Call that a kind man,' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

The Retort Direct.—Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold.

Australia.—Earth is so kindly there that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

The Sharp Attorney.—A friend of an unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: 'Have you heard about poor R—?' His business is going to the devil,' Jerrold: 'That's all right: then he is sure to get it back again.'

The Reason Why.—One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said in a loud voice: 'Isn't it strange; we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately—I can't account for it.' 'Nor I,' replied Jerrold, 'unless they ate it all up-stairs.'

Ostentatious Grief.—Reading the pompous and fulsome inscription which Soyer the cook put on his wife's tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, Jerrold shook his head and said: 'Mock-turtle.'

A Filial Smile.—In a railway-carriage one day, a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. 'In reading in the fields,' said he, 'sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it.' 'With a filial smile,' rejoined Jerrold.

The Anglo-French Alliance.—A Frenchman said he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. *Jerrold*: 'Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.'

The Scotch.—Jerrold was fond of *girding* at the Scotch jocularly. 'Every Scotchman has a niche [an itch] in the temple of Fame.' Look at the antiquity of the paintings in Holyrood Palace! 'Ay, and you had the distemper before the oil-paintings.'

GILBERT ABBOT à BECKETT—MARK LEMON—
SHIRLEY BROOKS—TOM TAYLOR.

This cluster of genial wits and humorists—contributors to *Punch*, and all of them well known in general literature—attempted the drama, and one of them (Mr Taylor) with continued and marked success. MR à BECKETT (1810–1856) delighted in puns and burlesque; he produced above thirty dramatic pieces, and wrote the *Conic Blackstone* and *Comic Histories of England and Rome*. He latterly filled the office of police magistrate—a man universally respected and beloved.

MARK LEMON (1809–1870) wrote a vast number of dramatic pieces—above fifty, it is said—but his highest honours were derived from his editorship of *Punch*, a valuable weekly periodical, witty without coarseness, and satirical without scurrility—which he conducted from its commencement, July 17, 1841, till his death. Mr Lemon was author also of occasional poems and prose sketches.

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS (1815–1874) succeeded Mark Lemon as editor of *Punch*, to which he had for many years been a regular contributor. Mr Brooks was a native of London, studied for the law, and was articulated to a solicitor (his uncle) at Oswestry; but he early adopted literature as a profession. He was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle*, writing the parliamentary summary of that journal for five years. He also travelled in the south of Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt as special commissioner for the *Chronicle*, investigating the condition of the labouring classes; and part of the results of his journey was published under the title of *The Russians in the South*. Mr Brooks was author of several successful dramas and of four novels—*Aspen Court*, *The Gordian Knot*, *The Silver Cord*, and *Sooner or Later*. All these works are distinguished by witty and sparkling dialogue, by variety of incident and knowledge of the world, especially of town life and character. We subjoin one short extract from *The Gordian Knot*:

Portrait of Douglas Jerrold.

Margaret found herself alone; but not being one of the persons who find themselves bores, and must always seek companionship, she sat down, and amused herself with one of the new books on the table. And as the volume happened to be a fresh and noble poem by a poetess who is unreasonable enough to demand that those who would understand her magnificent lines shall

bestow on them some little thought in exchange for the great thought that has produced them (and then the reader is but like the scrubby Diomed giving his brass arms for the golden harness of splendid Sarpedon), Margaret's earnest attention to Mrs Browning rendered the reader unaware that another person had entered the room.

His footfall was so light that her not hearing his approach was not surprising; and as he stood for a minute or more watching her intelligent face as it expressed the pleasure she felt as rose-leaf after rose-leaf of an involved and beautiful thought unfolded and expanded to her mind. Then, as she raised her eyes, her half-formed smile changed to a look of surprise as she found herself confronted by a stranger; and she coloured highly as that look was returned by a pleasant glance and a bow, respectful and yet playful, as the situation and the difference of age might warrant.

Before her stood a gentleman, considerably below the middle height, and in form delicate almost to fragility, but whose appearance was redeemed from aught of feebleness by a lion-like head, and features which, classically chiselled, told of a mental force and will rarely allotted. The hair, whose gray was almost whiteness, was long and luxuriant, and fell back from a noble forehead. The eye, set back under a bold strong brow, yet in itself somewhat prominent, was in repose, but its depths were those that, under excitement, light up to a glow. About the flexible mouth there lingered a smile, too gentle to be called mocking, but evidence of a humour ready at the slightest call—and yet the lips could frame themselves for stern or passionate utterances at need. The slight stoop was at first taken by Margaret for part of the bow with which the stranger had greeted her, but she perceived that it was habitual, as the latter, resting his small white hands on the head of an ivory-handled cane, said in a cheerful and kindly voice, and with a nod at the book: 'Fine diamonds in a fine casket there, are there not?'

His tone was evidently intended to put Margaret at her ease, and to make her forget that she had been surprised; and his manner was so pleasant, and almost fatherly, that she felt herself in the presence of some one of a kindred nature to that of her Uncle Cheriton. By a curious confusion of idea, to be explained only by the suddenness of the introduction, Margaret seized the notion that her other uncle was before her. I am sorry, however, to say that neither the poetess's page nor the visitor's phrase inspired her with a cleverer answer to his speech than a hesitating 'O—O yes, very.'

And then she naturally expected to receive her relative's greeting; but as she rose, the gentleman made a slight and courteous gesture, which seemed to beg her to sit, or do exactly what she liked, and she resumed her chair in perplexity. Her companion looked at her again with some interest, and his bright eye then fell upon Bertha's volume, which Margaret had laid on the table.

'Ah,' he said, pointing to the word on the cover, 'those five letters again in conspiracy against the peace of mankind. They ought to be dispersed by a social police. But may one look?'

'There is scarcely anything there,' said Margaret, as he opened the book. 'Only a few pages have been touched.'

'Ah, I see,' he said. 'Just a few songsters, as the bird-catchers put some caged birds near the nets, to persuade the others that the situation is eligible. But,' he continued, turning on until he came to a drawing, 'this is another kind of thing. This is capital.' It was a sketch by Margaret, and represented her cousin Latimer, in shooting-costume, and gun in hand. At his feet lay a hare, victim of his skill. 'Capital,' he repeated. 'Your own work?'

'Yes,' said Margaret; 'the likeness happened to be thought fortunate, and so'—

'No, no; you draw charmingly. I'll give you a motto for the picture. Shall I?'

'Please. I am glad of any contribution.'

He took a pen, and in a curious little hand wrote below the sketch :

And Beauty draws us with a single hare.

'I shall not find any poetry of yours here,' he said. 'You read Mrs Browning, and so you know better. What a treasure-house of thought that woman is! Some of the boxes are locked, and you must turn the key with a will; but when you *have* opened, you are rich for life.'

TOM TAYLOR is said to have produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated. Many of these have been highly successful, and in particular we may mention *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Victims*, *An Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *The Overland Route*, *'Twi'xt Axe and Crown*, and *Joan of Arc*. The two last mentioned are historical dramas of a superior class, and to *Joan of Arc*, Mrs Tom Taylor (*née* Laura Barker, distinguished as a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entr'acte. At the Literary Fund banquet, London, in June 1873, Mr Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the state as his master—a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous—and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office.' In 1850 Mr Taylor was appointed Assistant-secretary to the Board of Health; and in 1854, on the reconstruction of that Board, he was made Secretary of the Local Government Act Office, a department of the Home Office connected with the administration of the Sanitary Act of 1866. From this public employment he retired in 1872. Besides his dramatic pieces Mr Taylor has been a steady contributor to *Punch*, and on the death of Shirley Brooks became editor of that journal. He has added to our literature the *Autobiography of B. R. Haydon*, 1853, compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist; also the *Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A.*, 1859; and the *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1865—the last having been commenced by Leslie shortly before his death, and left in a very incomplete state. Mr Taylor is a native of Sunderland, born in 1817; he studied at Glasgow University, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow. He held for two years the Professorship of English Literature at University College, London; was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1845, and went the northern circuit until his appointment to the Board of Health in 1850. A rare combination of taste and talent, industry and private worth, has insured Mr Taylor a happy and prosperous life, with the esteem and regard of all his literary and artistic contemporaries.

WESTLAND MARSTON, ETC.

There are numerous other dramatists: MR WESTLAND MARSTON (born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1820) produced *The Patrician's Daughter*, 1841; *The Heart and the World*, 1847; *Strathmore*, a tragedy, 1849; &c.—MR ROBERT B. BROUGH (born in London in 1828) has produced several burlesque and other dramatic pieces.—

In the list of modern dramatists are MR PLANCHÉ, MR BUCKSTONE, MR OXENFORD, MR LEMAN REDE, MR SULLIVAN, MR STIRLING COYNE, MR EDWARD FITZBALL, MR DION BOUCICAULT, MR W. S. GILBERT, &c. The play-goers of the metropolis welcome these 'Cynthias of the minute,' and are ever calling for new pieces, but few modern dramas can be said to have taken a permanent place in our literature.

NOVELISTS.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

This distinguished American novelist (1789–1851) has obtained great celebrity in England and over all Europe for his pictures of the sea, sea-life, and wild Indian scenery and manners. His imagination is essentially poetical. He invests the ship with all the interest of a living being, and makes his readers follow its progress, and trace the operations of those on board, with intense and never-flagging anxiety. Of humour he has scarcely any perception; and in delineating character and familiar incidents, he often betrays a great want of taste and knowledge of the world. 'When he attempts to catch the ease of fashion,' it has been truly said, 'he is singularly unsuccessful.' He belongs, like Mrs Radcliffe, to the romantic school of novelists—especially to the sea, the heath, and the primeval forest. Mr Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of Judge William Cooper. After studying at Yale College, he entered the navy as a midshipman; and though he continued only six years a sailor, his nautical experience gave a character and colour to his after-life, and produced impressions of which the world has reaped the rich result. On his marriage, in 1811, to a lady in the state of New York, Mr Cooper left the navy. His first novel, *Precaution*, was published anonymously in 1819, and attracted little attention; but in 1821 appeared his story of *The Spy*, founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution. This is a powerful and interesting romance, and it was highly successful. The author's fame was still more increased by his novels of *The Pioneers* and *The Pilot*, published in 1823; and these were succeeded by a long train of fictions—*Lionel Lincoln*, 1825; *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826; *The Red Rover* and *The Prairie*, 1827; *Travelling Bachelor*, 1828; *Wept of Wish-ton Wish*, 1829; *The Water Witch*, 1830; *Bravo*, 1831; *Heidenmauer*, 1832; *Headsmen*, 1833; *Monikins*, 1835; *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found*, 1838; *The Pathfinder* and *Mercedes of Castile*, 1840; *The Deerslayer*, 1841; *The Two Admirals* and *Wing and Wing*, 1842; *Ned Myers* and *Wyandotte*, 1843; *Afloat and Ashore* and *Miles Wallingford*, 1844; *The Chainbearer* and *Satanstoe*, 1845; *The Redskins*, 1846; *The Crater*, 1847; *Jack Tier* and *Oak Openings*, 1848; *The Sea Lions*, 1849; and *The Ways of the Hour*, 1850. Of this numerous family of creations, the best are—*The Spy*, *The Pilot*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and *The Red Rover*. In these his characteristic excellences—his noble marine painting and delineations of American scenery and character—are all combined. Besides his novels,

Cooper wrote ten volumes of sketches of European travels, a *History of the Navy of the United States*, and various treatises on the institutions of America, in which a strong democratic spirit was manifested. In these he does not appear to advantage. He seems to have cherished some of the worst prejudices of the Americans, and, in his zeal for republican institutions, to have forgotten the candour and temper becoming an enlightened citizen of the world. In the department of fiction, however, Cooper has few superiors, and his countrymen may well glory in his name. He 'emphatically belongs to the American nation,' as Washington Irving has said, while his painting of nature under new and striking aspects, has given him a European fame that can never wholly die.

A Virgin Wilderness—Lake Otsego.

On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water.

Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

'Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

'Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why then did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon, 'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion; 'you must go like the rest of us: when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: 'Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he invol-

untarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (1788-1845), under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby, contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany* a series of papers, *The Ingoldsby Legends*, which were afterwards collected into volumes, and went through several editions. To the third series (1847) was prefixed a life of the author by his son. Mr Barham also wrote a novel, *My Cousin Nicholas*. The Ingoldsby papers, prose and verse, contain sallies of quaint humour, classic travesties and illustrations, droll rhymes, banter and irony, with a sprinkling of ghost stories and medieval legends. The intimate friend of Theodore Hook, Mr Barham had something of Hook's manner, with a love of punning and pleasantry as irrepressible as that of Hood, though accompanied with less literary power. Few of the readers of *Ingoldsby*, unless moving in a certain circle, imagined that their author was a dignitary of the Church, a minor canon of St Paul's, a rector and royal chaplain. He appears to have been a learned and amiable, no less than witty and agreeable man.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

This popular naval writer—the best painter of sea characters since Smollett—commenced what proved to be a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829, by the publication of *The Naval Officer*, a nautical tale in three volumes. This work partook too strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but amidst its occasional violations of taste and decorum, there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for many faults. In the following year, the captain was ready with other three volumes, more carefully finished, and presenting a well-compacted story, entitled *The King's Own*. Though occasionally a little awkward on land, Captain Marryat was at home on the sea; and whether serious or comic—whether delineating a captain, midshipman, or common tar, or even a carpenter—he evinced a minute practical acquaintance with all on board ship, and with every variety of nautical character. *Newton Foster, or the Merchant Service*, 1832, was Marryat's next work, and is a tale of various and sustained interest. It was surpassed, however, by its immediate successor, *Peter Simple*, the most amusing of all the author's works. His naval commander, Captain Savage, Chucks the boatswain, O'Brien the Irish lieutenant, and Muddle the carpenter, are excellent individual portraits—as distinct and life-like as Tom Bowling, Hatchway, or Pipes. The scenes in the West Indies display the higher powers of the novelist;

and the escape from the French prison interests us almost as deeply as the similar efforts of Caleb Williams. Continuing his nautical scenes and portraits—Captain Marryat wrote about thirty volumes—as *Jacob Faithful* (one of his best productions), *The Phantom Ship*, *Midshipman Easy*, *The Paacha of Many Tales*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *The Pirate and the Three Cutters*, *Poor Jack*, *Joseph Rushbrook the Poacher*, *Masterman Ready*, &c. In the hasty production of so many volumes, the quality could not always be equal. The nautical humour and racy dialogue could not always be produced at will, of a new and different stamp at each successive effort. Such, however, was the fertile fancy and active observation of the author, and his lively powers of amusing and describing, that he has fewer repetitions and less tediousness than almost any other writer equally voluminous. His next novel, *Percival Keene*, 1842, betrayed no falling-off, but, on the contrary, is one of the most vigorous and interesting of his 'sea changes.' In 1843 he published a *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet*, in which fact and fiction are blended with little artistic skill, and which was proved to be chiefly a compilation. Two other works of mediocre character followed—*The Settlers in Canada*, 1844, and *The Mission, or Scenes in Africa*, 1845. In 1846 he regained something of his old nautical animation in *The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago*.

Captain Marryat made a trip to America in 1837, the result of which he gave to the world in 1839 in three volumes; entitled *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions*. This was flying at higher game than any he had previously brought down; but the real value of these volumes consists in their resemblance to parts of his novels—in humorous caricature and anecdote, shrewd observation, and lively or striking description. His account of the American navy is valuable; and so practical and sagacious an observer could not visit the schools, prisons, and other public institutions of the New World without throwing out valuable reflections, and noting what is superior or defective. He was no admirer of the democratic government of America; indeed, his *Diary* is as unfavourable to the national character as the sketches of Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall. But it is in relating traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other singular or ludicrous characteristics of the Americans, that Captain Marryat excelled. These are as rich as his fictitious delineations, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the suggestive fancy and love of drollery proper to the novelist. The success of this *Diary* induced the author to add three additional volumes to it in the following year, but the continuation is greatly inferior.

The life of this busy novelist terminated, after a long and painful illness, at Langham, in Norfolk, August 9, 1848. Captain Marryat was the second son of Joseph Marryat, Esq., M.P., of Wimbledon House, Surrey, and was born in the year 1792. He entered the navy at an early age, and was a midshipman on board the *Impérieuse* when that ship was engaged as part of Lord Cochrane's squadron in supporting the Catalonians against the French. On board the *Impérieuse* young Marryat was concerned in no less than fifty engagements. After one of these, an officer, who had an aversion to

the youth, seeing him laid out, as if dead, among his fallen comrades, exclaimed: 'Here's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' Marryat faintly raising his head, exclaimed: 'You're a liar!' Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition. In 1814, as lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring. During the Burmese war, he commanded the *Larne*, and was for some time senior officer on the station. His services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours. He was a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, an officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. The latter years of the novelist were spent in the pleasant but not profitable occupations of a country gentleman. His receipts from farming, in one year, were £154, 2s. 9d.; his expenditure, £1637, os. 6d.! He spent large sums on his place in Norfolk. At one time, we are told, he had a hobby for making a decoy; he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing-ground, got his decoy into full working order, so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then—drained it again. In February 1848, Captain Marryat received intelligence of the death of his son, lieutenant on board the *Avenger* steam-frigate, which was lost on the rocks off Galita. This bereavement tended to hasten the death of the able and accomplished novelist. In 1872, *The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat* were published by his daughter, Mrs Ross Church.

A Prudent Sea Captain—Abuse of Ship's Stores.

From *The King's Own*.

'Well, Mr Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'—'He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant.'

'A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed-place is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib-boom; I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealousies* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.'—'Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only

allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'—'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'—'The first lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

CAPTAINS GLASSCOCK AND CHAMIER—MR HOWARD—M. SCOTT—J. HANNAY.

A few other authors have, like Captain Marryat, presented us with good pictures of maritime life and adventures. *The Naval Sketch-book*, 1828; *Sailors and Saints*, 1829; *Tales of a Tar*, 1830; *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls*, 1838; and other works, by CAPTAIN GLASSCOCK, R.N., are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour and rich phraseology, with as cordial a contempt for regularity of plot. Captain Glasscock died in 1847. He was one of the inspectors under the Poor Relief Act in Ireland, and in that capacity, as well as in his naval character, was distinguished by energy and ability.—*Rattlin the Reefer*, and *Outward Bound*, or a *Merchant's Adventures*, by MR HOWARD, are better managed as to fable—particularly *Outward Bound*, which is a well-constructed tale—but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glasscock's novels.—*The Life of a Sailor* and *Ben Brace*, by CAPTAIN CHAMIER, are excellent works of the same class, replete with nature, observation, and humour.—*Tom Cringle's Log*, by MICHAEL SCOTT, and *The Cruise of the Midge*—both originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*—are also veritable productions of the sea—a little coarse, but spirited, and shewing us 'things as they are.' Mr Scott, who was a native of Glasgow, spent a considerable part of his life—from 1806 to 1822—in a mercantile situation at Kingston, in Jamaica. He settled in his native city as a merchant, and died there in 1835, aged forty-six.—MR JAMES HANNAY also added to our nautical sketches. He may, however, be characterised as a critical and miscellaneous writer of scholastic taste and acquirements. Mr Hannay was a native of Dumfries, a cadet of an old Galloway family, and was born in 1827. He served in the navy for five years—from 1840 to

1845, and was afterwards engaged in literature, writing in various periodicals—including the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, the *Athenæum*, &c.—and he published the following works: *Biscuits and Grog*, *The Claret Cup*, and *Hearts are Trumps*, 1848; *King Dobbs*, 1849; *Singleton Fontenoy*, 1850; *Sketches in Ultramarine*, 1853; *Satire and Satirists*, a series of six lectures, 1854; *Eustace Conyers*, a novel in three volumes, 1855; &c. Mr Hannay died at Barcelona (where he resided as British consul), January 8, 1873, in the forty-sixth year of his age. We subjoin from *Eustace Conyers* a passage descriptive of

Nights at Sea.

Eustace went on deck. A dark night had come on by this time. The ship was tranquilly moving along with a fair wind. Few figures were moving on deck. The officer of the watch stood on the poop. The man at the wheel and quarter-master stood in silence before the binnacle; inside which, in a bright spot of light, which contrasted strongly with the darkness outside, lay the compass, with its round eloquent face, full of meaning and expression to the nautical eye. The men of the watch were lying in black heaps in their sea-jackets, along both sides of the ship's waist. Nothing could be stiller than the whole scene. Eustace scarcely heard the ripple of the ship's motion, till he leant over the gangway, and looked out on the sea.

Nights like these make a man meditative; and sailors are more serious than is generally supposed; being serious just as they are gay, because they give themselves up to natural impressions more readily than other people. At this moment, the least conventional men now living are probably afloat. If you would know how your ancestors looked and talked, before towns became Babylonish, or trade despotic, you must go and have a cruise on salt water, for the sea's business is to keep the earth fresh; and it preserves character as it preserves meat. Our Frogley Foxes and Pearl Studdses are exceptions; the results of changed times, which have brought the navy into closer relation with the shore than it was in old days; and sprinkled it with the proper denizens of other regions. Our object is to shew how the character of the sailor born is affected by contact with the results of modern ages. Can we retain the spirit of Benbow minus that pigtail to which elegant gentlemen have a natural objection? Can we be at once polished yet free from what the newspapers call 'juvenile extravagance?' Such is our ambition for Eustace. Still, we know that Pearl Studds would go into action as cheerfully as any man, and fears less any foe's face than the banner of Levy, and we must do him no injustice.

Such nights, then, Eustace already felt as fruitful in thought. If he had been pining for a little more activity, if he had drooped under the influence of particular kinds of talk, a quiet muse on deck refreshed him. The sea regains all its natural power over the spirit, when the human life of the ship is hushed. In the presence of its grand old familiar majesty you forget trouble, and care little for wit. Hence, the talk of the middle watch, which occupies the very heart of the night, from twelve to four, is the most serious, the deepest, the tenderest, the most confidential of the twenty-four hours; and by keeping the middle with a man, you learn him more intimately than you would in any other way. Even Studds in the middle watch, at least after the 'watch-stock,' or refreshment, was disposed of, grew a somewhat different man. A certain epicurean melancholy came over the spirit of Studds, like moonlight falling on a banquet-table after the lamps are out! 'By Jove, sir,' he would sigh, speaking of the hollowness of life generally; and he was even heard

to give tender reminiscences of one 'Eleanor,' whose fortune would probably have pleased him as much as her beauty, had not both been transferred in matrimony to the possession of a Major Jones.

Hannay was very profuse, and often very happy, in similes, a few of which we subjoin.

Detached Similes.

Many a high spirit, which danger, and hardship, and absence from home could never turn from its aims, has shrunk from the chill thrown on its romantic enthusiasm. The ruder the hand, the more readily it brushes away the fine and delicate bloom from the grape. And the bloom of character is that light enthusiasm which makes men love their work for the beauty in it—which is the essence of excellence in every pursuit carried on in this world.

From *nil admirari* to worldly ambition is only a short step. It is an exchange of passive selfishness for active selfishness—that's all.

Consistency.—There may be consistency and yet change. Look at a growing tree, how that changes! But for regular consistency, there's nothing like a broomstick; for it never puts out a fresh leaf.

There were signs of energy about the boy, which on a small scale predicted power. Mr Conyers studied them, as Watt studied the hissing of a tea-kettle, desecrating far off the steam-engine.

Could he place him but safely under the influence of one of the leading ambitions of mankind? A ship goes along so merrily with a trade-wind.

A party is like a mermaid; the head and face may enchant and attract you, and yet in a moment you shall be frightened off by a wag of the cold, scaly, and slimy tail.

(Of Sir W. Scott.) We do not hear so much of him as his contemporaries did, of course; but just as we don't have any longer yesterday's rain, which is the life of to-day's vegetation.

(Of Thackeray's poetical vein.) He was not essentially poetical, as Tennyson, for instance, is. Poetry was not the predominant mood of his mind, or the intellectual law by which the objects of his thought and observation were arranged and classified. But *inside* his fine sagacious common-sense understanding, there was, so to speak, a pool of poetry—like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, which gave an air of coolness, and freshness, and nature, to the solid marble columns and tessellated floor.

MRS CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES GORE.

This lady (1799–1861) was a clever and prolific writer of tales and fashionable novels. Her first work, *Theresa Marchmont*, was published in 1823; her next was a small volume containing two tales, *The Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror*, 1827. One of these relates to the times of Louis XIV., and the other to the French Revolution. They are both interesting, graceful tales—superior, we think, to some of the more elaborate and extensive fictions of the authoress. A series of *Hungarian Tales* succeeded. In 1830 appeared *Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day*, three volumes—an easy, sparkling narrative, with correct pictures of modern society; much lady-like writing on dress and fashion; and some rather misplaced derision or contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men.' This novel soon went through a second edition; and Mrs Gore continued the same style of fashionable portraiture. In 1831, she issued *Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the*

Year 1830. Here the manners of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the customary three volumes. The same year we find Mrs Gore compiling a series of narratives for youth, entitled *The Historical Traveller*. In 1832 she came forward with *The Fair of May Fair*, a series of fashionable tales, that were not so well received. The critics hinted that Mrs Gore had exhausted her stock of observation; and we believe she went to reside in France, where she continued some years. Her next tale was entitled *Mrs Armytage*, which appeared in 1836; and in the following year came out *Mary Raymond* and *Memoirs of a Peeress*. In 1838, *The Diary of a Désennuyée*, *The Woman of the World*, *The Heir of Setwood*, and *The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier's Manual*, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture. France is celebrated for its rich varieties of the queen of flowers, and Mrs Gore availed herself of the taste and experience of the French floriculturists. Mrs Gore long continued to furnish one or two novels a year. She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever. Their chief value consists in their lively caustic pictures of fashionable and high society. Besides her long array of regular novels, Mrs Gore contributed short tales and sketches to the periodicals, and was perhaps unparalleled for fertility. All her works were welcome to the circulating libraries. They are mostly of the same class—all pictures of existing life and manners; but the want of genuine feeling, of passion and simplicity, in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations and pursuits, make us sometimes take leave of Mrs Gore's fashionable triflers in the temper with which Goldsmith parted from Beau Tibbs—'The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.'

Mrs Gore was a native of East Retford, Nottinghamshire, daughter of Mr Moody, a wine-merchant of that town. In 1823 she was married to Captain C. A. Gore, by whom she had two children, a son and daughter; the latter married, in 1853, to Lord Edward Thynne.

Character of a Prudent Worldly Lady.

From *Women as they Are*.

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June; and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dulllest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world;

but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upwards—

Content to dwell in decencies for ever—

had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic—to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*—the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family-coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire-archival pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret-clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford to command the services of a first-rate steward, and butler, and housekeeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife' of 'a good sort of man!'

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the rapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham; against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spa and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance—her court dress—her dinner-parties—and her refusal to visit the Duchess of —; while, during the reign of her London importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school-house—of the Beech Park double dahlias—and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an aristocratic dinner-party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Montague and Capulet of the county, palatine of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of colloquial boredom, Lady Lilfield acquired the character of being a very charming woman throughout her respectable clan of dinner-giving baronets and their wives; but the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those

Men of the world who know the world like men.

She was but a weed in the nobler field of society.

Exclusive London Life.

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had forgotten the gay green-wood and glorious air of liberty, is not condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements; and when a London beauty expands into ecstasies concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasures and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be

assured that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable; monotony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thousand irregular diverting ways; but the career of a genuine exclusive is one to which a mill-horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses, London establishments, are formed after the same unvarying model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations; and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies, might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fête of the countess on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these desolating facts might be expected to damp the ardour of certain dowagers and dandies who are to be found hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is not wonderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull school-rooms by fallacious promises of pleasure.

MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE.

Another keen observer and caustic delineator of modern manners, MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE, was the authoress of a long series of fictions. This lady had nearly reached her fiftieth year before she entered on that literary career which proved so prolific and distinguished. She first came before the public in 1832, when her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* appeared, and excited great attention. The work was the result of three years' residence and travels in the United States, commencing in 1829. Previous to this period, Mrs Trollope had resided at Harrow. She drew so severe a picture of American faults and foibles—of their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities—that the whole nation was incensed at their English satirist. There is much exaggeration in Mrs Trollope's sketches; but having truth for their foundation, her book is supposed to have had some effect in reforming the 'minor morals' and social habits of the Americans. The same year our authoress continued her satiric portraits, in a novel entitled *The Refugee in America*, marked by the same traits as her former work, but exhibiting little art or talent in the construction of a fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833, she published *The Abbess*, a novel; and in the following year, *Belgium and Western Germany in 1833*, countries where she found much more to gratify and interest her than in America, and where she travelled in generally good-humour. The only serious evil which Mrs Trollope seems to have encountered in Germany was the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whittlaw*, a tale in which she powerfully depicts the miseries of the black and coloured population of the Southern States. In this year, also, she published *Paris and the Parisians in 1835*. In 1837 appeared *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, her best novel, an able and interesting work, full of prejudices, but containing some excellent painting of manners and eccentricities. In 1838 our authoress appeared again as a traveller: *Vienna and the Austrians* was of the same cast as *Belgium and*

Germany, but more deformed by prejudice. Between 1838 and 1843, Mrs Trollope threw off seven or eight novels, and an account of a *Visit to Italy*. The smart caustic style of our authoress was not so well adapted to the classic scenes, manners, and antiquities of Italy, as to the broader features of American life and character, and this work was not so successful as her previous publications. Returning to fiction, we find Mrs Trollope, as usual, abounding. Three novels, of three volumes each, were the produce of 1843—*Hargrave*, *Jessie Phillips*, and *The Laurringtons*. The first is a sketch of a man of fashion; the second, an attack on the new English poor-law; and the third, a lively satire on 'superior people,' the 'bustling Botherbys' of society. Other novels followed; but these later works of Mrs Trollope are much inferior to her early novels: the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength. The indefatigable novelist died at Florence (where she had for several years resided) October 6, 1863, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Mrs Trollope was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, daughter of the Rev. William Milton. She was married in 1809 to Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister, by whom she had six children. 'The wife of a barrister who had not been fortunate,' says the *Athenæum* (1863), 'Frances Trollope found herself, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a home in America, here in England, with the world to begin again, a husband too ill to aid her, and children who needed aid and could as yet give none. Many men in like circumstances would have appealed to public charity, but the true woman's heart did not fail her. She wrote for bread, and reaped that and honour.' She has been honoured too in her surviving sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This lady, long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbit, near Clonmel, September 1, 1790. Her father, Edmund Power, was a small proprietor in Ireland—a *squireen*—who is said to have forced his daughter, when only fifteen, into a marriage with a Captain Farmer. The marriage was unhappy; Marguerite left her husband, and Captain Farmer was accidentally killed. This was in 1817. In a few months afterwards, Marguerite was united to an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. Her rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and the doting husband revelled in every species of extravagant display. In 1822 they set out on a continental tour. They visited Byron in Genoa; and Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron* (published after the death of the poet) present a faithful and interesting—though of course incomplete—picture of the noble bard. In May 1829, Lady Blessington was again left a widow, but with a jointure of about £2000 a year. A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred D'Orsay, son of a French general officer, and remarkable for his handsome appearance and varied accomplishments. This marriage also proved unfortunate; the parties separated, and while the lady remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady

Blessington to England. This connection was only broken by death. It gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society. Count D'Orsay was the acknowledged leader of fashion, besides being an accomplished artist in both painting and sculpture. A career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the countess in debt. She then applied herself to literature, and produced several light sketchy works, now forgotten. Latterly, the popularity of the countess greatly declined. She was forced to break up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington; all was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D'Orsay repaired to Paris. She died June 4, 1849. The count survived her just three years. The most favourable—perhaps the truest—view of this once popular lady is thus given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Mr Procter (Barry Cornwall): 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country found an unflinching welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.'

MRS S. C. HALL.

MRS S. C. HALL, authoress of *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, and various other works, 'is a native of Wexford, though by her mother's side she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage to Samuel Carter Hall in 1824. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might easily imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion.* Mrs Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled *Sketches of Irish Character*. These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, and the works of Miss Edgeworth probably directed Mrs Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humour. The coquetry of her Irish girls—very different from that in high life—is admirably depicted. In 1831 she issued a second series of *Sketches of Irish Character*, fully equal to the first, and which was well received. The Rapparee is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth

and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—an historical romance in three volumes, entitled *The Buccaneer*. The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of *The Buccaneer* is well managed, and some of the characters—as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan—are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834 Mrs Hall published *Tales of Woman's Trials*, short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared *Uncle Horace*, a novel; and in 1838, *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, *The Groves of Blarney*, was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs Hall issued *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraits since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840, Mrs Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflects credit upon his talents and industry—*Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the poetical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humour or pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In 1845, Mrs Hall published what is considered by many her best novel, *The White-boy*—a striking Irish story—and a fairy tale, *Midsummer Eve*; in 1857, *A Woman's Story*; in 1862, *Can Wrong be Right?* in 1868-9, *The Fight of Faith*. To the *Art Journal*, conducted by her husband, Mrs Hall has contributed many pleasant and picturesque sketches, some of which have been collected and re-issued under the title of *Pilgrimages to English Shrines, The Book of the Thames, &c.* Mrs Hall has also produced some pleasing children's books. In tasteful description of natural objects, and pictures of everyday life, Mrs Hall has few superiors. Her humour is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observations so exact and extensive as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but in general they constitute easy delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment.

Depending upon Others.

From *Sketches of Irish Character*.

'Independence!'—it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of

human-kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good-morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.' 'Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and depending on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground—saving your presence—for I depended on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am, dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time anyhow. The child's taken the small-pox, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pox, and I depended on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor; but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nataral, and the woman's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too. I depended on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mintion it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: "Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, depending on him, I thought all safe. And what d' ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn.' 'That's a true word for ye ma'am, dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to depend on.'

G. P. R. JAMES.

MR GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES was one of Scott's historical imitators. If he had not written so much—if, instead of employing

an amanuensis, to whom he dictated his 'thick-coming fancies,' he had concentrated his whole powers on a few congenial subjects or periods of history, and resorted to the manual labour of penmanship as a drag-chain on the machine, he might have attained to the highest honours of this department of literature. As it is, he has furnished many light, agreeable, and picturesque books—none of questionable tendency. Mr James's first appearance as an author was made at the age of seventeen, when he published some eastern tales, entitled *The String of Pearls*. In 1822 he published a *History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince*. In 1825, he struck into that path in which he was so indefatigable, and produced his historical romance of *Richelieu*, a very attractive fiction. In 1830, he issued two romances, *Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, and *De L'Orme*. Next year he produced *Philip Augustus*; in 1832, a *History of Charlemagne*, and a tale, *Henry Masterton*; in 1833, *Mary of Burgundy, or the Revolt of Ghent*; in 1834, *The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall*; in 1835, *One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre*, and *The Gipsy, a Tale*; in 1837, *Attila*, a romance, and *The Life and Times of Louis XIV.*; in 1838, *The Huguenot, a Tale of the French Protestants*, and *The Robber*; in 1839, *Henry of Guise*; and other works of fiction of a similar character. Altogether, the original works of Mr James extend to one hundred and eighty-nine volumes, and he edited about a dozen more! 'There seems,' says a lively writer, 'to be no limit to his ingenuity, his faculty of getting up scenes and incidents, dilemmas, artifices, *contre-temps*, battles, skirmishes, disguises, escapes, trials, combats, adventures.' The sameness of the author's style and characters is, however, too marked to be pleasing.

Mr James was a native of London, born in the year 1801. He early commenced writing tales, encouraged by Washington Irving; and the success of *Richelieu* proved an incentive to exertion. During the reign of William IV., the honorary office of Historiographer of Great Britain was conferred upon him; but he afterwards relinquished it, and proceeded with his family to the United States. He was six years (from 1852 to 1858) consul at Richmond, Virginia; and at the expiration of that period, was appointed consul at Venice, which office he held till his death, June 6, 1860.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

Among our modern authors, the name of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, afterwards LORD LYTTON, was long conspicuous. It is half a century since he appeared as an author, and during that time till his death there was, as Scott said of Byron, 'no reposing under the shade of his laurels—no living upon the resource of past reputation: his foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists.' He is remarkable also as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition. Like Cowley, too, he is memorable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year. This early and indefatigable candidate for literary distinction enjoyed advantages in the circumstances of his birth, education, and for-

tune. He was born in May 1805, the youngest son of General Bulwer of Haydon Hall and Wood-Dalling, in the county of Norfolk. His mother, an amiable and accomplished woman, was of the ancient family of Lytton of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire; and on her death in 1843, the novelist succeeded to her valuable estate, and took the name of Lytton.* General Bulwer died in 1807, and the charge of his three sons fell to his widow, whose care and tenderness have been commemorated by the youngest and most distinguished of her children. 'From your graceful and accomplished taste,' says the novelist, in the dedication of his works to his mother, 'I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic.' He is said to have written verses when he was only five or six years old. In June 1820, appeared his first volume, *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with other Poems, written between the Age of Thirteen and Fifteen*. The boyish rhymes are, of course, merely imitative. His next public appearance was as the successful candidate for the prize poem in Cambridge University; he was then a fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall; and in 1825 he carried off the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem. The subject selected by Bulwer was Sculpture, and his verses are above the average of prize poems. The long vacation in his college terms was spent by our author in rambles over England and Scotland and France. In 1826 he published a volume of miscellaneous verse, entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers*; and in 1827, a poetical narrative, called *O'Neill, or the Rebel*. The latter was in the style of Byron's *Corsair*, echoing the false sentiment and morbid feeling of the noble poet, but wanting the poetic ardour, condensed energy of expression, and graceful picturesqueness which gild, if they do not redeem, the errors of Byron's style. A love of poetry, however intense, even when combined with general literary talent and devoted study of the art 'unteachable, untaught,' will never make a poet; and of this truism Lytton Bulwer was a striking illustration. He returned again and again to his first love and early ambition, and at times seemed to be on the brink of complete success; yet, with all his toil and repeated efforts, he never was able to reach the summit of the sacred mount. The following is a favourable specimen of these poetic aspirations:

Eternal air—and thou, my mother earth,
Hallowed by shade and silence—and the birth
Of the young moon (now watching o'er the sleep
Of the dim mountains and the dreaming deep);

* His full name, like that of his brother-novelist, Mr James, might serve in point of length for a Spanish hidalgo. It was Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. His brother, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (in 1871 raised to the peerage as Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and who died in 1872), was a well-known diplomatist, and author of several works—*An Autumn in Greece*; *France, Social and Literary*; *The Monarchy of the Middle Classes*; a *Life of Lord Byron*, prefixed to a Paris edition of the poet's works; *Historical Characters, Life of Lord Palmerston*, &c. Lord Dalling was described as 'the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian policy in the East.' In 1827 Lord Lytton was married to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq. of Lizzard Connel, county of Limerick—an unhappy connection which was soon dissolved. The lady wrote several novels not deficient in talent, but wild and extravagant. The issue of this marriage was a son and daughter. The latter died in 1848; the former, Edward Robert, now Lord Lytton, has already been noticed as a poet.

And by yon star, Heaven's eldest born—whose light
Calls the first smile upon the cheek of Night;
And beams and bodes, like faith beyond the tomb,
Life through the calm, and glory through the gloom;
My mother earth—and ye, her loftier race,
Midst whom my soul hath held its dwelling-place;
Rivers, and rocks, and valleys, and ye shades
Which sleep at noonday o'er the haunted glades
Made musical by waters and the breeze,
All idly dallying with the glowing trees;
And songs of birds which, ever as they fly,
Breathe the soul and gladness to the summer sky;
Ye courts of Nature, where aloof and lone
She sits and reigns with darkness for her throne;
Mysterious temples of the breathing God,
If 'mid my might my earliest steps have trod;
If in mine inmost spirit still are stored
The wild deep memories childhood most adored;
If still amid the drought and waste of years,
Ye hold the source of smiles and pangless tears:
Will ye not yet inspire me?—for my heart
Beats low and languid—and this idle art,
Which I have summoned for an idle end,
Forsakes and flies me like a faithless friend.
Are all your voices silent? I have made
My home as erst amid your thickest shade:
And even now your soft air from above
Breathes on my temples like a sister's love.
Ah! could it bring the freshness of the day
When first my young heart lingered o'er its lay,
Fain would this wintry soul and frozen string
Recall one wind—one whisper from the spring!

In the same year, 1827, Bulwer published his first novel, *Falkland*, a highly coloured tale of love and passion, calculated to excite and inflame, and evidently based on admiration of the peculiar genius and seductive errors of Byron. Taking up the style of the fashionable novels—rendered popular by Theodore Hook, but then on the wane—Bulwer next came forward with *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, 1828. This is a novel full of brilliant and witty writing, sarcastic levity, representations of the manners of the great, piquant remark, and scenes of intrigue and passion. There was a want of skill in the construction of the story, for the tragic and satirical parts were not well adjusted; but the picture of a man of fashion—a Charles Surface of the nineteenth century—was attractive, and a second edition of *Pelham* was called for in a few months. Towards the close of the same year, Bulwer issued another novel, *The Disowned*, intended by the author to contain 'scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring, thoughts less superficially expressed, passions more energetically called forth, and a more sensible and pervading moral tendency.' This was aiming at a high mark; but the labour was too apparent. The scene of the novel was laid in the last century—the days of Chesterfield, George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole; but it had no peculiar character or appropriate illustration, and consequently did not attain to the popularity of *Pelham*. *Devereux, a Novel*, 1829, was a more finished performance. 'The lighter portion,' said one of the critics in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'does not dispute the field with the deeper and more sombre, but follows gracefully by its side, relieving and heightening it. We move, indeed, among the great, but it is the great of other times—names familiar in our mouths—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans; amidst manners perhaps as frivolous as those of the day, but which the gentle

touch of time has already invested with an antiquarian dignity; the passions of men, the machinery of great motives and universal feelings, occupy the front; the humours, the affections, the petty badges of sects and individuals, retire into the shadows of the background: no undercurrent of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith.' In 1830 Bulwer brought out another work of fiction, *Paul Clifford*, the hero being a romantic highwayman, familiar with the haunts of low vice and dissipation, but afterwards transformed and elevated by the influence of love. Parts are ably written, but the general effect of the novel was undoubtedly injurious to the public taste and morals. The author seemed to be sinking into a representative of the artificial, unnatural school—an embodiment of Moore's sentimentalist—

A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werther-faced man,
With moustaches that gave—what we read of so oft—
The dear Corsair expression, half-savage, half-soft.

And with this sickly sentimentalism there was a great deal of prolix description. The love of satire, which had mingled largely in all Bulwer's works, took a more definite shape in 1831, in *The Siamese Twins*, a poem satirical of fashion, of travellers, of politicians, London notoriety, and various other things, discussed or glanced at in sportive or bitter mood, and in verses that flow easily, and occasionally express vigorous and lively thoughts. Among the miscellaneous poems that follow *The Siamese Twins*, is one entitled *Milton*, which was subsequently corrected and enlarged, and is unquestionably Bulwer's best poetical production. He tried fiction again—the poetical satire having proved a comparative failure—and produced, in 1831, *Eugene Aram*, a story of English life, founded on the history of the clever murderer of that name. This novel was suggested to Bulwer, and partly sketched out, by Godwin. The character of the sordid but ingenious Eugene Aram is idealised by the fancy of the novelist. He is made an enthusiastic student and amiable visionary. The humbling part of his crime was, he says, 'its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy: these made his chiefest penance.' Unconscious that detection was close at hand, Aram is preparing to wed an interesting and noble-minded woman, the generous Madeline; and the scenes connected with this ill-fated passion possess a strong and tragical interest. Throughout the work are scattered some beautiful moral reflections and descriptions, imbued with poetical feeling and expression. What lover of literature, for example, does not sympathise with this passage?

Admiration of Genius.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look up-

ward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him.

There was strong interest, though a want of simplicity and nature, in *Eugene Aram*; but Bulwer's next novel, *Godolphin*, published anonymously, was in all respects an inferior work. About this time, he undertook the management of the *New Monthly Magazine*—which had attained a high reputation under the editorship of Campbell—and published in that work several essays and criticisms, subsequently collected and issued under the title of *The Student*. In 1833 appeared his *England and the English*, a series of observations on society, literature, the aristocracy, travelling, and other characteristics and peculiarities of the English people. Some of these are acute and clever, but many are tinged with prejudice, and a desire to appear original and sarcastic. *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834)—a fanciful and beautifully illustrated work—was Bulwer's next offering; and it was almost immediately afterwards succeeded by one of his best romances, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. This brilliant and interesting classic story was followed by one still more vigorous and masterly, the tale of *Rienzi*, *the Last of the Tribunes*, which is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's romantic fictions. His tendency to minute and prolonged description is, in these works, relieved by the associations connected with his story, and by historical information, while the reader's interest in the characters and incidents is seldom permitted to flag. Bulwer might then be said to have attained the acme of popularity as an imaginative writer, but he was still to appear as a master of the English domestic novel.

Ambitious of shining in politics as in literature, our author had obtained a seat in the House of Commons. In 1831 he was returned for the borough of St Ives, and in the following year for the city of Lincoln, which he continued to represent until the year 1842. He was a supporter of extreme Reform principles; and in 1835 he conferred a signal favour on his party by a political pamphlet, entitled *The Crisis*, which had almost unexampled success. Lord Melbourne, in return for this powerful support, offered Bulwer an appointment in his administration. He declined to accept office; but in 1838 the honour of a baronetcy was conferred upon him. He afterwards greatly modified his political opinions—conscientiously, there is every reason to believe—and in 1852 he was returned as a Conservative member for Hertfordshire, the county in which his property was situated. His few parliamentary speeches were able and comprehensive. They evinced little of the partisan or keen debater, but were marked by a thoughtful earnestness, and by large and liberal views of our national interests and

dependencies. In politics, he was still the man of letters—not a political adventurer; and in the busiest portions of his public life, literature was never neglected.

In 1837 appeared Bulwer's novel of *Ernest Maltravers*. He designed this story to illustrate 'what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled.' The character of Maltravers is far from pleasing; and Alice Darvil is evidently a copy from Byron's Haidee. Ferrers, the villain of the tale, is also a Byronic creation; and, on the whole, the violent contrasts and gloomy delineations of this novel render it more akin to the spurious offspring of sentimental romance, than to the family of the genuine English novel. A continuation of this work was given in the following year, under the title of *Alice, or the Mysteries*, with no improvement as to literary power or correct moral philosophy, but still containing some fresh and exquisite descriptions, and delightful portraiture. His next work was *Athens*, partly historical and partly philosophical. In the same year (1838) we had *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*, and *Calderon the Courtier*—light and sketchy productions. Passing over the dramas of Bulwer, we come to *Night and Morning*, a novel with a clear and simple plot, and some good characters. Gawtreay, a swindler, is well drawn, and the account of his death affords a specimen of the novelist's 'scenic' style. Gawtreay is the chief of a gang of coiners in Paris; they are detected, and Gawtreay, with his associate Morton, is pursued to the attic in which they live.

Death of Gawtreay the Coiner.

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices. 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gawtreay. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

Morton opened the casement—Gawtreay uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtreay flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark!—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And, now straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreay was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreay seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous

depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voilà! le voilà!*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreay; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtreay, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtreay arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtreay's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—near—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardest on whose ear it came. Morton sprung to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

This novel of *Night and Morning* was followed by *Day and Night*, *Lights and Shadows*, *Glimmer and Gloom*, an affected title to a picturesque and interesting story. *Zanoni*, 1842, is more unconnected in plot and vicious in style than the previous fictions of Bulwer, and possesses no strong or permanent interest. *Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems*, 1842, was another attempt of our author to achieve poetical honours, ever present to his imagination, but, like the flowers on the mountain cliff,

Not to be come at by the willing hand.

We give, however, from the volume a happy definition:

Talent and Genius.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes:
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Claps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask—'What Hamlet means?'

The next work of our author was *The Last of the Barons*, 1843, an historical romance, describing the times of Warwick the King-maker, and containing the most beautiful of Bulwer's female creations, the character of Sybill. Though too much elaborated in some parts, and even dreary as a story, this romance, viewed as a whole, is a powerful and great work. In 1844 the novelist appeared as a translator: he gave to the world a version of Schiller's poems—executed carefully, as all Bulwer's works are, and occasionally with poetic spirit and felicity. He then ventured on an original poetical work, *The New Timon*, a poem partly satirical and partly narrative, which he issued anonymously, the first part appearing at Christmas 1845, and three others being subsequently added. *Timon* is a romance of London, exhibiting, on the groundwork of an improbable plot, sketches of the leading public men and authors of the metropolis—eulogising some, vituperating others, and dealing about praise and censure with a degree of rashness, levity, and bad taste almost inconceivable in so practised a writer and so accomplished a man. Among those whom he assailed, both in verse and prose, was Alfred Tennyson, who was designated 'School Miss Alfred;' and the poetry of the laureate—so highly original, refined, and suggestive—was classed among

The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats.

That the satirist was unable to appreciate the works of Wordsworth, Keats, or Tennyson, is incredible. We must impute this *escapade* to a desire to say smart and severe things, as Pope and Byron had said before him, and to try his artistic hand in a line of authorship sure to attract attention. The disguise of the *New Timon* was seen through, and 'Miss Alfred' is believed to have rebuked the audacity of the assailant in a very masculine reply.* But whatever were his affectations or blunders, Bulwer persevered, and he at last wrought out works worthy of his

* We know him, out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke—
The Old Timon with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New:
Regard him—a familiar face;
I thought we knew him. What! it's you,
The padded man that wears the boys;

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote:
O Lion, you that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*. . . .

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame. . . .

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt? . . .

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

Punch, 1846.

fame. His next novel, however, was not a happy effort. *Lucretia, or the Children of Night*, was written to exhibit some of the workings of the arch-ruler of civilisation, Money, 'which ruins virtues in the spendthrift, no less than engenders vices in the miser.' The subject is treated in a melodramatic style, with much morbid sentiment and unnecessary horrors; and the public condemnation of the tale was so emphatic, that Sir Edward (who was tremblingly alive to criticism on his works) deemed it necessary to reply in *A Word to the Public*. In this pamphlet the novelist sought to vindicate the moral tendency of his tales, and to defend the introduction of crime and terror in works of fiction. His reasoning was just in the abstract, but had no particular reference to the story in question, which was defective as a work of art; and, notwithstanding his defence, Sir Edward, in a subsequent edition, modified some of the incidents and details. As a contrast to *Lucretia*, he next presented the public with a tale of English domestic life, *The Caxtons, a Family Picture*, which appeared in monthly parts in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in 1849 was collected and issued in the usual three-volume form. Free from all mysticism and terror, and abounding in humour, quaint fancies, and delineation of character, this work was highly successful. The characters were modelled upon the creations of Sterne—the head of the family being a simple, learned, absent recluse, who speculates like Mr Shandy; while his brother the half-pay captain, his son Pisistratus—the historian of the family—his gentle, affectionate wife, and the eccentric family doctor, are all more or less copies from the elder novelist, retaining much of his genial spirit, whim, and satire, but with none of his grossness. While this work was in progress, delighting the readers of the magazine, its untiring author issued another historical romance, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*, a story of love and war, of Gothic and Celtic superstitions and character, presenting much animated description, though somewhat overlaid with archæological details. The same year (1848), alternating, as before, poetical with prose fiction, and again assuming the anonymous guise, Sir Edward came forward with the first part of a metrical romance, *King Arthur, by the Author of the New Timon*. The concluding portion was published early in 1849, and with it the name of the author was given. A serio-comic legendary poem in twelve books was a bold experiment. Sir Edward had bestowed on the work much thought and labour. It exhibits a great amount of research, of curious mythological and Scandinavian lore, and of ingenious allusions to modern events and characters, mixed up with allegorical and romantic incidents. We have the wandering king sent out by Merlin in quest of chivalrous adventures, guided by his emblematic silver dove (love), and protected by his magic sword (heroic patriotism) and by his silver shield (freedom). He vanquishes, of course, all enemies, and ranges through all regions, having also his lady-love, *Æglé*, a fair maid of Etruria. But with all its variety, its ingenuity, and learned lore, *King Arthur* is found to be tedious. The charm of human interest is wanting, and the vivifying soul of poetry which lightens up the allegories of Spenser and Ariosto is absent from the pages of their modern imitator.

The blending of satire and comic scenes with romantic fable, though sanctioned by the example of Ariosto, was also a perilous attempt; and we cannot say that the covert descriptions of Louis-Philippe, Guizot, or the Parisian February revolution, are either very just or very effective. Here is the portrait of the French minister:

With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismissed;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend!

And yet Astutio was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damned his fame to save his master's will.

Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapped in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws, which ran through each division,
All neatly coloured with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
The 'golden medium' was his guiding star,
Which means, 'move on until you're uppermost,
And then things can't be better than they are!'
Brief, in two rules he summed the ends of man—
'Keep all you have, and try for all you can!'

In 1851 Bulwer wrote a comedy, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, which was performed at Devonshire House, in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art—an institution for decayed and destitute authors and artists, projected by Charles Dickens and others, but which proved a failure. The Queen and Prince Consort were present at this dramatic representation, and among the amateur performers were Dickens, Forster, R. H. Horne, Mark Lemon, and Frank Stone.

The later works of this eminent author fulfilled the promise of healthful moral feeling, and the more complete mastery of his intellectual resources—indicated in the family picture of the Caxtons. *My Novel, or Varieties of English Life*, 1853, and *What will He Do with It?* 1858, are genuine English stories, uniting the characteristics of town and country life, and presenting the contrasts of national character. His country squires and clergymen are both too good, and his manufacturers and merchants too coarse and vulgar. He views Society too exclusively from the atmosphere of despatch and May Fair. He is also more apt to develop his characters than to develop them in action and dialogue; and his digressions, though always ingenious, even when they are pedantic and egotistical, are sometimes misplaced. These are his most prominent defects or drawbacks. But there is so much variety in his portraits, so much light the fancy and exercise the understanding that it is on these English tales, as we conceive, that his novelist's fame will ultimately rest. His *Caxtoniana*, a series of essays (1863) and contributions to the Reviews, are also worthy of his station. In the course of his long career he exhibited an amazing versatility of intellect and noble perseverance. He worked himself free of the

pruriency and affectations of his early manner, and displayed the matured powers of the artist, with deeper and broader sympathies, and a wiser philosophy of human life.

In 1853 Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer received from the university of Oxford the degree of D.C.L.; in 1856 he was elected Rector of the university of Glasgow; and in 1858 he joined the administration of the Earl of Derby as Secretary for Colonial Affairs. In 1866 he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lytton. His literary industry was never relaxed. He successively produced *The Lost Tales of Miletus*, a collection of ancient legends in original rhythmical strophes (1866); a translation of *Horace's Odes* (1869); *Walpole, or Every Man has his Price*, a rhyming comedy (1869); and *The Coming Race* (1870). The last is a narrative of imaginary travels; it was published anonymously, and excited much attention and speculation, running rapidly through several editions. In this curious work Lord Lytton seems to have been indebted for some hints to a Latin work by Holberg, the Danish poet, *Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterranean*, of which a translation is given in Weber's Popular Romances. Both profess to be the narrative of an underground journey, the countries that are the scene of the travels being alike situated in the interior of the earth. In 1872-3, a novel, *The Parisians*, appeared in monthly parts in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and Lord Lytton had just completed another work, *Kenelm Chillingly*, when his busy career terminated. He was seized with a severe pain—a terrible agony—from inflammation in the ear and head, which in three days proved fatal. He died at Torquay on the 18th of January 1873, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of Lord Lytton was much regretted. He was at the head of our literature, with the single exception of Mr Carlyle; his works were popular over all Europe, and his fertility and industry seemed unabated. His son, the present Lord Lytton, has, with a just pride, said of his father: 'Whether as an author, standing apart from all literary cliques and coteries, or as a politician, never wholly subject to the exclusive dictation of any political party, he always thought and acted in sympathy with every popular aspiration for the political, social, and intellectual improvement of the whole national life.*' Lord Lytton left an unfinished romance, *Pausanias, the Spartan*, which was published (edited by his son) in 1876.

Imagination on Canvas and in Books.

It is when we compare works of imagination in writing with works of imagination on the canvas, that we can best form a critical idea of the different schools which exist in each; for common both to the author and the painter are those styles which we call the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual. By recurring to this comparison, we can without much difficulty classify works of fiction in their proper order, and estimate the rank they should severally hold. The intellectual will probably never be the most widely popular for the moment. He who prefers to study in this school, must be prepared for much depreciation, for its greatest excellences, even if he achieve them, are not the most obvious to the many. In discussing, for instance, a modern work, we hear it praised, perhaps,

* Prefatory Memoir to *Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton*, 1874.

for some striking passage, some prominent character; but when do we ever hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fitness of design, on its ideal character, on its essentials—in short, as a work of art? What we hear most valued in a picture, we often find the most neglected in a book—namely, *the composition*; and this, simply, because in England painting is recognised as an art, and estimated according to definite theories. But in literature, we judge from a taste never formed—from a thousand prejudices and ignorant predilections. We do not yet comprehend that the author is an artist, and that the true rules of art by which he should be tested are precise and immutable. Hence the singular and fantastic caprices of the popular opinion—its exaggerations of praise or censure—its passion and reaction. These violent fluctuations betray both a public and a criticism utterly unschooled in the elementary principles of literary art, and entitle the humblest author to dispute the censure of the hour, while they ought to render the greatest suspicious of its praise.

It is, then, in conformity, not with any presumptuous conviction of his own superiority, but with his common experience and common sense, that every author who addresses an English audience in serious earnest, is permitted to feel that his final sentence rests not with the jury before which he is first heard. The literary history of the day consists of a series of judgments set aside.

But this uncertainty must more essentially betide every student, however lowly, in the school I have called the intellectual, which must ever be more or less at variance with the popular canons; it is its hard necessity to use and disturb the lazy quietude of vulgar taste, for unless it did so, it could neither elevate nor move. He who resigns the Dutch art for the Italian, must continue through the dark to explore the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution; in hope or in despondence, still faithful to the theory which cares less for the amount of interest created, than for the sources from which the interest is to be drawn—seeking in action the movement of the prouder passions or the subtler springs of conduct—seeking in repose the colouring of intellectual beauty.

The low and the high of art are not very readily comprehended; they depend not upon the worldly degree or the physical condition of the characters delineated; they depend entirely upon the quality of the emotion which the characters are intended to excite; namely, whether of sympathy for something low, or of admiration for something high. There is nothing high in a boor's head by Teniers—there is nothing low in a boor's head by Guido. What makes the difference between the two? The absence or presence of the ideal! But every one can judge of the merit of the first, for it is of the familiar school; it requires a connoisseur to see the merit of the last, for it is of the intellectual.

Power and Genius—Idols of Imagination.

From *The Last of the Barons*.

The father and child seated themselves on the parapet, and saw, below, the gay and numerous vessels that glided over the sparkling river, while the dark walls of Baynard's Castle, the adjoining bulwark and battlements of Montfichet, and the tall watch-tower of Warwick's mighty mansion, frowned, in the distance, against the soft blue sky.

'There,' said Adam quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs—'there seems to rise power; and yonder' (glancing to the river)—'yonder seems to flow genius! A century or so hence, the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle, and founds the power—God forms the river, and creates the genius. And yet, Sybill, there may be streams as broad and

stately as yonder Thames, that flow afar in the waste, never seen, never heard by man. What profits the river unmarked? what the genius never to be known?'

It was not a common thing with Adam Warner to be thus eloquent. Usually silent and absorbed, it was not his gift to moralise or declaim. His soul must be deeply moved before the profound and buried sentiment within it could escape into words.

Sybill pressed her father's hand, and, though her own heart was very heavy, she forced her lips to smile, and her voice to soothe. Adam interrupted her.

'Child, child, ye women know not what presses darkest and most bitterly on the minds of men. You know not what it is to form out of immaterial things some abstract but glorious object—to worship—to serve it—to sacrifice to it, as on an altar, youth, health, hope, life—and suddenly, in old age, to see that the idol was a phantom, a mockery, a shadow laughing us to scorn, because we have sought to clasp it.'

'O yes, father, women have known that illusion.'

'What! Do they study?'

'No, father, but they feel!'

'Feel! I comprehend thee not.'

'As man's genius to him, is woman's heart to her,' answered Sybill, her dark and deep eyes suffused with tears. 'Doth not the heart create—invent? Doth it not dream? Doth it not form its idol out of air? Goeth it not forth into the future, to prophesy to itself? And, sooner or later, in age or youth, doth it not wake itself at last, and see how it hath wasted its all on follies? Yes, father, my heart can answer, when thy genius would complain.'

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

MR W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, son of a solicitor in Manchester, was born in 1805. He has written several novels and romances, partly founded on English history and manners. His first novel, *Sir John Chiverton*, appeared in 1825. His next work, *Rookwood*, 1834, is a very animated narrative, in which the adventures of Turpin the highwayman are graphically related, and some of the vulgar superstitions of the last century coloured with a tinge of romance. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Mr Ainsworth evinced a dramatic power and art, but no originality or felicity of humour or character. His romance, *Crichton*, 1836, is founded on the marvellous history of the Scottish cavalier, but is scarcely equal to the first. He has since written *Jack Sheppard* (1839), a sort of Newgate romance, *The Tower of London*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Old St Paul's*, *Windsor Castle*, *The Lancashire Witches*, *The Star Chamber*, *The Flitch of Bacon*, *The Spendthrift*, &c. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these works, but their tendency must be reprobated. To portray scenes of low successful villainy, and to paint ghastly and hideous details of human suffering, can be no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one likely to promote among novel-readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment. The story of *Jack Sheppard*, illustrated by the pencil of Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, son of Mr Isaac D'Israeli, author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, was born in London, December 21, 1804. He was privately educated, and placed in a solicitor's office, in order to give him some knowledge

of business. His inclination, however, was for literature, not law, and in 1826 he appeared as an author, publishing *Vivian Grey*, a novel in two volumes. A second part was added in the following year. The work was read with great avidity. It contained so many and such direct references to public men and recent events—such sarcastic views of society and character in high life—and was at once so arrogant, egotistic, and clever, that it became the book of the season and the talk of the town. Passages of glowing sentiment and happy description gave evidence of poetic feeling and imagination. In 1828, the young novelist continued his vein of sarcasm in *The Voyage of Captain Popenille*, an adaptation of Swift's *Gulliver* to modern times and circumstances. He then sought out new scenes abroad, travelling over Italy and Greece, residing for a winter in Constantinople, and exploring Syria, Egypt, and Nubia. On his return to England, Mr Disraeli began to mingle in the political contests and excitement caused by the Reform Bill and the advent of the Whigs to power. He was ambitious of a seat in parliament, and made three unsuccessful efforts for this purpose—the first two as an extreme Reformer, and the third in the character of a Conservative. He quarrelled with O'Connell and Joseph Hume, wrote furious letters against all gainsayers, and sent a challenge to O'Connell's son. He then became the Coryphaeus of the party denominated 'Young England,' and professed to look for the elements of national regeneration and welfare in the exertions and energies of the 'heroic youth' of the country. From 1830 to 1833 he produced several works of fiction—*The Young Duke*, *Contarini Fleming*, *The Wondrous Tale of Aloy*, *The Rise of Iskander, Ixion in Heaven*, &c. The best of these is *Contarini Fleming*, which he afterwards termed *The Psychological Romance*. Though in the highest degree improbable as a story, and exaggerated in tone and sentiment, passages of fine imagination, satire, and description abound in this romance. The hero seemed to be a self-delineation of the author—an idealised Disraeli, revelling in scenes of future greatness, baffling foreign diplomatists and political intriguers, and trampling down all opposition by the brilliancy of his intellect and the force of his will. In *Aloy*, the author's imagination ran to waste. It is written in a strain of Eastern hyperbole, in a sort of lyrical prose, and is without purpose, coherence, or interest. Nothing daunted by the ridicule heaped on this work, Mr Disraeli made a still bolder flight next year. In 1834 appeared, in quarto, *The Revolutionary Epic*, *the Work of Disraeli the Younger, Author of The Psychological Romance*. Such a title was eminently provocative of ridicule, and the feeling was heightened by the preface, in which the author stated that his poem was suggested on the plains of Troy, but that 'the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time.' He instanced the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and the *Paradise Lost*, adding: 'And the Spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated? For me remains the *Revolutionary Epic*.' Accordingly, the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism are made to appear before the throne of Demogorgon, to plead in blank verse the cause of their separate political systems, and Faith and Fealty and 'Young England' are triumphant. No work of Mr Dis-

raeli's was ever without some passage of originality or power, and a few of the monologues and descriptions in this epic are wrought up with considerable effect; but on the whole it is heavy and incongruous, and was universally considered a failure. Some political dissertations succeeded—*The Crisis Examined*, *Vindication of the English Constitution*, *Letters of Runnymede*, &c. These are strongly anti-Whiggish, written after the model of Junius, and abound in elaborate sarcasm and invective, occasionally degenerating into bombast, but with traces of that command of humorous illustration which afterwards distinguished Mr Disraeli as a parliamentary debater. The years 1836 and 1837 were marked by the production of two more novels—*Henrietta Temple*, a *Love Story*, and *Venetia*. The former is one of the most pleasing and consistent of the author's fictions; the second is an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley in connection with a series of improbable incidents. Shortly after the appearance of his tale of *Venetia*, its author was gratified by the acquisition of that long-coveted honour, a seat in parliament. He was returned for the borough of Maidstone, along with Mr Wyndham Lewis, who died in 1838; and in the following year Mr Disraeli married the widow of his late colleague, who, in 1868, was elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield. Mr Disraeli's first speech was looked forward to with some interest, for he had menaced O'Connell with the threat, 'We shall meet at Philippi; and had piqued the public curiosity by his political reveries and bold satire; so that a performance rich in amusement, if not one of high triumph, was anticipated. In style and delivery the speech resembled Mr Disraeli's oriental magnificence: it was received with shouts of derisive laughter, in the midst of which the speaker fairly broke down, but in conclusion he thundered out with prophetic sagacity: 'I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me.' It was long, however, before he ventured on a second attempt; and when he did come forward again on that trying arena, it was obvious that he had profited by the failure and by the subsequent discipline it had led him to undertake. It is not within our province to review the political career of Mr Disraeli. In time his talent, or rather genius, took a practical shape; his taste and ambition were chastened, and his efforts as a politician and debater were crowned with brilliant success. 'It is a common opinion,' as he has himself said, 'that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action. But in life it is wisest to judge men individually, and not decide upon them by general rules. The common opinion in this instance may be very often correct; but where it fails to apply its influence, may involve us in fatal mistakes. A literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Caius Julius and Frederick the Great were both eminently literary characters, and yet were perhaps the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times.' Before the novelist had succeeded in realising this rare combination, he continued his literary labours. In 1839 he produced a tragedy, *Alcaros*, which is alike deficient in poetic power

and artistic skill. In 1844 and 1845 he was successful with two semi-political novels, *Coningsby, or the New Generation*, and *Sybil, or the Two Nations*. The former was a daring attempt to portray the public men of his own times—to delineate the excesses of the Marquis of Hertford, the subservience and Irish assurance of Mr John Wilson Croker (Rigby), the tuft-hunting and dissipation of Theodore Hook, and the political influence and social life of men like the Duke of Rutland and Lord Lonsdale. The lower class of trading politicians and supple subordinatés was well drawn in the trio Messrs Earwig, Tadpole, and Taper; while the doctrines of 'Young England' were exemplified in the hero, Coningsby (the Hon. Mr Smythe), in Sidonia the Jew (obviously Mr Disraeli himself), and in the various dialogues and episodes scattered throughout the work. Pictures of high life and fashionable frivolities vary the graver scenes, and defects in our domestic institutions and arrangements are commented upon in the author's pointed and epigrammatic style. These opinions of the 'new generation' are often false in sentiment and utterly impracticable—such as the proposed revival of May-games and other rustic sports, with profuse hospitality on the part of land-owners—while the historical retrospects of public affairs and English rulers are glaringly partial and unjust. The same defects characterise *Sybil*, but with less interest in the narrative portions of the work. It is, indeed, more strictly a collection of political essays and conversations than a novel. One peculiarity in these works, and one which has become characteristic of Mr Disraeli, is his chivalrous defence of the Jews. Touched by hereditary associations and poetic fancy, he places the Hebrew race above all others. But even in their day of power the Jews yielded to various conquerors, and their depressed political condition cannot but be regarded as a proof of inferiority. The next flight of our author was towards the East. *Tancred, or the New Crusade*, 1847, is extravagant and absurd in its whole conception and plot, yet contains some gorgeous descriptions of oriental life and scenery. The hero, Tancred, a young English nobleman, desires to 'penetrate the great Asian mystery,' and travels over the Holy Land, encountering perils and adventures; he fights, loves, and meditates; but in the end, when the reader expects to be able to 'pluck the heart out of this great mystery,' the English father and mother appear in Jerusalem, and bear off the errant and enthusiastic crusader. With this second 'wild and wondrous tale' Mr Disraeli's career as a novelist closed for a quarter of a century. He was now immersed in politics, and conspicuous as a debater. When Sir Robert Peel avowed and acted upon his conversion to the principles of free-trade, he was assailed, night after night, by Mr Disraeli in speeches memorable for their bitterness, their concentrated sarcasm, and studied invective. No minister since Walpole had been so incessantly and perseveringly attacked. He denounced Sir Robert Peel as the head of an 'organised hypocrisy,' and as a politician who had 'found the Whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes.' The Opposition at this time was led by Lord George Bentinck; and when the chief was cut off by a sudden and premature death, Mr Disraeli commemorated his services in a volume entitled *Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biog-*

raphy, 1851. A few months after this period, the Earl of Derby was called upon to form a Conservative administration, and Mr Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He retired with his party after about nine months' possession of office; but when Lord Derby returned again to power in 1858, Mr Disraeli resumed his former important appointment. In 1859, the defeat of the administration again led to his retirement. In February 1868 he attained the highest parliamentary distinction—he was appointed first Lord of the Treasury or Premier. This office he held till December of the same year, when the Conservative administration was supplanted by that of Mr Gladstone. In 1870 Mr Disraeli astonished the world by appearing again as a novelist—author of *Lothair*, the weakest of all his novels, yet the one which has had the greatest circulation. In 1874 Mr Disraeli was once more restored to his high office of First Minister of the Crown, and in 1876 he was called to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.

The Principle of Utility.

'In this country,' said Sidonia, 'since the peace, there has been an attempt to advocate a reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. I speak not with lightness of the labours of the disciples of that school. I bow to intellect in every form: and we should be grateful to any school of philosophers, even if we disagree with them; doubly grateful in this country, where for so long a period our statesmen were in so pitiable an arrear of public intelligence. There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed. It must ultimately have failed under any circumstances: its failure in an ancient and densely peopled kingdom was inevitable. How limited is human reason, the profoundest inquirers are most conscious. We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' 'And you think, then, that as imagination once subdued the state, imagination may now save it?' 'Man is made to adore and to obey: but if you will not command him—if you give him nothing to worship—he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.' 'But where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries? Who can feel loyalty to a sovereign of Downing Street?' 'I speak of the eternal principles of human nature; you answer me with the passing accidents of the hour. Sects rise and sects disappear. Where are the Fifth-monarchy men? England is governed by Downing Street: once it was governed by Alfred and Elizabeth.'

Jerusalem.—From 'Tancred.'

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome:

for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolan and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wafts among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jhoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of

Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognises in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilisation, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilised of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divinc image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom

they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valour, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognised the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.

The Hebrew Race.—From 'Coningsby.'

'You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the Life of Mohammed. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone. I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the court of St Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, has not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St Petersburg. I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Cristiano, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should

be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of hosts?'—'And is Soult a Hebrew?'—'Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example—his real name was Manasseh.—But to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes. Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature, we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery; during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza! But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyrant can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations—the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted—have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your "Muscadins" of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.'

Pictures of Swiss Scenery and of the City of Venice.

It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic

power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts, leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly—and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees and the wild-flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace—wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy. . . .

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love—these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.

SAMUEL WARREN.

In vivid painting of the passions, and depicting scenes of modern life, the tales of MR SAMUEL WARREN (born in Denbighshire in 1807) enjoyed on their appearance a high degree of popularity. His *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, two volumes, 1837, contain many touching and beautiful stories. His *Ten Thousand a Year* (1841), though in some parts ridiculously exaggerated, and liable to the suspicion of being a satire upon the middle classes, is also an amusing and able novel. The same remark applies to his third work of fiction, *Now and Then* (1847). After the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr Warren published a slight work, *The Lily and the Bee*, which was almost inconceivably puerile and absurd. In 1854 he produced a work on the *Moral and Intellectual Development of the Age*. He has contributed various articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and has written several professional works, besides editing *Blackstone's Commentaries*. In 1859 Mr Warren was appointed one of the two Masters in Lunacy.

MRS BRAY.

MRS ANNA ELIZA BRAY has written several novels, and other works, descriptive and biographical. A native of Devonshire, this lady became in 1818 the wife of Mr Charles Stothard, author of *The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*; and on the premature death of Mr Stothard, his widow published Memoirs of his life. She was afterwards married to the Rev. Mr Bray, vicar of Tavistock. The novels of Mrs Bray are—*De Foix, or Sketches of Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century*, 1826; *The White Hoods*, 1828; *The Protestant*, 1829; *Fitz of Fitzford*; *Henry de Pomeroy*; *Talba, or the Moor of Portugal*; *Trelawney of Trelawney*; *Trials of Domestic Life*; &c. Mrs Bray has also published *Traditions and Sketches of Devonshire* (being a series of letters addressed to Southey the poet); *Tours in Normandy and Switzerland*; and a *Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.*, 1851. In 1844 a collected edition of Mrs Bray's works of fiction was published in ten volumes. She has since added several works—*Life of Handel*, 1857; *The Good St Louis and his Times*; *Hartland Forest*, 1871; &c.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

MR CROKER (1798–1854) was one of the most industrious and tasteful collectors of the legendary lore, the poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland. He was a native of Cork—a city famous also as the birthplace of Maginn, Maclise, and Mahony (Father Prout). In 1824 appeared Mr Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland*; in 1825, the first portion of his *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, to which two additional volumes were added in 1827. His other works are—*Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney*, two volumes, 1828; *Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime founded on that Story*, 1829; *Barney Mahoney*, 1832; *My Village versus Our Village*, 1832; *Popular Songs of Ireland*, 1839; *Historical Songs of Ireland*, 1841; &c. Mr Croker edited various works illustrative of the history of his country. He held the office of clerk in the Admiralty, to which he had been appointed through the influence of his countryman and namesake, John Wilson Croker. The tales of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village* are Mr Crofton Croker's only strictly original works. Neither is of the first class. Miss Mitford, in *Our Village*, may have occasionally dressed or represented her village *en vaudeville*, like the back-scene of a theatre, but Mr Croker in *My Village* errs on the opposite side. He gives us a series of Dutch paintings, too little relieved by imagination or passion to excite or gratify the curiosity of the reader. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, describing a lake or ruin, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, and chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen in their humours, their superstition, and rustic simplicity. The following is related by one of his characters:

The Last of the Irish Serpents.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St Patrick, and how he drove the serpents and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered

all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine bolts upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you?' 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine bolts upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St Patrick: 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he; 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St Patrick began at once to bolt the nine iron bolts. 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling?' says St Patrick; 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be.—And that's the way St Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Few authors succeed in achieving so brilliant a reputation as that which was secured by MR CHARLES DICKENS in a few years. The sale of his works has been almost unexampled, and several of them have been translated into various languages, including even the Dutch and Russian. Writings so universally popular must appeal to passions and tastes common to mankind in every country, and at the same time must possess originality, novelty of style or subject, and force of delineation. Mr Dickens was born February 7, 1812, at Landport, in Portsea, in that middle rank of English life, within and below which his sympathies and

powers as a novelist were bounded. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and was then stationed in the Portsmouth Dockyard. He was a good-natured thriftless man; but both he and his wife lived to enjoy the prosperity of their celebrated son. Charles was the second in a family of eight children, two of whom died in infancy, and only one of whom (a sister) survived her distinguished brother. When only two years old, Charles was brought with his parents to London; but their home was soon afterwards again changed, as the elder Dickens was placed upon duty in Chatham. There Charles lived till he was about nine years of age, and made his first acquaintance with *Don Quixote* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Tales of the Genii*, some of the essayists, and Mrs Inchbald's collection of farces. The dramatic spirit was always strong in him. The family was again moved to London; and the circumstances of the elder Dickens getting embarrassed, he was before long imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt. Almost everything in the house was by degrees sold or pawned, the books among other things, and little Charles was the agent in these sorrowful transactions. About the same time a relative of the family took a share in a blacking warehouse, which was started in opposition to 'Warren's Blacking.' Charles, then a weakly, sensitive child, was sent to work in this establishment at a wage of six or seven shillings a week, his occupation being to cover the blacking-pots with paper. In a fragment of autobiography which he left unpublished, Charles describes his wretchedness at this time. It does not appear that he was over-wrought or received unkind treatment, but a sense of degradation settled on his mind, his lively imagination intensified the misery of his situation, and he suffered bitterly while suffering in silence. He was only eleven or twelve years old when he left this uncongenial employment. Writing about a quarter of a century afterwards, he says: 'From that hour till this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain which I then dropped, thank God.' He adds that he never had the courage to go back to the place where his servitude began (about Hungerford Stairs) until the very nature of the ground was changed! The bitterness with which Dickens speaks of this portion of his life, and of the seeming neglect of his parents, appears rather the reflection of what he felt in after-life, in the midst of his success, than what he experienced at the time. It reminds us of Swift's recollection of what he deemed the sordid parsimony and neglect of his uncle, on whose protection he was thrown. In both cases there was an unhealthy morbid feeling. The affairs of the elder Dickens afterwards improved a little, and Charles was put to school. When about fifteen he was placed in an attorney's office among the inferior grade of young clerks. Having probably small prospect of advancement there, he took to the study of short-hand, frequented the British Museum, and read diligently. 'Pray, Mr Dickens,' said a friend one day to the young student's father, 'where was your son educated?'

‘Why, indeed, sir—ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself.’ In *Pickwick*, Mr Weller speaks in a similar strain about his hopeful son Sam: ‘I took a good deal o’ pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was very young, and shift for his-self.’ Charles got to practise as a reporter in the law-courts, his father having also taken to it in aid of the family resources. At the age of nineteen the persevering youth made his way into the Gallery of the House of Commons, first as a reporter for the *True Sun*, and afterwards for the *Morning Chronicle*. At this employment Dickens distinguished himself: out of eighty or ninety reporters he was acknowledged as the best. The situation was one calculated to sharpen his faculties and store his mind with miscellaneous information. Parliamentary reporting is more of a mental than mechanical labour. To the power of writing rapidly, there must be joined quickness of apprehension, judgment to select and condense, and a degree of imagination, ready sympathy, or dramatic talent which identifies the reporter with the speaker, and enables him to render his meaning faithfully and vividly. The difficulty is, to find the mechanical art combined with the intellectual qualifications; but these Dickens possessed in perfection. The Reporters’ Gallery was a good field of discipline and observation for the future novelist, and out of it, in his long unemployed forenoons, he had the range of the world of London—its oddities, humours, streets and houses—which he made his favourite study. One day he ventured to drop a story he had written into the letter-box of the *Old Monthly Magazine*; it appeared in all the glory of print; and the young author followed it up with other sketches, signed ‘Boz,’ which appeared in that magazine and in the *Evening Chronicle*. In consideration of the *Chronicle* sketches, his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week.

The year 1836 was a memorable one in Dickens’s career. In that year he collected into two volumes the first series of *Sketches by Boz*, for the copyright of which he received £150, and which was repurchased next year for £2000! On 31st March he commenced the *Pickwick Papers*, the foundation of his fame. On the 2d of April he was married to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr George Hogarth, one of his fellow-workers on the *Chronicle*. In August he closed his connection with the Reporters’ Gallery, trusting henceforth to literature as a profession; and in the same month he agreed to edit *Bentley’s Miscellany* (which was to be started in the following January), and to contribute to it a serial story; and before the year was out he had written two dramatic pieces—*The Strange Gentleman*, a farce, acted in September, and *The Village Coquettes*, an opera, performed in December 1836. *Pickwick* was commenced with illustrations by a comic draughtsman named Seymour; but between the first and second number, the artist, in some moment of despondency, committed suicide. Another artist, Mr Hablot Browne, was procured, and continued the illustrations under the name of ‘Phiz.’ Boz and Phiz, after the first four or five numbers, became the rage of the town. The sale before the close of the work had risen to 40,000! Though defective in plan and arrangement, as Dickens himself admits—in fact, originally intended as only a representation of a club of oddities—the characters, incidents, and dia-

logues in this new series of sketches were irresistibly ludicrous and attractive. Criticism was lost in laughter. The hero, *Pickwick*, is almost as genial, unsophisticated, and original as *My Uncle Toby*; while his man, *Sam Weller*, and *Sam’s father*, *Mr Weller*, senior, were types of low life new to fiction. They were caricatures, as every one saw; but so many curious traits of character were depicted, with such overflowing, broad, kindly humour, felicities of phrase and slang expression, and such a mass of comic incidents and details, that the effect of the whole was to place Dickens at one bound at the head of all his contemporary novelists. The pictorial accompaniments aided greatly in the success of the work. What *Boz* conceived and described, *Phiz* represented with truth, spirit, and individuality. The intimate acquaintance evinced in *Pickwick* with the middle and low life of London, and of the tricks and knavery of legal and medical pretenders, the arts of bookmakers, and generally of particular classes and usages common to large cities, was a novelty in our literature. It was a restoration of the spirit of *Hogarth* adapted to the times in which the story appeared. ‘So much caught,’ as one of Dickens’s critics remarks, ‘had been in fashion about the wisdom of our ancestors, the glorious constitution, the wise balance of King, Lords, and Commons, and other such topics, which are embalmed in the *Noodle’s Oration*, that a large class of people were ready to hail with intense satisfaction the advent of a writer who naturally, and without an effort, bantered everything in the world, from elections and law-courts, down to Cockney sportsmen, the boots at an inn, cooks and chambermaids.’

In the midst of the brilliant success of *Pickwick* a personal sorrow occurred, which illustrates the keen sensibility of the novelist. His wife’s younger sister, *Mary*, who lived with them, and had made herself ‘the ideal of his life,’ died with a terrible suddenness that completely bore him down. The publication of *Pickwick* was interrupted for two months, the effort of writing it not being possible to him.* This *Mary* appears to have been the original of his *Agnes* in *David Copperfield*, in which novel he embodied much of his own early career and experiences.

While *Pickwick* was in progress, *Oliver Twist* was in course of publication in *Bentley’s Miscellany*. It is a story of outlaw English life—of vice, wretchedness, and misery. The hero is an orphan brought up by the parish, and thrown among scenes and characters of the lowest and worst description. That he should not, under such training, have become utterly callous and debased, is an improbability which the author does not well get over; but the interest of the story is admirably sustained. The character of the ruffian *Sikes*, and the detail of his atrocities, particularly his murder of the girl *Nancy*, are brought out with extraordinary effect. The descriptive passages evince that close observation and skilful management of detail in which Dickens never fails, except when he attempts scenes in high life, or is led to carry his humour or pathos into the region of caricature. Take, for example, the following account of a scene of death witnessed by

* Forster’s *Life of Dickens*. The epitaph of this young lady, written by Dickens, remains upon a gravestone in the cemetery at Kensal Green: ‘Young, beautiful, and good, God in His mercy numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen.’

Oliver while acting in the capacity of attendant to an undertaker :

Death and Funeral of a Pauper.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

'Nobody shall go near her,' said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. 'Keep back!—keep back, if you've a life to lose!'

'Nonsense, my good man,' said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—'nonsense!'

'I tell you,' said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor—'I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away.'

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

'Ah!' said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; 'kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her, every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it—they starved her! He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

'She was my daughter,' said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. 'Lord, Lord! well, it is strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!'

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

'Stop, stop!' said the old woman in a loud whisper. 'Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?' she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door.

'Yes, yes,' said the undertaker; 'of course; anything, everything.' He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day—the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr Bumble himself—Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down-stairs into the street.

'Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady,' whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; 'we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting.—Move on, my men—as quick as you like.'

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then thrashed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

'Now, Bill,' said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, 'fill up.'

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

'Come, my good fellow,' said Bumble, tapping the man on the back; 'they want to shut up the yard.'

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave-side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak—which the undertaker

had taken off—to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

‘Well, Oliver,’ said Sowerberry, as they walked home, ‘how do you like it?’

‘Pretty well, thank you, sir,’ replied Oliver with considerable hesitation. ‘Not very much, sir.’

‘Ah! you’ll get used to it in time, Oliver,’ said Sowerberry. ‘Nothing, when you *are* used to it, my boy.’

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

Dickens’s next work, *Nicholas Nickleby*, was also published in monthly numbers, 1838–39, and was no less extensively read. The plan of this work is more regular and connected than that of *Pickwick*, and the interest of the narrative is well sustained. The pedagogue Squeers, and his seminary of Dotheboys Hall, is one of the most amusing and graphic of English satirical delineations; and the picture it presents of imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, is known to have been little, if at all, caricatured. The exposure was a public benefit. The ludicrous account of Mr Crummles and his theatrical company will occur to the reader as another of Dickens’s happiest conceptions, though it is pushed into the region of farce. In several of our author’s works there appears a minute knowledge of dramatic rules and stage affairs. He took great interest and pleasure in the business of the drama. As an amateur comedian—in which he occasionally appeared for benevolent objects—he is described as having been equal to the old masters of the stage, such as Charles Lamb loved to see and write about; and doubtless some of his defects as well as excellences as a novelist may be traced to this predilection. To paint strongly to the eye, and produce striking contrasts of a pathetic or grotesque description—to exaggerate individual oddities and traits of character, as marking individuals or classes—are almost inseparable from dramatic representation. Dickens was soon independent of all criticism. He was a recognised master of English fiction, and critics and readers alike looked forward with anxiety to each successive appearance of the popular novelist. In 1840, he commenced a new literary project, entitled *Master Humphrey’s Clock*, designed, like the *Tales of My Landlord*, to comprise different tales under one general title, and joined by one connecting narrative. The outline was by no means prepossessing; but as soon as the reader had got through this exterior scaffolding, and entered on the first story, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, there was no lack of interest. The effects of gambling are depicted with great force. There is something very striking in the conception of the helpless old gamester, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and at that period when most of our other passions are as much worn out as the frame which sustains them, still maddened with that terrible infatuation, which seems to shoot up stronger and stronger as every other desire and energy dies away. Little Nell, the grandchild, is a beautiful creation of pure-mindedness and innocence, yet with those habits of

pensive reflection, and that firmness and energy of mind, which misfortune will often ingraft on the otherwise buoyant and unthinking spirit of childhood; and the contrast between her and her grandfather, now dwindled in every respect but the one into a second childhood, and comforted, directed, and sustained by her unshrinking firmness and love, is very finely managed. The death of Nell is the most pathetic and touching of the author’s serious passages—it is also instructive in its pathos, for we feel with the author, that ‘when Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer’s steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.’ The horrors of the almost hopeless want which too often prevails in the great manufacturing towns, and the wild and reckless despair which it engenders, are described with equal mastery of colouring and effect. The account of the wretch whose whole life had been spent in watching, day and night, a furnace, until he imagined it to be a living being, and its roaring the voice of the only friend he had ever known, although grotesque, has something in it very terrible: we may smile at the wildness, yet shudder at the horror of the fancy. A second story, *Barnaby Rudge*, is included in *Master Humphrey’s Clock*, and this also contains some excellent minute painting, a variety of broad humour and laughable caricature, with some masterly scenes of passion and description. The account of the excesses committed during Lord George Gordon’s riots in 1780 may vie with Scott’s narrative of the Porteous Mob; and poor Barnaby Rudge with his raven may be considered as no unworthy companion to Davie Gellatley. There is also a picture of an old English inn, the *Maypole*, near Epping Forest, and an old innkeeper, John Willet, which is perfect in its kind—such, perhaps, as only Dickens could have painted, though Washington Irving might have made the first etching. Of the success of this work and of its author, we have a passing glimpse in one of Lord Jeffrey’s letters, dated May 4, 1841: ‘I have seen a good deal of Charles Dickens, with whom I have struck up what I mean to be an eternal and intimate friendship. I often sit an hour *lête-à-lête* or take a long walk in the park with him—the only way really to know or be known by either man or woman. Taken in this way, I think him very amiable and agreeable. In mixed company, where he is now much sought after as a lion, he is rather reserved, &c. He has dined here, and me with him, at rather too sumptuous a dinner for a man with a family, and only beginning to be rich, though selling 44,000 copies of his weekly [monthly] issues.’*

In 1841 Dickens was entertained to a great public dinner in Edinburgh, Professor Wilson in the chair; after which he made a tour in the

* *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. ii. p. 338. In fact 60,000 copies of *Master Humphrey* were printed at first, and many thousands afterwards. Jeffrey’s letters shew the affectionate interest which the then aged critic took in the fame and prosperity of the young novelist.

Highlands, visiting Glencoe and neighbouring scenery—'tremendous wilds, really fearful in their grandeur and amazing solitude.' Next year he made a trip to America, of which he published an account in 1842, under the somewhat quaint title of *American Notes for General Circulation*. This work disappointed the author's admirers, who may be considered as forming nearly the whole of the reading public. The field had already been well gleaned, the American character and institutions frequently described and generally understood, and Dickens could not hope to add to our knowledge on any of the great topics connected with the condition or future destinies of the New World. His descriptive passages (as that on the Falls of Niagara) are often overdone. The newspaper press he describes as corrupt and debased beyond any experience or conception in this country. He also joins with Captain Basil Hall, Mrs Trollope, and Captain Marryat, in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principle or generosity. So acute and practised an observer as Dickens could not travel without noting many oddities of character and viewing familiar objects in a new light. The following is a sketch of an *original* met with by our author on board a Pittsburg canal-boat :

A Man from the Brown Forests of the Mississippi.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called the *Express*, and one—a cheaper one—the *Pioneer*. The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the *Pioneers* into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck—we were nearly all on deck—and, without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows: 'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure now; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, *I* am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, *I* am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they*

won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the *Pioneers* as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, 'Much obliged to you, sir:' whereunto the brown forester—waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before—replied: 'No, you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinteod out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am;' and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance: '*I* an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. *I* am!' I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.

Another American sketch is full of heart :

The Bustling, Affectionate, little American Woman.

There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether 'he' would be at the wharf; and whether 'he' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'he' would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter cling close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady-passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrously sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lapdog), old enough to moralise on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it

by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shewn by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'him' asking for her—but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there!—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

In the course of the year 1843, Dickens entered upon a new tale, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which many of his American reminiscences are embodied. The quackeries of architects are admirably ridiculed in the character of Pecksniff; and the nurse, Mrs Gamp, with her *eidolon*, Mrs Harris, is one of the most finished and original of the author's portraits. About Christmas of the same year the fertile author threw off a light production in his happiest manner, *A Christmas Carol, in Prose*, which enjoyed vast popularity, and was dramatised at the London theatres. A goblin story, *The Chimes*, greeted the Christmas of 1844; and a fairy tale, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, was ready for the same genial season in 1845. These little annual stories are imbued with excellent feeling, and are redolent of both tenderness and humour. A residence in Italy furnished Dickens with materials for a series of sketches, originally published in a new morning paper, *The Daily News*, which was for a short time under the charge of our author: they were afterwards collected and republished in a volume, bearing the title of *Pictures from Italy*, 1846. It is perhaps characteristic of Dickens that Rome reminded him of London!

We began in a perfect fever to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance, it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—London. There it lay under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one dome. I swear that, keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shewn it me in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

Though of the slightest texture, and generally short, these Italian pictures of Dickens are not

unworthy of his graphic pencil. We extract his concluding sentences:

Farewell to Italy.

Beyond the walls [of Florence] the whole sweet valley of the Arno, the convent at Fiesole, the tower of Galileo, Boccaccio's house, old villas, and retreats; innumerable spots of interest, all glowing in a landscape of surpassing beauty steeped in the richest light, are spread before us. Returning from so much brightness, how solemn and how grand the streets again, with their great, dark, mournful palaces, and many legends—not of siege, and war, and might, and Iron Hand alone, but of the triumphant growth of peaceful arts and sciences.

What light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors shew so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed; as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

Let us look back on Florence while we may, and when its shining dome is seen no more, go travelling through cheerful Tuscany, with a bright remembrance of it; for Italy will be the fairer for the recollection. The summer time being come; and Genoa, and Milan, and the Lake of Como lying far behind us; and we resting at Faïdo, a Swiss village, near the awful rocks and mountains, the everlasting snows and roaring cataracts, of the Great St Gothard, hearing the Italian tongue for the last time on this journey: let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet-tempered. Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies fomented by petty princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarised their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be one day raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because in every fragment of her fallen temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is, in all great essentials, better, gentler, more forbearing, and more hopeful as it rolls!

The novelist afterwards visited Switzerland, and resided several summers in France; and his letters written during these residences abroad, have all the liveliness, humour, and interest of his published works. In 1848 appeared his novel of *Dombey and Son*, and in 1850, *David Copperfield*, perhaps the most perfect, natural, and agreeable of his novels. In this story, Dickens introduced much of his own life and experience, his father



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



CHARLES DICKENS.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



CHARLOTTE BRONTE



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

sitting for the character of Micawber, one of the most humorous and finished of his portraits. In his next work, *Bleak House*, he also drew from living originals—Savage Landor and Leigh Hunt. The latter, though a faithful, was a depreciatory sketch, and led to much remark, which its author regretted. In 1850, Dickens commenced a literary periodical, *Household Words*, which he carried on with marked success until 1859, when, in consequence of a disagreement with his publishers (in which Dickens was clearly and decidedly in the wrong), he discontinued it, and established another journal of the same kind, under the title of *All the Year Round*. His novels subsequent to *Bleak House* were—*Hard Times*, 1854; *Little Dorrit*, 1855; *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859; *Great Expectations*, 1861; *Our Mutual Friend*, 1865. During part of this time, he was engaged in giving public readings from his works, by which he realised large sums of money,* and gratified thousands of his admirers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He also extended his readings to America, having revisited that country in 1867, and met with a brilliant reception. His health, however, suffered from the excitement and fatigue of these readings, into which he threw a great amount of dramatic power and physical energy. The combined effects of a love of money and a love of applause urged him on incessantly long after he should have ceased. He gave his final reading in London, March 15, 1870, and in the same month appeared the first part of a new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which promised to be one of the best of his long file of fictions. About half of this novel was written, when its author one afternoon, whilst at dinner, was struck down by an attack of apoplexy. He lingered in a state of unconsciousness for about twenty-four hours, and died on the evening of the 9th of June 1870. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of an author so popular and so thoroughly national, was lamented by all classes, from the sovereign downwards, as a personal calamity. It was not merely as a humorist—though that was his great distinguishing characteristic—that Charles Dickens obtained such unexampled popularity. He was a public instructor, a reformer, and moralist. 'Ah!' said he, speaking of the glories of Venice, 'when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift one's self above the dust of all the doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow!' Whatever was good and amiable, bright and joyous in our life and nature, he loved, supported, and augmented by his writings; whatever was false, hypocritical, and vicious, he held up to ridicule, scorn, or contempt.

The collected works of Dickens have been published in various forms, the best being the 'Library Edition,' twenty-six volumes, which contains the original illustrations. *A Life of Charles Dickens*, by his friend and counsellor on all occasions, MR JOHN FORSTER, is published in three volumes.

* It may be worthy of note, as illustrating the popularity of Dickens's works and public readings, that, on his death, his real and personal estate amounted to £93,000. Of this, upwards of £43,000 was made by the readings in Great Britain and America.

W. M. THACKERAY.

While Dickens was in the blaze of his early fame, another master of English fiction, dealing with the realities of life and the various aspects of English society, was gradually making way in public favour, and attaining the full measure of his intellectual strength. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY—the legitimate successor of Henry Fielding—was a native of Calcutta, born in the year 1811. His family was originally from Yorkshire, but his great-grandfather, Dr Thomas Thackeray, became Master of Harrow School. The youngest son of this Dr Thackeray, William Makepeace, obtained an appointment in the East India Company's service; and his son, Richmond Thackeray, father of the novelist, followed the same career, filling, at the time of his death in 1816 (at the early age of thirty), the office of Secretary to the Board of Revenue at Calcutta. The son, with his widowed mother, left India, and arrived in England in 1817. 'When I first saw England,' he said in one of his lectures, 'she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills, till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor black who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican ogre.' Young Thackeray was placed in the Charterhouse School of London, which had formerly received as gown-boys or scholars the melodious poet Crashaw, Addison, Steele, and John Wesley. Thackeray has affectionately commemorated the old Carthusian establishment in several of his writings, and has invested it with a strong pathetic interest by making it the last refuge and death-scene of one of the finest of his characters, Colonel Newcome. From the Charterhouse, Thackeray went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and whilst resident there in 1829 he made his first appearance as an author. In conjunction with a college friend (Mr Lettsom), he carried on for a short time a light humorous weekly miscellany entitled *The Snob*. In 1830-31, he was one of 'at least a score of young English lads who used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital,' and who were received with the kindest hospitality by the Grand Duke and Duchess.* He did not remain at college to take his degree. His great ambition was to be an artist, and for this purpose he studied at Rome and Paris.† On attaining his majority he became

* *Lewis's Life of Goethe*. At this time Mr Thackeray saw Goethe, and had the good-luck, he says, to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of his costume at the court entertainments. 'My delight in those days,' he adds, 'was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find [on revisiting Weimar in 1853] that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.'

† A volume of his sketches, fragments, and drawings was published in 1875, copied by a process that gives a faithful reproduction of the original. The volume was entitled *The Orphan of Pimlico*, and was enriched with a preface and editorial notes by Miss Thackeray. The drawings display the artist's keen sense of humour and perception of character, and are more quaint and amusing than sarcastic.

possessed of a considerable fortune, but some losses and speculations reduced his patrimony. At one time he lent, or rather gave, £500 to Dr Maginn, and many other instances of his liberality might be recorded. Thackeray first became known through *Fraser's Magazine*, to which he was for several years a regular contributor, under the names of 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh,' 'George Fitz-Boodle, Esquire,' 'Charles Yellowplush,' &c.—names typical of his artistic and satirical predilections. Tales, criticism, descriptive sketches, and poetry were all dashed off by his ready pen. They were of unequal merit, and for some time attracted little attention; but John Sterling, among others, recognised the genius of Thackeray in his tale of *The Hoggarty Diamond*, and ranked its author with Fielding and Goldsmith. His style was that of the scholar combined with the shrewdness and knowledge of a man of the world. 'Titmarsh' had both seen and read much. His school and college life, his foreign travels and residence abroad, his artistic and literary experiences, even his 'losses,' supplied a wide field for observation, reflection, and satire. He was thirty years of age or more ere he made any bold push for fame. By this time the mind was fully stored and matured. Thackeray never, we suspect, paid much attention to what Burke called the 'mechanical part of literature'—the mere collocation of words and construction of sentences; but, of course, greater facility as well as more perfect art would be acquired by repeated efforts. The great regulators—taste, knowledge of the world, and gentlemanly feeling—he possessed ere he began to write. In 1836, as he has himself related, he offered Dickens to undertake the task of illustrating one of his works—*Pickwick*—but his drawings were considered unsuitable. In the same year he joined with his step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, and others in starting a daily newspaper, *The Constitutional*, which was continued for about a twelvemonth, but proved a loss to all concerned. Thackeray entered himself of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar (May 1848), but apparently without any intention of following the profession of the law. Under his pseudonym of Titmarsh, literary Cockney and sketcher, he had published several works—*The Paris Sketch-book*, two volumes, 1840; *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, *The Chronicle of the Drum*, 1841; and *The Irish Sketch-book*, 1843. None of these became popular, though the Irish sketches are highly amusing, and contain some of Thackeray's happiest touches. The following incident, for example, is admirably told. The tourist meets with a set of jovial Irish yachtsmen, bound, like himself, for Killarney:

Car-travelling in Ireland.

The Irish car seems accommodated for any number of persons. It appeared to be full when we left Glengarriff, for a traveller from Beerhaven and five gentlemen from the yacht took seats upon it with myself; and we fancied it was impossible more than seven should travel by such a conveyance, but the driver shewed the capabilities of his vehicle presently. The journey from Glengarriff to Kenmare is one of astonishing beauty; and I have seen Killarney since, and am sure that Glengarriff loses nothing by comparison with this most beautiful of lakes. Rock, wood, and sea, stretch around the traveller a thousand delightful pictures; the landscape

is at first wild, without being fierce, immense woods and plantations enriching the valleys, beautiful streams to be seen everywhere. Here, again, I was surprised at the great population along the road; for one saw but few cabins, and there is no village between Glengarriff and Kenmare. But men and women were on the banks and in the fields; children, as usual, came trooping up to the car; and the jovial men of the yacht had great conversation with most of the persons whom we met on the road. A merrier set of fellows it were hard to meet. 'Should you like anything to drink, sir?' says one, commencing the acquaintance; 'we have the best whisky in the world, and plenty of porter in the basket.' Therewith, the jolly seaman produced a long bottle of grog, which was passed round from one to another; and then began singing, shouting, laughing, roaring for the whole journey—'British sailors have a knack, pull away, yeho, boys! Hurroo! my fine fellow, does your mother know you're out? Hurroo! Tim Hurlihy? you're a fluke, Tim Hurlihy!' One man sang on the roof, one hurrooed to the echo, another apostrophised the aforesaid Hurlihy, as he passed grinning on a car; a fourth had a pocket-handkerchief flaunting from a pole, with which he performed exercises in the face of any horseman whom he met; and great were their yells as the ponies shied off at the salutation, and the riders swerved in their saddles. In the midst of this rattling chorus we went along; gradually the country grew wilder and more desolate, and we passed through a grim mountain region, bleak and bare; the road winding round some of the innumerable hills, and once or twice, by means of a tunnel, rushing boldly through them. One of these tunnels, they say, is a couple of hundred yards long; and a pretty howling, I need not say, was made through that pipe of rock by the jolly yacht's crew. 'We saw you sketching in the blacksmith's shed at Glengarriff,' says one, 'and we wished we had you on board. Such a jolly life as we had of it!' They roved about the coast, they sailed in their vessel, they feasted off the best of fish, mutton, and whisky; they had Gamble's turtle-soup on board, and fun from morning till night, and *vice versa*. Gradually it came out that there was not, owing to the tremendous rains, a dry corner in their ship—that they slung two in a huge hammock in the cabin, and that one of their crew had been ill, and shirked off. What a wonderful thing pleasure is! to be wet all day and night; to be scorched and blistered by the sun and rain; to beat in and out of little harbours, and to exceed diurnally upon whisky punch. Faith, London and an arm-chair at the club are more to the tastes of some men!

The pencil of Titmarsh, in this and some other of his works, comes admirably in aid of his pen; and the Irish themselves confessed that their people, cabins, and costume had never been more faithfully depicted. About the time that these Irish sketches appeared, their author was contributing, under his *alter ego* of Fitz-Boodle, to *Fraser's Magazine*, his tale of *Barry Lyndon*, which appears to us the best of his short stories. It is a relation of the adventures of an Irish *picaroon*, or gambler and fortune-hunter, and abounds in racy humour and striking incidents. The commencement of *Punch*—the wittiest of periodicals—in 1841 opened up a new field for Thackeray, and his papers, signed 'The Fat Contributor,' soon became famous. These were followed by *Feames's Diary* and the *Snob Papers*, distinguished by their inimitable vein of irony and wit; and he also made various contributions in verse. A journey to the East next led to *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem*, by M. A. Titmarsh. This volume appeared in 1846; and in the following year he

issued a small Christmas book, *Mrs Perkins's Ball*. But before this time Thackeray had commenced, in monthly parts, his story of *Vanity Fair*, a *Novel without a Hero*, illustrated by himself, or, to use his own expression, 'illuminated with the author's own candles.' The first number appeared in February 1847. Every month added to the popularity of this work; and ere it was concluded it was obvious that Thackeray's probationary period was past—that Michael Angelo, Titmarsh and George Fitz-Boodle would disappear from *Fraser*, and their author take his place in his own proper name and person as one of the first of English novelists, and the greatest social satirist of his age. In regularity of story and consistency of detail—though these by no means constitute Thackeray's strength—*Vanity Fair* greatly excels any of his previous works, while in delineation of character it stands pre-eminent. Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley—one recognised as the 'impersonation of intellect without virtue, and the other as that of virtue without intellect'—are not only perfectly original characters, but are drawn with so much dramatic power, knowledge of life, and shrewd observation, as to render them studies in human nature and moral anatomy. Amidst all her selfishness, Becky preserves a portion of the reader's sympathy, and we follow her with unabated interest through her vicissitudes as French teacher, governess, the wife of the heavy dragoon, the lady of fashion, and even the desperate and degraded swindler. From part of this demoralisation we could have wished that Becky had been spared by her historian, and the story would have been complete, morally and artistically, without it. But there are few scenes, even the most cynical and humiliating, that the reader desires to strike out: all have such an air of truth, and are lively, biting, and humorous. The novelist had soared far beyond the region of mere town-life and snobbism. He had also greatly heightened the interest felt in his characters by connecting them with historical events and places. We have a picture of Brussels in 1815; and as Fielding in *Tom Jones* glanced at some of the incidents of the Jacobite rising in '45, Thackeray reproduced, as it were, the terrors and anxieties felt by thousands as to the issue of the great struggles at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Having completed *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray published another Christmas volume, *Our Street*, 1848, to which a companion-volume, *Dr Birch and his Young Friends*, was added next year. He had also entered upon another monthly serial—his second great work—*The History of Pendennis* (1849–1850). This was an attempt to describe the gentlemen of the present age—'no better nor worse than most educated men.' And even these educated men, according to the satirist, cannot be painted as they are, with the notorious foibles and selfishness of their education. 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost powers a man. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art.' This is rather too broadly stated, but society, no doubt, considers that it would not be benefited by such toleration. Thackeray, however, has done more than most men to strip off conventional disguises and hypocrisies, and he affords glimpses of the interdicted region—too near at times, but

without seeking to render evil attractive. His hero, Pendennis, is scarcely a higher model of humanity than Tom Jones, though the difference in national manners and feelings, brought about during a hundred years, has saved him from some of the descents into which Jones was almost perforce drawn. Thackeray's hero falls in love at sixteen, his juvenile flame being a young actress, who jilts him on finding that his fortune is not what she believed it to be. This boyish passion, contrasted with the character of the actress and that of her father—a drunken Irish captain—is forcibly delineated. Pendennis is sent to the university, gets into debt, is plucked, and returns home to his widowed mother, who is ever kind, gentle, and forgiving, but without any strong sense or firmness—another favourite type of character with Thackeray. The youth then becomes a law student, but tires of the profession, and adopts that of literature. In this he is ultimately successful, and by means of his novels and poetry, aided by the services of his uncle, Major Pendennis, he obtains an introduction into fashionable society. A varied career of this kind affords scope for the author's powers of description, and for the introduction of characters of all grades and pretensions. Major Pendennis—an antiquated beau, a military Will Honeycomb, and a determined tuft-hunter—is a finished portrait. The sketches of literary life—professional writers—may be compared with a similar description in *Humphry Clinker*; and the domestic scenes in the novel are true to nature, both in their satirical views of life and in incidents of a tender and pathetic nature. *Pendennis* was concluded in 1850. In the Christmas of that year Thackeray republished one of his Titmarsh contributions to *Fraser*, 1846, a mock continuation of Scott's *Ivanhoe*, entitled *Rebecca and Rowena*. This piece was certainly not worthy of resuscitation. An original Christmas tale was ready next winter—*The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, in which Mr M. A. Titmarsh was revived, in order to conduct and satirise the Kicklebury family—mother, daughter, courier, and footman, in all their worldly pride, vulgarity, and grandeur, as they cross the Channel, and proceed to their destination at 'Rougetnoirburg.' This is a clever little satire—faithful though bitter, as all continental travellers admit; but it was seized upon by the *Times* newspaper as illustrating that propensity charged upon the novelist of representing only the dark side of human nature—its failings and vices—as if no real goodness or virtue existed in the world. The accusation thus brought against Thackeray he repelled, or rather ridiculed, in a reply entitled *An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer*, prefixed to a second edition of the Christmas volume. One passage on verbal criticism may be quoted as characteristic.

'It has been customary,' says the critic, 'of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscles, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year.'

That is something like a sentence (rejoins Titmarsh), not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and

cut a dash in the park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact 'an opusculè denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year.' I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

In the summer of 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer. His subject was *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*; and all the rank and fashion, with no small portion of the men of letters of London, flocked to Willis's Rooms to hear the popular novelist descant on the lives and works of his great predecessors in fiction from Swift to Goldsmith. The lectures were afterwards repeated in Scotland and in America; and they are now published, forming one of the most delightful little books in the language. Ten thousand copies of the cheap edition of this volume were sold in one week. To Swift, Thackeray was perhaps too severe—to Fielding, too indulgent; Steele is painted *en beau* in cordial love, and with little shadow; yet we know not where the reader will find in the same limited compass so much just and discriminating criticism, or so many fine thoughts and amusing anecdotes, as those which this loving brother of the craft has treasured up regarding his 'fellows' of the last century. The Queen Anne period touched upon in these lectures formed the subject of Thackeray's next novel, *Esmond*, published in three volumes, 1852. The work is in the form of an autobiography. The hero, Colonel Henry Esmond, is a Cavalier and Jacobite, who, after serving his country abroad, mingles with its wits and courtiers at home; plots for the restoration of the Chevalier St George; and finally retires to Virginia, where, in his old age, he writes this memoir of himself and of the noble family of Castlewood, of which he is a member. Historical events and characters are freely introduced. Esmond serves under Marlborough at Blenheim and Ramilies, and we have a portrait of the great general as darkly coloured as the portrait of him by Macaulay. The Chevalier is also brought upon the stage; and Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele are among the interlocutors. But the chief interest of the work centres in a few characters—in Esmond himself, the pure, disinterested, and high-minded Cavalier; in Lady Castlewood; and in Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, a haughty and spoiled, yet fascinating beauty. Esmond woos Beatrix—a hopeless pursuit of many years; but he is finally rejected; and in the end he is united to Lady Castlewood—to the mother instead of the daughter—for whom he had secretly cherished from his boyhood an affection amounting to veneration. It required all Thackeray's art and genius to keep such a plot from revolting the reader, and we cannot say that he has wholly triumphed over the difficulty. The boyish passion is true to nature. At

that period of life the mature beauty is more overpowering to the youthful imagination than any charmer of sixteen. But when Esmond marries he is forty, and the lady is ten years his senior. The romance of life is over. The style of the Queen Anne period is admirably copied in thought, sentiment, and diction, and many striking and eloquent passages occur throughout the work. It is a grand and melancholy story, standing in the same relation to Thackeray's other works that Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* does to the Waverley group.

We give one extract—sardonic and sad—from *Esmond*:

Decay of Matrimonial Love.

'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary, and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependants would have him sit for ever, whilst they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery: so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the high-flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman, with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it—and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray; and, in a word, if he had a loving wife, he had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy; then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraids not the more pleasant because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life, when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us—and so she looks into her heart, and, lo! *vacua sedes et inania arcana*. And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'My dear' and 'My love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griefs and pleasures, are over.

The next work of Thackeray is considered his masterpiece. It is in the old vein—a transcript of real life in the present day, with all its faults and follies, hypocrisy and injustice. The work came recommended by the familiar and inviting title of *The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family*. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. It was issued in the monthly form, and was completed in 1855. The leading theme or moral of the story is the misery occasioned by forced and ill-assorted marriages. That unhalloved traffic of the great and worldly is denounced with all the author's moral indignation and caustic severity, and its results are developed

in incidents of the most striking and affecting description. Thus of one fair victim we read :

Lady Clara Newcome.

Poor Lady Clara ! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond, simple, little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you ; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant ; very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture ; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect ; consigned to cruel usage, to weary loneliness, to bitter insulting recollections of the past ; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to shew society injured through him ! Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages ; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch !—let us lead her out and stone her. . . . So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue ! The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplors her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad, she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People as criminal, but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she is splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to the table : he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort ; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers around her, but she fears to visit them, lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children.

Could anything more sternly or touchingly true be written ? The summation of Clara's miseries, item by item, might have been made by Swift, but there is a pathos and moral beauty in the passage that the Dean never reached. The real hero of the novel is Colonel Newcome—a counterpart to Fielding's Allworthy. The old officer's high sense of honour, his simplicity, his never-failing kindness of heart, his antique courtesy—as engaging as that of Sir Roger de Coverley—his misfortunes and ruin through the knavery of others—and his death as a 'poor brother' in the Charterhouse, form altogether so noble, so affecting a picture, and one so perfectly natural and life-like, that it can scarcely be even recalled without tears. The author, it was said, might have given a less painful end to the good Colonel, to soothe him after the buffetings of the world. The same remark was made on Scott's treatment of his Jewess Rebecca,

and we have no doubt Thackeray's answer would be that of Scott—'A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with worldly prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit.' The best of Thackeray's female portraits—his highest compliment to the sex—is in this novel. Ethel Newcome, in her pride and sensibility—the former balancing, and at last overcoming, the weaknesses induced by the latter—is drawn with great delicacy and truth ; while in the French characters, the family of De Florac and others, we have an entirely new creation—a cluster of originals. The gay *roué*, Paul de Florac—who plays the Englishman in top-boots and buckskins—could only be hit off by one equally at home in French and in English society. Of course there are in *The Newcomes* many other personages and classes—as the sanctimonious fop, the coarse and covetous trader, the parasite, the schemer, &c.—who are drawn with the novelist's usual keen insight and minute detail, though possessing fewer features of novelty or interest. Recurring to the pleasant and profitable occupation of lecturing, Thackeray crossed the Atlantic, taking with him four more lectures—*The Four Georges*—which, after being delivered in the United States in 1855-56, were, on his return, repeated in London, and in most of the large towns in England and Scotland. The Hanoverian monarchs afforded but little room for eulogistic writing or fine moral painting ; and the dark shades—the coarseness, immorality, and heartlessness that pervaded the courts of at least the First, Second, and Fourth of the Georges—were exhibited without any relief or softening. George III., as the better man, fared better with the lecturer ; and the closing scene, when, old, blind, and bereft of reason, the monarch sank to rest, was described with great pathos and picturesque effect. The society, literature, manners, and fashion of the different periods were briefly touched upon—somewhat in the style of Horace Walpole ; and we believe Thackeray contemplated, among his future tasks, expanding these lectures into memoirs of the different reigns. The novelist now aimed at a different sort of public distinction. The representation of the city of Oxford becoming vacant, he offered himself as a candidate—the advocate of all liberal measures—but was defeated by Mr Cardwell (July 1857), the numbers being 1085 to 1018. Before the close of the year Thackeray was at the more appropriate occupation of another serial. The Castlewood family was revived, and in *The Virginians* we had a tale of the days of George II.—of Chesterfield, Queensberry, Garrick, and Johnson—the gaming-table, coffee-house, and theatre, but with Washington, Wolfe, and the American war in the background. As a story, *The Virginians* is defective. The incidents hang loosely together, and want progressive interest, but the work abounds in passages of fine philosophic humour and satire. The author frequently stops to moralise and preach *sotto voce* to his readers, and in these digressions we have some of his choicest and most racy sentences. Youth and love are his favourite themes. There is a healthy natural world both within and without the world of fashion—particularly *without*. Mere wealth and *ton* go for nothing in the composition.

of happiness, and genuine, manly love is independent of the sunshine of prosperity. We quote a few of his 'mottoes of the heart' and satirical touches.

Recollection of Youthful Beauty.

When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh, and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days; the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

Indifference of the World.

The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends, and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens, it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before.

Lackeys and Footmen in the Last Century.

Lackeys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footmen's gallery; an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door. They swarmed in anterooms, they sprawled in halls and on landings, they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails [or gratuities]. That noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay, camps and villages, of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked-hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

The English Country Gentleman.

To be a good old country gentleman, is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents paid regularly by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as His Honour; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so just in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to shew his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in conse-

quence; to have not only a good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the parish, the benefactor of the parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, 'Have mercy upon us miserable sinners,' to be sure, but only for form's sake, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of Grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation; this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable anything. If you were a Royal Highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You might, when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your shortcomings and the vanity of things in general; but in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word 'miserable' is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No; a healthy, rich, jolly country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery; if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

The following passage in *The Four Georges* is one of the most striking and affecting in our literature:

Death of George the Third.

All history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story; what words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and

who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

Vex not his ghost—Oh, let him pass!—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave; sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.

We add one specimen of Thackeray's verse, which differs very little from his prose: the colour and flavour are the same.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'—
'It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré's run his race.'—
'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'—
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'—

'Oh oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;
'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'—
'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal.'—
'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner place;
'He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are fitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

For two years (1860-62) Thackeray conducted *The Cornhill Magazine*, and in the pages of this popular miscellany appeared his *Roundabout Papers*—a series of light graceful essays and sketches; also two novels, *Lovel the Widower*, and *Philip on his Way through the World*, which were scarcely worthy of his reputation. He had commenced another story, *Dennis Duval*, of which four monthly portions were published; and he contemplated *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Anne*, as a continuation of Macaulay's History. All his schemes, however, were frustrated by his sudden and lamentable death. His health had long been precarious, and on the day preceding his death he had been in great suffering. Still he moved about; 'he was out several times,' says Shirley Brooks, 'and was seen in Palace Gardens, Kensington, reading a book. Before the dawn on Thursday (December 24, 1863) he was where there is no night.' 'Never more,' said the *Times*, 'shall the fine head of Mr Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us.' He had died in bed alone and unseen, struggling, as it appeared, with a violent spasmodic attack, which had caused the effusion on the brain of which he died. The medical attendants who conducted the *post-mortem* examination stated that the brain was of great size, weighing 58½ ounces. *Non omnis mortuus est.* 'He will be remembered,' says James Hannay, 'for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi.'

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As a novelist, poet, theologian, and active philanthropist, Mr Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Hampshire, and Canon of Westminster, was one of the most remarkable and meritorious men of his age. His views of social reform verge upon Chartism, and, in some instances, are crude and impracticable in the present state of society; but his zeal, disinterestedness, and unceasing perseverance in seeking to remedy evils which press upon the working-classes, no one doubts or questions, while the genius he brought to bear on his various duties and tasks reflects honour on our literature. Mr Kingsley was a native of Devonshire, born at Holne Vicarage, near Dartmoor, in 1819. He studied at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, and intended to follow the profession of the law. He soon, however, abandoned this intention, and entered the church, obtaining first the curacy, and then the rectory of Eversley, which he has invested with affectionate interest and celebrity. Mr Kingsley's first appearance as an author was in 1844, when he published a collection of *Village Sermons*—plain, earnest, useful discourses. He has published several other volumes of sermons and lectures; but it is from his imaginative works that Mr Kingsley derives his chief fame. In 1848 he appeared as a dramatic poet, author of *The Saint's Tragedy*, or the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, and a saint of the Romish calendar. This poem is a sort of protest against superstitious homage and false miracles, but it gives also a vivid picture of life in the middle ages, and is animated by a poetical imagination. His next work was one of fiction—*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography*, two volumes, 1849. The design of this tale is to shew the evils of competition and the grievances of the artisan class. The hardships which drove Alton to become a Chartist, and his mental struggles as he oscillated between infidelity and religion, are powerfully depicted, though the story is in some respects a painful one, and in parts greatly exaggerated. Mr Kingsley's remedy for the evils of competition and the tyranny of masters in large towns is the adoption of the associative principle among the workmen—combining capital and labour—and in the case of the tailors and a few other trades, the scheme was tried. The same social topics are discussed in Mr Kingsley's *Yeast, a Problem*, 1851, which is devoted more particularly to the condition of the agricultural labourers, and is written with a plainness and vehemence that deterred fastidious readers. Mr Kingsley put his views into a more definite shape in a lecture on the *Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture*, published also in 1851. But in this tract the author's denunciation of large towns and mill-owners, and his proposal to restore the population to the land, are erroneous both in theory and sentiment. 'The earth,' he says, 'hath bubbles, and such cities as Manchester are of them. A short-sighted and hasty greed created them, and when they have lasted their little time and had their day, they will vanish like bubbles.' Such 'Christian Socialism' as this would throw back society into ignorance and poverty, instead of solving the

problem as to the rich and the poor. *Phaethon, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*, 1852, and *Hypatia, or New Friends with an Old Face*, 1853, were Mr Kingsley's next works. These were followed by a series of lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on *Alexandria and her Schools*, 1854; and in the following year our author took a higher and more genial position as a man of letters by his novel of *Westward Ho!* and his delightful little treatise of *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*. In his *Westward Ho!* Mr Kingsley threw himself into the exciting and brilliant Elizabethan period, professing to relate the 'Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth; rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley.' Here we have Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and the other great names of Devonshire once more in action; we have adventures in the Spanish Main and South American continent, the memorable chase and defeat of the Spanish Armada, the plots of Jesuits, the pride of Spaniards, English burghers, Puritans, seamen, and soldiers—an endless variety of incidents and characters, with descriptions of scenery which for rich colouring and picturesqueness have rarely been surpassed. Believing that the Protestantism of the Elizabethan age was all-important to the cause of freedom as well as true religion, Mr Kingsley gives no quarter to its opponents, and has marred the effect of parts of his narrative by frequent and bitter assaults on the Romish Church. In the delineation of passion—especially the passion of love, as operating on grave and lofty minds like that of Amyas Leigh—Mr Kingsley is eminently successful. He is more intent on such moral painting and on the development of character, than on the construction of a regular story. But the most popular passages in his tale—the most highly wrought and easily remembered—are his pictures of wild Indian life and scenery. In these we have primeval innocence and intense enjoyment, in connection with the gorgeous, unchecked luxuriance of nature—as if the pictorial splendour of the *Fairy Queen* had been transported to this wild Arcadia of the west. Passing over some sermons and occasional tracts, we come to Mr Kingsley's next novel, *Two Years Ago*, published in 1857. This work is of the school or class of *Alton Locke*, exhibiting contrasts of social life and character, with references to modern events, as the gold-digging in Australia, the Crimean war, and the political institutions of the United States. The story is deficient in clearness and interest, but contains scenes of domestic pathos and descriptions of external nature worthy the graphic pencil and vivid imagination of its author. Reverting again to poetry—though few of his prose pages are without some tincture of the poetical element—Mr Kingsley, in 1858, published *Andromeda, and other Poems*, a classic theme adopted from a Greek legend, and expressed in hexameter verse, carrying the reader

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the southward.

The poetry of Mr Kingsley, like that of Lord Lytton, is rather a graceful foil to his other works, than the basis of a reputation; but we quote a

pathetic lyric of the sea, which, set to music by Hullah, has drawn tears from many bright eyes, and perhaps—what the author would have valued more—prompted to acts of charity and kindness :

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.

For men must work and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.

For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

*Scene in the Indian Forest—Sir Amyas Paulet pursues
Two of his missing Seamen.*

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are ;' and Amyas, pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half-hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems ; but near the water-fall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm-leaves strewn upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found ! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves ; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need ? And what which palate could need either ? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotta

and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side ; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the water-fall—

While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into his face.

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm-fibres into a basket ; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in which it bathed the whole delicious scene.

Amyas stood silent for a while, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will ; partly because—and he could not but confess that—a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he felt it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old ; such our first parents' bridal bower ! Ah ! if man had not fallen, he too might have dwelt for ever in such a home—with whom ? He started, and shaking off the spell, advanced sword in hand.

The women saw him, and sprang to their feet, caught up their long pocunas, and leaped like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eyeing him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror, but with rage. Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence ; for one rash step was death. But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered, and Amyas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would harm no one.

'Ebsworthy ! Parracombe ! Are you grown such savages already, that you have forgotten your captain ? Stand up, men, and salute !' Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride again, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation. Amyas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm.

'Well, noble captain, so you've hunted out us poor fellows ; and want to drag us back again in a halter, I suppose ?'

'I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens ; for men, and I find swine. I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough. Parracombe !'

'He's too happy to answer you, sir. And why not ? What do you want of us ? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now.'

'Free to become like the beasts that perish ? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you'—

'Free to be happy,' interrupted the man. 'With the best of wives, the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them where he don't need them ? As for gold, what's the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands ? Hearken, Captain Leigh. You've been a good captain to me, and I'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honour and glory, and copy us. Take

that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before.'

'You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?' 'Who calls William Parracombe?' answered a sleepy voice. 'I, fool!—your captain.' 'I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labour, and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow!—'

'Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! A christened Englishman, and living thus the life of a beast!'

'Christ shall give thee light?' answered the same unnatural, abstracted voice. 'Yes; so the parsons say. And they say, too, that he is Lord of heaven and earth. I should have thought his light was as near us here as anywhere, and nearer too, by the look of the place. Look round,' said he, waving a lazy hand, 'and see the works of God, and the place of paradise, whither poor weary souls go home and rest, after their masters in the wicked world have used them up, with labour and sorrow, and made them wade knee-deep in blood—I'm tired of blood, and tired of gold. I'll march no more; I'll fight no more; I'll hunger no more after vanity and vexation of spirit. What shall I get by it? Maybe I shall leave my bones in the wilderness. I can but do that here. Maybe I shall get home with a few pezos, to die an old cripple in some stinking hovel, that a monkey would scorn to lodge in here. You may go on; it'll pay you. You may be a rich man, and a knight, and live in a fine house, and drink good wine, and go to court, and torment your soul with trying to get more, when you've got too much already; plotting and planning to scramble upon your neighbour's shoulders, as they all did—Sir Richard, and Mr Raleigh, and Chichester, and poor dear old Sir Warham, and all of them that I used to watch when I lived before. They were no happier than I was then; I'll warrant they are no happier now. Go your ways, captain; climb to glory upon some other backs than ours, and leave us here in peace, alone with God and God's woods, and the good wives that God has given us, to play a little like school children. It's long since I've had play-hours; and now I'll be a little child once more, with the flowers, and the singing birds, and the silver fishes in the stream, that are at peace, and think no harm, and want neither clothes, nor money, nor knighthood, nor peerage, but just take what comes; and their heavenly Father feedeth them, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—and will he not much more feed us, that are of more value than many sparrows?'

'And will you live here, shut out from all Christian ordinances?'

'Christian ordinances! Adam and Eve had no parsons in Paradise. The Lord was their priest, and the Lord was their shepherd, and he'll be ours too. But go your ways, sir, and send up Sir John Brimblecombe, and let him marry us here church fashion—though we have sworn troth to each other before God already—and let him give us the Holy Sacrament once and for all, and then read the funeral-service over us, and go his ways, and count us for dead, sir—for dead we are to the wicked worthless world we came out of three years ago. And when the Lord chooses to call us, the little birds will cover us with leaves, as they did the babies in the wood, and fresher flowers will grow out of our graves, sir, than out of yours in that bare Northam churchyard there beyond the weary, weary, weary sea.'

His voice died away to a murmur, and his head sank on his breast. Amyas stood spell-bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the

possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a lie: but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly further and further off the more he sought for it. . . .

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot, those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, awakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

And all stood still who saw him fall,
While men might count a score.

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the lithe corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould; and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too; but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad; you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you; and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong; in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child.

The other works of Canon Kingsley are *Miscellanies from Fraser's Magazine*, 1859; *The Water Babies*, 1863; *Hereward, the Last of the English*, 1866; *The Hermits*, 1867; *How and Why*, 1869. *At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies*, 1871; *Health and Education*, 1874. Mr Kingsley was made Canon of Chester in 1869, which he resigned in 1873, when made Canon of Westminster. This popular author and good man died at his parsonage of Eversley, Hampshire, January 23, 1875, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In the real as distinguished from the ideal school of fiction, CHARLOTTE BRONTË (afterwards Nicholls), by her tale of *Jane Eyre*, attained immediate and remarkable popularity. Its Yorkshire scenes and characters were new to readers, and the whole had the stamp of truth and close

observation. The life of Charlotte Brontë was one of deep and painful interest. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë—who survived to a great age, outliving all his gifted children—was a native of the county Down in Ireland. One of a family of ten, the children of a small farmer, Patrick Brontë saw the necessity for early exertion. At the age of sixteen he opened a school, then became a tutor in a gentleman's family, and afterwards, at the age of twenty-five, entered himself of St John's College, Cambridge. Having taken his degree, he obtained a curacy in Essex, whence he removed to Yorkshire—first to Hartshead, near Leeds. At Hartshead he married a gentle, serious young Cornish woman, Maria Branwell, by whom in little more than six years he had six children. In 1820 the family moved to another Yorkshire home, Mr Brontë having obtained the living of Haworth, four miles from Keighley. The income of the minister, £170 per annum, might have sufficed for humble comfort, but the parsonage was bleak and uncomfortable—a low oblong stone building, standing at the top of the straggling village on a steep hill, without the shelter of a tree, with the churchyard pressing down on it on both sides, and behind a long tract of wild moors. Charlotte Brontë thus describes the scene :

Description of Yorkshire Moors.

A village parsonage amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic; it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys: it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must *itself* brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest; where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm.

The population of Haworth and its neighbourhood was chiefly engaged in the worsted manufacture. They were noted for a wild lawless energy, and were divided by sectarian differences. The Brontë family kept aloof unless when direct service was required, and the minister always carried a pistol with him on his walks. He was an eccentric, half-misanthropical man, with absurd notions on the subject of education. He kept his children on a vegetable diet, and clothed them in the humblest garments, that they might grow up hardy and indifferent to dress. He took his meals in his own room. His wife died the year after the arrival of the family at Haworth, and the poor children were mostly left to themselves, occupy-

ing a room called the 'children's study'—though the eldest *student* was only about seven years of age—or they wandered hand in hand over the moors. They were all small and feeble, stunted in their growth, but with remarkable precocity of intellect. The eccentric minister one day made an experiment to test their powers of reflection or understanding. He had a mask in the house, and thinking they might speak with less timidity if thus concealed, he told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask. The youngest, about four years of age, was asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered: 'Age and experience.' The next was asked what had best be done with her brother, who was sometimes a naughty boy: 'Reason with him,' she said; 'and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' The boy was then questioned as to the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman, and he replied: 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' Charlotte was asked what was the best book in the world: 'The Bible,' she said; 'and next to that, the Book of Nature.' Another was asked what was the best education for a woman, and she replied: 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, the oldest—about ten years of age—was asked what was the best mode of spending time, and she answered: 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.' These extraordinary little reasoners took a great interest in politics and public events; they read and discussed the newspapers, and set up among themselves 'little magazines' in imitation of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tales, dramas, poems, and romances were all attempted by the girls; and in one period of fifteen months, before she was fifteen years of age, Charlotte had filled twenty-two volumes with original compositions, written in a hand so painfully small and close as scarcely to be decipherable without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Four of the girls were at length sent out to be educated. An active, wealthy clergyman, the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, established a school for the education of the daughters of poor clergymen at a place called Cowan's Bridge, between Leeds and Kendal. Each pupil paid £14 a year, with £1 of entrance-money. The institution, however, was badly managed. The food was insufficient and badly cooked, and one of the teachers—satirised in *Jane Eyre* as 'Miss Scatcherd'—tyrannised over one of the Brontës with inhuman severity. A fever afterwards broke out in the school, and the little band of sisters returned to the old stone parsonage and the 'children's study' at Haworth. Death, however, soon thinned the affectionate group. Maria died in 1825 in her twelfth year, and in the same year Elizabeth, aged eleven. Branwell, the only boy of the family, was educated at home; he had the family talent and precocity, wrote verses, and had a turn for drawing, but ultimately became idle and dissipated, and occasioned the most poignant distress to his sisters. The latter made many efforts to place themselves in an independent position. They went out as governesses, but disliked the occupation. Charlotte wrote to Southey, sending some of her poetry, and the laureate replied in a kindly but discouraging tone. The project of keeping a school was then suggested. The aunt—who had come from Cornwall and assisted at Haworth since

the death of her sister—advanced a little money, and Charlotte and Emily proceeded to Brussels in order to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages. They entered a *pensionnat*, and remained from February to September 1842, when they were recalled by the death of their aunt. Charlotte again returned to Brussels, and officiated about a twelvemonth as a teacher, her salary being just £16 per annum, out of which she had to pay ten francs a month for German lessons. In January 1844 she was again at Haworth. The sisters advertised that they would receive pupils in the parsonage; but no pupils came. They then ventured on the publication of a volume of their poems. The death of their aunt had somewhat improved their circumstances, and a sum of £31, 10s. was spent in printing the *Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*. This ambiguous choice of names was dictated, as Charlotte relates, by 'a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while they did not like to declare themselves women.' The volume had little success. The best of the pieces are those by Emily, who had more vivacity and force of character than her sisters. Mrs Gaskell, in her interesting *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, has the following remarkable statement relative to Emily, and the passage also illustrates Charlotte's novel of *Shirley*:

Emily Brontë and her Dog 'Keeper.'

From her, many traits in Shirley's character were taken: her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck; her calling to a strange dog running past with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's [the old servant in the parsonage] red-hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the errors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in *Shirley*, was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull-dog (with his 'strangled whistle') called 'Tartar' in *Shirley*, was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage—a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this: he loved to steal up-stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with white delicate counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect, and Emily declared that if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely, that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of the evening, Tabby came to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. Down-stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind-legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuff of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but

durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished' him till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners at her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room; and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion, after her death.

Each of the three sisters commenced a novel; Charlotte's was called *The Professor*, Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, and Anne's *Agnes Grey*. When completed, the tales were sent to London. Charlotte's was rejected by several publishers; and her sisters', after various refusals, were only accepted on terms 'impoverishing to their authors.' Charlotte, however, was encouraged to try a longer work in a more saleable form, and the very day that *The Professor* was returned, *Jane Eyre* was commenced. It was finished, accepted by Smith, Elder, & Co., and published in October 1847. Its success was instant and remarkable. Three editions were called for within a twelvemonth. A new genius had arisen, 'capable of depicting the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which lingered still in the north.' This individuality of character and description, eulogised by Mrs Gaskell, constitutes the attraction and the value of the novel, for the plot is in many parts improbable, and some of the scenes are drawn with coarseness, though with piquancy and power. A masculine vigour and originality pervade the work. There was truth in the observation, that Jane Eyre was too like Richardson's Pamela in her intercourse with her Master, though the inherent indelicacy of such passages—of which the authoress was unconscious—was soon forgotten in the strong interest excited by Jane's misfortunes and moral heroism. Much of Charlotte's own history, down even to her petite figure and plain face, is embodied in the story of the heroine. The authorship had been kept a secret. But when success was assured, Charlotte carried a copy of the novel to her father; he read it in his study, and at tea-time said: 'Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is *much better than likely*.' He had tried book-making himself, but with very different powers and different results.* In December 1847, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, by Emily and Anne Brontë, were published. The former had some strong delineation—a finished picture of a villain—but the effect was displeasing. A second tale by Anne, *The Tenant of Wildfell*

* Mrs Gaskell was probably not aware—and Charlotte Brontë might wish to conceal—that the singular minister of Haworth, while resident at Hartshead, published two small volumes of verse—*Cottage Poems*, 1811; and *The Rural Minstrel, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems*, 1813—the year after his marriage. His name is prefixed to both.—By the Rev. Patrick Brontë, B.A., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire; and both volumes bear the imprint, 'Halifax, printed and sold by P. K. Holden, for the author.' There would have been difficulty in ushering them into the world in any other way, for assuredly no publisher would, at his own cost, have undertaken the risk. The poems have nothing but their piety to recommend them.

Hall, is an improvement on the former work, and was more successful. Both of these novelists, however, were now fast sinking into the grave. Emily first declined, and Charlotte has told the melancholy sequel in a few brief but impressive words.

Death of Emily and Anne Brontë.

Never in all her life had she [Emily] lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848 [in her thirtieth year]. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with a slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. She was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849 [aged twenty-nine].

Charlotte alone was now left with the aged father, for Branwell, after sinking from vice to vice, had died the year before, in his thirty-first year. Literary labour was indispensable; and Charlotte completed her tale of *Shirley*, another series of Yorkshire delineations, fresh and vigorous as the former, and as well received by the public. It was published in 1849. With the publication of *Shirley* ended the mystery of the authorship. A Haworth man, residing in Liverpool, read the novel, and recognised the localities and dialect; he guessed it to be Miss Brontë's, and communicated his discovery to a Liverpool paper, after which Miss Brontë paid a visit to London, and the fact was made distinctly known. It was three years after this ere she appeared again as a novelist. Her experiences at the pensionnat in Brussels, and the insight she had obtained into French character, suggested the subject of her next work, *Villette*, which was published in 1853. In mere literary merit and skill of construction, it is superior to *Shirley*, but it had not the same strong interest or air of reality. This was to be the last of Charlotte Brontë's triumphs. Her father's curate, Mr Nicholls, had entertained a deep and enduring attachment for

her. The old minister was at first opposed to the match; but he at length yielded, and Charlotte was married in June 1854. A few months of happy wedded life brightened the close of her strange and sad career, in which she had displayed the virtues of a noble self-sacrificing nature, and she died March 31, 1855, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her first novel, *The Professor*, has since been published, but it will not bear comparison with her other works.

Charlotte Brontë's Protest against Pharisaism.

From Preface to Second Edition of *Jane Eyre*.

To that class in whose eyes whatever is unusual is wrong; whose ears detect in each protest against bigotry—that parent of crime—an insult to piety, that regent of God on earth, I would suggest to such doubters certain obvious distinctions; I would remind them of certain simple truths.

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the crown of thorns. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed; they are as distinct as vice from virtue. Men too often confound them; they should not be confounded; appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few, should not be substituted for the world-redeeming creed of Christ. There is—I repeat it—a difference; and it is a good, and not a bad action to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.

The world may not like to see these ideas dissevered, for it has been accustomed to blend them; finding it convenient to make external show pass for sterling worth—to let white-washed walls vouch for clean shrines. It may hate him who dares to scrutinise and expose—to raze the gilding, and shew base metal under it—to penetrate the sepulchre, and reveal charnel relics: but hate as it will, it is indebted to him.

Ahab did not like Micaiah, because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil: probably he liked the sycophant son of Chanaanah better; yet might Ahab have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel.

There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imhah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of *Vanity Fair* admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek-fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time—they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things.

The Orphan Child.—From 'Jane Eyre.'

My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary;
Long is the way, and the mountains are wild;
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary
Over the path of the poor orphan child.

Why did they send me so far and so lonely,
Up where the moors spread and gray rocks are piled?

Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only
Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child.

Yet distant and soft the night-breeze is blowing,
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild ;
God in his mercy protection is shewing,
Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

Ev'n should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,
Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,
Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

There is a thought that for strength should avail me,
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled ;
Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me ;
God is a friend to the poor orphan child.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

A series of Irish novels, totally different in character from those of Banim or Carleton, but as distinctly and truly national, has been written by MR LEVER, who commenced his career in 1839 with *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*. The author was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806. He studied medicine, and practised in Ireland. When the cholera broke out in 1832 he exerted himself nobly, and was rewarded with the appointment of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. The success of *Harry Lorrequer* determined Mr Lever in favour of the literary profession. In 1841 he produced *Charles O'Malley*, which was highly popular ; and for thirty years afterwards scarcely a year passed without a novel from the gay and brilliant author. Among them were *Jack Hinton*; *Tom Burke of Ours*; *The O'Donoghue, a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago*; *The Knight of Gwynne, a Tale of the Union*; *Roland Cashel, The Daltons, The Dodd Family Abroad, The Martins of Cro' Martin, The Fortunes of Glencore, Davenport Dunn, Maurice Tierney, Sir Jasper Carew, Luttrell of Arran, Sir Brook Fossbrooke, That Boy of Norcott's, Paul Gossett's Confessions, A Day's Ride, Con Cregan, The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly, &c.* His last novel, *Lord Kilgobbin*, was produced only a few months before his death, and aware that his end was near at hand, he said : 'I hope this effort may be my last.' He died of heart-disease at Trieste, June 1, 1872. Besides his long file of novels, Lever published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (where many of his fictions also first appeared) a series of papers 'upon men and women, and other things in general, by Cornelius O'Dowd.' These are clever sarcastic and humorous essays, which, when collected, formed three volumes of admirable light reading. For about three years (1842-45) Mr Lever conducted the *Dublin University Magazine*. The novels of this versatile and lively author had all a considerable sale—some of the early ones rivalled the works of Dickens in popularity. *Charles O'Malley* has gone through twelve editions. Besides his strange adventures, his battle-scenes, and romantic exploits, Mr Lever has a rich, racy, national humour. His heroes have all a strong love of adventure, a national proneness to blundering, and a tendency to get into scrapes and questionable situations. The author's chief fault is his sometimes mistaking farce for comedy—mere animal spirits for wit or humour. In *Glencore* he tried the higher style of fiction—the detection of char-

acter, and the unravelment of that tangled skein which makes up human motives ;' but his satire and serious painting are not equal to his light-hearted gaiety, rollicking fun, and broad, laughable caricature. In *The Dodd Family* is an excellent view of foreign life. During the latter part of his life Mr Lever constantly resided abroad. He was many years in Florence ; in 1858 he was appointed vice-consul at Spezia, where he remained till 1867, when he was transferred to Trieste. In 1871 the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Dispensing Charity among the Irish Poor.

From *The Martins of Cro' Martin*.

Most of those who came were desirous of tickets for dispensary aid, for sickness has its permanent home in the Irish cabin, and fever lurks amidst the damp straw and the smoky atmosphere of the poor peasant's home. Some, however, came for articles of clothing, or for aid to make and repair them ; others, for some little assistance in diet, barley for a sick man's drink, a lemon, or an orange, to moisten the parched lips of fever ; others, again, wanted leave to send a grandchild or a niece to the school ; and, lastly, a few privileged individuals appeared to claim their weekly rations of snuff or tobacco—little luxuries accorded to old age—comforts that solaced many a dreary hour of a joyless existence. Amongst all the crowded mass, there was not one whom Mary had not known and visited in their humble homes. Thoroughly conversant with their condition and their necessities, she knew well their real wants ; and if one less hopeful than herself might have despaired to render any actual relief to such wide-spread misery, she was sanguine enough to be encouraged by the results before her, small and few as they were, to think that possibly the good time was yet to come when such efforts would be unneeded, and when Ireland's industry, employed and rewarded, would more than suffice for all the requirements of her humble poor.

'Jane Maloney,' said Mary, placing a small packet on the table. 'Give this to Sally Kieran as you pass her door ; and here 's the order for your own cloak.'

'May the heavens be your bed. May the holy'—

'Catty Honan,' cried Mary, with a gesture to enforce silence. 'Catty, your grand-daughter never comes to the school now that she has got leave. What's the reason of that ?'

'Faix, your reverence miss, 'tis ashamed she is by rayon of her clothes. She says Luke Cassidy's daughters have check aprons.'

'No more of this, Catty. Tell Eliza to come on Monday, and if I'm satisfied with her, she shall have one too.'

'Two ounces of tea for the Widow Jones.'

'Aych,' muttered an old hag, 'but it's weak it makes it without a little green in it !'

'How are the pains, Sarah ?' asked Mary, turning to a very feeble-looking old creature with crutches.

'Worse and worse, my lady. With every change of the weather they come on afresh.'

'The doctor will attend you, Sally, and if he thinks wine good for you, you shall have it.'

''Tis that same would be the savin' of me, Miss Mary,' said a cunning-eyed little woman, with a tattered straw bonnet on her head, and a ragged shawl over her.

'I don't think so, Nancy. Come up to the house on Monday morning, and help Mrs Taafé with the bleaching.'

'So this is the duplicate, Polly ?' said she, taking a scrap of paper from an old woman, whose countenance indicated a blending of dissipation with actual want.

'One-and-fourpence was all I got on it, and trouble enough it gave me.' These words she uttered with a heavy sigh, and in a tone at once resentful and complaining.

'Were my uncle to know that you had pawned your cloak, Polly, he'd never permit you to cross his threshold.'

'Aye, it's a great sin, to be sure,' whined out the hag, half insolently.

'A great shame and a great disgrace it certainly is; and I shall stop all relief to you till the money be paid back.'

'And why not?'—'To be sure!'—'Miss Mary is right!'—'What else could she do?' broke in full twenty scycophant voices, who hoped to prefer their own claims by the cheap expedient of condemning another.

'The Widow Hannigan?'

'Here, miss,' simpered out a smiling, little old creature, with a curtsey, as she held up a scroll of paper in her hand.

'What's this, Widow Hannigan?'

'Tis a picture Mickey made of you, miss, when you was out riding that day with the hounds; he saw you jumping a stone wall.'

Mary smiled at the performance, which certainly did not promise future excellence, and went on: 'Tell Mickey to mend his writing; his was the worst copy in the class; and here's a card for your daughter's admission into the infirmary. By the way, widow, which of the boys was it I saw dragging the river on Wednesday?'

'Faix, miss, I don't know. Sure it was none of ours would dare to!'

'Yes, they would, any one of them; but I'll not permit it; and what's more, widow, if it occur again, I'll withdraw the leave I gave to fish with a rod.'

'Teresa Johnson, your niece is a very good child, and promises to be very handy with her needle. Let her hem these handkerchiefs, and there's a frock for herself. My uncle says, Tom shall have half his wages paid him till he's able to come to work again.'

But why attempt to follow out what would be but the long unending catalogue of native misery—that dreary series of wants and privations to which extreme destitution subjects a long-neglected and helpless people. There was nothing from the cradle to the coffin, from the first wailing wants of infancy to the last requirement of dotting old age, that they did not stand in need of. A melancholy spectacle, indeed, was it to behold an entire population so steeped in misery, so utterly inured to wretchedness, that they felt no shame at its exposure, but rather a sort of self-exaltation at any opportunity of displaying a more than ordinary amount of human suffering and sorrow—to hear them how they caressed their afflictions, how they seemed to fondle their misfortunes, vying with each other in calamity, and bidding higher and higher for a little human sympathy. Mary Martin set herself stoutly to combat this practice, including, as it does, one of the most hopeless features of the national character. To inculcate habits of self-reliance, she was often driven, in violation of her own feelings, to favour those who least needed assistance, but whose efforts to improve their condition might serve as an example.

SAMUEL LOVER—LEITCH RITCHIE.

Another Irish worthy, SAMUEL LOVER (1798-1868), a native of Dublin, produced a number of good Irish songs—*The Angels' Whisper*, *Molly Bawn*, *The Four-leaved Shamrock*, &c. His Irish novels—*Rory O'More* (1839), *Handy Andy* (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844), were well received. His short Irish sketches, however, are much better; and by reciting some of these, and singing his

fine wild songs, he made up a public entertainment which he gave with great success in Ireland, England, and America.

The Angels' Whisper.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried: 'Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me.'

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face while she bended her knee.
'Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

'And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watched o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

LEITCH RITCHIE (1800-1865), a native of Greenock, was author of four novels—*Schinderhannes*, *The Game of Life*, *The Magician*, and *Wearyfoot Common*, 1855. He wrote various short tales and continental tours, and for several years bore a part in conducting *Chambers's Journal*.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Tom Brown's School-days, by an Old Boy, 1857, gives an excellent account of Rugby School under Dr Arnold; also some delightful sketches of scenery, rural customs, and sports in Berkshire. The hero, Tom Brown, is the son of a Berkshire squire; he is genial, good-humoured, and high-spirited; he fights his way nobly at Rugby, and battles against bullying, tossing, and other evils of our public schools. The tone and feeling of the volume are admirable, and it was pleasant to see so healthy and wise a book—for so it may be termed—in its sixth edition within twelve months. Several more editions have since been published. The same author has still further commemorated his beloved Berkshire in *The Scouring of the White Horse*, or *the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk*, 1858. In this work the country games, traditions, and antiquarian associations of Berkshire are described.

The Browns.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation

will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeomen's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet, under Rodney and St Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them: and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St Maurs and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.

The author of *Tom Brown's School-days* is Thomas Hughes, a Chancery barrister (appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869), son of John Hughes, Esq., of Oriel College, Oxford, author of the *Itinerary of Provence*, and editor of the *Boscobel Tracts*. Sir Walter Scott pronounced this gentleman 'a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar.' The once famous ballad of *The One-horse Shay* and other political *jeux d'esprit* in *John Bull*, were by the elder Mr Hughes. His son, born in 1823, was educated at Rugby under Dr Arnold. Mr Hughes was for some time an active member of parliament, warmly advocating the interests, without flattering the prejudices, of the working-classes. In all social questions he takes a deep interest, and evinces a manly, patriotic spirit.

MRS CROWE.

This lady differs from most of her sister-novelists in a love of the supernatural and mysterious. She possesses dramatic skill in describing characters and incidents, and few who have taken up one of her stories will lay down the volume until it has been read through. Mrs Crowe's first publication was a tragedy, *Aristodemus*, 1838. Her next work was addressed to the many. *The Adventures of Susan Hopley*, 1841, is a novel of English life, and was very successful. It was followed by *Men and Women, or Manorial Rights*, 1843—a tale less popularly attractive than *Susan Hopley*, but undoubtedly superior to it in most essential points. Mrs Crowe next translated *The Seeress of Prevorst*, revelations concerning the inner life of man, by Justinus Kerner; and two years afterwards (1847), she published *The Story of Lilly Dawson*. The heroine, when a child, falls into the hands of a family of English smugglers, desperadoes of the Dirk Hatteraick stamp; and the account given of the gradual development of her intellect and affections amidst scenes of brutal violence and terror, with the story of her subsequent escape and adventures when the world was all before her, form a narrative of psychological as well as of romantic interest. Among the opinions and reflections thrown out by the authoress is an admission that the intellectual

faculty of woman is inferior in quality and calibre to that of man:

If, as we believe, under no system of training, the intellect of woman would be found as strong as that of man, she is compensated by her intuitions being stronger—if her reason be less majestic, her insight is clearer—where man reasons, she sees. Nature, in short, gave her all that was needful to enable her to fill a noble part in the world's history, if man would but let her play it out, and not treat her like a full-grown baby, to be flattered and spoiled on the one hand, and coerced and restricted on the other, vibrating betwixt royal rule and slavish serfdom.

In 1848 Mrs Crowe issued two volumes representing *The Night-side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-seers*. Some of the stories are derived from the German, and others are relations of supernatural events said to have happened in this country, some of them within the author's knowledge. A three-volume novel from her pen appeared in 1852, *The Adventures of a Beauty*, describing the perplexities arising out of a secret marriage contracted by a wealthy baronet's son with the daughter of a farmer; and another domestic story, *Linny Lockwood*, two volumes, 1854, appears to complete the round of Mrs Crowe's works of fiction. The novelist, we may add, is a native of Borough Green, county of Kent; her maiden name was Catherine Stevens, and in 1822 she was married to Colonel Crowe.

Stages in the History of Crime.

It is in the annals of the doings and sufferings of the good and brave spirits of the earth that we should learn our lessons. It is by these that our hearts are mellowed, our minds exalted, and our souls nerved to go and do likewise. But there are occasionally circumstances connected with the history of great crimes that render them the most impressive of homilies; fitting them to be set aloft as beacons to warn away the frail mortal, tossed on the tempest of his passions, from the destruction that awaits him if he pursues his course; and such instruction we hold may be best derived from those cases in which the subsequent feelings of a criminal are disclosed to us; those cases, in short, in which the chastisement proceeds from within instead of from without; that chastisement that no cunning concealment, no legal subtlety, no eloquent counsel, no indulgent judge can avert. . . .

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilisation, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes 'make quick conveyance' with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and lifelong incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a

lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

But we are often struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of continental criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage we have reached, and, certainly, some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which, in this country, could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have been met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglia in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for, enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglia that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

MISS PARDOE.

JULIA PARDOE (1806–1862), born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, the daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, was an extensive writer in fiction, in books of travels, and in historical memoirs. Her most successful efforts have been those devoted to Eastern manners and society. She is said to have produced a volume of Poems at the age of thirteen. The first of her works which attracted any attention was *Traits and Traditions of Portugal*, published in 1833. Having proceeded to the East, Miss Pardoe wrote *The City of the Sultan*, 1836; which was succeeded in 1839 by *The Romance of the Harem* and *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*. In 1857, reverting to these Eastern studies and observations, Miss Pardoe produced a pleasant collection of oriental tales, entitled *Thousand and One Days*. A visit to Hungary led to *The City of the Magyar, or Hungary and its Institutions*, 1840, and to a novel, entitled *The Hungarian Castle*. Another journey called forth *Recollections of the Rhône and the Chartreuse*; while studies in French history suggested *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century*, 1847. The novels of Miss Pardoe are numerous. Among them are *Reginald Lyle*, *Flies in Amber*, *The Jealous Wife*, *Poor Relations*, and *Pilgrimages in Paris*—the last published in 1858, and consisting of short romantic tales which had appeared in various periodicals. Her historical works include *The Court of Francis I.*, *Memoirs of Marie de Medici*, *Episodes of French History*, &c.

MRS ANNE MARSH—LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

The domestic novels of these ladies have been received with great favour. They are earnest, impassioned, and eloquent expositions of English life and feeling—those of Lady Fullerton, perhaps too uniformly sad and gloomy. MRS MARSH (1799–1874) was a Staffordshire lady, daughter of Mr James Caldwell of Linleywood, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme. She does not seem to have entered on her career as an authoress until 1834,

when she published *Two Old Men's Tales*. Between that year and 1836 she had issued several publications—*Tales of the Woods and Fields*, *The Triumphs of Time*, *Emelia Wyndham*, and *Mount Sorrel*. These she followed up some years later by *Father Darcy*, an historical romance; *Mordant Hall*, *Lettice Arnold*, *The Wilmingtons*, *Time the Avenger*, *Castle Avon*, *The Rose of Ashurst*, *Evelyn Marston*, and *Norman's Bridge*, a family history of three generations. Besides these works of fiction, Mrs Marsh published one work of an historical character relating to the Protestant Reformation in France, but it was never completed. The death of her brother about 1858 devolving on her the estate of Linleywood, Mrs Marsh took the additional name and arms of Caldwell.

LADY FULLERTON, daughter of the first Earl Granville, was married in 1833 to A. G. Fullerton, Esq. of Ballintoy Castle, county of Antrim, Ireland. In 1844 she published *Ellen Middleton*, a domestic story, which was followed by *Grantley Manor*, 1847; *Lady Bird*, 1852; the *Life of St Francis of Rome*, and *La Comtesse de Bonneval*, 1857; *Rose Leblanc*, 1861; *Laurentia*, 1861; *Constance Sherwood*, 1865; *A Stormy Life*, 1867; *Mrs Gerald's Niece*, 1869; &c.

MISS KAVANAGH.

A series of tales, having moral and benevolent aims, has been produced by MISS JULIA KAVANAGH. In 1847 she published a Christmas book, *The Three Paths*; and in 1848, *Madeleine, a Tale of Auvergne, founded on Fact*. The 'fact' that gave rise to this interesting story is the devotion of a peasant-girl, who by her labour founded a hospital in her native village. *Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century*, two volumes, 1850, was Miss Kavanagh's next work—an ambitious and somewhat perilous theme; but the memoirs and anecdotes of the *belles esprits* who ruled the Parisian courts and coteries are told with discretion and feeling as well as taste. French society and scenery supplied materials for another fiction, *Nathalie*, 1851; after which Miss Kavanagh gave short biographies of women eminent for works of charity and godness, entitling the collection, *Women of Christianity*, 1852. She has since published *Daisy Burns*, 1853; *Grace Lee*, 1855; *Rachel Gray*, 1856; *Adèle*, 1858; *A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies*, two vols. 1858; *Seven Years, and other Tales*, 1859; *French Women of Letters*, 1861; *English Women of Letters*, 1862; *Queen Mab*, 1863; *Beatrice*, 1865; *Sybil's Second Love*, 1867; *Dora*, 1868; *Sylvia*, 1870; &c. In fiction and memoirs, Miss Kavanagh is always interesting, delicate in fancy and feeling, and often rich in description. She is not so able in construction as some of her contemporaries, but she has dealt with very various types of character, and always with a certain grace and careful decision. This lady is a native of Ireland, born at Thurles, in Tipperary, in the year 1824; but she was educated in France.

MRS GASKELL.

About the same time that Charlotte Brontë was drawing scenes and characters from Yorkshire, another lady-novelist was depicting the condition

of the manufacturing classes in Lancashire. MRS ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL (*née* Stevenson), wife of the Rev. W. Gaskell, Unitarian minister, Manchester, in 1848 published anonymously *Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life*. The work is a faithful and painfully interesting picture of the society of the manufacturing capital. The heroine is the daughter of a factory operative; and the family group, with their relatives and friends, are drawn with a distinctness and force that leave no doubt of its truth. The authoress says she had often thought how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed her daily in the streets of Manchester.

'I had always,' she adds, 'felt a deep sympathy with the care-worn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want: tossed to and fro by circumstances apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say, that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.'

The effects of bad times, political agitation, and 'strikes,' are depicted and brought home more vividly to the reader by their connection with the characters in the novel. The Lancashire dialect is also occasionally introduced, adding to the impression of reality made by the whole work; and though the chief interest is of a painful character, the novelist reflects the lights as well as the shades of artisan life. Her powers of description may be seen from the beautiful opening scene:

Picture of Green Heys Fields, Manchester.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as 'Green Heys Fields,' through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of haymaking, ploughing, &c., which are such pleasant mysteries for towns-people to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaids' call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the

charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark-blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colours.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged; dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers had been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

In 1850 Mrs Gaskell published *The Moorland Cottage*—a short domestic tale; in 1853, *Ruth*, a novel in three volumes, and *Cranford*, a collection of sketches that had appeared in a periodical work; in 1855, *North and South*, another story of the manufacturing districts, which had also

been originally published in the periodical form; and in 1859, *Round the Sofa*. In 1860 appeared *Right at Last*; and in 1863, *Silvia's Lovers*. These novels were all popular. The authoress was a prose Crabbe—earnest, faithful, and often spirited in her delineations of humble life. By confining herself chiefly to the manufacturing population, she threw light on conditions of life, habits, and feelings comparatively new and original in our fictitious literature. Her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, 1857, has all the interest of a romance, and is worthy of the authoress of *Mary Barton*. Mrs Gaskell died at Alton, November, 12, 1865, aged fifty-four.

Yorkshiremen of the West Riding.

From *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

Even an inhabitant of the neighbouring county of Lancaster is struck by the peculiar force of character which the Yorkshiremen display. This makes them interesting as a race; while, at the same time, as individuals, the remarkable degree of self-sufficiency they possess gives them an air of independence rather apt to repel a stranger. I use this expression 'self-sufficiency' in the largest sense. Conscious of the strong sagacity and the dogged power of will which seem almost the birthright of the natives of the West Riding, each man relies upon himself, and seeks no help at the hand of his neighbour. From rarely requiring the assistance of others, he comes to doubt the power of bestowing it: from the general success of his efforts, he grows to depend upon them, and to over-estimate his own energy and power. He belongs to that keen, yet short-sighted class who consider suspicion of all whose honesty is not proved as a sign of wisdom. The practical qualities of a man are held in great respect; but the want of faith in strangers and untried modes of action, extends itself even to the manner in which the virtues are regarded; and if they produce no immediate and tangible result, they are rather put aside as unfit for this busy, striving world; especially if they are more of a passive than an active character. Their affections are strong, and their foundations lie deep; but they are not—such affections seldom are—wide-spreading, nor do they shew themselves on the surface. Indeed, there is little display of any of the amenities of life among this wild, rough population. Their accent is curt; their accent and tone of speech blunt and harsh. Something of this may, probably, be attributed to the freedom of mountain air, and of isolated hill-side life, something be derived from their rough Norse ancestry. They have a quick perception of character, and a keen sense of humour; the dwellers among them must be prepared for certain uncomplimentary, though most likely true observations, pithily expressed. Their feelings are not easily roused, but their duration is lasting. Hence, there is much close friendship and faithful service. From the same cause also come enduring grudges, in some cases amounting to hatred, which occasionally has been bequeathed from generation to generation. I remember Miss Brontë once telling me that it was a saying round about Haworth: 'Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year; turn it and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thy hand when thine enemy draws near.'

The West Riding men are sleuth-hounds in pursuit of money. . . . These men are keen and shrewd; faithful and persevering in following out a good purpose, fell in tracking an evil one. They are not emotional; they are not easily made into either friends or enemies; but once lovers or haters, it is difficult to change their feeling. They are a powerful race both in mind and body, both for good and for evil.

The woollen manufacture was introduced into this

district in the days of Edward III. It is traditionally said that a colony of Flemings came over and settled in the West Riding to teach the inhabitants what to do with their wool. The mixture of agricultural with manufacturing labour that ensued and prevailed in the West Riding up to a very recent period, sounds pleasant enough at this distance of time, when the classical impression is left, and the details forgotten, or only brought to light by those who explore the few remote parts of England where the custom still lingers. The idea of the mistress and her maidens spinning at the great wheels while the master was abroad ploughing his fields, or seeing after his flocks, on the purple moors, is very poetical to look back upon; but when such life actually touches on our own days, and we can hear particulars from the lips of those now living, there come out details of coarseness—of the uncouthness of the rustic mingled with the sharpness of the tradesman—of irregularity and fierce lawlessness—that rather mar the vision of pastoral innocence and simplicity. Still, as it is the exceptional and exaggerated characteristics of any period that leave the most vivid memory behind them, it would be wrong, and in my opinion faithless, to conclude that such and such forms of society and modes of living were not best for the period when they prevailed, although the abuses they may have led into, and the gradual progress of the world, have made it well that such ways and manners should pass away for ever, and as preposterous to attempt to return to them, as it would be for a man to return to the clothes of his childhood.

A uniform edition of Mrs Gaskell's novels and tales has been published in seven volumes.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

This gentleman's first work was a *Life of his father, William Collins*, the celebrated English painter. It was published in 1848, and was universally recognised as a valuable addition to our art biography. MR COLLINS then tried another field. He turned to fiction, and in 1850 published a classic romance of the fifth century, entitled *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome*. Though much inferior to Bulwer's historical romances, the work evinced Mr Collins's art in constructing an interesting story, and this dramatic faculty—rather than skill in depicting character—has distinguished his subsequent productions. These are—*Rambles beyond Railways, or Notes in Cornwall*, 1851; *Basil*, a novel, 1852; *Mr Wray's Cash-box*, 1852; *Hide and Seek*, 1854; *After Dark*, 1856; *The Dead Secret*, 1857. The last of these tales appeared in *Household Words*, and kept its readers in breathless suspense—the delight of all lovers of romance—until the secret was unfolded. Mr Collins is author also of a drama, *The Frozen Deep*, performed in 1857 by Mr Dickens, by the dramatist himself, and other friends, amateur actors, in aid of the family of Douglas Jerrold, the Queen having previously witnessed a private representation of the piece. The late works of Mr Collins are—*The Queen of Hearts*, 1859; *The Woman in White*, 1860; *No Name*, 1862; *My Miscellanies*, 1863; *Armada*, 1866; *The Moonstone*, 1868; *Man and Wife*, 1870; *Poor Miss Finch*; *The Law and the Lady*; &c. This popular novelist is a native of London, born in January 1824. He was intended for a commercial life, then studied law in Lincoln's Inn; but in his twenty-fourth year he entered on his natural field—the literary profession.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

In the description of daring feats and romantic adventures—scenes in the desert, the forest, and wild hunting-ground—CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, of the United States army, has earned great popularity, especially with the young. He seems to have made Cooper the novelist his model, but several of his works are more particularly devoted to natural history. This gentleman is a native of the north of Ireland, son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in the year 1818. In his twentieth year he went abroad to ‘push his fortune.’ He set out for Mexico, made trading excursions with the Indians up the Red River, and afterwards sailed up the Missouri, and settled on the prairies for a period of four or five years. He then took to the literary profession in Philadelphia; but in 1845, when war was declared between the United States and Mexico, Mr Reid obtained a commission in the American army, and distinguished himself by his gallantry. He led the forlorn-hope at the assault of the castle of Chapultepec, and was severely wounded. The Mexican war over, Captain Reid organised a body of men to aid the Hungarians in their struggle for independence, but the failure of the insurrection prevented his reaping any fresh laurels as a soldier. He now repaired to England and resumed his pen. His personal experiences had furnished materials of a rare and exciting kind, and he published a series of romances and other works, which were well received. In 1849 appeared *The Rifle Rangers*; in 1850, *The Scalp Hunters*; in 1852, *The Desert Home and Boy Hunters*; in 1853, *The Young Voyageurs*; in 1854, *The Forest Exiles*; in 1855, *The Bush Boys*, *The Hunter's Feast*, and *The White Chief*; in 1856, *The Quaddroon, or a Lover's Adventures in Louisiana*; in 1857, *The Young Yägers*; in 1858, *The Plant Hunters and The War Trail*; in 1859, *Ocoala*; &c. As a vivid describer of foreign scenes, Captain Reid is entitled to praise; but his incidents, though exciting, are often highly improbable.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS—ANGUS B. REACH—ALBERT SMITH.

The author of *Caleb Stukeley* and other tales, MR SAMUEL PHILLIPS (1815–1854), was for some years literary critic of the *Times*, and afterwards literary director of the Crystal Palace. The only works to which he put his name were certain guide-books to the Palace. Mr Phillips was by birth a Jew, son of a London tradesman. In his fifteenth year he appeared as an actor in Covent Garden Theatre; but his friends placed him in the London University, and whilst there, he attracted the attention of the Duke of Sussex by an essay on Milton. Through the Duke's assistance he was sent to Göttingen University. His novel of *Caleb Stukeley* appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was reprinted in 1843. Its success led to other contributions to *Blackwood*—*We are all Low People There*, and other tales. He occasionally sent letters to the *Times*, and ultimately formed a regular engagement with the conductors of that paper. His reviews of books were vigorous and slashing; Dickens, Carlyle, Mrs Stowe, and other popular

writers were boldly assailed by the anonymous critic, and his articles became the talk of the town. Two volumes of these literary essays have since been published. The tales of Mr Phillips all bear the impress of his energetic mind and shrewd caustic observation. With better health, he would probably have been more genial, and have accomplished some complete artistic work.

As a first-class journalist and happy descriptive writer, few young men rose into greater favour and popularity than MR ANGUS BETHUNE REACH (1821–1856). He was a native of Inverness; but before he had reached his twentieth year he was in London, busily employed on the *Morning Chronicle*, as reporter and critic, and let us add, honourably supporting his parents, on whom misfortune had fallen. Besides contributing to the magazines, Mr Reach wrote two novels—*Clement Lorimer*, one volume, 1848; and *Leonard Lindsay*, two volumes, 1850. He wrote also a number of light satires, dramatic pieces, and sketches of social life—*The Natural History of Bores and Hunchugs*, *The Comic Bradshaw*, *London on the Thames*, *The Man of the Moon*, &c. Being despatched to France as a Commissioner for the *Morning Chronicle*, he enriched his note-book with sketches social, picturesque, and legendary, published with the title of *Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone*, 1852. The disappointment he experienced in traversing what is considered the most poetic region of France, he thus describes:

The South of France.

We entered Languedoc, the most early civilised of the provinces which now make up France—the land where chivalry was first wedded to literature—the land whose tongue laid the foundations of the greater part of modern poetry—the land where the people first rebelled against the tyranny of Rome—the land of the Menestrals and the Albigenes. People are apt to think of this favoured tract of Europe as a sort of terrestrial paradise—one great glowing odorous garden—where, in the shade of the orange and the olive tree, queens of love and beauty crowned the heads of wandering troubadours. The literary and historic associations have not unnaturally operated upon our common notions of the country; and for the ‘south of France,’ we are very apt to conjure up a brave, fictitious landscape. Yet, this country is no Eden. It has been admirably described in a single phrase, the ‘Austere South of France.’ It is austere—grim—sombre. It never smiles: it is scathed and parched. There is no freshness or rurality in it. It does not seem the country, but a vast yard—shadeless, glaring, drear, and dry. Let us glance from our elevated perch over the district we are traversing. A vast, rolling wilderness of clodded earth, browned and baked by the sun; here and there masses of red rock heaving themselves above the soil like protruding ribs of the earth, and a vast coating of drouthy dust, lying like snow upon the ground. To the left, a long ridge of iron-like mountains—on all sides rolling hills, stern and kneaded, looking as though frozen. On the slopes and in the plain, endless rows of scrubby, ugly trees, powdered with the universal dust, and looking exactly like mopsticks. Sprawling and straggling over the soil beneath them, jungles of burnt-up leafless bushes, tangled and apparently neglected. The trees are olives and mulberries—the bushes, vines. Glance again across the country. It seems a solitude. Perhaps one or two distant figures, gray with dust, are labouring to break the clods with wooden hammers; but that is all. No cottages—no farm-houses—no hedges—all one rolling sweep of iron-like, burnt-up, glaring land. In the dis-

tance you may espy a village. It looks like a fortification—all blank, high stone walls, and no windows, but mere loopholes. A square church tower gloomily and heavily overtops the houses, or the dungeon of an ancient fortress rears its massive pile of mouldering stone. Where have you seen such a landscape before? Stern and forbidding, it has yet a familiar look. These scrubby, mop-headed trees—these formal square lines of huge edifices—these banks and braes, varying in hue from the gray of the dust to the red of the rock—why, they are precisely the backgrounds of the pictures of the renaissance painters of France and Italy.

With his various tasks and incessant labour, the health of the young littérateur gave way. Mental disease prostrated him, and for the last two years of his life he was helpless. One eminent and generous man of letters—Mr Thackeray—by special lectures and personal bounty, contributed largely to the comfort of the sufferer; and another—Mr Shirley Brooks—undertook, and for many months cheerfully fulfilled, some of his friend's literary engagements. The Literary Fund also lent assistance. It is gratifying to note these instances of sympathy, but more important to mark the warning which Mr Reach's case holds out to young literary aspirants of the dangers of over-application.

MR ALBERT SMITH (1816-1860), born at Chertsey, is best known for his illustrated lectures or amusing monologues in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in which he described a visit to Constantinople, the ascent of Mont Blanc, and a trip to China in 1858-9. Of these tours he also published accounts. Mr Smith studied medicine both in London and Paris, but began early to write for the magazines, and threw off numerous tales and sketches—as *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury*, *The Scattergood Family*, *Christopher Tadpole*, *The Pottleton Legacy*, several dramatic pieces, &c. His lectures—somewhat in the style of Mathews's 'At Home,' but with the addition of very fine scenery—were amazingly successful: 'Mont Blanc' was repeated above a thousand times, and almost invariably to crowded houses.

MRS ELLIS.

This lady is the Hannah More of the present generation. She has written fifty or sixty volumes, nearly all conveying moral or religious instruction. Her principal works are—*The Women of England*, 1838; *A Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees*, 1841; *The Daughters of England*, 1842; *The Wives of England and The Mothers of England*, 1843; *Prevention Better than Cure*, 1847; *Hints on Formation of Character*, 1848. Several short tales and poems have also been published by Mrs Ellis. This accomplished and industrious lady (née Sarah Stickney) was in 1837 married to the distinguished missionary, the Rev. William Ellis, author of *Polynesian Researches in the Society and Sandwich Islands*, four volumes, 1832.

MISS C. M. YONGE—MISS SEWELL—MISS JEWSBURY.

A not less voluminous writer is CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, a native of Hampshire, born in 1823. Her novel, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, 1853, at once established her reputation. She had, however, previous to this date written several other

tales—*Henrietta's Wish*, *Venneth*, and *Langley School*, 1850; *The Kings of England*, *The Two Guardians*, and *Landmarks of Ancient History*, 1852; &c. The popularity of *The Heir of Redclyffe* induced the authoress to continue what may be called the regular novel style; and in *Heart's Ease*, 1854; *Daisy Chain*, 1856; and *Dynevor Terrace*, 1857, we have interesting, well-constructed tales. Since then she has produced several other works—*The Young Stepmother*, *Hopes and Fears*, *The Lances of Lynwood*, *Clever Woman of the Family*, *Prince and the Page*, &c. The children's books of Miss Yonge have also been exceedingly popular; and all her works, like those of Mrs Ellis, have in view the moral improvement of the young, more particularly those of her own sex. Miss Yonge is said to have given £2000, the profits of her tale *Daisy Chain*, towards the building of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, and also a portion of the proceeds of the *Heir of Redclyffe* to fitting out the missionary ship *Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn.

ELIZABETH MISSING SEWELL, a native of the Isle of Wight, born in 1815, is authoress of various works of what is called 'High Church fiction,' but works affording moral instruction, blended with delicate womanly pictures of life and character. The best known of these are *Amy Herbert*, 1844; *Gertrude and Sketches*, 1847; *Katherine Ashton*, 1854; *Margaret Percival*, 1858; &c. Miss Sewell has written various religious works, sketches of continental travel, &c.

GERALDINE JEWSBURY is more ambitious in style, but not always so successful. Her works are—*Zoe*, 1845; *The Half-Sisters*, 1848; *Constance Herbert and Right or Wrong*, 1859; &c. Of these, *Constance Herbert* is the best, both for the interest of the story and its literary merits. Miss Jewsbury has written a story for children, *Angelo, or the Pine Forest in the Alps*, 1855. The elder sister of this lady, Maria Jane, wife of the Rev. W. Fletcher, accompanied her husband to India, and died at Bombay in 1833; she was an amiable, accomplished woman, authoress of various essays, sketches, and poems, including two volumes, *Phantasmagoria*, 1829, which Professor Wilson characterised as 'always acute and never coarse.'

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

This distinguished American author was born on the 4th July 1804—the American Independence Day. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was early in the field as a contributor to periodical literature. Two volumes of these pieces were collected and published under the title of *Twice-told Tales* (1837 and 1842.) In 1845 appeared *Mosses from an old Manse*, and in 1850 *The Scarlet Letter*, which may be said to have given its author a European reputation. He afterwards joined with some friends in a scheme like the contemplated Pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge—a society called the Brook Farm Community, from which Arcadian felicity and plenty were anticipated, but which ended in failure. In 1851, Mr Hawthorne produced *The House of the Seven Gables*, and in 1852 *The Blithedale Romance*. He published also a *Life of General Pierce*, and *A Wonder Book*, a second series of

which, called *Tanglewood Tales*, was published in 1853. On the accession of General Pierce to the presidency in 1852, Hawthorne was appointed consul for the United States at Liverpool, which he held for about five years. A visit to Italy gave occasion to his writing *Transformation* (1860)—a novel which gives an admirable view of Roman life, antiquities, and art. How graphic and striking and true, for example, is the picture presented by the opening scene!

The Capitol at Rome.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul, with its choice of innocence or evil at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assailed by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon, we may see a flight of broad stone steps descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban Mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things—at this bright sky, and those blue, distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon—in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftener at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life, of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike.

Mr Hawthorne returned to America, and published *Our Old Home*, two vols., 1863, giving an account of England, but written in a tone of querulous discontent and unfairness which pained his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Part of this must be attributed to ill-health, which continued to increase till the death of the novelist, which took place at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. An interesting volume of Memorials of Hawthorne has been published by HENRY A.

PAGE. His widow also edited and published *Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, two vols., 1868; *Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, two vols., 1870; and *Septimius*, an unfinished romance, 1871. The three early romances, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Seven Gables*, and *Bliethedale*, are the most popular and original of Mr Hawthorne's works. The first of these pictures of New England life and Puritanism is on a painful subject, for *The Scarlet Letter* is the badge of the heroine's shame, and her misery and degradation form the leading theme of the story. But it is intensely interesting, and its darker shades are relieved by passages of fine description. Perhaps its only fault is one which attaches also to Scott's *Waverley*—a too long and tedious introduction. The second romance does not possess the same harrowing interest, but it has greater variety, and the inmates of the old house are drawn with consummate skill. *The Bliethedale Romance* is a story founded on the Socialist experiment at Brook Farm. A strain of weird fancy and sombre thought pervades most of Hawthorne's writings.

A Socialist Experiment.

The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be anything else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualisation of labour. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth which we so constantly belaboured and turned over and over, were never etherealised into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labour symbolised nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

In quaint description and love of odd localities, Mr Hawthorne, in his short pieces, reminds us of Charles Lamb. He is a humorist with poetical fancy and feeling. In his romances, however, he puts forth greater power—a passionate energy and earnestness, with a love of the supernatural, but he never loses the simplicity and beauty of his style.

Autumn at Concord, Massachusetts.

Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedgerows,

and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn; and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the huge shadows of the trees.

The flowers, even the brightest of them, the golden rod and the gorgeous cardinals—the most glorious flowers of the year—have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. . . .

I scarcely remember a scene of more complete and lovely seclusion than the passage of the river through this wood [North Branch]. Even an Indian canoe, in olden times, could not have floated onward in deeper solitude than my boat. I have never elsewhere had such an opportunity to observe how much more beautiful reflection is than what we call reality. The sky and the clustering foliage on either hand, and the effect of sunlight as it found its way through the shade, giving light-some hues in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tints—all these seemed unsurpassably beautiful when beheld in upper air. But on gazing downward, there they were, the same even to the minutest particular, yet arrayed in ideal beauty, which satisfied the spirit incomparably more than the actual scene. I am half convinced that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul. There were many tokens of autumn in this beautiful picture. Two or three of the trees were actually dressed in their coats of many colours—the real scarlet and gold which they wear before they put on mourning.

Sunday, September 23.—There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window, and think: 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!' And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward.

The English Lake Country—Grasmere.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls—and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green, and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life are so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can, even in its humbler modes of life—to say nothing of the beautiful lives that might be led, one would think, by the higher classes, whose gateways, with broad, smooth, gravelled drives leading through

them, one sees every mile or two along the road, winding into some proud seclusion. All this is passing away, and society must assume new relations; but there is no harm in believing that there has been something very good in English life—good for all classes—while the world was in a state out of which these forms naturally grew.

MRS STOWE.

No work of fiction, perhaps, ever had so large an immediate sale as the American story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. It first appeared in parts in a weekly journal, *The Washington National Era*, 1850; and when completed, it was published in a collected form, and in less than a year 200,000 copies are said to have been sold in the United States. It was soon imported into this country, and there being no restraining law of international copyright, it was issued in every form from the price of a shilling upwards. At least half a million copies must have been sold in twelve months. So graphic and terrible a picture of slavery in the Southern States of America could not fail to interest all classes; and though 'Uncle Tom' may have been drawn too saint-like, and Legree, the slave-owner, too dark a fiend, it is acknowledged that the characters and incidents in the tale are founded on facts and authentic documents. To verify her statements, Mrs Stowe, in 1853, published a *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which she had collected advertisements of the sale of slaves, letters from the sufferers, and arguments in support of slavery from newspapers, law reports, and even sermons.

Mrs Stowe visited England the same year (1853), and was received with great distinction. In London she received an address from the ladies of England, presented to her in Stafford House—the residence of the Duke of Sutherland—by Lord Shaftesbury. She afterwards travelled over the country, and from England she proceeded to France and Switzerland. An account of this European tour was published by Mrs Stowe, under the title of *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. There are some pleasant passages of description in this work, but on the whole it is unworthy of the authoress. So much tuft-hunting, vanity, and slipshod criticism could hardly have been expected from one who had displayed so much mastery over the stronger feelings and passions of our nature, and so much art in the construction of a story. Receptions, breakfast-parties, and personal compliments make up a large portion of these *Memories*, but here is one pleasing extract:

English Trees—Warwick Castle.

When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous—leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England. Grass is an art and a science in England—it is an institution. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England.

Trees here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly: 'O well, I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after a while!' Since that time, another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generally hear made is: 'Oh, I suppose we cannot think of shewing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!' Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river-bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria—these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New Haven, or overarch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence. Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, 'Excellent as the cedars.' They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the king-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the Holy Land in the old days of the Crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting.

In 1856, Mrs Stowe published another novel written to expose the evils of slavery and the state of Southern society in America—namely, *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, a work much inferior to *Uncle Tom*. Before the period of her European fame, the authoress had contributed tales and sketches to American periodicals, the most popular of which was *The May Flower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims*, 1849; a number of children's books, religious poems, and anti-slavery tracts have proceeded from her fertile pen. Among her late separate works may be mentioned *The Minister's Wooing*, 1859—an excellent novel, descriptive of Puritan life in New England; *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, 1862; *Agnes of Sorrento*, 1862; *Little Foxes, or the Insignificant Little Habits which mar Domestic Happiness*, 1865; *Light after Darkness*, 1867; *Men of our Times, or Leading Patriots of the Day*, 1868; *Old Town Folks*, 1869; *Little Pussy Willow*, 1870; *My Wife and I*, 1871; *Pink and White Tyranny*, 1871; *Old Town Fireside Stories* (humorous little tales), *Palmetto Leaves*, 1873; &c. One publication of Mrs Stowe's which appeared simultaneously in America and England—*The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*, 1869—excited a strong and painful interest. This was a narrative disclosing what the authoress termed 'a terrible secret' confided to her thirteen years before by Lady Byron. The secret was that Lord Byron was guilty of incest with his half-sister, Mrs Leigh, to whom he had dedicated some of the most touching and beautiful of his verses. So revolting an accusation called forth a universal burst of indigna-

tion. When examined, the statement was found to be inaccurate in dates and in some of its leading features. Letters written by Lady Byron to Mrs Leigh in terms of the warmest affection, after the separation of the poet and his wife, were produced, and a formal contradiction to some of the principal allegations was given by the descendants and representatives of both Lord and Lady Byron. Mrs Stowe attempted a vindication next year, but it was a failure. No new evidence was adduced, and her defence consisted only of strong assertions, of aspersions on the character of Byron, and of extracts from the most objectionable of his writings. The whole of this affair on the part of the clever American lady was a blunder and a reproach. No one, however, ventured to think she had fabricated the story. Lady Byron was the delinquent; on that subject Lady Byron was a monomaniac. 'Her mind was not a weak one, but she had impaired it by religious speculations beyond her reach, and by long brooding over her trials, involving some real, and many imaginary wrongs. She could at first account for her gifted husband's conduct on no hypothesis but insanity; and now, by a sort of Nemesis, there is no other hypothesis on which the moralist can charitably account for hers; but there is this marked difference in their maladies—he morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues' (*Quarterly Review*). This seems to be the true view of the case.

We add a few sentences from *The Minister's Wooing*.

A Moonlight Scene.

Mary returned to the quietude of her room. The red of twilight had faded, and the silver moon, round and fair, was rising behind the thick boughs of the apple trees. She sat down in the window, thoughtful and sad, and listened to the crickets, whose ignorant jollity often sounds as mournfully to us mortals as ours may to superior beings. There the little, hoarse, black wretches were scraping and creaking, as if life and death were invented solely for their pleasure, and the world were created only to give them a good time in it. Now and then a little wind shivered among the boughs, and brought down a shower of white petals which shimmered in the slant beams of the moonlight; and now a ray touched some small head of grass, and forthwith it blossomed into silver, and stirred itself with a quiet joy, like a new-born saint just awaking in Paradise. And ever and anon came on the still air the soft eternal pulsations of the distant sea—sound mournfullest, most mysterious, of all the harpings of Nature. It was the sea—the deep, eternal sea—the treacherous, soft, dreadful, inexplicable sea.

Love.

It is said that, if a grape-vine be planted in the neighbourhood of a well, its roots, running silently underground, wreath themselves in a network around the cold clear waters, and the vine's putting on outward greenness and unwonted clusters and fruit is all that tells where every root and fibre of its being has been silently stealing. So those loves are most fatal, most absorbing, in which, with unheeded quietness, every thought and fibre of our life twines gradually around some human soul, to us the unsuspected well-spring of our being. Fearful it is, because so often the vine must be uprooted, and all its fibres wrenched away; but till the hour of discovery comes, how is it transfigured by a new and beautiful life!

There is nothing in life more beautiful than that

trance-like quiet dawn which precedes the rising of love in the soul, when the whole being is pervaded imperceptibly and tranquilly by another being, and we are happy, we know not and ask not why, the soul is then receiving all and asking nothing. At a later day she becomes self-conscious, and then come craving exactions, endless questions—the whole world of the material comes in with its hard counsels and consultations, and the beautiful trance fades for ever. . . .

Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks; if she seem to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject—why, look there for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow-grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little falsehood before you.

MRS LYNN LINTON—MRS HENRY WOOD.

MRS ELIZA LINTON, a popular novelist, is a native of the picturesque Lake country. She was born at Keswick in 1822, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite in Cumberland. In 1858 she was married to Mr W. J. Linton, engraver. Mrs Linton appeared as an authoress in 1844, when she published *Azeth the Egyptian*, which was followed by *Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles*, 1848; *Realities*, 1851; *Witch Stories*, 1861; *Lizzie Lorton*, 1866; *Patricia Kemball*; and other works of fiction, with various piquant essays and critical contributions to the periodical press. Mrs Linton has also published an account of 'The Lake Country,' with illustrations by Mr Linton. The novels of this lady represent, in clear and vigorous English, the world of to-day. All the little frivolities, the varieties, the *finesse* of women, all the empty pretence and conscious self-deception of men, she paints with real power and with a peculiar tinge of cynicism, which is so regularly recurrent as to make the reader a little doubtful of its genuineness. In *Patricia Kemball* she lays bare the hollow hearts and secret vices of society; the real heroine, Dora, is insincere, and instigates to crime, yet is represented as 'a girl of the period.' Mrs Linton has real constructive faculty, with descriptive and satirical power. Her earlier novels are healthier in tone and feeling than her later ones. She appears to be passing into sensationalism and love-stories based on intrigue; and though professedly she would by these teach a high moral, we doubt if the bulk of her readers will draw the lesson she intends. The *History of Joshua Davidson* sufficiently shews that Mrs Lynn Linton has latterly been exercised in seeking a solution of the great social problems of the day—the 'enigmas of life.' Her book cannot be regarded otherwise than as a rejection of Christianity as a creed impossible of application to our complex modern society, or as applicable only in the form of an undisguised communism.

MRS HENRY WOOD (*née* Price), born in Worcestershire in 1820, has written a great number of novels (twenty are enumerated in Bentley's catalogue), beginning with *Danebury House*, 1860; *East Lynne*, which was published in 1861, and met with great success; *The Channings* (1862); *Mrs Halliburton's Troubles*, *Verner's Pride*, *Bessy*

Rane, *Roland Yorke*, *Lady Adelaide's Oath*, &c. Mrs Wood has edited a monthly magazine, *The Argosy*, and has contributed, during an active literary life, to various other periodicals. In her novels she contrives to unite plot and melodrama with healthy moral teaching. She has shewn talent in dealing with character alone, as seen in her anonymous *Johnny Ludlow Papers*, which were highly praised by critics who had spoken contemptuously of the novels published under her own name.

MISS ANNE MANNING—MISS RHODA BROUGHTON, &C.

A series of novels, most of them cast in an antique autobiographical form, commenced in 1850 with *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell*, afterwards *Mrs Milton*, an ideal representation of Milton's first wife, written and printed in the style of the period. This has been followed by *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, 1851; *Edward Osborne*, 1852; *The Provocations of Madame Palissy*, 1853; *Chronicles of Merrie England*, 1854; *Caliph Haroun Alraschid*, 1855; *Good Old Times*, 1856; *a Cottage History of England*, *Masque of Ludlow*, &c., 1866. These works are stated to be written by a lady, MISS ANNE MANNING.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON has constructive talent, combined with no ordinary knowledge of society, with little sentiment and some defiance—at least disregard—of conventionalisms. Her novels are—*Nancy*; *Good-bye, Sweetheart*; *Red as a Rose is She*; *Cometh up as a Flower*, &c. Not unlike Miss Broughton is MRS EDWARDS, who has written *Steven Lawrence*, *Yeoman*, *Archie Lovell*, &c. Mrs Edwards's heroes are of the masculine sort, and in her *Archie Lovell* (which was very popular) she has delineated some of the features of the fashionable Bohemianism of the day. HOLME LEE (whose real name is Harriet Parr) is one of the purest and brightest of the domestic school of novelists, and also a writer of some excellent essays. She has but slight skill in plot, but has a firm hold of certain ranges of character, and superior analytical faculty. The unwearied industry of 'Holme Lee' has enabled her to reside on a small property of her own in the Isle of Wight. Her novels are—*Against Wind and Tide*, *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, *Kathie Brande*, *Warb and Woof*, *Maude Talbot*, *The Beautiful Miss Barrington*, &c. MRS RIDDELL made a reputation among the novel-readers by her novel, *George Geith*, a really powerful fiction. In her later works she has gone too far in the direction of plot and sensation merely. In 1875 an anonymous novel, *Coming through the Rye*, became at once popular, and various authors were named. At length it was found that it was written by MISS MATHER, a lady known as the author of some poems.

CHARLES READE.

The novels of MR CHARLES READE have been among the most popular and most powerful of our recent works of fiction. In 1853 appeared his *Peg Woffington*, a lively, sparkling story of town-life and the theatres a century ago, when Garrick, Quin, and Colley Cibber were their great names. The heroine, Peg Woffington, was an

actress, remarkable for beauty and for her personation of certain characters in comedy. Walpole thought her an 'impudent Irish-faced girl,' but he admitted that 'all the town was in love with her.' Mr Reade's second heroine was of a very different stamp. His *Christie Johnstone*, 1853, is a tale of fisher-life in Scotland, the scene being laid at Newhaven on the Forth. A young lord, Viscount Ipsden, is advised by his physician, as a cure for *ennui* and dyspepsia, to make acquaintance with people of low estate, and to learn their ways, their minds, and their troubles. He sails in his yacht to the Forth, accompanied by his valet.

Newhaven Fisherwomen.

'Saunders! do you know what Dr Aberford means by the lower classes?' 'Perfectly, my lord.' 'Are there any about here?' 'I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my lord.' 'Get me some'—(*cigarette*). Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressment*, but an internal shrug of his shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively: 'This is low enough, my lord.' Then glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched, over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unencumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woollen petticoats, with broad vertical stripes, red and white most vivid in colour; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same colour, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair, and glorious black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye, which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty.

Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs, and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in woman and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. *They are, my lads. Continue!* These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ipsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, 'How do you do?' and smiled a welcome. 'Fine, hoow's yerself?' answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. 'What'n lord are ye?' continued she. 'Are ye a juke? I wad like fine

to hae a crack wi' a juke.' Saunders, who knew himself the cause of this question, replied, *sotto voce*, 'His lordship is a viscount.' 'I dinna ken't,' was Jean's remark; 'but it has a bonny soond.' 'What mair would ye hae?' said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: 'Nobeelty is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld.' The viscount finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not attended much to, answered drily: 'We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects.' 'And yon man,' asked Jean Carnie, 'is he a lord, too?' 'I am his lordship's servant,' replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just. 'Na!' replied she, not to be imposed upon. 'Ye are statelier and prooder than this ane.' 'I will explain,' said his master. 'Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount.'

Mr Reade is not very happy with his Scotch dialogue. His novel, however, is lively and interesting, and Christie, like Peg Woffington, is ably drawn. This type of energetic impassioned women is characteristic of all Mr Reade's novels. In 1856 appeared *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, the scene of which is partly laid in Australia, and which introduces us to life in the bush, and to a series of surprising adventures. This was followed by *White Lies*, 1857; *The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth*, 1857; *Jack of all Trades*, 1858; *Love me Little, Love me Long*, 1859; and *The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale of the Middle Ages*, 1861. The last is a powerful romance—the author's noblest work. It was followed by *Hard Cash*, 1863; and by *Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy*, 1868—both remarkable fictions, though deformed by coarse, overdrawn scenes, and painful disclosures of immorality, crime, and suffering. The other novels of Mr Reade are *Foul Play*, 1868; *Put Yourself in his Place*, 1870; and *A Terrible Temptation*, 1871.

Before his successful career as a novelist, Mr Reade had produced some dramatic pieces—*Gold*, 1850; and, in association with Mr Tom Taylor, a drama entitled *Two Loves and a Life*, 1854; *The King's Rivals*, 1854; *Masks and Faces*, 1854; on the last of these was founded the story of Peg Woffington. Mr Reade is an Oxfordshire man, a D.C.L. of the university, youngest son of a squire of the same name; born in 1814, graduated at Magdalen Hall, elected to one of the Vincian Fellowships in 1842, and called to the bar in 1843.

G. R. GLEIG—W. H. MAXWELL—JAMES GRANT.

Various military narratives, in which imaginary scenes and characters are mixed up with real events and descriptions of continental scenery, have been written by the above gentlemen. The REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG (son of Bishop Gleig of Brechin, and born in 1796) in the early part of his life served in the army, but afterwards entered the church, and is now Chaplain-General to the Forces. A portion of his military experience is given in his work, *The Subaltern*, 1825, which gives an accurate and lively account of some of the scenes in the Peninsular war. He has since proved one of our most voluminous writers. Among his works are—*The Chelsea Pensioners*, 1829; *The Country Curate*, 1834; *The Chronicles of Waltham*, 1835; *The Hussar*, 1837;

Traditions of Chelsea College, 1838; *The Only Daughter*, 1839; *The Veterans of Chelsea Hospital*, 1841; *The Light Dragoon*, 1844; *Story of the Battle of Waterloo*; &c. Mr Gleig has also written *Lives of British Military Commanders*, a *History of British India*, a *Familiar History of England*, a *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*, *Memoirs of Warren Hastings*, a *Military History of Great Britain*, an account of *Salé's Brigade in Afghanistan*, *Campaigns of the British Army in Washington*, a *Life of Lord Clive*, three volumes of travels in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary; two volumes of *Essays* contributed to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, several volumes of sermons and educational treatises, &c. Many of these works of Mr Gleig bear traces of haste and mere book-making; the *Memoirs of Hastings*, though poor, had the merit of producing one of Macaulay's best essays. The latest of Mr Gleig's works is a *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1871, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*.

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL (1795-1861) is said to have been the first who suggested the military novel, afterwards so popular with Charles Lever. Mr Maxwell travelled for some time with the British army in the Peninsula, but took orders in the church, and became rector of Ballagh in Connaught. He was a voluminous writer, author, among other works, of *Stories of Waterloo*, 1829; *Wild Sports of the West*, 1833; *The Dark Lady of Doona*, 1836; *The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War*, 1837; *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, 3 vols., 1839-41; *Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune*, 1842; *Hector O'Halloran*, 1844; *History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798* (illustrated by Cruikshank), 1845; *Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan*, 1846; *Hillside and Border Sketches*, 1847; *Bryan O'Lynn*, 1848; &c.

A number of military novels and memoirs of eminent commanders have been written by MR JAMES GRANT (born in Edinburgh in 1822), who served for a short time in the 62d Regiment. Among these are—*The Romance of War*, 1846, to which a sequel was added the following year; *Adventures of an Aide-de-camp*, 1848; *Walter Fenton, or the Scottish Cavalier*, 1850; *Bothwell*, 1851; *Jane Seton*, 1853; *Philip Rollo*, 1854; *The Yellow Frigate*, 1855; *The Phantom Regiment*, 1856; and every succeeding year a military novel, the latest being *Under the Red Dragon*, 1872. Besides these, Mr Grant has written *Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange*, 1849; *Memorials of Edinburgh Castle*, 1850; *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn*, 1851. Familiar with military affairs and with Scottish history, some of Mr Grant's novels present animated pictures of the times, though often rambling and ill constructed.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

One of the most original novelists of the day, especially in describing humble Scottish life and feeling, whose genius 'loves to dwell on the border-land between poetry and prose, between this world and romance,' is MR GEORGE MACDONALD. Born at Huntly, county of Aberdeen, December 10, 1824, Mr MacDonald went to college at Aberdeen in his sixteenth year, and pursued his studies with a view to devoting his life to science, particularly chemistry. He afterwards attended the Theological College at High-

bury, and became the minister of a Congregational church at Arundel in Sussex. He remained three years in Arundel, and then removed to Manchester. He was compelled, however, to give up preaching on account of the state of his health, which has always been delicate and precarious. A short residence in Algiers restored Mr MacDonald to comparative vigour, and returning to London, he took to literature as a profession. In 1856, his first work, *Within and Without*, a poem, appeared. This was followed by *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance*, as wild as Hogg's *Kilmeny*, but also, like it, full of poetic beauty and power. A long series of novels and imaginative works succeeded. *David Elginbrod*, 1862; *The Portent, a Story of Second Sight*, 1864; *Adela Cathcart*, 1864; *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, 1865; *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*; *Robert Falconer*; *Seaboard Parish*; *Wow o' Ritven, or the Idiot's Home*; *At the Back of the North Wind*; *The Princess and the Goblin*; *Wilfrid Cumbermede*; *Malcolm*; *St Michael and the Dragon*, 1875; &c. Besides his numerous novels, Mr MacDonald has published a volume of poems and some theological works, as, *Unspoken Sermons*, 1869; *The Miracles of Our Lord*, 1870. In depicting certain phases of religious belief and development, and in exposing the harsher features of Calvinism, Mr MacDonald is original and striking, and scenes of that nature in his novels are profound as well as touching and suggestive. The following extract is from *Robert Falconer*:

Death of the Drinking, Fiddling Soutar (Shoemaker).

Silence endured for a short minute; then he called his wife. 'Come here, Bell. Gie me a kiss, my bonny lass. I hae been an ill man to you.'

'Na, na, Sandy. Ye hae aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye hae been naeboddy's enemy but yer ain.'

'Haud yer tongue. Ye're speykin' waur blethers nor the minister, honest man! And, eh! ye war a bonny lass when I merried ye. I hae blaudit (spoiled) ye a'thegither. But gin I war up, see gin I wadna gie ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again. I'm affrontet wi' mysel' 'at I had been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo, for I do believe i' my heart 'at the Lord's forgien me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to you. Ye micht hae run awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'boddy wad hae said ye did richt.—Robert, play a spring.'

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Robert began to play *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*.

'Hoots! hoots!' cried Sandy angrily. 'What are you about? Nae mair o' that. I hae dune wi' that. What's i' the heid o' ye, man?'

'What'll I play then, Sandy?' asked Robert meekly.

'Play *The Lan' o' the Leal*, or *My Nannie's Awa'*, or something o' that kin'. I'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna pree o' the whusky nae mair, lass.'

'I canna bide the smell o't,' cried Bell sobbing.

Robert struck in with *The Land o' the Leal*. When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place, and departed—able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bedside stroking the rosiny hand of her husband, the rhinoceros-hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart. After this the soutar never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

Robert walked home with his head sunk on his breast. Dooble Sanny [Double Sandy], the drinking, ranting, swearing soutar, was inside the wicket-gate. . . . Hence-

forth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the soutar, though they never parted without an air or two. Sandy continued hopeful and generally cheerful, with alternations which the reading generally fixed on the right side for the night. Robert never attempted any comments, but left him to take from the Word what nourishment he could. There was no return of strength, and the constitution was gradually yielding.

The rumour got abroad that he was a 'changed character'—how, is not far to seek, for Mr Macleary fancied himself the honoured instrument of his conversion, whereas paralysis and the New Testament were the chief agents, and even the violin had more share in it than the minister. For the spirit of God lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chink in the walls that shut him out from his own—walls which even the tone of a violin afloat on the wind of that spirit is sometimes enough to rend from battlement to base, as the blast of the rams' horns rent the walls of Jericho. And now, to the day of his death, the shoemaker had need of nothing. Food, wine, and delicacies were sent him by many who, while they considered him outside of the kingdom, would have troubled themselves in no way about him. What with visits of condolence and flattery, inquiries into his experience, and long prayers by his bedside, they now did their best to send him back among the swine. The soutar's humour, however, aided by his violin, was a strong antidote against these evil influences.

'I doobt I'm gaein' to dee, Robert,' he said at length one evening, as the lad sat by his bedside.

'Weel, that winna do ye nae ill,' answered Robert; adding, with just a touch of bitterness: 'ye needna care about that.'

'I do *not* care about the deen' o't. But I jist want to live lang enuch to lat the Lord ken 'at I'm in doonricht earnest about it. I hae nae chance o' drinkin' as lang as I'm lyin' here.'

'Never ye fash yer heid about that. Ye can lippen (trust) that to him, for it's his ain business. He'll see 'at ye're a' richt. Dinna ye think 'at he'll lat ye off.'

'The Lord forbid,' responded the soutar earnestly. 'It maun be a' pitten richt. It wad be dreidfu' to be latten off. I wadna hae him content wi' cobbler's wark. I hae't,' he resumed, after a few minutes' pause: 'the Lord's easy pleased, but ill to satisfee. I'm sair pleased wi' your playin', Robert, but it's naething like the richt thing yet. It does me gude to hear ye, though, for a' that.'

The very next night he found him evidently sinking fast. Robert took the violin, and was about to play, but the soutar stretched out his left hand, and took it from him, laid it across his chest and his arm over it, for a few moments, as if he were bidding it farewell, then held it out to Robert, saying: 'Hae, Robert, she's yours. Death's a sair divorce. Maybe they'll hae an orra fiddle whaur I'm gaein', though. Think o' a Rothieden soutar playing afore his Grace!'

Robert saw that his mind was wandering, and mingled the paltry honours of earth with the grand simplicities of heaven. He began to play the *Land o' the Leal*. For a little while Sandy seemed to follow and comprehend the tones, but by slow degrees the light departed from his face. At length his jaw fell, and with a sigh the body parted from Dooble Sanny, and he went to God. His wife closed mouth and eyes without a word, laid the two arms straight by his sides, then seating herself on the edge of the bed, said: 'Dinna bide, Robert. It's a ower noo. He's gane hame. Gin I war only wi' him, wherever he is!' She burst into tears, but dried her eyes a moment after.

Bible Class in the Fisher Village.—From 'Malcolm.'

He now called up the Bible class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

'Was Jacob a good man?' he asked as soon as the reading, each of the scholars in turn taking a verse, was over. An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class: 'Wasna he some double, sir?' 'You are richt Sheltie,' said the master; 'he *was* double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: was Jacob a bad man?'

Again came such a burst of 'yesses' that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half dissentient voice of Sheltie: 'Pairtly, sir.' You think then, Sheltie, that a man may be both bad and good?' 'I dinna ken, sir; I think he may be whiles ane and whiles the other, and whiles maybe it wad be ill to say which. Our colly's whiles in twa minds whether he'll do what he's telled or no.'

'That's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, my man. It's aye raging, as gun roared or bayonet clashed. Ye maun up and do your best in't, my man. Gien ye die fechtin' like a man, ye'll flee up with a quiet face and wide open een; and there's a great One that will say to ye, 'Weel done, laddie!' But gien ye gie in to the enemy, he'll turn ye into a creeping thing that eats dirt; and there'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' of the New Jerusalem near enough to let ye creep through.'

'I reckon, sir,' said Sheltie, 'Jacob hadna foughten out his battle.'

'That's just it, my boy. And because he would not get up and fight manfully, God had to take him in hand. Ye've heard tell of generals, when their troops were rinnin' awa', having to cut this man down, shoot that ane, and lick another, till he turned them a' right face about, and drave them on to the foe like a spate (flood). And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was not lost upon him at last.'

'An' what came o' Esau, sir?' asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. 'He wasna an ill kind o' a child, was he, sir?'

'No, Mappy,' answered the master; 'he was a fine child as you say, but he needed mair time and gentler treatment to make onything o' him. Ye see he had a guid heart, but was a duller kind o' creature a'thegither, and cared for naething he couldna see or handle. He never thought muckle about God at a'. Jacob was another sort—a poet kind o' a man, but a sneck-drawing creature for a' that. It was easier, however, to get the slyness out o' Jacob than the dullness out o' Esau. Punishment telled upon Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse, whereas Esau was mair like the minister's powny, that can hardly be made to understand that ye want him to gang on.'

The Old Churchyard.—From 'Malcolm.'

The next day, the day of the Resurrection, rose-glorious from its sepulchre of sea-fog and drizzle. It had poured all night long, but at sunrise the clouds had broken and scattered, and the air was the purer for the cleansing rain, while the earth shone with that peculiar lustre which follows the weeping which has endured its appointed night. The larks were at it again, singing as if their hearts would break for joy as they hovered in brooding exultation over the song of the future; for their nests beneath hoarded a wealth of larks for summers to come. Especially about the old church—half buried in the ancient trees of Lossie House, the birds that day were jubilant; their throats seemed too narrow to let out the joyful air that filled all their hollow bones and quills; they sang as if they must sing or choke with too much gladness. Beyond the short spire and its shining cock, rose the balls and stars and arrowy vanes of the house, glittering in gold and sunshine. The inward hush of the Resurrection, broken only by the prophetic birds, the poets of the groaning and traivailing creation, held time and space as in a trance; and the centre from which radiated both the hush and the carolling expectation seemed to

Alexander Graham to be the churchyard in which he was now walking in the cool of the morning. It was more carefully kept than most Scottish churchyards, and yet was not too trim; Nature had a word in the affair—was allowed her part of mourning in long grass and moss and the crumbling away of stone. The wholesomeness of decay, which both in nature and humanity is but the miry road back to life, was not unrecognised here; there was nothing of the hideous attempt to hide death in the garments of life. The master walked about gently, now stopping to read some well-known inscription, and ponder for a moment over the words; and now wandering across the stoneless mounds, content to be forgotten by all but those who loved the departed. At length he seated himself on a slab by the side of the mound that rose but yesterday; it was sculptured with symbols of decay—needless, surely, where the originals lay about the mouth of every newly-opened grave, as surely ill befitting the precincts of a church whose indwelling gospel is of life victorious over death! 'What are these stones,' he said to himself, 'but monuments to oblivion.' They are not memorials of the dead, but memorials of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send a poor forsaken name, like the title-page of a lost book, down the careless stream of time! Let me serve my generation, and may God remember me!

Mr MacDonald is a master of thought and sentiment, with fine fancy and descriptive power, but with little or no constructive tact. His ideas are apt to run away with him, and to cause one part of his story to move in a wholly different atmosphere from that of the other. The quaint realism of the first volume of *David Elginbrod* but indifferently reconciles itself with the spiritualistic effusiveness of the latter. The *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* errs in the same way, and also *Malcolm*; yet what fine things are in those works! Mr MacDonald's peculiar reaction against Calvinism is seen in most of his novels, particularly in *Robert Falconer*, which is perhaps the ablest of his tales. His Scotch is the dialect of the east of Scotland, Moray and Aberdeen—not the classic Scotch of Burns and Scott. His latest novel, *St George and St Michael*, is English, and is a story of the time of the Commonwealth, the plot turning on the progress of the war. Lord Herbert, the inventor, is well drawn, and the novel has occasional touches of humour. Mr MacDonald has been very successful in fairy stories, after the model of the German *Marchen*, and his *Phantastes* is in its way quite inimitable. As in all his tales Mr MacDonald shews poetic feeling, we might expect to find him versifying, and accordingly he has written two or three volumes of poetry marked by penetration, sympathy, and subtle beauty of expression. In such lines as the following we see a fine lyrical power:

Come to us; above the storm
Ever shines the blue.

Come to us; beyond its form
Ever lies the True.

Mother, darling, do not weep—
All I cannot tell:
By and by, you'll go to sleep,
And you'll wake so well.

There is sunshine everywhere
For thy heart and mine:
God for every sin and care
Is the cure divine.

We're so happy all the day
Waiting for another;
All the flowers and sunshine stay
Waiting for you, mother.

Most of Mr MacDonald's novels contain snatches of verse. In a longer poem, *Hidden Life*, in blank verse, is the following Wordsworthian passage:

Love-dreams of a Peasant Youth.

He found the earth was beautiful. The sky
Shone with the expectation of the sun.
He grieved him for the daisies, for they fell
Caught in the furrow, with their innocent heads
Just out imploring. A gray hedgehog ran
With tangled mesh of bristling spikes, and face
Helplessly innocent, across the field:
He let it run, and blessed it as it ran.
Returned at noon-tide, something drew his feet
Into the barn: entering, he gazed and stood.
For, through the rent roof lighting, one sunbeam
Blazed on the yellow straw one golden spot,
Dulled all the amber heap, and sinking far,
Like flame inverted, through the loose-piled mound,
Crossed the keen splendour with dark shadow-straws,
In lines innumerable. 'Twas so bright,
His eye was cheated with a spectral smoke
That rose as from a fire. He had not known
How beautiful the sunlight was, not even
Upon the windy fields of morning grass,
Nor on the river, nor the ripening corn.
As if to catch a wild live thing, he crept
On tiptoe silent, laid him on the heap,
And gazing down into the glory-gulf,
Dreamed as a boy half-sleeping by the fire;
And dreaming rose, and got his horses out.

God, and not woman, is the heart of all.
But she, as priestess of the visible earth,
Holding the key, herself most beautiful,
Had come to him, and flung the portals wide.
He entered in: each beauty was a glass
That gleamed the woman back upon his view.
Shall I not rather say, each beauty gave
Its own soul up to him who worshipped her,
For that his eyes were opened thus to see?

Already in these hours his quickened soul
Put forth the white tip of a floral bud,
Ere long to be a crown-like, aureole flower.
His songs unbidden, his joy in ancient tales,
Had hitherto alone betrayed the seed
That lay in his heart, close hidden even from him,
Yet not the less mellowing all his spring:
Like summer sunshine came the maiden's face,
And in the youth's glad heart, the seed awoke.
It grew and spread, and put forth many flowers,
And every flower a living open eye,
Until his soul was full of eyes within.
Each morning now was a fresh boon to him;
Each wind a spiritual power upon his life;
Each individual animal did share
A common being with him; every kind
Of flower from every other was distinct,
Uttering that for which alone it was—
Its something human, wrapt in other veil.

And when the winter came, when thick the snow
Armed the sad fields from gnawing of the frost,
When the low sun but skirted his far realms,
And sank in early night, he drew his chair
Beside the fire; and by the feeble lamp
Read book on book; and wandered other climes,
And lived in other lives and other needs,
And grew a larger self.

Mr MacDonald has occasionally lectured on the poets—Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, &c.

—to large intellectual audiences, in London and the provinces.

EDMUND YATES.

EDMUND HODGSON YATES, a miscellaneous writer and journalist (born in 1831), is author of several novels, including *Kissing the Rod*, and *Land at Last*, 1866; *Wrecked in Port*, 1869; *Dr Wainwright's Patient* and *Nobody's Fortune*, 1871; *The Castaway*, 1872; *Two by Tricks*, 1874; &c. Mr Yates was a contributor to Dickens's periodical *All the Year Round*, in which appeared his novel of *Black Sheep* and other works of fiction. As a dramatic writer and critic he is also well known. Indeed, for the drama, Mr Yates may be said to have a hereditary predilection, as his father was a popular and accomplished actor and theatrical manager.

MISS BRADDON—LOUISE DE LA RAME.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON has produced about thirty novels, all of them shewing remarkable artistic skill in weaving the plot and arranging the incidents, so as to enchain the reader's attention. This is the distinguishing feature of the authoress, rather than delineation of character. Some of her tales have a strong fascinating interest, and abound in dramatic scenes and powerful description. Her novels are full of surprises—literally packed with incidents of the most striking character—winding out interminably, and threatening to collapse in conflicting lines of interest, but just at the right moment they reunite themselves again with ingenious consistency. *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* may be considered as representative works, skilful in plot, but dealing with repellent phases of life and character. The following are among the best known of Miss Braddon's works: *Lady Audley's Secret* (which had an amazing popularity, six editions being disposed of in as many weeks), *Henry Dunbar*, *Only a Clod*, *Dead-Sea Fruit*, *John Marchmont's Legacy*, *The Lady's Mile*, *Captain of the Vulture*, *Birds of Prey*, *Aurora Floyd*, *The Doctor's Wife*, *Eleanor's Victory*, *Sir Jasper's Tenant*, *Trail of the Serpent*, *Charlotte's Inheritance*, *Rupert Godwin*, *Ralph the Bailiff*, *The Lovels of Arden*, *To the Bitter End*, &c. Miss Braddon has also produced some dramatic pieces and a volume of *Poems* (1861), and she conducts a monthly magazine entitled *Belgravia*. The prolific authoress is a native of London, daughter of Mr Henry Braddon, a solicitor, and born in 1837.

A lady assuming the name of 'Ouida' (said to be LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ, of French extraction) is author of a number of novels, characterised by gentle and poetic feeling and sentiment. Among these are: *Folle-Farine*; *Idalia, a Romance*; *Chandos, a Novel*; *Under Two Flags*; *Cecil Castlemainé's Gage*; *Tricotrin, the Story of a Waif and Stray*; *Pascarel, only a Story*; *Held in Bondage, or Granville de Vigne*; *A Dog of Flanders, and other Stories*; *Puck, his Vicissitudes, Adventures, &c.*; *Strathmore, or Wrought by his Own Hand, &c.*; *Two Little Wooden Shoes*.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Under the name of 'George Eliot,' as author, a series of novels by a lady (said to be a native

of the fair and classic county of Warwick) has appeared, dating from 1857, which are remarkable for fresh original power and faithful delineation of English country-life. The first of these, entitled *Scenes of Clerical Life*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1859 by *Adam Bede*, of which five editions were sold within as many months. The story of this novel is of the real school, as humble in most of its characters and as faithful in its portraiture as *Jane Eyre*. The opening sentences disclose the worldly condition of the hero, and form a fine piece of English painting. The scene is the workshop of a carpenter in a village, and the date of the story 1799:

Description of Adam Bede.

The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes, which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough gray shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the centre of a wooden mantel-piece. It was to this workman that the strong barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer, singing:

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth'—

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour:

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.'

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow shewed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its bony finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness, Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper-cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly-marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood.

The real heroine of the tale is Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher; but Adam Bede's love is fixed on a rustic coquette and beauty, thus finely described as standing in the dairy of the Hall Farm:

Hetty Sorrel.

It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes had a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of

her pink and white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-coloured stuff bodice; or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines; or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes, lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle; of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracted kitten-like maiden. Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gamboling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

Poor Hetty's vanity and beauty led her to ruin. She agrees to marry Adam Bede, but at length goes away to seek her former lover, Arthur Donnithorne, the gentleman, and to hide her shame. The account of her wanderings and her meditated suicide is related with affecting minuteness and true pathos. Hetty is comforted by the gentle Methodist enthusiast, Dinah Morris, who at last becomes the wife of Adam Bede. The other characters in the novel are all distinct, well-defined individuals. The vicar of the parish, Mr Irvine; the old bachelor schoolmaster, Bartle Massey; and Mr and Mrs Poyser of the Hall Farm, are striking, lifelike portraits. Mrs Poyser is an original, rich in proverbial philosophy, good sense, and amusing volubility. The following is a discussion on matrimony, the interlocutors being the schoolmaster, the gardener, and Mr and Mrs Poyser:

Dialogue on Matrimony.

'What!' said Bartle, with an air of disgust. 'Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.'

'But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle,' said Mr Poyser. 'Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah.'

'I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartle. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.'

'Ay, ay!' said Mrs Poyser; 'one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on 't.'

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

'Ah;' said Bartle sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.'

'Like enough,' said Mrs Poyser; 'for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on 't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'

'Match!' said Bartle; 'ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Poyser, 'I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that's how it is there's old bachelors.'

'Come, Craig,' said Mr Poyser jocosely, 'you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you.'

'Well,' said Mr Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, 'I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman.'

'You're out there, Craig,' said Bartle dryly; 'you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong flavoured.'

'What dost say to that?' said Mr Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

'Say!' answered Mrs Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; 'why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.'

Of similar style with *Adam Bede*, and with no diminution of power or reality, appeared in 1859 *The Mill on the Floss*, and in 1861 *Silas Marner*, not inferior to any of its predecessors. Silas is a weaver, a Dissenter, wronged and injured, a solitary unhappy man. 'You were hard done by once, Mr Marner, and it seems as if you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me.' And this moral is evolved out of a painful but most interesting and powerful story. The fourth novel of the author was of a more ambitious cast: in 1863 was published *Romola*, an historical novel of Italian life in the days of Savonarola, a highly-finished, eloquent, artistic work, and by a select class considered the greatest intellectual effort of the author. It was, however, not so popular as its predecessors, and the author returned to the familiar English scenes. *Felix Holt, the Radical*, appeared in 1866. The title, and what by courtesy must be regarded as the main plot, have reference to politics, but most of the incidents and illustrations of character relate to religious and social peculiarities rather than to the party feelings of Tories, Whigs, or Radicals. Though inferior in sustained interest to the other English tales of the author, *Felix Holt* has passages of great vigour, and some exquisitely drawn characters—we may instance that of Rufus Lyon, a Dissenting minister—and also some fine, pure, and natural description. The next novel of this brilliant series was *Middlemarch*, a

Study of English Provincial Life, 1871-2. In 1876 appeared *Daniel Deronda*, a story of modern English life. The heroine of this story, a haughty capricious beauty, and some sketches in it of Jewish life and character, are as striking and original and powerfully drawn as anything in modern romance. Besides these prose fictions, George Eliot has sent forth an elaborate dramatic poem, *The Gypsy Queen*, 1868, which abounds in subtle philosophical thought, and in scenes and lines of great beauty, yet has no strong prevailing interest. A second poetical work, *Agatha, a Poem*, appeared in 1869.

George Eliot, we may add, is rich in reflective power and in the delineation of character. She also infuses into her writing a deep personal teaching which has laid hold of the most thoughtful, while hardly militating against the taste of careless or popular readers. This is distinctly seen in her *Mill on the Floss*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. In these we have a strong belief in the past as a great determining element in character and possibility. The same feature occurs in *The Spanish Gypsy*, in which the heroine fails to detach herself from a past that is, in certain respects, opposed to her highest aspirations. George Eliot has skilfully balanced depth of thought with ripe humour and invention. In her latest works she seems fond of drawing into her descriptions scientific and philosophical phrases, which occasionally seem out of place; there is also at times a slight touch of masculine coarseness in her metaphors and illustrations. The exquisite singer falls into a false note! But what are these to the fascination of her style and her characters, and her features of English scenery and life? And we may also instance the learning and imagination so prominent and so finely blended in *Romola*, which revives Italian life of the time of Savonarola.

Spring—Bright February Days.

Bright February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and look over the gates at the patient plough-horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same: their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedgerows, but how green all the grassy fields are! and the dark purplish brown of the ploughed earth and of the bare branches is beautiful too. What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows. I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire: an image of a great agony—the agony of the cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple blossoms, or on the broad sunshine by the corn-field, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame; understanding no

more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath; yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness.

Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you come close to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has much sorrow in it: no wonder he needs a suffering God.—*Adam Bede.*

It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light,
And the thinnest self.

It was but a minute
In a far-off spring,
But each gentle thing,
Sweetly wooing linnet,
Soft-thrilled hawthorn tree
Happy shadowy elf
With the thinnest self,
Love still on in me;
O the sweet, sweet prime
Of the past spring-time.

Spanish Gypsy.

Ruined Castles on the Rhine.

From *The Mill on The Floss.*

Those ruins on the castled Rhine have crumbled and mellowed into such harmony with the green and rocky steeps, that they seem to have a natural fitness, like the mountain pine; nay, even in the day when they were built, they must have had this fitness, as if they had been raised by an earth-born race, who had inherited from their mighty parent a sublime instinct of form. And that was a day of romance! If those robber-barons were somewhat grim and drunken ogres, they had a certain grandeur of the wild beast in them—they were forest boars with tusks, tearing and rending, not the ordinary domestic grunter; they represented the demon forces for ever in collision with beauty, virtue, and the gentle uses of life; they made a fine contrast in the picture with the wandering minstrel, the soft-lipped princess, the pious recluse, and the timid Israelite. That was a time of colour, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners; a time of adventure and fierce struggle—nay, of living religious art and religious enthusiasm: for were not cathedrals built in those days, and did not great emperors leave their western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the East! Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry; they belong to the grand historic life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch. But these dead-tinted, hollow-eyed angular skeletons of villages on the Rhine oppress me with the feeling that human life—very much of it—is a narrow, ugly, grovelling existence which even calamity does not elevate, but rather tends to exhibit in all its bare vulgarity of conception; and I have a cruel conviction that the lives these ruins are the traces of, were part of a gross sum of obscure vitality, that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and beavers.

Saint Theresa—Unfulfilled Aspirations.

From *Middlemarch.*

Who that cares much to know the history of man, and how the mysterious mixture behaves under the varying experiments of time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on

the life of Saint Theresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epics in the reform of a religious order.

That Spanish woman who lived three hundred years ago, was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Therasas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet, and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Therasas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse.

Some have felt that these blundering lives are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme Power has fashioned the natures of women: if there were one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of women might be treated with scientific certitude. Meanwhile, the indefiniteness remains, and the limits of variation are really much wider than any one would imagine from the sameness of women's coiffure and the favourite love stories in prose and verse. Here and there a cygnet is reared unasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with its own oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint Theresa, fountress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness, tremble off, and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long-recognisable deed.

Detached Thoughts.

Comprehensive talkers are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information, but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

All knowledge which alters our lives, penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning: the day that has to be travelled with something new, and perhaps for ever sad in its light, is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near.

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lipping to ourselves on the grass—the same redbreasts that we

used to call God's birds, because they do no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we shewed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters. Melodies die out like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

The finest language, I believe, is chiefly made up of unimposing words, such as 'light,' 'sound,' 'stars,' 'music'—words really not worth looking at, or hearing in themselves, any more than 'chips' or 'sawdust': it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

MRS CRAIK (MISS MULOCK).

In 1849 appeared *The Ogilvies*—'a first novel,' as the authoress timidly announced, but without giving her name. It was instantly successful, and appreciated as a work of genius, 'written with deep earnestness, and pervaded by a deep and noble philosophy.' The accomplished lady who had thus delighted and benefited society by her 'first novel' was DINAH MARIA MULOCK, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire. The success of her story soon led to others, and we subjoin a list of the works of this authoress—a list which gives a picture of a wonderfully active literary career and prolific genius: NOVELS: *The Ogilvies*, 1849; *Olive*, 1850; *The Head of the Family*, 1851; *Agatha's Husband*, 1853; *John Halifax*, 1857; *A Life for a Life*, 1859; *Mistress and Maid*, 1863; *Christian's Mistake*, 1865; *A Noble Life*, 1866; *Two Marriages*, 1867; *The Woman's Kingdom*, 1869; *A Brave Lady*, 1870; *Hannah*, 1871. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS: *Avillion and other Tales*, 1853; *Nothing New*, 1857; *A Woman's Thoughts about Woman*, 1858; *Studies from Life*, 1861; *The Unkind Word and other Stories*, 1870; *Fair France*, 1871; *Sermons Out of Church*. CHILDREN'S BOOKS: *Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale*; *Rhoda's Lessons*, *Cola Monti, A Hero*, *Bread upon the Waters*, *The Little Lychetts*, *Michael the Miner*, *Our Year*, *Little Sunshine's Holiday*, *Adventures of a Brownie*. Besides the above, this authoress has written a number of poetical pieces, and translated several works.

In 1865 Miss Mulock was married to Mr George Lillie Craik, publisher, son of the Rev. Dr Craik, Glasgow, and nephew of Professor Craik. As a moral teacher, none of the novelists of the present day excels Mrs Craik. She is not formally didactic—she insinuates instruction. A too prolonged feminine softness and occasional sentimentalism constitute the defects of her novels, though less prominent in her later works than in her first two novels. Her mission, it has justly been remarked, is to shew 'how the trials, perplexities, joys, sorrows, labours, and successes of life deepen or wither the character according to its inward bent—how continued insincerity gradually darkens and corrupts the life-springs of the mind—and how every event, adverse or fortunate, tends to strengthen and expand a high mind, and to break

the springs of a selfish or even merely weak and self-indulgent nature.* In carrying out this moral purpose, Mrs Craik displays eloquence, pathos, a subdued but genial humour, and happy delineation of character. Of all her works, *John Halifax* (of which the eighteenth edition is now before us) is the greatest favourite, and is indeed a noble story of English domestic life.

Death of Muriel, the Blind Child.—From 'John Halifax.'

John opened the large Book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favourite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he every now and then turned to look at—then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm—as Jacob's might have had, when 'the children were tender,' and he gathered them all round him under the palm-trees of Succoth—years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): '*If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*'

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beech-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last; he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

'Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister.' 'Which?' said Edwin, in his funny way. 'We've got two now; and I don't know which is the biggest baby.' 'I'll thrash you if you say that again,' cried Guy. 'Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will be always sister.' 'Sister' faintly laughed, as she answered his fond kiss—Guy was often thought to be her favourite brother. 'Now, off with you, boys; and go down-stairs quietly—mind, I say quietly.'

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs Tod's kitchen, the old Debateable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise; how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead; that the staircase door would open, and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

'I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night,' I said hesitatingly, as we were retiring. 'She is, God help her—and us all!' 'He will.' That was all we said.

He went up-stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

'I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be.'

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr March died, then the night at Long-field, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot, into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room, Guy called out to me: 'Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech-nuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know.' It was for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room up-stairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with Baby Maud in her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call 'blind Muriel.' She saw now. . . .

Just the same homely room—half bed-chamber, half a nursery—the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying, in smiling quietude, all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl, that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said 'good-night' to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—for ever.

The Château of La Garaye.—From 'Fair France.'

Mrs Norton's poem has made well known that touching story of a devoted husband and his beautiful loving wife, whom a sudden accident changed into a crippled invalid for life; how they turned their house into a hospital, and both gave themselves to the end of their days to the duty of succouring the afflicted, with not only their personal fortune, but personal care. They quitted entirely the gay world in which they were born, and hid themselves in this far-away nook among their sick, whom they personally tended. For this end they both studied medicine and surgery; and the comtesse is reported to have been a famous oculist. They died—happily almost a quarter of a century before the brutalities of the Revolution destroyed the fruit of their labours, and made the Château of La Garaye the ruin it is now. . . .

It is that most touching form of ruin—no castle, not even a baronial mansion, only a house. The gates of the garden, where the lady of La Garaye may have cultivated her medicinal plants, are broken and lichen-covered; the gnarled apple-trees still bear fruit in their old age, and that day were a picture of rosy plenty; but over everything is thrown the shade of desolation. Round the shattered windows, from which many a sick face may have looked out, gazing its last on this beautiful world, and many another brightened into health as it caught its first hopeful peep at the half-forgotten

* *North British Review*, November 1858.

world outside; round these blank eyeless windows, climb gigantic brambles, trailing along heavy with fruit, as large and sweet as mulberries. Once more we gathered and ate, almost with solemnity. It was a subject too tender for much speaking about—that of a life, which, darkened for ever, took comfort in giving light and blessing to other lives sadder than its own—a subject that Dickens might have written about—Dickens, whom, as I set down his name here, I start to remember, has been these twenty-four hours—only twenty-four hours—one of us mortals no more, but a disembodied soul:

Oh, the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change!

Yet how soon shall we all become shadows—those who are written about, and those who write—shadows as evanescent as the gentle ghosts which seem to haunt this ruined house, this deserted, weed-covered garden, which scarcely more than a century ago was full of life—life with all its burdens and all its blessedness, its work and suffering, pleasure and pain, now swept away together into eternal rest!

The Last Look of England.—From 'Hannah.'

There is a picture familiar to many, for it was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and few stopped to look at it without tears—'The Last Look of Home,' by Ford Madox Browne. Merely a bit of a ship's side—one of those emigrant ships such as are constantly seen at Liverpool, or other ports whence they sail—with its long row of dangling cabbages, and its utter confusion of cargo and passengers. There, indifferent to all, and intently gazing on the receding shore, sit two persons, undoubtedly a man and his wife, emigrants bidding adieu to home for ever. The man is quite broken-down, but the woman, sad as she looks, has hope and courage in her face. Why not? In one hand she firmly grasps her husband's; the other supports her sleeping babe. *She* is not disconsolate, for she carries her 'home' with her.

In the picture the man is not at all like Bernard certainly; but the woman is exceedingly like Hannah in expression at least, as she sat on the deck of the French steamer, taking her last look of dear old England, with its white cliffs glimmering in the moonlight, fainter and fainter every minute, across the long reach of Southampton Water.

Bernard sat beside her, but he too was very silent. He meant to go back again as soon as he had seen her and Rosie and Grace safely landed at Havre; but he knew that to Hannah this farewell of her native land was, in all human probability, a farewell 'for good.' Ay, for good, in the fullest sense; and she believed it; believed that they were both doing right, and that God's blessing would follow them wherever they went; yet she could not choose but be a little sad, until she felt the touch of the small, soft hand which, now as ever, was continuously creeping into Tannie's. Then she was content. If it had been God's will to give her no future of her own at all, she could have rested happily in that of the child and the child's father.

It happened to be a most beautiful night for crossing—the sea calm as glass, and the air mild as summer, though it was in the beginning of November. Hannah could not bear to go below, but with Rosie and Grace occupied one of those pleasant cabins upon deck, sheltered on three sides, open on the fourth. There, wrapt in countless rugs and shawls, Rosie being in an ecstasy at the idea of going to bed in her clothes, 'all under the tars' (s) was still an impossible first consonant to the baby tongue, she settled down for the night, with her child in her arms, and her faithful servant at her feet. . . .

When she woke it was no longer moonlight, but daylight, at least daybreak; for she could discern the dark outline of the man at the wheel, the only person she saw

on deck. The boat seemed to be passing swiftly and silently as a phantom ship through a phantom ocean; she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep, dead or alive, till she felt the soft breathing of the child in her arms, and with a passion of joy remembered all.

A few minutes after, Hannah, raising her head as high as she could without disturbing Rosie, saw a sight which she had never seen before, and never in all her life may see again, but will remember to the end of her days.

Just where sea and sky met, was a long, broad line of most brilliant amber, gradually widening and widening as the sun lifted himself out of the water and shot his rays, in the form of a crown, right up into the still dark zenith. Then, as he climbed higher, every floating cloud—and the horizon seemed full of them—became of a brilliant rose hue, until the whole heaven blazed with colour and light. In the midst of it all, dim as a dream, but with all these lovely tints flitting over it, Hannah saw, far in the distance, the line of the French shore.

MRS OLIPHANT.

The tales illustrative of Scottish life by MRS OLIPHANT (*née* Margaret O. Wilson), have been distinguished by a graceful simplicity and truth. One of the first is in the form of an autobiography, *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, 1849. The quiet paths and domestic incidents of this story are not unworthy of Galt, whose *Annals of the Parish* probably suggested to Mrs Oliphant the outline of her tale. In 1851, *Merkland, a Story of Scottish Life*, appeared, and sustained the reputation of the authoress. There is here a plot of stirring interest and greater variety of characters, though the female portraits are still the best drawn. *Adam Grame of Mossgray*, 1852, presents another series of home pictures, but is inferior to its predecessors. *Harry Muir*, 1853, aims at inculcating temperance, and is a powerful pathetic tale. The hero is one of those characters common in life, but difficult to render interesting in fiction—a good-natured, pleasant youth, easily led into evil as well as good courses. *Magdalen Hepburn, a Story of the Scottish Reformation*, 1854, may be considered a historical romance, as Knox and other characters of his age are introduced, and the most striking scenes relate to the progress of the Reformation. The interior pictures of the authoress are still, however, the most winning portion of her works. *Lilliesleaf*, 1855, is a concluding series of *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland*, and the authoress has had the rare felicity of making the second equal to the first portion. *Zaidee, a Romance*, 1856, is in a style new to Mrs Oliphant. The scene is laid partly in Cheshire and partly abroad, and the heroine, like Jane Eyre, is an orphan, who passes through various trying scenes and adventures—nearly all interesting, though in many instances highly improbable. Two shorter tales, *Katie Stewart* and *The Quiet Heart*, have been published by Mrs Oliphant in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Almost every year has borne testimony to the talents and perseverance of this accomplished lady. Among her recent works of fiction are—*Agnes*, 1867; *The Brownlows*, 1868; *The Minister's Wife*, 1869; *Chronicles of Carlingford*; *Salem Chapel*, 1869; *John, a Love Story*; *Three Brothers*; *Son of the Soil*, 1870; *Squire Arden*, 1871; *Ombra*, 1872; *At His Gates*, 1872;

Innocent, 1873; *May*, 1873; *For Love and Life*, 1874; *A Rose in June*, 1874; *The Story of Valentine and his Brothers*, 1875; *Whiteladies*, 1875; *The Curate in Charge*, 1876; &c. Mrs Oliphant has been more versatile than any other of our living female novelists. She has tried the pure character story, with which, indeed, she may be said to have started in *Kate Stewart*, a tale of Fifeshire (to which county she belongs), and since then she has been sensational, domestic, and psychological by turns. Her critical and historical papers in *Blackwood* are ably and finely written. In her novels, Mrs Oliphant has great powers of construction, knowledge of human nature, and penetration, added to extensive knowledge of society, and the modes and manners of foreign countries. Her *Salem Chapel*, which first raised its author to wide popularity, is an excellent specimen of the story of character, full of shrewd observation; and the same remark applies to *The Chronicles of Carlingford*. In *The Squire of Arden* and in *Madonna Mary*, we have the novel of society and plot; whilst in such tales as *At His Gates* we find plot and sensation most prominent, and in *Agnes*, *The Minister's Wife*, *Innocent*, and *Valentine and his Brother*, we have what are really psychological stories, in which the morbid or exceptional type of character is a main element. Mrs Oliphant, however, takes care to accompany all such effects with enough of relief and variety of other characters and situations to maintain general interest. For example, the Italian child 'Innocent'—half idiot—is thrown into such situations as introduce us to many characters in whom we are deeply interested, though they never overshadow the chief figure; and in the father of 'Valentine and his brother,' we are introduced to various Scotch characters and to sketches of fine society abroad. In pathos, we think this accomplished novelist deficient—that is, inferior to herself in other respects—and occasionally careless as to style. She rambles into long-winded sentences and paragraphs in which repetition is frequent. But for this defect, her tale of *Whiteladies* would have been a most powerful story of motive and conscience, worthy of Hawthorne. *The Curate in Charge* is one of the happiest of her long file of creations. It may be considered an exposé of the evils of patronage in the church; and, though cynical, possesses scenes of true pathos—such as the death of the old curate, and the efforts of his daughters afterwards to support themselves. Mrs Oliphant's latest novel, *Phæbe, Junior*, is no less interesting and life-like.

An English Rector and Rectory.

'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years!'

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr Damerel, the rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manners in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor folk liked the curate best, but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman

of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottagers and the curate. Mr Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely, and alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill or rather tableland, for in the front, towards the green, all is level and soft as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins towards the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn, the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of the river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendours, the flying shadows, and soft prolonged twilights. Mr Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. 'Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak,' he would say, 'for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only they who have ears hear? I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps for instance. My dear, you are always practical—but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more.'

Thus the rector would discourse. It was very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower: to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so daintily served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine, the ladies dressed as ladies should be: to have his wine, of which he took very little, always fine, of choice vintage, and with a bouquet that rejoiced the heart: to have plenty of new books: to have quiet undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise such as broke the harmony of nature: and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten the life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required: and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of their buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug in colours blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose, the Rose of my story, was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure, in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-coloured ribbon here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, 'a Rose in June,' was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which came and went like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, was flowery too, I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a

garden rose in its glory, as of a branch of wild roses all blooming and smiling from the bough, here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. . . In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy? Of course she was happy! Did not she live, and was not that enough?

Fiction and Biography.—From 'Agnes.'

It has always been my opinion that, as the great value of fiction lies in its power of delineating life, there may be cases in which it may assume to a certain extent the form of biography; I do not mean of autobiography, which is sufficiently common in novels; but that the writer of fiction may occasionally be permitted to supplement the work of the serious biographer—to depict scenes which never could be depicted as happening to any actual individual, and to reveal sentiments which may be in many minds, but which none would care in their own person to give expression to. I do not believe that there ever was, or could be, in this world a *wholly* true, candid, and unreserved biography, revealing all the dispositions, or even, without exception, all the facts of any existence. Indeed, the thing is next to impossible; since in that case, the subject of the biography must be a man or woman without reserve, without delicacy, and without those secrets which are inevitable even to the most stainless spirit. Even fiction itself, which is less responsible, can in many instances only skim the surface of the real. Most people must be aware, in their own experience, that of those passages of their lives which have affected them most they could give only the baldest description to their friends; and that their saddest and supremest moments are hidden in their own hearts, and never find any expression. It is only in the region of pure invention that the artist can find a model who has no secrets from him, but lies all open and disclosed to his investigation.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The most prolific novelist of the present times—far exceeding Scott and Dickens in the number of his works—is MR ANTHONY TROLLOPE, second son of the late Mr T. A. Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs Trollope, noticed in a previous page as a distinguished authoress. Anthony was born April 24, 1815, and was educated at Winchester and Harrow. Having obtained an appointment in the General Post-office, he rose high in the service, and was despatched to Egypt, America, and other countries, in order to arrange postal conventions. He retired from the service in 1867, having made a handsome competency by his literary labours, which he was enabled to carry on during the busiest portions of his life by means of the invaluable habit of early rising. It was while stationed in Ireland, in the surveyor's department of the Post-office, that Mr Trollope commenced his career as an author. In 1847 he published the first of his long file of novels—an Irish story entitled *The Macdermotts of Ballycloran*. This was followed, a twelvemonth afterwards, by another Irish tale, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys, or Landlords and Tenants*. Conscious of his powers, and sure of readers, Mr Trollope continued to pour forth works of fiction, among which are the following: *La Vendée*, 1850; *The Warden*, 1855; *Barchester Towers*, 1857; *The Three Clerks*, 1858; *Doctor Thorne*, 1858; *The Bertrams*, 1859; *Castle Richmond*, 1860; *Framley Parsonage*, 1861; *Orley Farm*, 1861; *Tales of All Countries*, 1861; *Rachel Ray*, 1863; *Can You Forgive Her?* 1864; *The Small House at Allington*, 1864; *Miss Mackenzie*,

1865; *The Belton Estate*, 1866; *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, 1867; *The Claverings*, 1867; *Lotta Schmidt and other Stories*, 1867; *He Knew he was Right*, 1869; *Phineas Finn*, 1869; *An Editor's Tales*, 1870; *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, 1870; *Ralph the Heir*, 1871; *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite*, 1871; *The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*; *The Eustace Diamonds*, 1872-3; *The Golden Lion of Grandpere*, 1872-3; *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*, *Lady Anna*, *Phineas Redux*, 1874; *The Way We Live Now*, and *Diamond Cut Diamond*, 1875; *The Prime Minister*, 1876; &c. Besides the above works of fiction, Mr Trollope has written *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, a pleasing volume of travels and description, published in 1859; *North America*, 2 vols., 1862; *Hunting Sketches*, 1865; *Travelling Sketches*, 1866; *Clergymen of the Church of England*, 1866 (these last three works were reprints from the *Pall Mall Gazette*); *British Sports and Pastimes*, 1868; *Australia and New Zealand*, 2 vols., 1873. Mr Trollope was for about three years editor of *Saint Paul's Magazine*, and he has contributed largely to other periodicals.

Mr Trollope is emphatically a 'man of the time,' the very antipodes of imaginative writers like George MacDonald. He is a realist, a painter of men and manners of the present day, a satirist within a certain range, ready to make use of any type that may present itself, and seem characteristic as a product of the special conditions of the present century. He is rather conservative and High Church, his best portraiture being those of the clergy. Who can ever forget Mr Slope, Dr Grantly, Bishop Prowdie or Mrs Prowdie? Ladies of rank, aspiring members of parliament (Irish and English), habitues of the clubs, Australian stockmen, female adventurers—all of these, and many more, he has taken up, and so set them in midst of their surroundings, that his pictures look like photographs, and they seem to be produced as easily as the photographer throws off his scenes and portraits.* Mr Trollope is eminently practical and also public-minded, for his characters frequently refer to great public questions, and suggest political changes. His humour is peculiar to himself, dry, direct, and with no infusion of sentiment. In his excellent story, *The Small House of Allington*, he will not allow sentiment to suggest even the slightest poetical justice in reference to his beautiful and brave, but unfortunate heroine, Lily Dale. The reality of his subsidiary characters, and his manner of seizing on peculiar traits without dwelling on them, so as to suggest *oddity*, separate him entirely from the school of Dickens, whilst his dislike of moralising, and his trick of satire, separate him as distinctly from the school of Thackeray, in whom tenderness always lies alongside the cynical touches and bitterness.

* In a lecture delivered in Natal by the Hon. Mr Broome, secretary to the colony, and republished in the literary journal *Evening Hours*, is the following:

"Don't you ever," said a friend of mine to Mr Trollope, "find a difficulty in beginning?" "Not at all—why should I? I sit down to write, and what difficulty is there? I do just four hundred words in a quarter of an hour." Nothing seems to disturb the even tenor of Mr Trollope's pen. The other day, going out to Australia round the Cape, he had a cabin fitted with a desk, and wrote novels at sea just as usual for a certain time and a certain number of pages every morning. He published about one every two months for some time after he returned to England. But Mr Trollope's ruling passion is not novel-writing, but the hunting-field, and the last time I met him, in the vestibule of the Garrick Club, his arm was in a sling from a bad fall with the Berkshire hounds."

Mr Trollope's style is clear, natural, sometimes eloquent, and without any trace of artifice.

The Archdeacon's Sanctum and the Old Church.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignitary of the church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate book-case was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath; beginning from the early fathers in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labours of the chosen servants of the church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr Hampden; and raised above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great—Chrysostom, St Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, and Dr Philpotts.

Every application that could make study pleasant and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there: chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favoured spot, as the student might desire; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labours of the day; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets. Few parish churches in England are in better repair, or better worth keeping so, than that at Plumstead Episcopi; and yet it is built in a faulty style; the body of the church is low—so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard, were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church: but the colour of the building is perfect; it is that rich yellow gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stonework is also beautiful; the mullions of the windows and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it, built it wrong, one cannot bring one's self to wish that they should have made it other than it is.

A Low-church Chaplain.—From 'Barchester Towers.'

Mr Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection, that as he had been selected as chaplain to the bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the bishop's gift, without troubling himself with the bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste, than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore—he, Mr Slope—would in effect be bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and to give Mr Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind—Mrs Proudie would also choose to be bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manceuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would always be on the spot. She would

necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway-carriage, and Mr Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn, and stoop low indeed, if need be, he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves an impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of dissent, if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black-silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church seat of a Christian, than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth—it is always 'the Sabbath.' The 'desecration of the Sabbath,' as he delights to call it, is to him meat and drink—he thrives upon that as policemen do on the general evil habits of the community. It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Saviour speak in vain. To him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'—'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man's allotted time here below.

Mr Slope is tall, and not ill made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder: it is not unlike beef—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but

square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his big, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature: it is pronounced straight and well formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-coloured cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.

Such is Mr Slope—such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop.

The Humanity of the Age.

This is undoubtedly the age of humanity—as far, at least, as England is concerned. A man who beats his wife is shocking to us, and a colonel who cannot manage his soldiers without having them beaten is nearly equally so. We are not very fond of hanging; and some of us go so far as to recoil under any circumstances from taking the blood of life. We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those schoolmasters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform the operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted; but not the bodily pain.

So far as regards the low externals of humanity, this is doubtless a humane age. Let men, women, and children have bread; let them have, if possible, no blows, or, at least, as few as may be; let them also be decently clothed; and let the pestilence be kept out of their way. In venturing to call these low, I have done so in no contemptuous spirit; they are comparatively low if the body be lower than the mind. The humanity of the age is doubtless suited to its material wants, and such wants are those which demand the promptest remedy. But in the inner feelings of men to men, and of one man's mind to another man's mind, is it not an age of extremest cruelty?

There is sympathy for the hungry man, but there is no sympathy for the unsuccessful man who is not hungry. If a fellow-mortal be ragged, humanity will subscribe to mend his clothes; but humanity will subscribe nothing to mend his ragged hopes, so long as his outside coat shall be whole and decent.

To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the special text that we delight to follow, and success is the god that we delight to worship. 'Ah, pity me! I have struggled and fallen—struggled so manfully, yet fallen so utterly—help me up this time that I may yet push forward again!' Who listens to such a plea as this? 'Fallen! do you want bread?' 'Not bread, but a kind heart and a kind hand.' 'My friend, I cannot stay by you; I myself am in a hurry; there is that fiend of a rival there even now gaining a step on me. I beg your pardon, but I will put my foot on your shoulder—only for one moment.' *Occupet extremus scabies.*

Yes. Let the devil take the hindmost; the three or four hindmost if you will; nay, all but those strong-running horses who can force themselves into noticeable places under the judge's eye. This is the noble shibboleth with which the English youth are now spurred on to deeds of—what shall we say?—money-making activity. Let every place in which a man can hold up his head be the reward of some antagonistic struggle, of some grand competitive examination. Let us get rid of the fault of past ages. With us, let the race be ever to the swift; the victory always to the strong. And let us always be racing, so that the swift and the strong shall

ever be known among us. But what, then, for those who are not swift, not strong? *Va victis!* Let them go to the wall. They can hew wood probably; or, at any rate, draw water.

Letter-writing.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humoured; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him, and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter—flattery is always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest under-current of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely, but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Calligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.

Early Days—Lovers' Walks.

Ah! those lovers' walks, those loving lovers' rambles. Tom Moore is usually somewhat sugary and mawkish; but in so much he was right. If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this. They are done and over for us, O my compatriots! Never again—unless we are destined to rejoin our hours in heaven, and to saunter over fields of asphodel in another and a greener youth—never again shall those joys be ours! And what can ever equal them? 'Twas then, between sweet hedgerows, under green oaks, with our feet rustling on the crisp leaves, that the world's cold reserve was first thrown off, and we found that those we loved were not goddesses, made of buckram and brocade, but human beings like ourselves, with blood in their veins and hearts in their bosoms—veritable children of Adam like ourselves.

'Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye.' Ah, how delicious were those meetings! How convinced we were that there was no necessity for loud alarm! How fervently we agreed with the poet! My friends, born together with me in the consulpship of Lord Liverpool, all that is done and over for us! There is a melancholy in this that will tinge our thoughts, let us draw ever so strongly on our philosophy. We can still walk with our wives, and that is pleasant too, very—of course. But there was more animation in it when we walked with the same ladies under other names. Nay, sweet spouse, mother of dear bairns, who hast so well done thy duty; but this was so, let thy brows be knit ever so angrily. That lord of thine has been indifferently good to thee, and thou to him hast been more

than good. Uphill together have we walked peaceably labouring; and now arm in arm ye shall go down the gradual slope which ends below there in the green churchyard. 'Tis good and salutary to walk thus. But for the full cup of joy, for the brimming springtide of human bliss, oh give me back——! Well, well, well; it is nonsense; I know it, but may not a man dream now and again in his evening nap, and yet do no harm?

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi.

How well Horace knew all about it, but that hanging up of the gittern;* one would fain have put it off, had falling hairs, and marriage vows, and obesity have permitted it.

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The elder brother of Mr Anthony Trollope. born in 1810, has also been a voluminous writer, Residing chiefly in Florence, many of his works are connected with Italian life and literature. His first two works were edited by his mother, and were books of travel—*A Summer in Brittany*, 1840; and *A Summer in Western France*, 1841. He afterwards added a volume descriptive of wanderings in Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain. In 1856 he produced an interesting scholarly illustration of Italian history, *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici*, in which he traces the influences that helped to form the monstrous character of the heiress of the Medici: In 1859 Mr Trollope added to his reputation by a biographical work, *A Decade of Italian Women*, which was followed in 1860 by *Filippo Strozzi*, a history of the last days of the old Italian liberty. Several novels were then successively produced: *Marietta*, 1862; *Giulio Malatesta*, 1863; *Beppo*, 1864; *Lindisfarn Chace*, 1864; *Gemma*, 1866; *Artin-gale Castle*, 1867; *The Dream Numbers*, 1868; *Leonora Casoloni*, 1868; *The Garstangs of Garstang Grange*, &c. Mr Trollope is author also of an elaborate historical work, a *History of the Commonwealth of Florence*, 4 vols., 1865.

THOMAS HARDY.

MR THOMAS HARDY has produced a series of novels of a fresh original character, specially illustrative of English peasant life and character: *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Desperate Remedies*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and *The Hand of Ethelberta*. The dialogues of his clowns and rustics remind one of the Elizabethan times, and in some of the rural nooks of England much of this primitive style of ideas and expression may yet linger. So far as modern novels are concerned, the style of Mr Hardy's fiction is quite unique. The following extracts are from *The Madding Crowd*:

The Great Barn and the Sheep-shearers.

Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since

* I lately was fit to be called upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crowned with conquest, I hang up my arms—
My harp that campaigned it in midnight alarms.

Hor., Ode 26, Book iii.

his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent—conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint—like an apoclectic saint in a niche of malachite—clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quaint objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling, and do not require definition by name; Henery Fray, the fourth shearer; Susan Tall's husband, the fifth; Joseph Poor-grass, the sixth; young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindu. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing-barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament had been attempted. The dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side-wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout—a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple gray effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military com-

peers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common stand-point. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side-doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age, and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years, or five; in Weatherbury, three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two inclosures; and in one angle a catching pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the background, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces, and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads. Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men, to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close.

A Thunder-storm.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in

Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his rickie-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the saddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporised lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

'Is that you, ma'am?' said Gabriel to the darkness.

'Who is there?' said the voice of Bathsheba.

'Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching.'

'O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?'

'He is not here.'

'Do you know where he is?'

'Asleep in the barn.'

'He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?'

'You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark,' said Gabriel. 'Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit.'

'I'll do anything!' she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned

his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

'How terrible!' she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

'Hold on!' said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realised, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom. 'We had a narrow escape!' said Gabriel.

BRET HARTE,

The American humorist and painter of wild life in the West (see *ante*, page 479), has recently produced a novel—his first complete novel—in the regular three-volume shape, entitled *Gabriel Conroy* (1876). It is not skilfully constructed either as to plot or dialogue, and has less originality than the earlier sketches. It opens with the following description:

A Snow-storm in the Californian Sierras.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it—it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush; the overlaid branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete.

Perhaps the best of all Bret Harte's productions is his *Luck of Roaring Camp*—so vivid, so original. The camp is one of Californian gold-diggers—a rough wild crew, but not devoid of tenderness. One wretched woman is among them, and she dies after giving birth to a child. The child is brought up by the men, and becomes the 'Luck' and favourite of the camp.

'Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odour, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophising the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

All went on prosperously till winter came with its floods, and then the 'luck' and light of the Roaring Camp perished:

Death and Destruction at the Diggings.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy. 'It's been here once, and will be here again!' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and

crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to shew them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. 'Dead?' he repeated feebly. 'Yes, my man, and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying,' he repeated; 'he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;' and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

The Chinese emigrants now form a large element in Californian society; and Bret Harte presents us with a type of the colony:

John Chinaman.

The expression of the Chinese face in the aggregate is neither cheerful nor happy. In an acquaintance of half a dozen years, I can only recall one or two exceptions to this rule. There is an abiding consciousness of degradation, a secret pain or self-humiliation visible in the lines of the mouth and eye. Whether it is only a modification of Turkish gravity, or whether it is the dread Valley of the Shadow of the Drug through which they are continually straying, I cannot say. They seldom smile, and their laughter is of such an extraordinary and sardonic nature—so purely a mechanical spasm, quite independent of any mirthful attribute—that to this day I am doubtful whether I ever saw a Chinaman laugh. A theatrical representation by natives, one might think, would have set my mind at ease on this point; but it did not. Indeed, a new difficulty presented itself—the impossibility of determining whether the performance was a tragedy or farce. I thought I detected the low comedian in an active youth who turned two somersaults, and knocked everybody down on entering the stage. But, unfortunately, even this classic resemblance to the legitimate farce of our civilisation was deceptive. Another brocaded actor, who represented the hero of the play, turned three somersaults, and not only upset my theory and his fellow-actors at the same time, but apparently ran amuck behind the scenes for some time afterward. I looked around at the glinting white teeth to observe the effect of these two palpable hits. They were received with equal acclamation, and apparently equal facial spasms. One or two beheadings which enlivened the play produced the same sardonic effect, and left upon my mind a painful anxiety to know what was the serious business of life in China. It was noticeable, however, that my unrestrained laughter had a discordant effect, and that triangular eyes sometimes turned ominously toward the 'Fanqui devil;' but as I retired discreetly before the play was finished, there were no serious results. I have only given the above as an instance of the impossibility of deciding upon the outward and superficial expression of Chinese mirth. Of its inner and deeper existence I have some private doubts. An audience that will view with a serious aspect the hero, after a frightful and agonising death,

get up and quietly walk off the stage, cannot be said to have remarkable perceptions of the ludicrous.

I have often been struck with the delicate pliability of the Chinese expression and taste, that might suggest a broader and deeper criticism than is becoming these pages. A Chinaman will adopt the American costume, and wear it with a taste of colour and detail that will surpass those 'native, and to the manner born.' To look at a Chinese slipper, one might imagine it impossible to shape the original foot to anything less cumbersome and roomy, yet a neater-fitting boot than that belonging to the Americanised Chinaman is rarely seen on this side of the Continent. When the loose sack or paletot takes the place of his brocade blouse, it is worn with a refinement and grace that might bring a jealous pang to the exquisite of our more refined civilisation. Pantaloon falls easily and naturally over legs that have known unlimited freedom and bagginess, and even garrote collars meet correctly around sun-tanned throats. The new expression seldom overflows in gaudy extravagance. I will back my Americanised Chinaman against any neophyte of European birth in the choice of that article. While in our own state the Greaser resists one by one the garments of the northern invader, and even wears the livery of his conqueror with a wild and buttonless freedom, the Chinaman, abused and degraded as he is, changes by correctly graded transition to the garments of Christian civilisation. There is but one article of European wear that he avoids. These Bohemian eyes have never yet been pained by the spectacle of a tall hat on the head of an intelligent Chinaman.

My acquaintance with John has been made up of weekly interviews, involving the adjustment of the washing accounts, so that I have not been able to study his character from a social view-point or observe him in the privacy of the domestic circle. I have gathered enough to justify me in believing him to be generally honest, faithful, simple, and painstaking. Of his simplicity let me record an instance where a sad and civil young Chinaman brought me certain shirts with most of the buttons missing, and others hanging on delusively by a single thread. In a moment of unguarded irony I informed him that unity would at least have been preserved if the buttons were removed altogether. He smiled sadly and went away. I thought I had hurt his feelings, until the next week when he brought me my shirts with a look of intelligence, and the buttons carefully and totally erased. At another time, to guard against his general disposition to carry off anything as soiled clothes that he thought could hold water, I requested him to always wait until he saw me. Coming home late one evening, I found the household in great consternation, over an immovable celestial who had remained seated on the front door-step during the day, sad and submissive, firm but also patient, and only betraying any animation or token of his mission when he saw me coming. This same Chinaman evinced some evidences of regard for a little girl in the family, who in her turn reposed such faith in his intellectual qualities as to present him with a preternaturally uninteresting Sunday-school book, her own property. This book John made a point of carrying ostentatiously with him in his weekly visits. It appeared usually on the top of the clean clothes, and was sometimes painfully clasped outside of the big bundle of soiled linen. Whether John believed he unconsciously imbibed some spiritual life through its pasteboard cover, as the prince in the *Arabian Nights* imbibed the medicine through the handle of the mallet, or whether he wished to exhibit a due sense of gratitude, or whether he hadn't any pockets, I have never been able to ascertain. In his turn, he would sometimes cut marvellous imitation roses from carrots for his little friend. I am inclined to think that the few roses strewn in John's path were such scentless imitations. The thorns only were real. From the persecutions of the young and old of a certain class, his life

was a torment. I don't know what was the exact philosophy that Confucius taught, but it is to be hoped that poor John in his persecution is still able to detect the conscious hate and fear with which inferiority always regards the possibility of even-handed justice, and which is the key-note to the vulgar clamour about servile and degraded races.

WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK, a native of Glasgow, born in 1841, has produced several original and highly successful novels. In 1868 appeared *In Silk Attire*; in 1871, *A Daughter of Heth*; in 1872, *The Strange Adventures of a Phacton*; in 1873, *Kilmeny and Princess of Thule*; in 1875, *The Maid of Killeena and Three Feathers*; in 1876, *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories; Madcap Violet, &c.*

Scene in the Hebrides.—From 'Princess of Thule.'

On a small headland of the distant island of Lewis, an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west, fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of cloud, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapour—as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set powerfully built man who stood on this solitary point, paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap, or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy gray beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the gray mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky shewed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before, it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbour. As the sound of the engines came nearer, and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face—except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm, and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said, almost as though he were addressing some one there: 'My good little girl!'

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind, how could any such message be delivered? And already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunication could never be broken—were now trying, through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The gray mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel, and all the beating hearts it contained; and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained was the sea whitened by the rushing of the wind, and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand towards a road that ran near by. There was a large wagonette

of varnished oak, and a pair of small powerful horses waiting for him there; and having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him; and he turned once more as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye. 'My poor little Sheila!' that was all he said; and then he turned to the horses, and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway, the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors, called to each other in a whisper, and said: 'That is the King of Borva.' But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head: 'It is a bad day, this day, for Mr Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila is gone away, and there is nobody—not anybody at all—left in the island to tek the side of the poor folk.'

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, though he was known to many of the people—as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened; but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was that which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a fence to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland which, in the distance, rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from these mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier drift—great gray boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss, or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass, was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether; but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker; and to the fisherman passing by the coast, it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the louring clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along the lonely route sometimes cast a glance down towards this threatening of a storm; but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses; and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woollen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

'Mr Mackenzie,' she said, with that peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools; 'it was Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house.'

'Ay, my good lass,' he said, putting his hand gently,

on her head, 'and it was Sheila wrote to you?' 'Yes, sir, and I hef come down from Suainabost.' 'It is a lonely house you will be going to,' he said absently. 'But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to'— But here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely.

Edinburgh on a Summer Night.

From Strange Adventures of a Phæton.

In the gathering darkness we approach Edinburgh. How long the way seemed on this the last night of our driving! The clear twilight faded away, and the skies overhead began to shew faint throbbings of the stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue. In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway, between the dark hedges; and clearer and more clear became the white constellations trembling in the dark. There lay King Charles's wain as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea, as we lay idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times; and here, nearer at hand, Capella shone, and there Cepheus looked over to the pole-star as from the distance of another universe. Somehow it seemed to us that, under the great and throbbing vault, the sea ought to be lying clear and dark; but there were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent mass of hill. We drew nearer to the town; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of red fire—the gas-lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

We sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. What in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne, and the coloured lamps of its steamers—as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz—or what was Prague with its countless spires piercing the starlight, and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world? The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the stars grew paler, but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the slow mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great gray walls above, which were under the stars.

'Oh, my dear,' says Tita, quite gently to Bell, 'we have seen nothing like that, not even in your own country of the Lakes!'

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.

MISS THACKERAY, eldest and only surviving daughter of the great novelist, has distinguished herself in the same department of literature.

Her principal works are—*The Story of Elizabeth, The Village on the Cliff, Old Kensington, Miss Angel; To Esther, and other Sketches; Toilers and Spinsters, Five Old Friends, Bluebeard's Keys, &c.* Miss Thackeray is a consummate artist. She makes no pretension to deep plot or sensation. Her novels are studies of character within rather confined limits, and with a certain kind of teaching or moralising which may have been derived from her gifted father, but is modified in passing through a truly womanly temperament. She is a student: you see the influence of books, and can follow her methods and see them repeated so exactly that you can predict the results. This was apparent in *The Village on the Cliff*, notwithstanding that Reine was original in conception; and it characterises her novel, *Old Kensington*, which is a resetting of the story of Angelica Kauffmann, the unfortunate painter, the friend of Reynolds and the rest of the distinguished people of that day, to many of whom we are here introduced. Miss Thackeray has succeeded remarkably in serious yet half-playful restorations of the old nursery tales, bringing out their purpose and moral by means of present-day characters skilfully chosen. Some of these have been collected into a volume under the title of *Five Old Friends with a New Face*. As her first work, *The Story of Elizabeth*, had appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and was republished in book form in 1863—the year of her father's death—she may be said to have just made her advent in literature as he passed away from among us. The careful and exquisite finish of her works—even the slightest of them—is likely to render them lasting as well as popular.

An English Country Sunday.

The ideal Sunday should be spent at a country-house not many miles from London. We will call it Pleasance. You should come to it through fresh country lanes and commons, and across broad fields where the cows are browsing. Pleasance should have a great hall through which the garden might shew, and from which the doors should lead into a library, a dining-room, a drawing-room, all with windows looking across the lawns and fields and green distant slopes and acres far away, gently rising and falling. There should be scattered here and there flocks and herds to give life and animation to the green pastures and the still waters, and close at hand a few great trees under which one or two people are strolling and enjoying the early spring. All the mists and shadows of London life are left behind, and lie in wait for them when they cross the river; here is only a bright winter's morning, the song of birds piping among the bare branches and bushes, with sudden notes and cadences of exceeding sweetness. In the ideal country-house there should be a farm-yard, with live toys for grown-up children: cocks that crow, hens sitting with their little bead-eyed yellow brood nestling round them. There should be cows that moo and shake their heads, and crop the grass with a pleasant crunch as you watch them in the meadow; or stand meekly in their stalls when milking-time has come, with their names, such as Cowslip, Daisy, Bluebell, painted over each pair of horns.

In the morning, instead of hurrying through the streets and past the closed shops and gin-palaces, to a crowded church with high square pews and dingy windows and dust, and a fierce-looking pew-opener in a front, you wend your way quietly across the fields, where the air is sweet with coming spring, and you pass by narrow swinging gates and under the elm-trees to

the church door. As you enter, though it seems dim at first, and the stained glass windows temper the light, yet you have a sense of the pleasant sights and sounds beyond the walls of the great arch of the sky overhead, of the birds joining in the chant, of the preacher without, telling in silent language of new hope, new life; of courage and endurance, of peace and beneficence and wisdom. There are still Sir Roger de Coverleys, thanks be to Heaven! nowadays, though perhaps they do not stand up and publicly rebuke the sleepy and inattentive; and as soon as Lady de Coverley sees you (for our Sir Roger is a married man), she finds room for you in her big pew, with a welcoming look, and makes you quite comfortable with hassocks and hymn-books, and psalters. Coming out of church, Lady de Coverley greets her acquaintance, and nods to the village children. There is a certain Amelia I know of, in little hobnailed shoes, who turns her back upon the congregation, and stands stock-still, tied up in a little flannel cape. There is also a delightful little fat ploughboy in a smock, who smiles so pleasantly that we all begin to laugh in return.

You cross the fields again on your way back to Pleasance. The cows have scarcely moved. A huge pig that was grazing under a tree has shifted a little, and instead of a side-view now presents its tail. The farm-yard, as you pass on your way to the house, is all alive in the mid-day sunshine. The Cochinchina cocks and hens, looking like enchanted princes and princesses, come ambling up to meet you, shaking out their soft golden plumage. The Spanish population, and the crève-cœurs, black robed, with crimson crests, are all in their respective countries, with beautiful sunset tints, purple, violet, green, and golden shewing among their feathers, in the sunshine. There is great discussion going on among the Poles. Gallant generals, with spurs and cocked-hat and feathers, impatiently pace their confines; fiery young captains and aides-de-camp seem to be laying down the law; while the ladies, who also look very important, and are dressed in a semi-military costume, evidently join in the proceedings with the keenest interest. As for the white ducks, what do they care for anything that is going on? Their Sunday is spent squatting on the grass in the field with the young Alderney calves. They see both sides of the world at once with their bright eyes, and do not trouble themselves for anybody.

Some people like to go to church a second time; some go for a long walk in the afternoon; they have only to choose. Park, and lawn, and common, hills, and dales, lie before them; and though the distance begins to fade into the soft gray mist of an English March, yet even the mist is gentle and beautiful, and the air is moist and refreshing, and the brown turf yields under foot with a delightful spring.

Old Kensington.

A quarter of a century ago the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling as the sun travelled across the old-fashioned house-tops to set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jessamines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and engulfs one relic or another, carrying

off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing in its iron cage at the junction of the thoroughfares. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after-life, the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes. . . . The sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence:

Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisraël rejoice,

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings and funny woollen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Fishing Village in Normandy.

We have all of us, in the course of life's journeys, sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet, as we have travelled away, we may have found that, through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctiveness and vividness does not appear to wear out with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

Petiport in Normandy, a dull little fishing-town upon the coast, stands almost opposite to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile, and sad and pleasant together. The country-folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petiport—one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy 'dans le temps,' they told me. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands, were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête-days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petiport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors, as I walked up the steep little village street.

Five o'clock on a fine Sunday—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either

side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil, far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles when the ripples meet the sands. The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant women and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air. Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets, and babies, and huge umbrellas.

MRS MACQUOID—HESBA STRETTON.

MRS KATHARINE S. MACQUOID has written many novels, but never surpassed her first, *Hester Kirton*, a story containing fine sketches of character. Her other works are—*Diane*, *The Evil Eye*, *Petty*, *My Story*, *Lost Rose*, &c.; also a pleasant volume, *Through Normandy* (1874).—HESBA STRETTON is author of several tales—*The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Hester Morley's Promise*, &c., and some excellent stories for children.

FLORENCE MARRYAT—ELIZABETH WETHERELL—SARAH TYTLER—C. C. FRASER-TYTLE—MISS CRAIK—MRS CHETWYND, &c.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, daughter of the nautical novelist, has a copious list: *Mad Dumaresq*, *No Intentions*, *Love's Conflict*, *Woman against Woman*, *Gerald Estcourt*, *Too Good for Him*, *Petronel*, *Nelly Brooke*, *Veronique*, *Her Lord and Master*, *Prey of the Gods*, *The Girls of Feversham*, &c. ELIZABETH WETHERELL has written a number of popular works of fiction—*Daisy*, *Willow Brook*, *Sceptres and Crowns*, *Queechy*, *Wide Wide World*, &c. A vivid and striking picture of the state of France in the time of the great Revolution is drawn in the novel entitled *Citoyenne Jacqueline*, by SARAH TYTLER. The violence and strife of that reign of terror is contrasted with the grace and delicacy of the inmates of a château, from which the heroine is taken to unite at last the higher and lower sections of the *dramatis personæ*. Another semi-historical novel by the same author is entitled *Lady Bell*. Various other productions from her pen have enjoyed considerable popularity. Miss C. C. FRASER-TYTLE is author of *Mistress Judith*, *Jonathan*, &c.; and MISS GEORGIANA CRAIK, *Sylvia's Choice*, *Theresa*, &c. A novel evincing minute acquaintance with French domestic life, *The Hôtel du Petit St Jean*, is by the HON. MRS CHETWYND, who is author of another tale, *Vera*. A younger aspirant, MARIA M. GRANT, has three novels—*Artiste*, *Bright Morning*, *Victor Lescar*.

R. D. BLACKMORE—L. W. M. LOCKHART—JOHN SAUNDERS—JAMES PAYN—R. FRANCILLON.

Among the most successful portrayers of actual life is MR RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, author of *The Maid of Sker*, *Lorna Doone*, *Alice Lorraine*, *Cripps the Carrier*, &c. LAWRENCE W.

M. LOCKHART, late captain 92d Highlanders, has written two popular novels—*Doubles and Quits* and *Fair to See*. JOHN SAUNDERS is author of *Guy Waterman*, *One Against the World*, and *Israel Mort*, *Overman*. The last has a rough strength and force which fixes the attention of the reader: Israel Mort is a miner, who raises himself to be successively overman, manager, and owner of a mine. MR JAMES PAYN has written several excellent works of fiction—*Lost Sir Masingberd*, *At Her Mercy*, *The Best of Husbands*, *Walter's Word*, *Fallen Fortunes*, *By Proxy*, &c. MR R. FRANCILLON is author of *Olympia*, *Pearl and Emerald*, *A Dog and his Shadow*.

AUGUSTUS GEORGE SALA—EDWARD JENKINS—WALTER THORNBURY.

One of the best imitators of Dickens was GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (born in London in 1828), whose contributions to *Household Words* were highly amusing, and scarcely distinguishable from those of his model. As special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr Sala has thrown off innumerable sketches of life and public events in foreign countries—in France, Italy, Spain, Russia, and America. A series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine* (since published in one volume) on Hogarth, display familiarity with art as well as with history and general literature, and constitute perhaps the most finished of Mr Sala's works. He is emphatically a ready writer and traveller, at home in most countries and most phases of life.

Two stories by MR EDWARD JENKINS were written with a moral purpose—*Ginx's Baby*, 1870; and *The Devil's Chain*, 1875. The former exposes some of the defects in our social and charitable institutions, while the latter assails the demon of intemperance, but is overcharged with horrors and painful incidents. Mr Jenkins is the son of a clergyman who came to London from Canada about fifteen years ago. He is now one of the members of parliament for Dundee—an active and liberal public man.

One of the most versatile and indefatigable littérateurs—poet, novelist, art-critic, traveller, biographer, &c.—between 1845 and 1876, was MR WALTER THORNBURY (1828-1876), son of a London solicitor. His poetical works were—*Lays and Legends of the New World*, 1851; *Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads*, 1857; and *Legendary and Historic Ballads*, 1875. His novels form a longer list: *Every Man his own Trumpeter*, 1858; *True as Steel*, 1863; *Wildfire*, 1864; *Haunted London*, 1865; *Tales for the Marines*, 1865; *Greatheart*, 1866; *The Vicar's Courtship*, 1869; and tales and sketches contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*. For some years Mr Thornbury was art-critic to the *Athenæum*, and he produced two volumes of sketches of *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*, besides a *Life of Turner*, in two volumes, written under the supervision of Mr Ruskin. His productions as a tourist and traveller consist of two volumes entitled *Art and Nature at Home and Abroad*, *Life in Turkey*, *Life in Spain*, and *Experiences in the United States*. In general literature, besides innumerable light articles, he wrote *Monarchs of the Main*, three volumes, being a history of the Buccaneers;

Shakspeare's England during the Reign of Elizabeth, &c. He worked on till within a few days of his death, which came suddenly; 'the result,' adds the *Athenæum*, 'of over-brainwork.'

Another victim to excessive literary labour and anxiety was MR MORTIMER COLLINS, who died in 1876 at the early age of forty-nine. He was author of several novels—*Sweet Anne Page*, 1868; *The Ivory Gate*, 1869; *Vivian Romance*, 1870; *Marquis and Merchant*, 1871; &c. He published also a volume of *Poems*, and latterly was a regular and popular contributor to *Punch*.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

At the close of the French revolutionary war, countless multitudes were drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sovereigns in 1814. Among them was 'one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history.' The work thus characteristically referred to by its author, MR (afterwards SIR) ARCHIBALD ALISON, is *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons*, ten volumes, 1839-42, and which has since, in various forms, gone through nine editions. It has been translated into all European languages, and even into Arabic and Hindustani. A work so popular must have substantial merits, or must supply a want universally felt. Having visited most of the localities described, many interesting minute touches and graphic illustrations have been added by the historian from personal observation, or the statements of eye-witnesses on the spot; and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities. The defects of the work are, however, considerable. The style is often careless, turgid, and obscure; and the high Tory prejudices of the author, with certain opinions on the currency question—the influence of which he greatly exaggerates—render him often a tedious as well as unsafe guide. His moral reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous, and quite unworthy of the author of the narrative portions of the history.* In a few instances he has been accused by his own Conservative friends of extracting military details from questionable sources, and forming rash judgments on questions of strategy. Thus he maintains that, in the great campaign of 1815, Napoleon 'surprised, out-manœuvred, and out-generated' both Wellington and Blücher—a position which does not seem well supported, but which at least

evinces the historian's determination to think for himself, and not to sacrifice his convictions to party. In describing the causes which led to the French Revolution, he also enumerates fairly the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people laboured; but with singular inconsistency he adds, that the immediate source of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which over-spread France. Carlyle more correctly assigns *famine* as the 'immediate' cause—the unprecedented scarcity and dearness of provisions; but, of course, a variety of other elements entered into the formation of that great convulsion. Some of the features of the Revolution are well drawn by Alison. The small number of persons who perpetrated the atrocities in Paris, and the apathy of the great body of the citizens, he thus describes:

The French Revolutionary Assassins.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with two hundred assassins at a louis a day, he would govern France, and cause three hundred thousand heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above fifty thousand men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders; but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

Another specimen of the author's style of summary and reflection may be given:

The Reign of Terror.

Thus terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been

* Mr Disraeli touches sarcastically on these defects: 'Finally, Mr Rigny impressed on Coningsby to read the *Quarterly Review* with great attention; and to make himself master of Mr Wordy's *History of the Late War* in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories.'—*Coningsby*, Book III. c. 2.

overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust: the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sunk under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period, will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles,	1,278	
Noble women,	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467	
Religieuses,	350	
Priests,	1,135	
Common Persons, not noble,	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom		
Children shot,	500	
Children drowned,	1,500	
Women shot,	264	
Women drowned,	500	
Priests shot,	300	
Priests drowned,	460	
Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Artisans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseille, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide-spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot

all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces; such the ascendancy which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair at effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world, as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue, which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

A continuation has been made to this work—*The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852*, eight volumes, 1852–59. The author, however, had not exercised much care in this compilation. It is hastily and inaccurately written, and is disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. Some of the author's opinions or crotchets are pushed to a ridiculous extreme, as his delusion that most of the political changes of the previous thirty years—the abolition of the corn-laws, Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform—may all be traced to the act of 1826 which interdicted the further issue of £1 and £2 bank-notes! The diffuse style of narrative which was felt as a drawback on the earlier history, is still more conspicuous in this continuation—no doubt from want of time and care in the laborious work of condensation. The other writings of our author—exclusive of pamphlets on Free-trade and the Currency—are a *Life of Marlborough*, 1847 (afterwards greatly enlarged in the second edition, 1852), and *Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*, three volumes, 1850. These essays were originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which their author was a frequent contributor. The other works of Sir Archibald are—*Principles of Population*, 1840; *Free Trade and Protection*, 1844; *England in 1815 and in 1845*, &c.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the *Essay on Taste*, &c. His mother was Dorothea, daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh. He was born at Kenley in Shropshire in 1792. His father having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh to officiate in the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the bar in 1814, and in 1834 was appointed sheriff of Lanarkshire. He had distinguished himself professionally by his *Principles*

of the *Criminal Law of Scotland*, 1832, and his *Practice of the Criminal Law*, 1833. He was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Glasgow University, and subsequently the title of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. In 1852 he was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. He died on the 23d of May 1867.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

The celebrated American historian, WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. His father was an eminent judge and lawyer. While a student in Harvard College, a slight accident threatened to deprive the future historian of sight, and in the result proved a severe interruption to his studies. One of his fellow-collegians threw a crust of bread at him, which struck one of his eyes, and deprived it almost wholly of sight, while the other was sympathetically affected. He travelled partly for medical advice, and visited England, France, and Italy, remaining absent about two years. On his return to the United States, he married and settled in Boston. His first literary production was an essay on *Italian Narrative Poetry*, contributed in 1824 to the *North American Review*, in which work many valuable papers from his pen afterwards appeared. Devoting himself to the literature and history of Spain, he fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and commenced his history of that period. He had only, however, commenced his task when his eye gave way, and he enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years. His literary enthusiasm, however, was too strong to be subdued even by this calamity; he engaged a reader, dictated copious notes, and from these notes constructed his composition, making in his mind those corrections which are usually made in the manuscript. Instead of dictating the work thus composed, he used a writing-case made for the blind, which he thus describes: 'It consists of a frame of the size of a piece of paper, traversed by brass wires as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks which he cannot see on the white page below.' In this way the historian proceeded with his task, finding, he says, his writing-case his best friend in his lonely hours. The sight of his eye partially returned, but never sufficiently to enable him to use it by candle-light. In 1837 appeared his history of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in three volumes, and the work was eminently successful on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1843, *The Conquest of Mexico*, three volumes, and in 1847, *The Conquest of Peru*, two volumes, still further extended Mr Prescott's reputation, and it is calculated that latterly he received from £4000 to £5000 a year from the sale of his writings. The successful historian now made a visit to England, and was received with the utmost distinction and favour, the university of Oxford conferring upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1854 his *History of Philip II.* was ready for the press, and he was to receive £1000 for each volume of the work, which, it was supposed, would extend to six

volumes. A decision of the House of Lords, however, annulled this bargain. It was found that no American, not domiciled in England at the time of the publication of his book, could claim the benefit of our copyright law. 'If Mr Prescott had thought proper to have resided in England during, and for a certain time before and after the publication of the book, he might have reaped the full benefit of its great success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he would not take this course. At a great pecuniary sacrifice, he preferred to present the world with one signal example more of the injustice to which the writers of England and America are exposed by the want of a reasonable system of international copyright—a want for which the American legislature appears to be wholly responsible.* Two volumes of *Philip II.* appeared in 1855, and the third volume in 1858. In the interval the author had experienced a shock of paralysis, and another shock on the 28th of January 1859 proved fatal. When sitting alone in his library, the historian was struck down by this sudden and terrible agent of death, and in less than two hours he expired. His remains were followed to the grave by a vast concourse of citizens and mourners.

As an historian, Prescott may rank with Robertson as a master of the art of narrative, while he excels him in the variety and extent of his illustrative researches. He was happy in the choice of his subjects. The very names of Castile and Aragon, Mexico and Peru, possess a romantic charm, and the characters and scenes he depicts have the interest and splendour of the most gorgeous fiction. To some extent the American historian fell into the error of Robertson in palliating the enormous cruelties that marked the career of the Spanish conquerors; but he is more careful in citing his authorities, in order, as he says, 'to put the reader in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising, and, if need be, for reversing the judgments of the historian.'

View of Mexico from the Summit of Ahuasco.

Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguery, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers

* *Memoir of Prescott*, by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed ‘Venice of the Aztecs.’ High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco; and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins: even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and in the warm glow of their feelings they cried out: ‘It is the promised land!’

Storming the Temple of Mexico.

Cortés, having cleared a way for the assault, sprung up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation, that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

Cortés and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aerial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the *teocalli*, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed

hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortés was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopochtli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the *teocalli*. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.

Fatal Visit of the Inca to Pizarro and his Followers in the City of Caxamalca.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, ‘which in our ears,’ says one of the conquerors, ‘sounded like the songs of hell!’ Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied: 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed: 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: 'Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash, and hears the thunder bursting around

him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice: 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph shewed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

DR ARNOLD.

Early Roman history has of late formed the subject of investigation and discussion. The celebrated work of Niebuhr, the Prussian historian (1776-1831), was published in 1811, and again, much modified and enlarged, in 1827. For some time it attracted little attention in this country, but gradually followers and disciples sprung up. The leading theory of Niebuhr (derived from James Perizonius, an antiquary of the seventeenth century) was, that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part fabulous, founded on popular songs or lays chanted at the Roman banquets. Greece had her rhapsodists, the Teutonic nations their bards, and Rome, he concluded, had also her poetical chroniclers. To eliminate whatever portion of truth was contained in the stories of the mythic period—and Niebuhr believed that they did contain many authentic facts—was the chosen task of the learned Prussian, and of all those who adopted his 'ballad theory' as a sound historical hypothesis. One of the most enthusiastic of his admirers was DR THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), the well-known and popular master of Rugby School. Arnold was a native of East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where his father resided as collector of customs. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford, being elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, employed in instructing pupils; and in his twenty-fifth year he settled at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex. At Laleham he took pupils as before, married, and spent nine years of happiness and study. He took priest's orders in 1828, and in that year occurred the great turning-point of his life—he was appointed to

Rugby School. He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only raised Rugby School to the highest popularity, but introduced a great change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who exercise a recognised authority over the junior pupils, and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confidence. His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unceasing. On Sunday he preached to them; 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy.' All 'unpromising subjects,' or pupils likely to taint others, he removed from the school. 'It is *not* necessary,' he said, 'that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character, and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him. Out-of-doors, Arnold had also his battles to fight. He was a Liberal in politics, though not a partisan, and a keen church reformer. To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed. The Church, he said, meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers. Christianity recognised no priesthood—the whole body of believers were equally brethren. Nothing, he conceived, could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters; and the civil power was more able than the clergy, not only to govern, but to fix the doctrines of the Church. These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends, especially those of the clergy, and he also failed to conciliate the Dissenters. The Whig government, in 1835, appointed him a Fellow in the Senate of the new university of London. Arnold, convinced that Christianity should be the basis and principle of all education in a Christian country, proposed that every candidate for a degree in the university should be examined on the Scriptures. This was resisted—at least to the extent that the examination should not be compulsory, but voluntary—and Arnold afterwards resigned his appointment. In 1841, he obtained one more congenial to his tastes and pursuits—he was nominated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his robust health promised a long succession of professorial triumphs, as well as of general usefulness. He had purchased a small property in Westmoreland—Fox How, situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the Lake country, with the now classic river Rotha, 'purior electro,' winding round his fields. At Fox How he spent his vacations; and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he was seized with spasms of the heart, and died ere eight o'clock next morning, June 12, 1842. The works of Dr Arnold give but a faint idea of what he accomplished. He was emphatically a man of action. His writings, however, are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and independent in thought. His *History of Rome*, which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic

War, and is contained in three volumes: he edited *Thucydides*, and his *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*—eight in number—were published after his death, in one volume, 1843. Six volumes of his *Sermons*, chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, have also been published, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics, collected and republished by his pupil and biographer, the Rev. A. P. Stanley, now dean of Westminster. His *Roman History*—in which he closely follows Niebuhr—is striking and picturesque, rather than philosophical. His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events—a mode of illustration in which he has been followed by Macaulay and Grote.

Character of Scipio.

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later, the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power, and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero-king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, revered, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time: the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome—the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers—were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood—crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius; a self-idolatry, natural enough where there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs; a self-dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer—the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector; of the truly noble, because unselfish hero—who subdues his genius to make it

minister to the good of others—who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought, or desire, or deed from their pledged service to his country.

Character of Hannibal.

Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which threatened either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conquerer of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organised empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

Sufferings during the Siege of Genoa.

In the autumn of 1799, the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the

following spring, and till then, Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting-trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON.

In the study of Egyptian antiquities, now cultivated with ardour, SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON (1797–1875) took a prominent part. Early in life he made surveys of the topography of Thebes and the Pyramids, and collections of the hieroglyphics. In 1828, he published at Malta *Materia Hieroglyphica*, four parts. But his great work is his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, six volumes, 1837–41. About nine hundred wood-cuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest descriptive illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Of this work, an abridgment was published by the author, a *Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians*, two volumes, 1854. Sir John truly remarks, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every

inquiry respecting it an additional interest; and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times.' Sir John was a son of the Rev. John Wilkinson of Haxendale, Westmoreland, and studied at Exeter College, Oxford. Amongst the latest of his literary labours was assisting Sir Henry Rawlinson in his edition of *Herodotus*.

Moral Superiority of the Ancient Egyptians.

The early part of Egyptian monumental history is coeval with the arrivals of Abraham and of Joseph, and the exodus of the Israelites; and we know from the Bible what was the state of the world at that time. But then, and apparently long before, the habits of social life in Egypt were already what we find them to have been during the most glorious period of their career; and as the people had already laid aside their arms, and military men only carried them when on service, some notion may be had of the very remote date of Egyptian civilisation. In the treatment of women, they seem to have been very far advanced beyond other wealthy communities of the same era, having usages very similar to those of modern Europe; and such was the respect shewn to women, that precedence was given to them over men, and the wives and daughters of kings succeeded to the throne like the male branches of the royal family. Nor was this privilege rescinded, even though it had more than once entailed upon them the troubles of a contested succession; foreign kings often having claimed a right to the throne through marriage with an Egyptian princess. It was not a mere influence that they possessed, which women often acquire in the most arbitrary eastern communities; nor a political importance accorded to a particular individual, like that of the Sultana Valideh, the queen-mother at Constantinople; it was a right acknowledged by law, both in public and private life. They knew that unless women were treated with respect, and made to exercise an influence over society, the public standard would soon be lowered, and the manners and morals of men would suffer; and in acknowledging this, they pointed out to women the very responsible duties they had to perform to the community. It has been said that the Egyptian priests were only allowed to have one wife, while the rest of the community had as many as they chose; but, besides the improbability of such a license, the testimony of the monuments accords with Herodotus in disproving the statement, and each individual is represented in his tomb with a single consort. Their mutual affection is also indicated by the fond manner in which they are seated together, and by the expressions of endearment they use to each other, as well as to their children. And if further proof were wanting to shew their respect for social ties, we may mention the conduct of Pharaoh, in the case of the supposed sister of Abraham, standing in remarkable contrast to the habits of most princes of those and many subsequent ages.

Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected; but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes; and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of

Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand; and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased; implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands, nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose; though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Numbers, xi. 4, 5).

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo, and throughout the East; each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party, or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of having it tender, which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to 'slay and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at mid-day, may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone, or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any lincin, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the first-born according to his youth.' Joseph eating alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself.' But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews

(1 Sam. ii. 14) and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals—many were ornamented with the lotus flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect, or lying on a bier, and to shew it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to 'love one another, and avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it is too short;' and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death, which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct; and though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was the preparation for a future state.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts. The game of *mora* was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin, *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN—S. SHARPE.

The learned CHEVALIER BUNSEN—lately Prussian ambassador in London, and a native of Corbach, Germany, where he was born in 1799—commenced, in 1848, the publication of his historical investigation, *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. A second volume was published in 1854, and the third in 1859. The work was translated from the German, under the author's superintendence, by Mr C. H. Cottrell. The object of M. Bunsen was to establish, by means of the language and chronology of Egypt, as recently investigated, the position of the Egyptians as a nation in primeval history, or before the period of historical records. He gives them a vastly remote antiquity, assigning the date of the first king of Egypt to an era four thousand years before the Christian era. The Egyptians, he says, were an Asiatic race, who emigrated from Chaldea, and settled in the valley of the Nile about the eleventh millennium B.C.; the historical Deluge, which took place in a considerable part of Central Asia, cannot have occurred at a more recent period than the tenth millennium B.C.; and man existed on the earth about 20,000 years B.C., or even earlier. These antediluvian and prehistoric conclusions of the Chevalier have been generally disputed. We have not yet

sufficient materials to enable us to fix positively the dates of the earlier period of the Egyptian monarchy. In 1852, M. Bunsen published another historical investigation, *Hippolytus and his Age, or the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus; and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity Compared*, four volumes, 1852. This work of Hippolytus is certainly a literary curiosity. In 1842, a Greek manuscript was discovered at Mount Athos. It was printed at Oxford in 1851, and ascribed to the celebrated Origen. Chevalier Bunsen, however, clearly established that it was the composition of Hippolytus, and written about the year 225. The document, thus remarkably preserved for above sixteen centuries, is highly valuable, as shewing what was the real Christian creed and liturgical practice exactly one hundred years before the Council of Nice. It gives no countenance to 'the prerogative of right claimed by the Church of Rome over others, nor to any sacred language in preference to the vernacular, nor to any indelible character or celibacy of the priesthood, nor to infant baptism, nor to any propitiatory sacrifice in the Eucharist, which Hippolytus considered to be an offering purely of a spiritual nature, a sacrifice of praise and thanks' (*Athenæum*, 1852). Chevalier Bunsen, who indulged in some mystical hopes and visions of the 'Church of the Future,' eloquently exclaimed :

Take away ignorance, misunderstandings, and forgeries, and the naked truth remains—not a spectre, thank God! carefully to be veiled, but an image of divine beauty, radiant with eternal truth. Break down the bars which separate us from the communion of the primitive church—I mean, free yourselves from the letter of later canons, and conventional abstractions—and you move unshackled in the open ocean of faith. You hold fellowship with the spirits of the heroes of Christian antiquity, and you trace the stream of unity as it rolls uninterrupted through eighteen centuries, in spite of rocks and quicksands.

A great work by Bunsen, *God in History*, appeared in an English version, 1868-69. Its distinguished author had died previously in Germany, November 28, 1860. In 1868 was published *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, drawn chiefly from family papers by his widow.

MR SAMUEL SHARPE—a nephew of the late Mr Samuel Rogers—has written a *History of Egypt*, from the earliest times till the conquest by the Arabs in 640 A.D. This is a clear, succinct history in two volumes, the third edition, 1857. Mr Sharpe has also written *Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments*, and an *Historical Account of the Monuments of Egypt*, in one of the Crystal Palace Hand-books. Various other historical treatises have proceeded from his pen.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE.

This distinguished archæologist, formerly deputy-keeper of the Public Records, was an indefatigable student of our early history. He was born in London in 1788. His father, Meyer Cohen, was a Jew; and the son, on the occasion of his marriage in 1823, changed his name to Palgrave, that being the maiden name of his wife's mother. The year preceding this he was employed on the Record Commission, and all his

tastes were historical and antiquarian. In 1831 he published a *History of the Anglo-Saxons*—a popular work contributed to Murray's *Family Library*. In the following year appeared his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*—the term 'commonwealth' being employed by the historian, as by Locke, to signify an independent community, not a democracy. This work contains a mass of information regarding the most obscure part of our annals, with original records, and details concerning the political institutions of ancient Europe. Sir Francis afterwards projected a more elaborate history, tracing the Normans from the first establishment of the 'Terra Normannorum' as a settlement on the coast of Gaul under the Danish chieftains, till their union with England by William the Conqueror. Of this work, entitled *The History of Normandy and of England*, two volumes appeared—one in 1851 and the other in 1857. Some fanciful positions and generalisations have been adopted by Sir Francis Palgrave, but few have dug so deep in the dark mines of our early history, and the nation owes him gratitude for the light he has thrown on the origin of the British people and institutions. He thinks that the great truth on which the whole history of European society and civilisation depends, is the influence of Rome, even when she had fallen, and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe.' The chieftains of the barbarian dynasties each assumed the semblance of the Cæsars, and employed their titles and symbols. To Charlemagne this infusion of the imperial principle into the Teutonism of the West is chiefly due. Sir Francis wrote several less important works—*Calendars of the Treasury*, *Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland*, *Hand-book for Travellers in Northern Italy*, &c. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*. Sir Francis died in 1861.

The Battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

William had been most actively employed. As a preliminary to further proceedings, he had caused all the vessels to be drawn on shore and rendered unseizable. He told his men that they must prepare to conquer or to die—flight was impossible. He had occupied the Roman castle of Pevensey, whose walls are yet existing, flanked by Anglo-Norman towers, and he had personally surveyed all the adjoining country, for he never trusted this part of a general's duty to any eyes but his own. One Robert, a Norman 'thane, who was settled in the neighbourhood, advised him to cast up intrenchments for the purpose of resisting Harold. William replied, that his best defence was in the valour of his army, and the goodness of his cause.

In compliance with the opinions of the age, William had an astrologer in his train. An oriental monarch, at the present time, never engages in battle without a previous horoscope; and this superstition was universally adopted in Europe during the middle ages. But William's 'clerk' was not merely a star-gazer. He had graduated in all the occult sciences—he was a necromancer, or, as the word was often spelled, in order to accommodate it to the supposed etymology, a *nigromancer*—a 'sortilegus'—and a soothsayer. These accomplishments in the sixteenth century would have assuredly brought the clerk to the stake; but in the eleventh, although they were highly illegal according to the strict letter of the ecclesiastical law, yet they were studied as eagerly as any other branch of metaphysics,

of which they were supposed to form a part. The *sorcerer* or *sortilegus*, by casting *sortes* or lots, had ascertained that the duke would succeed, and that Harold would surrender without a battle, upon which assurance the Normans entirely relied. After the landing, William inquired for his conjurer. A pilot came forward, and told him that the unlucky wight had been drowned in the passage. William then immediately pointed out the folly of trusting to the predictions of one who was utterly unable to tell what would happen unto himself. When William first set foot on shore, he had shewn the same spirit. He stumbled, and fell forward on the palms of his hands. '*Mal signe est çil!*' exclaimed his troops, affrighted at the omen. 'No,' answered William, as he rose; 'I have taken seizin of the country,' shewing the clod of earth which he had grasped. One of his soldiers, with the quickness of a modern Frenchman, instantly followed up the idea; he ran to a cottage, and pulled out a bundle of reeds from the thatch, telling him to receive that symbol also, as the seizin of the realm with which he was invested. These little anecdotes display the turn and temper of the Normans, and the alacrity by which the army was pervaded.

Some fruitless attempts are said to have been made at negotiation. Harold despatched a monk to the enemy's camp, who was to exhort William to abandon his enterprise. The duke insisted on his right; but, as some historians relate, he offered to submit his claim to a legal decision, to be pronounced by the pope, either according to the law of Normandy, or according to the law of England; or if this mode of adjustment did not please Harold, that the question should be decided by single combat, the crown becoming the meed of the victor. The propositions of William are stated, by other authorities, to have contained a proposition for a compromise—namely, that Harold should take Northumbria, and William the rest of the Anglo-Saxon dominions. All or any of these proposals are such as may very probably have been made; but they were not minuted down in formal protocols, or couched in diplomatic notes; they were verbal messages, sent to and fro on the eve of a bloody battle.

Fear prevailed in both camps. The English, in addition to the apprehensions which even the most stout-hearted feel on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never see, dreaded the papal excommunication, the curse encountered in support of the unlawful authority of a usurper. When they were informed that battle had been decided upon, they stormed and swore; and now the cowardice of conscience spurred them on to riot and revelry. The whole night was passed in debauch. *Was-heal* and *Drink-heal* resounded from the tents; the wine-cups passed gaily round and round by the smoky blaze of the red watch-fires, while the ballad of ribald mirth was loudly sung by the carousers.

In the Norman Leaguer, far otherwise had the dread of the approaching morn affected the hearts of William's soldiery. No voice was heard excepting the solemn response of the Litany and the chant of the psalm. The penitents confessed their sins, the masses were said, and the sense of the imminent peril of the morrow was tranquillised by penance and prayer. Each of the nations, as we are told by one of our most trustworthy English historians, acted according to their 'national custom;' and severe is the censure which the English thus receive.

The English were strongly fortified in their position by lines of trenches and palisades; and within these defences they were marshalled according to the Danish fashion—shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honour of being the royal body-guard, and they were drawn up around the

standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes.

Before the Normans began their march, and very early in the morning of the feast of St Calixtus, William had assembled his barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osbern and Roger Montgomery. 'It is the duke,' exclaimed Harold, 'and little shall I fear him. By my forces will his be four times outnumbered!' Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry, as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars, and Alan Fergant of Brittany. Harold's heart sunk at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated Gonfanon floats amidst the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

Immediately before the duke rode Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior emulating the deeds which he sung: his appellation, *Taillefer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight; but the fierce Odo, bishop of Bayeux, the duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies, and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also

praised as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest amongst the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet, that he was nearly brought, to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear: he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror. It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field long after dark.

By William's orders, a spot close to the Gonfanon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead; but when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed, and all the land for one league round about was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high-altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The 'perpetual prayer' has ceased for ever—the roll of Battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust—the abbey is levelled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the choir have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visitor, or the instruction of the moping antiquary.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

America has been desirous, as was remarked by Lockhart, to discharge the debt due to Spain, her first discoverer: 'the names of Irving and Prescott are already associated with Columbus and Isabella; nor will Ticknor henceforward be forgotten where Cervantes and his compeers are held in

remembrance.' *The History of Spanish Literature*, three volumes, 1849, by GEORGE TICKNOR (1791-1862), is a work of great merit, full, minute, and accurate, the result of thirty years' labour. *The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* were published in 1876, in two volumes. He was a native of Boston, born in 1791, son of a wealthy citizen who is described as of the true New England type of character, energetic and cultivated, and who was one of the first importers of Merino sheep into the United States. The son was educated at Dartmouth College, and studied for the bar, but having practised for a twelvemonth, he satisfied himself that the life of a lawyer would not suit his simple ideas of usefulness or happiness. He therefore turned his thoughts to plans of study and travel. He started for Europe in 1815, and for five years travelled over various countries, residing successively in London, Göttingen, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon. In all those capitals he seems to have been in the best society, and his journal is full of the best sort of 'interviewing.' Mr Ticknor afterwards became Professor of the French and Spanish languages, and of the Belles Lettres in Harvard University. He died January 26, 1871, in his eightieth year. Besides his *History of Spanish Literature*, Mr Ticknor wrote a *Life of Lafayette*, and a memoir of his friend and countryman, Prescott, the historian. He also contributed various articles to reviews and literary journals. The following are extracts from his letters and journals:

Goethe at Weimar in 1816.

He is something above the middle size, large but not gross, with gray hair, a dark, ruddy complexion, and full rich black eyes which, though dimmed by age, are still very expressive. In manners he is simple. He received us without ceremony, but with care and elegance, and made no German compliments. The conversation, of course, rested in his hands, and was various. Of Lord Byron he spoke with interest and discrimination—said that his poetry shewed great knowledge of human nature, and great talent in description. Once his genius kindled, and he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporary eloquence in Germany, and said, what I never heard before, but which is eminently true, that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. 'Here,' he said, 'we have no eloquence, our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation—public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach.' We remained with him nearly an hour, and when we came away he accompanied us as far as the parlour door with the same simplicity with which he received us.

Sir Walter Scott.

He is the lord of the ascendant now (1819) in Edinburgh, and well deserves to be, for I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels. His countenance, when at rest, is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good-nature; but when he is excited, and especially when he is reciting poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before. . . . One evening, after dinner, he told his daughter, Sophia Scott, to take her harp and play five or six ballads he mentioned to her, as a specimen of the

different ages of Scottish music. I hardly ever heard anything of the kind that moved me so much. And yet, I imagine, many sing better; but I never saw such an air and manner, such spirit and feeling, such decision and power. I was so much excited that I turned round to Mr Scott and said to him, probably with great emphasis: 'I never heard anything so fine;' and he, seeing how involuntarily I had said it, caught me by the hand, and replied very earnestly: 'Everybody says so, sir;' but added in an instant, blushing a little, 'but I must not be too vain of her.' I was struck, too, with another little trait in her character and his that exhibited itself the same evening. Lady Hume asked her to play *Rob Roy*, an old ballad. A good many persons were present, and she felt a little embarrassed by the recollection of how much her father's name had been mentioned in connection with this strange Highlander's. (The authorship of the novels was not yet acknowledged, though generally believed.) She ran across the room to her father, and, blushing pretty deeply, whispered to him. 'Yes, my dear,' he said, loud enough to be heard, 'play, to be sure, if you are asked, and *Waverley* and *The Antiquary* too, if there be any such ballads.' One afternoon, after I had become more acquainted with them, he asked me to come and dine, and afterwards go to the theatre and hear *Rob Roy*—a very good piece made out of his novel, and then playing in Edinburgh with remarkable success. It was a great treat. He did not attempt to conceal his delight during the whole performance, and when it was over, said to me: 'That's fine, sir; I think that is very fine;' and then looked up at me with one of his most comical expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humour, and added: 'All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it!'

Sunday Dinner in Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

The afternoon service at King's College Chapel was very fine, especially the music; and everything produced its full effect in that magnificent and solemn hall, the finest of its sort, no doubt, in the world. Afterwards I went with Whewell and Sedgwick to dine in the Hall of Trinity, a grand old place, vast, and a little gloomy and rude with its ancient rafters; but imposing, and worthy of the first college in the world, for the number of great men it has produced. It is the fashion for a nobleman, when he comes here, to be furnished with a silver cover, forks, and spoons, &c., and to leave them when he goes away. It chanced to-day that I had poor Lord Milton's cover, with his name and arms on it. At our table there were several strangers, among whom were Sir Francis Forbes, just from India, and the famous Joseph Hume of radical notoriety. After dinner, according to ancient custom, a huge silver cup or pitcher was passed round, containing what is called Audit Ale, or very fine old ale, which is given to the tenants of the College when they come to audit their accounts and pay their rents. We all drank from it standing up, each, as his turn came, wishing prosperity to the college. When this was over, an enormous silver ewer and basin, given by James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, were passed down, filled with rose-water, into which each one dipped his napkin. Finally, a small choir of selected singers came into the hall and sang the Latin chants appropriate to the day, with great richness and power, attracting a crowd in at the doors, among whom were several ladies, who looked sadly out of place in such a monastic refectory. It was a fine finale to the grave and ceremonious entertainment. We now adjourned to the combination-room, where, in great luxury and comfort, a dessert and wines were arranged for the members of the table of dais. We had done pretty well, I thought, in the way of wine at the hall, where there was an extraordinary amount of health-drinking, but here we had it on a more serious and regular footing. At last the bell rang for evening

prayers. The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and the Master and Fellows, in their robes of ceremony, made a striking appearance.

JOHN L. MOTLEY.

An excellent history of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, three volumes, 1856, has been written by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, graduated at Harvard University in 1831, and sometime secretary to the United States Legation at St Petersburg. Returning to America, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He had early in life written two novels, which proved failures, and he afterwards applied himself to historical researches, residing for some years in Germany and the Netherlands for the better prosecution of his labours. His history embraces the period from the abdication of Charles V. in 1555 to the death of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, in 1584. A continuation appeared in 1860, and a further portion in 1865, entitled *The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort*. In 1874 Mr Motley added *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War*, 2 vols. The greater part of Barneveld's life had been previously told by Mr Motley in his *History of the United Netherlands*, but this later work describes the nine closing years of Barneveld's career. These historical labours of Mr Motley not only supply a desideratum in our historical literature, but constitute a narrative of deep interest, clear, vivid, and eloquent in style and diction. Their author has been rewarded with the honorary titles of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford, and LL.D. from the universities of Cambridge and New York. He was six years (1861-1867) minister from the United States at the court of Vienna, and one year (1869-70) at the Court of St James's, London.

The Image-breaking of Antwerp.

From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp (1566). She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient huckstress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they laughed with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness Mary were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates John van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting

the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the population would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring perhaps to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir—the 'repository,' as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers, and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the Beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number! There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. 'Long live the Beggars!' resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the Confederates, and other opulent Protestants, had organised this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most

thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The history of the United States has been ably and copiously related by a native historian, MR GEORGE BANCROFT. This gentleman was born in 1800, at Worcester, in Massachusetts. His father, Dr A. Bancroft, a Congregational or Unitarian minister, had written a *Life of Washington*, 1807, and the paternal tastes and example had probably some effect in directing the literary labours of the son. Having graduated with distinction at Harvard College, he afterwards studied in Germany, and on his return entered the Church. A love of literature, however, prevailed, and Mr Bancroft commenced author by publishing a volume of *Poems*. Some translations from the German, chiefly the historical manuals of Professor Heeren, next engaged Mr Bancroft, and he added to these precarious literary gains by opening a school at Northampton. He seems next to have tried public employment, and was successively collector at the port of Boston and secretary of the navy. In 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to England. The latter appointment may be considered as due to the literary reputation of Mr Bancroft, who had then entered on his great historical work. In 1834 appeared his *History of the Colonisation of the United States*, volume i. A second volume was published in 1837, and a third in 1840. The success of this work induced the author to continue his researches, and he commenced the *History of the American Revolution*. From 1852 to 1858, four volumes were published, making seven in all, devoted to the history of the United States. There was much new information in these volumes, for manuscript and unpublished sources were thrown open to their author; his style was lively and energetic, and his democratic prejudices, though sometimes unnecessarily brought forward, gave a warmth and individuality to the narrative. The historian was in earnest—a hearty lover of his country, and of the founders of its independence. At the same time, his narrative must be pronounced fair and candid, and free from any attempt to awaken old animosities.

Massacre of English Colonists by Indians.

Between the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory

of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile. The natives, naked and feeble compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages, but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; otherwise, it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party that seemed to amount to seven hundred; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was able to withstand them all. The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their goodwill; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilised life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opechancanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace; and the emigrants had no use for firearms except against a deer or a fowl. Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbours, avoided, since there would there be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of the English. He died in 1618; and his younger brother was now the heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise. The crime was one of savage ferocity; but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. 'Sooner,' said they, 'shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part.' At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; children and women, as well as men; the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness; the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead

bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal; and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman, whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well prepared against an attack; and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner, the most considerable part of the colony was saved.

The Town of Boston in the Last Century.

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it shewed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement; self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place; the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery'; they were Protestants even against Protestantism; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the *Boston Gazette*, it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and his own fortune; and yet individually, and as a body, they were public-spirited.

A *Popular History of the United States*, by

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, was commenced in 1876, to be completed in four volumes. This will be a very splendid work, finely illustrated and printed, and written in a pleasing style.

Three Periods in American History.

The history of the United States (says Mr Bryant) naturally divides itself into three periods, upon the third of which we lately, at the close of our civil war, entered as a people with congruous institutions in every part of our vast territory. The first was the colonial period; the second includes the years which elapsed from the Declaration of Independence to the struggle which closed with the extinction of slavery. The colonial period was a time of tutelage, of struggle and dependence, the childhood of the future nation. But our real growth, as a distinct member of the community of nations, belongs to the second period, and began when we were strong enough to assert and maintain our independence. To this second period a large space has been allotted in the present work. Not that the mere military annals of our Revolutionary War would seem to require a large proportion of this space, but the various attendant circumstances, the previous controversies with the mother-country, in which all the colonies were more or less interested, and which grew into a common cause; the consultations which followed; the defiance of the mother-country in which they all joined; the service in an army which made all the colonists fellow-soldiers; the common danger, the common privations, sufferings, and expedients, the common sorrow at reverses and rejoicing at victories, require to be fully set forth, that it may be seen by how natural a transition these widely-scattered communities became united in a federal republic, which has rapidly risen to take its place among the foremost nations of the world, with a population which has increased tenfold, and a sisterhood of States enlarged from thirteen to thirty-seven.

So crowded with events and controversies is this second part of our history, and the few years which have elapsed of the third; so rapid has been the accumulation of wealth and the growth of trade; so great have been the achievements of inventive art and the applied sciences; with such celerity has our population spread itself over new regions, and so vehement have been the struggles maintained against its abuses, moral and political, that it has not been easy to give due attention to all of them, without exceeding the limits prescribed for this work. . . .

We are not without the hope that those who read what we have written, will see in the past, with all its vicissitudes, the promise of a prosperous and honourable future, of concord at home, and peace and respect abroad; and that the same cheerful piety, which leads the good man to put his personal trust in a kind Providence, will prompt the good citizen to cherish an equal confidence in regard to the destiny reserved for our beloved country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

As we have noticed the popular forensic oratory of Erskine and Brougham, the great American orator, DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852), should not be overlooked. He was the Chatham of the New World, and Chatham could not have pronounced a more glowing eulogium on England than fell from the lips of this Western Republican.

Eloquent Apostrophe to England.

Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a

power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The remarkable fact of the simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson—the second and third presidents of the United States—happening on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1826), could not but powerfully affect the mind of Webster, as it did that of the whole nation. Jefferson had written the Declaration, and Adams had proclaimed it in congress. Daniel Webster, speaking at Boston on the 2d of August following, thus characterised the departed statesmen :

Adams and Jefferson.

Adams and Jefferson are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens, the aged, the middle-aged, and the young, by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and others its official representatives, the University, and the learned societies, to bear our part in those manifestations of respect and gratitude which pervade the whole land. Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits. If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives, if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honours and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives, now happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly terminated illustrious lives, and finished the career of earthly renown, by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished, the drama was ready to be closed. It has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen, at such age, with such coincidence, on such a day, that we cannot rationally lament that the end has come, which we knew could not be long deferred. Neither of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either would have touched the chords of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself, and of the Act of Independence, and were driven on, by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future. Like the mariner, whom the currents of the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight. But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honoured by their immediate agency in the Act of Independence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that

then, on the day which had fast linked for ever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognise in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care? Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilised world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space. No two men now live, fellow-citizens, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age, who more than those we now commemorate, have impressed on mankind their own sentiments in regard to politics and government, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep, it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens. We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it shall cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honour in producing that momentous event.

Another memorable day in the history of the United States was the centenary celebration of the birth of Washington.

Washington.

That name (said Webster) was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-throbbing public disasters

and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the master-pieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. . . .

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of naviga-

tion, and in all that relates to the civilisation of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

A work on the *Southern States of North America*, by EDWARD KING, who, with a body of artists, spent most of the years 1873 and 1874 on a tour of observation, will be found interesting and valuable. The party travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles, visiting nearly every city and town of importance in the southern and south-western States. The artist-in-chief, Mr Champney, furnished more than four hundred of the sketches which illustrate the work, all of which are well executed and constitute a gallery of pictures of American life, character, and scenery.

Condition of the Southern States since the War.

There is (says Mr King) much that is discouraging in the present condition of the south, but no one is more loth than the Southerner to admit the impossibility of its thorough redemption. The growth of manufactures in the southern states, while insignificant as compared with the gigantic development in the north and west, is highly encouraging, and it is actually true that manufactured articles formerly sent south from the north, are now made in the south to be shipped to northern buyers.

There is at least good reason to hope that in a few years immigration will pour into the fertile fields and noble valleys along the grand streams of the south, assuring a mighty growth. The southern people, however, will have to make more vigorous efforts in soliciting immigration than they have thus far shewn themselves capable of, if they intend to compete with the robust assurance of western agents in Europe. Texas and Virginia do not need to exert themselves, for currents of immigration are now flowing steadily to them; and as has been seen in the north-west, one immigrant always brings, sooner or later, ten in his wake. But the cotton states need able and efficient agents in Europe to explain thoroughly the nature and extent of their resources, and to counteract the effect of the political misrepresentation which is so conspicuous during every heated campaign, and which never fails to do these states incalculable harm. The mischief which the grinding of the outrage mill by cheap politicians, in the vain hope that it might serve their party ends at the elections of 1874, did such noble commonwealths as Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, can hardly be estimated.

Mr King's work, it appears, was undertaken at the instance of the publishers of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, and the British publishers (Blackie and Son) have brought it out in an attractive form.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842, as already stated, LORD MACAULAY produced his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. In the following year, he published a selection of *Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, which are still unrivalled among productions of this kind. In questions of classical learning and criticism—in English philosophy and history—in all the minutæ of biography and literary anecdote—in the principles and details of government—in the revolutions of parties and opinions—in all these he seems equally versant. He enriched every subject with illustrations drawn from a vast range of reading. He is most able and striking in his historical articles, which present pictures of the times of which he treats, with portraits of the principal actors, and comparisons and contrasts drawn from contemporary events and characters in other countries. His reviews of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, and the Memoirs of Burleigh, Hampden, Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Sir William Temple, Clive, and Warren Hastings, form a series of brilliant and complete historical retrospects or summaries unsurpassed in our literature. His eloquent papers on Bunyan, Horace Walpole, Boswell's *Johnson*, Addison, Southey's *Colloquies*, Byron, &c., have equal literary value; and to these must be added his later works, the biographies in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which exhibit his style as sobered and chastened, though not enfeebled.

In 1848 appeared the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, of which it was said 18,000 copies were sold in six months. In his opening chapter he explains the nature and scope of his work.

Exordium to History of England.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than

the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, with great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power, gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

Volumes III. and IV. appeared in 1855, and it soon became manifest that it was hopeless to expect that the historian would live to realise his intention of bringing down his History to 'a time within the memory of men still living,' or living in 1848. The anticipated period we may assume to be the close of the last century; and between 1685—the date of the accession of James II.—and 1800, we have one hundred and fifteen years, of which Lord Macaulay had then only travelled over *twelve*. His fourth volume concludes with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Part of a fifth volume was written, bringing down the History to the general election in 1701, but not published till after the death of the author. No historical work in modern times has excited the same amount of interest and anxiety, or, we may add, of admiration, as Lord Macaulay's History. Robertson and Gibbon were astonished at their own success; it greatly exceeded their most daring

and sanguine hopes; but the number of readers was then limited, and quarto volumes travelled slowly. Compared with Macaulay, it was as the old mail-coach drawn up with the railway express. Before the second portion of Macaulay's History was ready, eleven large editions of the first had been disposed of. It had been read with the eagerness and avidity of a romance. The colouring might at times appear too high, almost coarse, but there were no obscure or misty passages. Highly embellished as was the style, it was as clear and intelligible as that of Swift or Defoe. It was the pre-Raphaelite painting without its littleness. Whether drawing a landscape or portrait, evolving the nice distinctions and subtle traits of character or motives, stating a legal argument, or disentangling a complicated party question, this virtue of perspicacity never forsakes the historian. It is no doubt a homely virtue, but here it is united to vivid imagination and rhetorical brilliance. So much ornament with so much strong sense, logical clearness, and easy adaptation of style to every purpose of the historian, was never before seen in combination. In producing his distinct and striking impressions, the historian is charged with painting too strongly and exaggerating his portraits. He has his likes and dislikes—his moral sympathies and antipathies. His sympathies were all with the Whigs, and his History has been called an epic poem with King William for its hero. Marlborough is portrayed in too dark colours, and William Penn also suffers injustice. The outline in each case is correct. Marlborough was treacherous and avaricious, and Penn was too much of a courtier in a bad court.* But the historian magnifies their defects. He does not make allowance for the character and habits of the times in which they lived, and he seizes upon doubtful and obscure incidents or statements by unscrupulous adversaries as pregnant and infallible proofs of guilt. In his pictures of social life and manners there is also a tendency to caricature; exceptional and accidental cases are made general; and the vivid fancy of the historian sports among startling contrasts and moral incongruities. Blemishes of this kind have been pointed out by laborious critics and political opponents; the 'critical telescope' has been incessantly levelled at the great luminary, yet nearly all will subscribe to the opinion that 'a writer of more passionless and judicial mind would not have produced a work of half so intense and deep an interest; that if Macaulay had been more minutely scrupulous, he would not have been nearly as picturesque; and that, if he had been less picturesque, we should not have retained nearly so much of his delineations, and should, therefore, have been losers of so much knowledge which is substantially, if not always circumstantially, correct.† His History is altogether one of the glories of our country and literature.

* 'I wrote the History of four years during which he (Penn) was exposed to great temptations—during which he was the favourite of a bad king, and an active solicitor in a most corrupt court. His character was injured by his associations. Ten years before or ten years later he would have made a much better figure. But was I to begin my book ten years earlier or ten years later for William Penn's sake?'—*Life of Macaulay*, ii. 252. It is clear, however, that, misled by Sir James Mackintosh's notes, he imputed to William Penn corrupt practices chargeable against a worthless contemporary, George Penne.

† *North British Review*, No. 42.

The Battle of Sedgemoor, July 6, 1685.

The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces. The clock struck eleven; and the Duke (of Monmouth) with his body-guard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognise one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

'For whom are you?' called out an officer of the Foot Guards. 'For the king,' replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. 'For which king?' was then demanded. The answer was a shout of 'King Monmouth,' mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, 'God with us.' The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition wagons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The effect of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of 'Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!' But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had

been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor. So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground.

Execution of Monmouth.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and he mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. 'I shall say little,' he began. 'I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England.' The bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man. But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him. But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice: 'I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened.' They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. 'Sir,' said one of the bishops, 'do you not pray for the king with us?' Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed 'Amen.' But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. 'I will make no speeches,' he exclaimed. 'Only ten words, my lord.' He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill-starred love. 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person.' He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well.' He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy: 'God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!'

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. 'I cannot do it,' he

said ; ' my heart fails me.' ' Take up the axe, man,' cried the sheriff. ' Fling him over the rails,' roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life ; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood ; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown ; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities ; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaoles, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester and cardinal of St Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers—Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains ; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.

The Revolution of 1688-9.

On the morning of Wednesday the 13th of February [1689], the court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the

guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened ; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Povle on the left stood forth, and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their assent ; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name, and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. ' We thankfully accept,' he said, ' what you have offered us.' Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct ; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom ; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up, the trumpets pealed, and Garter King at Arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange king and queen of England ; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns ; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have during the last sixty years overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money, had during many generations been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct ; that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty ; that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system ; and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have

engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions similar to that which, a few years later, was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or Naples; had our kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the furthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dented with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy!

The Valley of Glencoe.

Mac Ian dwelt in the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the western coast of Scotland, and separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire. Near his house were two or three small hamlets inhabited by his tribe. The whole population which he governed was not supposed to exceed two hundred souls. In the neighbourhood of the little cluster of villages was some copsewood and some pasture-land; but a little further up the defile, no sign of population or of fruitfulness was to be seen. In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain-pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog, or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests, or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.

The English Country Gentleman of 1688.

A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in the receipt of about the fourth part of

the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity; he was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenantancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and game-keepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall; and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcome to it; but as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are; it was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and as such administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbours.

Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I. after the battle of Edgehill; another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby; a third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high places, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and yet ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I., and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney-coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored, with perfect security, the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the lord-mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whatstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to St James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy—of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion; and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon-companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations he had undergone. There he once more found himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him, except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord-lieutenant.

The Roman Catholic Church.

From the review of Rank's *History of the Popes*.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination

as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to shew that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.*

* This poetical figure has become almost familiar as a household word. It is not original, as has often been pointed out. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, says: 'At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St Paul's.' Volney, in his *Ruins of Empires*, had written: 'Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?'

See also Henry Kirke White, *ante*, p. 43.

Mrs Barbauld had shadowed forth the same idea:

'With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
With fond adoring steps to press the sod,
By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod.
Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square and still, untrdden street
Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
The broken stairs with perilous step may climb.
And when 'midst fallen London, they survey
The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
By Time's slow finger written in the dust.'

Shelley, in the preface to *Peter Bell the Third*, addressed to Moore, has a similar illustration: 'In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitters, when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and

On the success of the History and other works of Lord Macaulay, information will be found in the life of the historian by his nephew, Mr Trevelyan. 'Within a generation of its first appearance, upwards of 140,000 copies of the History will have been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone. It has been translated into nearly all European languages, and been unprecedentedly popular. In a journal kept by the historian we read, under date of March 7, 1856:

'Longman came, with a very pleasant announcement. He and his partners find that they are overflowing with money, and think that they cannot invest it better than by advancing to me, on the usual terms of course, part of what will be due to me in December. We agreed that they shall pay twenty thousand pounds into Williams's Bank next week. What a sum to be gained by one edition of a book! I may say, gained in one day. But that was harvest day. The work had been near seven years in hand.' The cheque is still preserved as a curiosity among the archives of Messrs Longman's firm. 'The transaction,' says Macaulay, 'is quite unparalleled in the history of the book-trade.'

We have referred to Macaulay's wonderful memory and stores of knowledge (*ante*, page 429). On this subject we may quote a passage from a journal kept by his sister, Margaret Macaulay:

'I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. "My accuracy as to facts," he said, "I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance. With a person of my turn, the minute touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's Diary formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's Gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated; in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories." He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.'

His biographer, Mr Trevelyan, notices another help to memory—the 'extraordinary faculty of

osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream; some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians.'

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. (1876), vol. ii., page 410.

assimilating printed matter at first sight. To the end of his life, Macaulay read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves.' His vast erudition, his painstaking care as a literary workman, and his hatred of all cant, affectation, and injustice, have been depicted by his biographer. His journals and letters disclose his true nobility of soul, his affection for his sisters, his support of his parents, and his generous self-sacrificing character and independence of spirit, equally conspicuous in adversity and prosperity.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

The *History of Civilisation*, by HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1822-1862), was a portion of a great work designed by its author to extend to fourteen volumes! Four were published between 1857 and 1864. They were the result of twenty years' study—the fruit of a speculative genius of no common order, but containing many rash generalisations and doctrinaire views. The public opinion concerning them seems to have subsided into Macaulay's estimate: 'Buckle, a man of talent and of a great deal of reading, but paradoxical and incoherent. He is eminently an anticipator, as Bacon would have said. He wants to make a system before he has got the materials, and he has not the excuse which Aristotle had of having an eminently systematising mind.' The book reminded Macaulay of the *Divine Legation* of Warburton (see vol. i. of this work, page 772)—that huge structure of paradox and learning. Mr Buckle was the son of a London merchant, and was born at Lee in Kent. He was an amiable enthusiastic student.

Proximate Causes of the French Revolution.

Looking at the state of France immediately after the death of Louis XIV., we have seen that his policy having reduced the country to the brink of ruin, and having destroyed every vestige of free inquiry, a reaction became necessary; but that the materials for the reaction could not be found among a nation which for fifty years had been exposed to so debilitating a system. This deficiency at home caused the most eminent Frenchmen to turn their attention abroad, and gave rise to a sudden admiration for the English literature, and for those habits of thought which were then peculiar to the English people. New life being thus breathed into the wasted frame of French society, an eager and inquisitive spirit was generated, such as had not been seen since the time of Descartes. The upper classes, taking offence at this unexpected movement, attempted to stifle it, and made strenuous efforts to destroy that love of inquiry which was daily gaining ground. To effect their object, they persecuted literary men with such bitterness as to have made it evident that the intellect of France must either relapse into its former servility, or else boldly assume the defensive. Happily for the interests of civilisation, the latter alternative was adopted; and in or about 1750, a deadly struggle began, in which those principles of liberty which France borrowed from England, and which had hitherto been supposed only applicable to the church, were for the first time applied to the state. Coinciding with this movement, and indeed forming part of it, other circumstances occurred of the same character. Now it was that the political economists succeeded in proving that the interference of the governing classes had inflicted great mischief even upon the material interests of the country; and had by their protective



JOHN RUSKIN



JOHN STUART MILL



THOMAS CARLYLE



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.



HUGH MILLER.

measures injured what they were believed to be benefiting. This remarkable discovery in favour of general freedom put a fresh weapon into the hands of the democratic party; whose strength was still further increased by the unrivalled eloquence with which Rousseau assailed the existing fabric. Precisely the same tendency was exhibited in the extraordinary impulse given to every branch of physical science, which familiarised men with ideas of progress, and brought them into collision with the stationary and conservative ideas natural to government. The discoveries made respecting the external world, encouraged a restlessness and excitement of mind hostile to the spirit of routine, and therefore full of danger for the institutions only recommended by their antiquity. This eagerness for physical knowledge also effected a change in education; and the ancient languages being neglected, another link was severed which connected the present with the past. The church, the legitimate protector of old opinions, was unable to resist the passion for novelty, because she was weakened by treason in her own camp. For, by this time, Calvinism had spread so much among the French clergy, as to break them into two hostile parties, and render it impossible to rally them against their common foe. The growth of this heresy was also important, because Calvinism being essentially democratic, a revolutionary spirit appeared even in the ecclesiastical profession, so that the feud in the church was accompanied by another feud between the government and the church. These were the leading symptoms of that vast movement which culminated in the French Revolution; and all of them indicated a state of society so anarchical and so thoroughly disorganised, as to make it certain that some great catastrophe was impending. At length, and when every thing was ready for explosion, the news of the American Rebellion fell like a spark on the inflammatory mass, and ignited a flame which never ceased its ravages until it had destroyed all that Frenchmen once held dear, and had left for the instruction of mankind an awful lesson of the crimes into which long-continued oppression may hurry a generous and long-suffering people.

The Three Great Movers of Society.

In a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilised people are, in their aggregate, dependent on three things: first, on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes—that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

These are the three great movers of every civilised country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remains unaffected. Owing to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary, so that in one man, or perhaps even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions, in another an excess of bad ones. But we have no reason to think that any permanent change has been effected in the proportion which those who naturally possess good intentions bear to those in whom bad ones seem to be inherent. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind, there is, so far as we are aware, no progress.

The desolation of countries and the slaughter of men are losses which never fail to be repaired, and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history—the perpetual flux to which the laws of our nature are subject. Above all this there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now ad-

vancing, now receding, there is amidst its endless fluctuations one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men produce only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absolved by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have: they are for all ages and all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The writings of MR CARLYLE are so various, that he may be characterised as historian, biographer, translator, moralist, or satirist. His greatest and most splendid successes, however, have been won in the departments of biography and history. The chief interest and charm of his works consist in the individual portraits they contain and the strong personal sympathies or antipathies they describe. He has a clear and penetrating insight into human nature; he notes every fact and circumstance that can elucidate character, and having selected his subject, he works with passionate earnestness till he reproduces the individual or scene before the reader, exact in outline according to his preconceived notion, and with marvellous force and vividness of colouring. Even as a landscape-painter—a character he by no means affects—Mr Carlyle has rarely been surpassed. A Scotch shipping town, an English fen, a wild mountain solitude, or a Welsh valley, is depicted by him in a few words with the distinctness and reality of a photograph.

Mr Carlyle is a native of the south of Scotland—born December 4, 1795, in the village of Ecclefechan, in Annandale—a fine pastoral district, famous in Border story, and rich in ancient castles and Roman remains. His father, a farmer, is spoken of as a man of great moral worth and sagacity; his mother as affectionate, pious, and more than ordinarily intelligent; and thus, accepting his own theory that 'the history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment,' Mr Carlyle entered upon 'the mystery of life' under happy and enviable circumstances. As a school-boy, he became acquainted with Edward Irving, the once celebrated preacher, whom he has commemorated as a man of the noblest nature.* From the grammar-school

* 'The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago (1809) in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise: he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge: nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago, in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid quiet

of Annan, Carlyle went to Edinburgh, and studied at the university for the church; but before he had completed his academical course, his views changed. He had excelled in mathematics; and afterwards, for about four years, he was a teacher of mathematics—first in Annan, and afterwards in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, where Edward Irving also resided as a teacher. In 1818 he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had the range of the University Library, and where he wrote a number of short biographies and other articles for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, conducted by Brewster. In 1821 he became tutor to Mr Charles Buller, whose honourable public career was prematurely terminated by his death, in his forty-second year, in 1848. ‘His light airy brilliancy,’ said Carlyle, ‘has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity.’

Mr Carlyle in 1823 contributed to the *London Magazine* in monthly portions his *Life of Schiller*, which he enlarged and published in a separate form in 1825. He was also engaged in translating Legendre’s *Geometry*, to which he prefixed an essay on Proportion; and in the same busy year (1824) he translated the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe. Mr Carlyle’s translation appeared without his name. Its merits were too palpable to be overlooked, though some critics objected to the strong infusion of German phraseology which the translator had imported into his English version. This never left Mr Carlyle even in his original works; but the *Life of Schiller* has none of the peculiarity. How finely, for example, does the biographer expatiate on that literary life which he had now fairly adopted:

Men of Genius.

Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that, from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils; and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author’s life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted: fortune may render him unhappy, it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement, of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering, on the other hand, to reflect on the few who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces, and most in theirs, is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world; to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its

true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem.

In 1825, marriage lessened the anxieties attendant on a literary life, while it added permanently to Mr Carlyle’s happiness. The lady to whom he was united was a lineal descendant of John Knox—Miss Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr. Welsh, Haddington. Mrs Carlyle had a small property, Craigenputtoch, in Dumfriesshire, to which, after about three years’ residence in Edinburgh, the lady and her husband retired. In Edinburgh, Carlyle had published four volumes of *Specimens of German Romance* (1827), and written for the *Edinburgh Review* essays on *Jean Paul* and *German Literature*. His Dumfriesshire retreat he has described in a letter to Goethe:

Picture of a Retired, Happy Literary Life.

CRAIGENPUTTOCH, 25th September 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly inclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day’s journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion

fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age; he was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu, thou first friend—adieu while this confused twilight of existence lasts! Might we meet where twilight has become day!—CARLYLE’S *Miscellanies*.

respecting it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. . . . The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an *Essay on Burns*. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

In this country residence Mr Carlyle wrote papers for the *Foreign Review*, and his *Sartor Resartus*, which, after being rejected by several publishers, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1833-34. The book might well have puzzled the 'book-tasters' who decide for publishers on works submitted to them in manuscript. *Sartor* professes to be a review of a German treatise on dress, and the hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, is made to illustrate by his life and character the transcendental philosophy of Fichte, adopted by Mr Carlyle, which is thus explained: 'That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance: that under all these lies, as the essence of the world, what he calls the "Divine Idea of the World;" this is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearance. To the mass of men no such divine idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them.—(Hero Worship.) Mr Carlyle works out this theory—the clothes-philosophy—and finds the world false and hollow, our institutions mere worn-out rags or disguises, and that our only safety lies in flying from falsehood to truth, and becoming in harmony with the 'divine idea.' There is much fanciful, grotesque description in *Sartor*, but also deep thought and beautiful imagery. The hearty love of truth seems to constitute the germ of Mr Carlyle's philosophy, as Milton said it was the foundation of eloquence. And with this he unites the 'gospel of work,' duty and obedience. '*Labore est orare*—work is worship.' In 1834, Mr Carlyle left the 'ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale' for a suburb of London—a house in the 'remnant of genuine old Dutch-looking Chelsea'—the now famous No. 5 Cheyne Row, in which he still resides. In 1837 he delivered lectures on *German Literature* in Willis's Rooms; and in the following year another course in Edward Street, Portman Square, on the *History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture*. Two other courses of lectures—one on the *Revolutions of Modern Europe*, 1839, and the other on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, 1840—added to the popularity of Mr Carlyle. It appeared, said Leigh Hunt, 'as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalised by German philosophy and his own intense reflections and experience.' This vein of Puritanism running through the speculations of the lecturer and moral censor, has been claimed as

peculiarly northern. 'That earnestness,' says Mr Hannay, 'that grim humour—that queer, half-sarcastic, half-sympathetic fun—is quite Scotch. It appears in Knox and Buchanan, and it appears in Burns. I was not surprised when a school-fellow of Carlyle's told me that his favourite poem as a boy was *Death and Dr Hornbook*. And if I were asked to explain this originality, I should say that he was a Covenanter coming in the wake of the eighteenth century and the transcendental philosophy. He has gone into the hills against "shams," as they did against Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth. But he lives in a quieter age and in a literary position. So he can give play to the humour which existed in them as well, and he overflows with a range of reading and speculation to which they were necessarily strangers.' But at least one-half the originality here sketched, style as well as sentiment, must be placed to the account of German studies. In 1837 appeared *The French Revolution, a History*, by Thomas Carlyle. This is the ablest of all the author's works, and is indeed one of the most remarkable books of the age. The first perusal of it forms a sort of era in a man's life, and fixes for ever in his memory the ghastly panorama of the Revolution, its scenes and actors. In 1838 Mr Carlyle collected his contributions to the Reviews, and published them under the title of *Miscellanies*, extending to five volumes. The biographical portion of these volumes—essays on Voltaire, Mirabeau, Johnson and Boswell, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, &c.—is admirably executed. They are compact, complete, and at once highly picturesque and suggestive. The character and history of Burns he has drawn with a degree of insight, true wisdom, and pathos not surpassed in any biographical or critical production of the present century. Mr Thackeray's essay on Swift resembles it in power, but it is more of a sketch. The next two appearances of Mr Carlyle were political, and on this ground he seems shorn of his strength. *Chartism*, 1839, and *Past and Present*, 1843, contain many weighty truths and shrewd observations, directed against all shams, cant, formulas, speciosities, &c.; but when we look for a remedy for existing evils, and ask how we are to replace the forms and institutions which Mr Carlyle would have extinguished, we find little to guide us in our author's prelections. The only tangible measures he proposes are education and emigration, with a strict enforcement of the penal laws. We would earnestly desire to extend still more the benefits of education; but when Mr Carlyle vituperates the present age in comparison with the past, he should recollect how much has been done of late years to promote the instruction of the people. The next work of our author was a special service to history and to the memory of one of England's historical worthies. His collection of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations*, two volumes, 1845, is a good work well done. 'The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself,' he says, 'I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethæan quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buck-washing as I do not long to repeat—and the world shall now see them in their own shape.' The world was thankful for the service, and the book, though large and

expensive, had a rapid sale. The speeches and letters of Cromwell thus presented, the spelling and punctuation rectified, and a few words occasionally added for the sake of perspicuity, were first made intelligible and effective by Mr Carlyle; while his editorial 'elucidations,' descriptive and historical, are often felicitous. Here is his picture of Oliver in 1653 :

Personal Appearance of Cromwell.

'His Highness,' says Whitelocke, 'was in a rich but plain suit—black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour: on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.

Another series of political tracts, entitled *Latter-day Pamphlets*, 1850, formed Mr Carlyle's next work. In these the censor appeared in his most irate and uncompromising mood, and with his peculiarities of style and expression in greater growth and deformity. He seemed to be the worshipper of mere brute-force, the advocate of all harsh, coercive measures. Model prisons and schools for the reform of criminals, poor-laws, churches, as at present constituted, the aristocracy, parliament, and other institutions, were assailed and ridiculed in unmeasured terms, and, generally, the English public was set down as composed of sham-heroes and a valet or *flunkey* world. On some political questions and administrative abuses, bold truths and merited satire appear in the Pamphlets; but, on the whole, they must be considered, whether viewed as literary or philosophical productions, as unworthy of their author. The *Life of John Sterling*, 1851, was an affectionate tribute by Mr Carlyle to the memory of a friend. Mr Sterling, son of Captain Sterling, the 'Thunderer of the *Times*,' had written some few volumes in prose and verse, which cannot be said to have possessed any feature of originality; but he was amiable, accomplished, and brilliant in conversation. His friends were strongly attached to him, and among those friends were Archdeacon Hare and Mr Carlyle. The former, after Sterling's death in 1844 (in his thirty-eighth year), published a selection of his *Tales and Essays* with a Life of their author. Mr Carlyle was dissatisfied with this Life of Sterling. The archdeacon had considered the deceased too exclusively as a clergyman, whereas Sterling had been a curate for only eight months, and latterly had lapsed into scepticism, or at least into a belief different from that of the church. 'True,' says Mr Carlyle, 'he had his religion to seek, and painfully shape together for himself, out of the

abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusion, now filling the world, as all men of reflection have; and in this respect too—more especially as his lot in the battle appointed for us all was, if you can understand it, victory and not defeat—he is an expressive emblem of his time, and an instruction and possession to his contemporaries.' The tone adopted by the biographer in treating of Sterling's religious lapse, exposed him to considerable censure. Even the mild and liberal George Brimley, in reviewing Mr Carlyle's book, judged it necessary to put in a disclaimer against the tendency it was likely to have: 'Mr Carlyle has no right, no man has any right, to weaken or destroy a faith which he cannot or will not replace with a loftier. He ought to have said nothing, or said more. Scraps of verse from Goethe, and declamations, however brilliantly they may be phrased, are but a poor compensation for the slightest obscuring of the hope of immortality brought to light by the gospel, and by it conveyed to the hut of the poorest man, to awaken his crushed intelligence and lighten the load of his misery.' As a literary work, the *Life of Sterling* is a finished, artistic performance. There was little in the hero of the piece to demand skilful portrait-painting; but we have the great Coleridge and the *Times* Thunderer placed before us with the clearness of a daguerreotype—the former, perhaps, a little caricatured.

Portrait of Coleridge.

Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; 'escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove.—Mr Gilman's house at Highgate—whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-

country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent. . . . Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes of a light hazel were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-mject' and 'sum-m-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk in his century, or in any other, could be more surprising.

In 1858 appeared the first portion of Mr Carlyle's long-expected work, the *History of Friedrich II.*, called *Frederick the Great*, volumes i. and ii. The third and fourth volumes were published in 1862, and the fifth and sixth, completing the work, in 1865. A considerable part of the first volume is devoted to 'clearing the way' for the approach of the hero, and tracing the Houses of Brandenburg and Hohenzollern. Frederick, as Mr Carlyle admits, was rather a questionable hero. But he was a reality, and had 'nothing whatever of the hypocrite or phantasm.' This was the biographer's inducement and encouragement to study his life. 'How this man, officially a king withal, comported himself in the eighteenth century, and managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan as his century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.' And the eighteenth century is cordially abused as a period of worthlessness and inanity. 'What little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire.' But as the eighteenth century had also David Hume, Adam Smith, Samuel Johnson, Henry Fielding, and Robert Burns—to say nothing of Chatham and Burke, we must demur to such extravagant and wholesale condemnation. These idiosyncrasies and prejudices of Mr Carlyle must be taken, like his peculiar style, because they are accompanied by better things—by patient historical research, by 'vivid

glances across the mists of history,' by humour, pathos, and eloquence.

Shortly after the completion of this laborious History, Mr Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and on April 2, 1866, he delivered his installation address—an extemporaneous effusion, or at least spoken without notes, and quite equal, in literary power, to his published works. His triumph on this occasion was followed by a heavy calamity, the loss of his wife, who died before his return to England. 'For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.' Such is part of the inscription on the tomb of this excellent woman.

The subsequent publications of Mr Carlyle have been short addresses on the topics of the day. In 1867 an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* entitled *Shooting Niagara*, in the style of the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, predicted a series of evils and disasters from the Reform Act; another occasional utterance was in favour of emigration; and a third, on the war between France and Germany (1870), expressed the joy of the writer over the defeat of France. The fame of Mr Carlyle has been gradually extending, and a cheap edition of his works has reached the great sale of 30,000 copies.

A brother of Mr Carlyle—DR J. A. CARLYLE, an accomplished physician—has published an admirable prose translation of the *Inferno* of Dante.

Frederick the Great.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Frits*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the

contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror' (*portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.' . . . The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable Explosion and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations; wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic—especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

Charlotte Corday—Death of Marat.

Amid the dim ferment of Caen and the world, history specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young lady, with an aged valet, taking graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperet—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently, she will to Paris on some errand. 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female figure: 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star; cruel, lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendour, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment to be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries. Quitting commerial coalitions without, and the dim-simmering twenty-five millions within, history will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the night.

With Barbaroux's note of introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th of July seated in the Caen diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her good journey; her father will find a line left, signifying that she has gone to England, that he must pardon her and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of politics and praise of the Mountain, in which she mingles not; all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday not long before noon we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris, with her thousand black domes—the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the following morning.

On the morrow morning she delivers her note to Duperet. It relates to certain family papers, which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands, which a nun at Caen, an old convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperet shall assist her in getting; this, then, was Charlotte's errand to Paris. She has finished this in the course of Friday, yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention in bodily reality she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present and confined at home.

About eight on the Saturday morning she purchased a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach. 'To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44.' It is the residence of the Citizen Marat!—The Citizen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte; hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost west, from Neuchâtel in the utmost east, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte, returning to her inn, despatches a short note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another note still more pressing; sets out with it by coach about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their week; huge Paris is circling and simmering manifold, according to the vague want: this one fair figure has decision in it; drives straight towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month, eve of the Bastille day, when M. Marat, four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont-Neuf, shrewdly required of that Bessenal hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount and give up their arms then,' and became notable among patriot men. Four years; what a road he has travelled; and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore afflicted; ill of Revolution fever—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man, with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money in paper; with slipper-bath, strong three-footed stool for writing on the while; and a squalid washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him—not to the reign of brotherhood and perfect felicity, yet surely on the way towards that. Hark! a rap again! a musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the citizenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries: 'Admit her.' Charlotte Corday is admitted.

'Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak to you.' 'Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now, what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?' Charlotte names some deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's Friend, clutching his tablets to write. *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion* and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it with one sure stroke into the writer's heart. '*A moi, chère amie*. Help, dear!' No more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman running in, there is no friend of the people or friend of the washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below. And so, Marat, People's Friend, is ended. . . .

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished: the recompense of it is clear and sure. The *chère amie* and neighbours of the house flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' trenches herself till the *gendarmes* arrive; then quickly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding in wonder, in rage, or admiration, round her. Dupret is put in arrest on account of her; his papers sealed, which may lead to consequences. Fauchet in like manner, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two deputies, praises the grave firmness of Dupret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of her—you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers; the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife. 'All these details are needless,' interrupted Charlotte; 'it is I that killed Marat.' 'By whose instigation?' 'By no one's.' 'What tempted you, then?' 'His crimes. I killed one man,' added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*) as they went on with their questions—'I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain, to save innocents, a savage wild beast, to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy.' There is, therefore, nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderess. To her advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all

on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the world! Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux of Mentz declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes; the police imprisoned him for it.' In this manner the beautifullest and the squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both suddenly are no more.

Death of Marie Antoinette.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end! Look there, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippes, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a 'sanctuary of sorrow' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Await the Issue.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say: 'In God's name, No!' Thy 'success?' Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed

from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden ever more to shew itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whether it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: 'See, your Heaviest ascends!' but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace vithal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said: 'Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!' Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS (1806-1863), an able scholar and statesman, was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet, who was for several years chairman of the Poor-law Board, and by whose death in 1855 his son succeeded to the baronetcy and estate. Sir George was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the bar in 1831. Entering into public life, he filled various government offices, and was M.P. for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor district of boroughs. His highest appointment was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held under Lord Palmerston for about three years—1855-58. He was also some time Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Secretary for War. He was for about three years

(1852-55) editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. An accomplished classical and German scholar, Sir George examined the early history of Greece and Rome with the views of the German commentators, and he reviewed the theory of Niebuhr in an elaborate work, entitled *An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History*, two volumes, 1855. All attempts to reduce the picturesque narratives of the early centuries of Rome to a purely historical form he conceives to be nugatory, and he devotes considerable space to an examination of the primitive history of the nations of Italy. Dionysius, Livy, and the other ancient historians, had no authentic materials for the primitive ethnology and the early national movements of Italy, and, of course, modern inquirers cannot hope to arrive at safe conclusions on the subject. Hence he dismisses the results not only of the uncritical Italian historians, but those of the learned and sagacious Germans, Niebuhr and Müller. 'The legends are mere shifting clouds of mythology, which may at a distance deceive the mariner by the appearance of solid land, but disappear as he approaches and examines them by a close view.' The scepticism of Sir George, however, is considered rather too sweeping; and it has justly been remarked, that 'we may be contented to believe of Roman history at least as much as Cicero believed, without inquiring too curiously the grounds of his belief.' The following notice of Niebuhr's theory also appears to tell against Sir George's own rule with respect to the rationalistic treatment of early history.

Niebuhr's Ballad Theory.

He divides the Roman history into three periods: 1. The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2. The mythico-historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings, and the first fourteen years of the republic. 3. The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to any one of these periods; they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of the siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundation for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the early Roman history, the great desideratum is, to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction; and, if any parts be true, of explaining how the records were preserved with fidelity, until the time of the earliest historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samnite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and inter-crueted with legendary additions; but that they, nevertheless, contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees: if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends, and where the fiction begins—and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired; and therefore we are not assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical originated.

Sir George C. Lewis was a laborious student and voluminous writer. How he found time, in the midst of official and public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies, is remarkable. Among his works are treatises on the *Romance Language*, on the *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, on the *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, on the *Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*, on the *Irish Church Question*, on the *Government of Dependencies*, on the *Astronomy of the Ancients*, a *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*, &c. The indefatigable baronet was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*. His death was lamented by all parties, and was indeed a national loss.

REV. C. MERIVALE.

The *Roman History* of Dr Arnold was left, as already mentioned, in an unfinished state, in consequence of the sudden death of the author. No good account of the period between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla existed in our English historical literature, and to supply the void, the REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, commenced in 1850 a *History of the Romans under the Empire*, which he completed in 1862. 'Mr Merivale's undertaking,' said a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between "mighty opposites." It is praise enough that he proves himself no unworthy successor to the two most gifted historians of Rome whom English literature has yet produced.' A cheap edition of Mr Merivale's History in eight volumes was published in 1865. Its author is son of the late John Herman Merivale, Commissioner of Bankruptcy; he was born in 1808, studied at St John's College, Cambridge, entered the church, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848-70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863-69), and dean of Ely (December 1869).

Augustus Cæsar (31 B.C.—14 A.D.)

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured; the weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life; he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and

heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero: he had not the vivacity and animal spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest therefore with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum; which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as shewing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were, with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family, from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor, and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes: but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as

would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud: 'Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves.' Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

BISHOP THIRLWALL—MR GROTE—GEO. FINLAY
—COLONEL MURE—MR GLADSTONE, ETC.

DR CONNOP THIRLWALL contributed to *Lardner's Cyclopædia a History of Greece*, which extended to eight volumes, and has been enlarged and reprinted, 1845-52, and again reprinted in 1855 in eight volumes. It is a learned and philosophical work, evincing a thorough knowledge of Greek literature and of the German commentators. Dr Thirlwall was born in 1797, at Stepney, Middlesex, son of the rector of Bowers-Gifford, Essex. The latter published, in 1809, *Primitiæ, or Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining*, by *Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age*. The future historian of Greece must then be considered the most precocious of English authors, eclipsing even Cowley and Pope. But the son, probably, did not thank the father for thrusting his childish crudities before the world. Connop Thirlwall studied at Cambridge, and carried off high academical honours at Trinity College. He intended following the profession of the law, and, after keeping his terms, was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1825. Three years' experience seems to have disgusted him with the legal profession; he entered the church, obtained a rectory in Yorkshire, then became dean of Brecon, and in 1840 was promoted to the see of St Davids. In 1874 he resigned his bishopric, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of age. He died in 1875. Mr Grote says that, had Dr Thirlwall's *History of Greece* appeared a few years earlier, he would probably never have conceived the design of writing his more elaborate work.

The *History of Greece* by MR GEORGE GROTE was hailed as a truly philosophical history. It commences with the earliest or legendary history of Greece, and closes with the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. This work extends to twelve volumes. The first two were published in 1846; but it appears from a letter of Niebuhr, addressed to Professor Lieber, that so early as 1827 Mr Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Grecian history—the expedition of the Argonauts and the wars of Thebes and Troy—he treats as merely poetical inventions. On the subject of the Homeric poems, he holds that the *Odyssey* is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well-defined circumstances.' The *Iliad*, he says, produces on his mind an

impression totally different: it 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions.' He conceives that both poems are about the same age, and that age a very early one, anterior to the First Olympiad. Passing to authentic history, Mr Grote endeavours to realise the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by an English standard. Our idea of a limited monarchy, for example, was unknown even to the most learned of the Athenians.

Early Greek History not to be Judged by Modern Feeling.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to Aristotle impracticable; to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act, except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendancy of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit, and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.

The great object of the historian is to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition. He traces with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy, of which he is an ardent admirer; and some of the Athenian institutions previously condemned, he warmly defends. The institution of ostracism, or banishment without accusation or trial, he conceives to have been necessary for the purpose of thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders. With this view it was devised by Clisthenes,* and it was guarded from abuse by various precautions, the most important of which was, that the concurrence of one-fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot. The two classes of demagogues and sophists he also vindicates, comparing the former

* One peculiarity of Mr Grote was spelling the Greek names after the German fashion: Clisthenes is *Kleisthenés*; Socrates is *Sókratés*; Alcibiades, *Alkibiadés*; Aristides, *Aristeidés*; &c. All this appears unnecessary, and is a sort of pedantic trifling unworthy of a great historian.

to our popular leaders of the Opposition in parliament, and the latter to our teachers and professors. Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he thinks has been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and Aristophanes, particularly the latter, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' says Mr Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; no man will take measure of a political Englishman from *Punch* or of a Frenchman from *Charivari*.' The four stages of Athenian democracy represented by Solon, Clisthenes, Aristides, and Pericles are carefully described and discriminated by Mr Grote; he gives also an admirable account of the Greek colonies; and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War—which fills two volumes—contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles, Alcibiades, Lysander, &c. Even the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which apparently had been exhausted by Xenophon, is told by Mr Grote with a spirit and freshness, and so much new illustration, as to render it a deeply interesting portion of his History. The following will give an idea of Mr Grote's style of narrative :

Xenophon's Address to the Army after the betrayed Grecian Generals had been Slain by the Persians.

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep, for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact, that not a single man among them had now either authority to command, or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions, at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light, and self-originated stimulus, was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every way capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleonor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that, if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word, one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon,

taking up the accident, continued: 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands: all then joined in the vow, and shouted the psalm.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in raising the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side, and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shewn themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers; and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Aristeus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen: but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers; those were indeed difficult to be crossed, in the middle of their course; but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians. 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor, it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage-wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals; and let us thus shew the enemy that we have ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has any thing better to suggest, let him come forward and state it; for we have all but one object—the common safety.'

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction; for when Chेरисоphus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed—every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately, and march to some well-stored villages, rather more than two miles distant; that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre; that Chेरисоphus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van; while, Kleonor and the other senior officers would command on each flank; and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear-guard.

In the later volumes we have an equally interesting and copious account of the career of Epaminondas—the Washington of Greece; the

struggles of Demosthenes against Philip; and the success of Timoleon. The historian's fullness of detail and the ethical interest he imparts to his work, with the associations connected with the heroic events he relates, and the great names that have

Gone glittering through the dream of things that were, render the whole the most noble and affecting record in the history of humanity. From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Mr Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Grecian political freedom and self-action, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes.' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish 'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy, and to this subject Mr Grote proposed to devote a separate work. His *History* was completed in 1856, the author being then in his sixty-second year. In 1866 appeared *Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates*, three volumes, a work which fully sustained the author's fame.

Mr Grote was of German ancestry. His grandfather, the first of the family that settled in England, established the banking-house that still bears the name of Grote as one of the founders, and the historian was for some time employed in the bank. He sat in parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London from 1832 till 1841, and was known as a Radical Reformer and supporter of vote by ballot. His annual motion in favour of the ballot was always prefaced by a good argumentative speech, and he wrote one or two political pamphlets and essays in the *Reviews*. Sydney Smith sarcastically said: 'Mr Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would be an important politician.' Mr Grote died June 18, 1871, aged seventy-seven. A memoir of the historian has been published by his widow.

Character of Dion.

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion, his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws, which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B.C., Dion was twenty-one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired; as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato

appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves.

With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans, produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion; just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence, to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Socratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind; and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius—accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment—unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion—he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him.

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lycurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system, which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence. After having thus both liberated and reformed Syracuse, Dion promised to himself that he would employ Syracusan force, not in annihilating, but in recreating, other free Hellenic communities throughout the island, expelling from thence all the barbarians—both the imported mercenaries and the Carthaginians.

MR GEORGE FINLAY, an English merchant at

Athens, wrote several works—concise, but philosophical in spirit, and containing original views and information—relative to the history of Greece. His first was *Greece under the Romans* (1845); *History of the Byzantine Empire, from 716 to 1057* (1853), and continued to 1453 A.D. (1854); *Mediæval Greece and Trebizond to 1461*; and the *History of Greece under the Othoman and Venetian Domination, from 1453 to 1821* (1856). Mr Finlay died in 1875, the last survivor of the small band of enthusiasts who went out to Greece to join Lord Byron and the Philhellenes. He acted for some years as correspondent of the *Times* in Athens.

Vicissitudes of Nations.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings, and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilisation of an aristocracy, are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity, and establish the power of the rulers on so firm and permanent a basis as shall guarantee the dominant class from annihilation. On the other hand, it teaches us that conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow, that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, 'for mutability is nature's bane.' The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseille to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Vallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and the English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.

A different view of the Homeric question from that entertained by Mr Grote, and also of some portions of Athenian history, has been taken by WILLIAM MURE, Esq., of Caldwell (1799-1860), in his able work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, four volumes, 1850-53. Colonel Mure had travelled in Greece; and in the *Journal* of his tour—published in 1842—had entered into the Homeric controversy, especially with regard to the supposed localities of the *Odyssey*, and had adduced several illustrations of the poems from his observation and studies. A sound scholar, and chiefly occupied on Greek literature and history for a period of twenty years, he brought to his *Critical History* a degree of knowledge perhaps not excelled by that of Mr Grote, but tintured by political opinions directly opposite to those of his brother Hellenist. His examination of the

Iliad and *Odyssey* occupies a considerable portion of his *History*, and the general conclusion at which he arrives is, that each poem was originally composed, in its substantial integrity, as we now possess it. We give one short specimen of Colonel Mure's analysis.

The Unity of the Homeric Poems.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art, this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature, in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety, is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles, is next to impossible. Still less credible is it, that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering, according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is, perhaps, even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages, than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any concert, have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolphs, Quickleys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

Colonel Mure's work was left incomplete. His fourth volume enters on the Attic period of Greek literature—the great era of the drama and the perfection of Greek prose—from the usurpation of Pisistratus at Athens, 560 B.C., to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. He gives an account of the origin and early history of Greek prose composition, and an elaborate biographical and critical study of Herodotus, reserving for future volumes the later Greek prose authors and Attic poets. A fifth volume was published, and at the time of his death he was engaged on a sixth, devoted to the Attic drama. Colonel Mure derived his title from being commander of the Renfrewshire Militia.

His family had long been settled in the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, and he himself was born at the patrimonial property of Caldwell in Ayrshire. He was an excellent country gentleman as well as accomplished scholar and antiquary.

Another and more distinguished votary of Greek literature is the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., who, in 1858, published *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, three volumes. Mr Gladstone does not enter into any detailed criticism of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; he deals with the geography, history, and chronology of the poems, maintaining the credibility of Homer as the delineator of an age, and finding also fragments of revealed religion in his system of mythology. He traces the notion of a Logos in Minerva, the Deliverer in Apollo, the Virgin in Latona, and even the rainbow of the Old Testament in Iris; while the principle of Evil, acting by deceit, he conceives to be represented in the Homeric Atë. This certainly appears to be fanciful, though supported by Mr Gladstone's remarkable subtlety of intellect and variety of illustration. One volume of the work is devoted to Olympus, and another to establish Homer's right to be considered the father of political science. In supporting his different hypotheses, we need not say that Mr Gladstone evinces great ingenuity and a refined critical taste. His work is indeed a cyclopædia of Homeric illustration and classic lore.

The World of Homer a World of His Own.

The Greek mind, which became one of the main factors of the civilised life of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer, and is nowhere so vividly or so sincerely exhibited as in his works. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings, and actions different from what are to be found anywhere else, and forming a new and distinct standard of humanity. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, in order that they might subsequently reappear, bright and fresh for application, among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early morning of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity and purity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits, we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and its ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism, far from both, from the latter as well as the former, and if among all earthly knowledge the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, and if to be genuine it should be founded upon experience, how is it possible to overvalue this primitive representative of the human race in a form complete, distinct, and separate, with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet mature, full and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some master-piece of the sculptor's art.

We may notice here a work now completed, *A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, by K. O. MÜLLER, continued after the author's death by J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., three volumes, 1858. Dr Donaldson's portion of the work embraces the period from the foundation of the Socratic schools to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The work is altogether a valuable one—concise without being dry or meagre. *A History of Greece, mainly*

based upon that of Dr Thirlwall, by DR L. SCHMITZ, principal of the International College, London (1851), is well adapted for educational purposes: it comes down to the destruction of Corinth, 146 B.C. Dr Schmitz is author of a popular *History of Rome* (1847), and a *Manual of Ancient History* to the overthrow of the Western Empire, 476 A.D. He has also translated Niebuhr's Lectures. Few foreigners have acquired such a mastery of the English language as Dr Schmitz.

EARL STANHOPE.

PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE, when Lord Mahon, commenced a *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle* (1713-1783). The first volume appeared in 1836, and the work ultimately extended to seven volumes, of which a second edition has since been published. The period of seventy years thus copiously treated had been included in Smollett's hasty, voluminous History, but the ground was certainly not pre-occupied. Great additional information had also been accumulated in Coxe's Lives of Marlborough and Walpole, Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II., the Stuart Papers, the Suffolk and Hardwicke Correspondence, and numerous other sources. In the early portion of his work—the Queen Anne period—there is a strong and abiding interest derived from the great names engaged in the political struggles of the day, and the nearly equal strength of the parties. Lord Mahon thus sketches the contending factions:

Whig and Tory in the Reign of Queen Anne.

At that period the two great contending parties were distinguished, as at present, by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that in Queen Anne's reign the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712 would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that, in nearly all particulars, a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

First, as to the Tories. The Tories of Queen Anne's reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war against France. They treated the great general of the age as their peculiar adversary. To our recent enemies, the French, their policy was supple and crouching. They had an indifference, or even an aversion, to our old allies the Dutch; they had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home; they were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections; they had a love of triennial parliaments, in preference to septennial; they attempted to abolish the protecting duties and restrictions of commerce; they wished to favour our trade with France at the expense of our trade with Portugal; they were supported by a faction whose war-cry was 'Repeal of the Union,' in a sister-kingdom. To serve a temporary purpose in the House of Lords, they had recourse—for the first time in our annals—to a large and overwhelming creation of peers. Like the Whigs in May 1831, they chose the

moment of the highest popular passion and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a short-lived cry for the purpose of permanent delusion. The Whigs of Queen Anne's time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim. They had for a leader the great man who gained those victories; they advocated the old principles of trade; they prolonged the duration of parliaments; they took their stand on the principles of the Revolution of 1688; they raised the cry of 'No Popery;' they loudly inveighed against the subserviency to France, the desertion of our old allies, the outrage wrought upon the peers, the deceptions practised upon the sovereign, and the other measures of the Tory administration. Such were the Tories, and such were the Whigs of Queen Anne.

We give a specimen of the noble historian's character-painting :

Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender.

Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time; we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

The person of Charles—I begin with this for the sake of female readers—was tall and well formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field-sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light-blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say, that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross

neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling, they are still more deficient. With him 'humour,' for example, becomes UMER; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a SORD; and even his own father's name appears under the *alias* of GEMS. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in COOTO DE CHAS? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr King assures us, he knew very little of the history or constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says: 'I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer anything than fail in any of my duties.' His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland, he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and when, at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the pope, surely the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty; were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation; and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to shew a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland, he told the French minister, D'Argenson, that he would never ask anything for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother-exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, 'unless your majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart.' Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783, Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince shewed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr Greathead, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face

assumed unwonted animation ; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat ; his hairbreadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own ; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. 'Sir,' she exclaimed to Mr Greathead, 'what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders? No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'

Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness. In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James ; it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed ; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman ; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war—having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion—and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level ; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will, I think, appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour ; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise : he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation ; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops ; and even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should 'the Elector,' as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. 'Here,' said his conductor, 'is the person you want,' and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. 'Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please,' said Charles ; 'my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that if your design should

succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home.'

Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise at all times prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory, from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer. It contained only these words : 'I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back.' Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the court of France, at different periods were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.

This is a portrait of Charles Edward as he appeared in his prime. In a subsequent volume, Lord Stanhope gives a sketch of him in his later years, part of which we subjoin :

An English lady who was at Rome in 1770 observes : 'The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively ; he appears bloated and red in the face ; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking ; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown, and the contour of his face a long oval ; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold-lace ; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand ; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble Order of St George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him ; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative : upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said : "Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars ; and here," says he, throwing me a card, "is the pope ; here is the devil ; and," added he, "there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be !" [The Pretender]. I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look ; and as to a reply, I made none.'

In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess : however, he remained single during the greater part of his career ; and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied : 'The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December 1748, has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake ; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry.' Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles

treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period: 'As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.' Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen!

The History of Lord Stanhope, in style and general merit, may rank with Mr P. F. Tytler's *History of Scotland*. The narrative is easy and flowing, and diligence has been exercised in the collection of facts. The noble historian is also author of a *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, one volume, 1832; a *Life of the Great Prince Condé*, 1845; a *Life of Belisarius*, 1848; a volume of *Historical Essays*, contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, and containing sketches of Joan of Arc, Mary, Queen of Scots, the Marquis of Montrose, Frederick II., &c. His lordship has also edited the *Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, four volumes, 1845, and was one of the executors of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. In conjunction with Mr E. Cardwell, M.P., Lord Stanhope published *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel*, being chiefly an attempted vindication by that statesman of his public conduct as regards Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws. His lordship has also published a *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, valuable for the correspondence and authentic personal details it contains; and a *History of the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht (1701-1713)*, a work in one volume (1870), which, however inferior, may be considered a continuation of Macaulay's History.

Earl Stanhope was born at Walmer in 1805, was educated at Oxford, and was a member of the House of Commons, first for Wootton Bassett, and afterwards for Hertford, from 1830 to 1852. He was for a short time Under-secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Secretary to the Board of Control. He succeeded to the peerage in 1855, and died in 1875.

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

A volume of *Outlines of History* having appeared in 1830 in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, Dr Arnold urged its author, MR THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, to write a series of histories of moderate size, which might be used in schools, and prove trustworthy manuals in after-life. Mr Keightley obeyed the call, and produced a number of historical compilations of merit. His *History of England*, two volumes, and the same enlarged in three volumes, is admitted to be the one most free from party-spirit; and his *Histories of India, Greece, and Rome*, each in one volume, may be said to contain the essence of most of what has been written and discovered regarding those countries. Mr Keightley also produced a *History of the War of Independence in Greece*, two volumes, 1830; and *The Crusaders*, or scenes, events, and characters from the times of the Crusades. These works have all been popular. The *Outlines* are read in schools, colleges, and universities; the Duke of Wellington directed them to be read by officers and candidates for commissions in the army. The *History*

of Greece has been translated into modern Greek, and published at Athens. In the department of mythology, Mr Keightley was also a successful student, and author of the *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy; Fairy Mythology*, illustrative of the romance and superstition of various countries; and *Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country*. From the second of these works we give a brief extract.

Superstitious Beliefs.

According to a well-known law of our nature, effects suggest causes; and another law, perhaps equally general, impels us to ascribe to the actual and efficient cause the attribute of intelligence. The mind of the deepest philosopher is thus acted upon equally with that of the peasant or the savage; the only difference lies in the nature of the intelligent cause at which they respectively stop. The one pursues the chain of cause and effect, and traces out its various links till he arrives at the great intelligent cause of all, however, he may designate him; the other, when unusual phenomena excite his attention, ascribes their production to the immediate agency of some of the inferior beings recognised by his legendary creed. The action of this latter principle must forcibly strike the minds of those who disdain not to bestow a portion of their attention on the popular legends and traditions of different countries. Every extraordinary appearance is found to have its extraordinary cause assigned; a cause always connected with the history or religion, ancient or modern, of the country, and not unfrequently varying with a change of faith. The noises and eruptions of Ætna and Stromboli were, in ancient times, ascribed to Typhon or Vulcan, and at this day the popular belief connects them with the infernal regions. The sounds resembling the clanking of chains, hammering of iron, and blowing of bellows, once to be heard in the island of Barrie, were made by the fiends whom Merlin had set to work to frame the wall of brass to surround Caermarthen. The marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock were produced, according to the popular creed, by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god: masses of stone, resembling domestic implements in form, were the toys, or the corresponding implements of the heroes or giants of old. Grecian imagination ascribed to the galaxy or Milky-way an origin in the teeming breast of the queen of heaven: marks appeared in the petals of flowers on the occasion of a youth's or a hero's untimely death: the rose derived its present hue from the blood of Venus, as she hurried barefooted through the woods and lawns; while the professors of Islam, less fancifully, refer the origin of this flower to the moisture that exuded from the sacred person of their prophet. Under a purer form of religion, the cruciform stripes which mark the back and shoulders of the patient ass first appeared, according to the popular tradition, when the Son of God condescended to enter the Holy City, mounted on that animal; and a fish, only to be found in the sea, still bears the impress of the finger and thumb of the apostle, who drew him out of the waters of Lake Tiberias to take the tribute-money that lay in his mouth. The repetition of the voice among the hills is, in Norway and Sweden, ascribed to the dwarfs mocking the human speaker; while the more elegant fancy of Greece gave birth to Echo, a nymph who pined for love, and who still fondly repeats the accents that she hears. The magic scenery occasionally presented on the waters of the Straits of Messina is produced by the power of the *fata morgana*; the gossamers that float through the haze of an autumnal morning are woven by the ingenious dwarfs; the verdant circlets in the mead are traced beneath the light steps of the dancing elves; and St Cuthbert forges and fashions the beads that bear his

name, and lie scattered along the shore of Lindisfarne. In accordance with these laws, we find in most countries a popular belief in different classes of beings distinct from men, and from the higher orders of divinities. These beings are usually believed to inhabit, in the caverns of earth, or the depths of the waters, a region of their own. They generally excel mankind in power and in knowledge, and, like them, are subject to the inevitable laws of death, though after a more prolonged period of existence. How these classes were first called into existence it is not easy to say; but if, as some assert, all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by philosophers for the instruction of rude tribes by appeals to their senses, we might suppose that the minds which peopled the skies with their thousands and tens of thousands of divinities gave birth also to the inhabitants of the field and flood, and that the numerous tales of their exploits and adventures are the production of poetic fiction or rude invention.

In 1855, Mr Keightley published a *Life of Milton*, and afterwards edited Milton's poems. The biography is an original and in many respects able work. The *opinions* of Milton are very clearly and fully elucidated, and the extensive learning of the biographer and historian has enabled him to add some valuable suggestive criticism: for example, in Milton's time the Ptolemaic astronomy was the prevalent one, and Mr Keightley asks,

*Could Milton have written 'Paradise Lost' in the
Nineteenth Century?*

Now, with the seventeenth century, at least in England, expired the astronomy of Ptolemy. Had Milton, then, lived after that century, he could not for a moment have believed in a solid, globous world, inclosing various revolving spheres, with the earth in the centre, and unlimited, unoccupied, undigested space beyond. His local heaven and local hell would then have become, if not impossibilities, fleeting and uncertain to a degree which would preclude all firm, undoubting faith in their existence; for far as the most powerful telescopes can pierce into space, there is nothing found but a uniformity of stars after stars in endless succession, exalting infinitely our idea of the Deity and his attributes, but enfeebling in proportion that of any portion of space being his peculiar abode. Were Milton in possession of this knowledge, is it possible that he could have written the first three books of *Paradise Lost*? We are decidedly of opinion that he could not, for he would never have written that of the truth of which he could not have persuaded himself by any illusion of the imagination. It may be said that he would have adapted his fictions to the present state of astronomy. But he could not have done it; such is the sublime simplicity of the true system of the universe, that it is quite unsuited to poetry, except in the most transient form.

Mr Keightley was a native of Ireland, born in 1792. He long resided at Chiswick on the Thames, a retired but busy student, and died in 1872.

DEAN MILMAN.

The prose works of the late Dean of St Paul's (*ante*, page 170) place him in the first rank of historians. His *History of the Jews* was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829), but was subsequently revised (fourth edition, 1866). When thus republished, the author considered that 'the circumstances of the day,' or in other words, the objections which had been

made to his plan of treating the Jewish history, rendered some observations necessary.

How ought the History of the Jews to be Written?

What should be the treatment by a Christian writer, a writer to whom truth is the one paramount object, of the only documents on which rests the earlier history of the Jews, the Scriptures of the Old Testament? Are they, like other historical documents, to be submitted to calm but searching criticism as to their age, their authenticity, their authorship: above all, their historical sense and historical interpretation?

Some may object (and by their objection may think it right to cut short all this momentous question) that Jewish history is a kind of forbidden ground, on which it is profane to enter; the whole history being so peculiar in its relation to theology, resting, as it is asserted, even to the most minute particulars, on divine authority, ought to be sacred from the ordinary laws of investigation. But though the Jewish people are especially called the people of God, though their polity is grounded on their religion, though God be held the author of their theocracy, as well as its conservator and administrator, yet the Jewish nation is one of the families of mankind; their history is part of the world's history; the functions which they have performed in the progress of human development and civilisation are so important, so enduring; the veracity of their history has been made so entirely to depend on the rank which they are entitled to hold in the social scale of mankind; their barbarism has been so fiercely and contemptuously exaggerated, their premature wisdom and humanity so contemptuously depreciated or denied; above all, the barriers which kept them in their holy seclusion have long been so utterly prostrate; friends as well as foes, the most pious Christians as well as the most avowed enemies of Christian faith, have so long expatiated on this open field, that it is as impossible, in my judgment, as it would be unwise, to limit the full freedom of inquiry.

Adopting this course, Dean Milman said he had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning.' This was the view entertained by Paley, and is the view now held by some of the most learned and able divines of the present day. The moral and religious truth of Scripture remains untouched by the discoveries or theories of science. 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many, I know not; how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus.*' A much greater work than the *History of the Jews*, was the *History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.*, completed in six volumes, 1856. The first portion of this work was published in 1840, and comprised

the history of Christianity from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman empire; a further portion was published in 1854, and the conclusion in 1856. 'No such work,' said the *Quarterly Review*, 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature—none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation.' This high praise was echoed by Prescott the historian, and by a host of critics. It is really a great work—great in all the essentials of history—subject, style, and research. The poetical imagination of the author had imparted warmth and colour to the conclusions of the philosopher and the sympathies of the lover of truth and humanity. The last work of Dean Milman was his *History of St Paul's Cathedral*, over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which his remains were interred. As a brief specimen of the dean's animated style of narrative, we give an extract from the *History of the Jews*:

Burning of the Temple, Aug. 10, 70 A.C.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon; that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; and the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable

treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

WILLIAM F. SKENE.

An eminent Celtic antiquary, versant in both branches of the language, the Cymric and Gaelic, MR WILLIAM F. SKENE, has published two important works—*The Four Ancient Books of Wales*, 2 vols., 1868; and *Celtic Scotland*, vol. i., *History and Ethnology*, 1876. The former contains the Cymric Poems attributed to the bards of the sixth century—to Aneurin (510–560 A.D.); to Taliessin (520–570); to Llywarch Hen, or the Old (550–640); and to Myrddin, or Merlin (530–600). These dates are uncertain. The Four Books are

much later : (1) the Black Book of Caermarthen, written in the reign of Henry II. (1054-1189) ; (2) the Book of Aneurin, a manuscript of the latter part of the thirteenth century ; (3) the Book of Taliessin, a manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century ; and (4) the Red Book of Hergest, completed at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is in these four books or manuscripts that the oldest known texts are to be found, and Mr Skene has had them translated by two of the most eminent living Welsh scholars—the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, the author of the *English and Welsh Dictionary*, and other works ; and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydygroesau, author of the *Biography of Eminent Welshmen*, and the *Cornish Dictionary*. Besides the poems in the Red Book of Hergest, the manuscript also contains the text of several prose tales and romances connected with the early history of Wales, published with an English translation by Lady Charlotte Guest, in 1849, under the title of *The Mabinogion*.

Date of the Welsh Poems.

During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure it was still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Guledig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angles of Bernicia.

Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language, which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure. It was not till the seventh century that these popular lays floating about among the people were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. . . . I do not attempt to take them farther back.

The principal poem in the Four Books, supposed to possess historical value, is entitled 'Gododen,' by Aneurin, in which the bard laments the inglorious defeat of his countrymen by the Saxons. This war ode or battle-piece is in ninety-four stanzas. One of them—the twenty-first—has been paraphrased by Gray, and the reader may be interested by seeing together, the literal translation in Mr Skene's book, and the version of the English poet :

The men went to Catraeth ; they were renowned ;
Wine and mead from golden cups were their beverage ;
That year was to them of exalted solemnity ;
Three warriors and three score and three hundred,
wearing the golden torques.

Of those who hurried forth after the excess of revelling
But three escaped by the prowess of the gashing sword,
The two war-dogs of Aeron and Cenon the dauntless,
And myself from the spilling of my blood, the reward
of my sacred song.

Gray renders the passage thus :

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row,
Thrice two hundred warriors ago :
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn :
But none from Cattraeth's vale return.
Save Aeron brave and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.*

The *Celtic Scotland* of Mr Skene is, like his Welsh work, designed to ascertain what can be really extracted from the early authorities. He adopts the conclusion of Professor Huxley, that eighteen hundred years ago the population of Britain comprised peoples of two types of complexion, the one fair and the other dark—the latter resembling Aquitani and the Iberians ; the fair people resembling the Belgic Gauls. An Iberian or Basque people preceded the Celtic race in Britain and Ireland. The victory gained by Agricola, 86 A.D., is said by Tacitus to have been fought at 'Mons Grampius.' The hills now called the Grampians were then known as Drumalban, so that we cannot identify the scene of action with that noble mountain range. But it appears that the latest editor of the Life of Agricola has discovered from some Vatican manuscripts that Tacitus really wrote 'Mons Graupius,' and thus the word Grampius is, as Mr Burton says, 'an editor's or printer's blunder, nearly four hundred years old.†'

The name of the Western Islands, it may be mentioned, originated in a similar blunder. The printer of an edition of Pliny in 1503 converted 'Hebudes' into 'Hebrides,' and Boece having copied the error, it became fixed. Mr Skene prefers reading 'Grampius' to Graupius.' It is hardly possible, he says, to distinguish *u* from *n* in such manuscripts ; but the point is certainly of no importance. The old fabulous Scotch narratives Mr Skene traces to the rivalry and ambition of ecclesiastical establishments, and to the great national controversy of old excited by the claim of England to a feudal superiority over Scotland. The attempt made by Lloyd and Stillingfleet in the seventeenth century to cut off King Fergus and twenty-four other Scotch kings chronicled by Hector Boece, filled the Lord Advocate of that day, Sir George Mackenzie, with horror and dismay. 'Precedency,' he said, 'is one of the chief glories of the crown, for which not only kings but subjects fight and debate, and how could I suffer this right and privilege of our crown to be stolen from it by the assertion which did expressly subtract about eight hundred and thirty years from its antiquity ?' Sir George would as willingly have prosecuted the iconoclasts, had they been citizens

* As to the scene of the struggle, Mr Skene says: 'It is plain from the poem that two districts, called respectively Gododen and Catraeth, met at or near a great rampart : that both were washed by the sea, and that in connection with the latter was a fort called Eyddin. The name of Eyddin takes us to Lothian, where we have Uddin, or Edinburgh, and Careidin on the shore.

† Burton's *History of Scotland*, 2d edit. i. 3.

north of the Tweed, as he prosecuted the poor Covenanters. But King Fergus and his twenty-four royal successors were doomed. They have been all swept off the stage into the limbo of vanity, and Scotland has lost eight hundred and thirty years of her imaginary but cherished sovereignty.

Battle of Mons Granpius, 86 A.D.

On the peninsula formed by the junction of the Isla with the Tay are the remains of a strong and massive vallum, called Cleaven Dyke, extending from the one river to the other, with a small Roman fort at one end, and inclosing a large triangular space capable of containing Agricola's whole troops, guarded by the rampart in front, and by a river on each side. Before the rampart a plain of some size extends to the foot of the Blair Hill, or the mount of battle, the lowest of a succession of elevations which rise from the plain till they attain the full height of the great mountain range of the so-called Grampians; and on the heights above are the remains of a large native encampment called Buzzard Dykes, capable of containing upwards of thirty thousand men. Certainly no position in Scotland presents features which correspond so remarkably with Tacitus' description as this. . . .

Such was the position of the two armies when the echoes of the wild yells and shouts of the natives, and the glitter of their arms as their divisions were seen in motion and hurrying to the front, announced to Agricola that they were forming the line of battle. The Roman commander immediately drew out his troops on the plain. In the centre he placed the auxiliary infantry, amounting to about eight thousand men, and three thousand horse formed the wings. Behind the main line, and in front of the great vallum or rampart, he stationed the legions, consisting of the veteran Roman soldiers. His object was to fight the battle with the auxiliary troops, among whom were even Britons, and to support them, if necessary, with the Roman troops as a body of reserve.

The native army was ranged upon the rising grounds, and their line as far extended as possible. The first line was stationed on the plains, while the others were ranged in separate lines on the acclivity of the hill behind them. On the plains the chariots and horsemen of the native army rushed about in all directions.

Agricola, fearing from the extended line of the enemy that he might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time, ordered the ranks to form in wider range, at the risk even of weakening his line, and placing himself in front with his cohorts, this memorable action commenced by the interchange of missiles at a distance. In order to bring the action to close quarters, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. In close combat they proved to be superior to the natives, whose small targets and large unwieldy swords were no match for the vigorous onslaught of the auxiliaries; and having driven back their first line, they were forcing their way up the ascent, when the whole line of the Roman army advanced and charged with such impetuosity as to carry all before them. The natives endeavoured to turn the fate of the battle by their chariots, and dashed with them upon the Roman cavalry, who were driven back and thrown into confusion; but the chariots becoming mixed with the cavalry, were in their turn thrown into confusion, and were thus rendered ineffectual as well by the roughness of the ground.

The reserve of the natives now descended, and endeavoured to outflank the Roman army and attack them in the rear, when Agricola ordered four squadrons of reserve cavalry to advance to the charge. The native troops were repulsed, and being attacked in the rear by the cavalry from the wings, were completely routed, and this concluded the battle. The defeat became general;

the natives drew off in a body to the woods and marshes on the west side of the plain. They attempted to check the pursuit by making a last effort and again forming, but Agricola sent some cohorts to the assistance of the pursuers; and, surrounding the ground, while part of the cavalry scoured the more open woods, and part dismounting entered the closer thickets, the native line again broke, and the flight became general, till night put an end to the pursuit.

Such was the great battle at Mons Granpius, and such the events of the day as they may be gathered from the concise narrative of a Roman writing of a battle in which the victorious general was his own father-in-law. The slaughter on the part of the natives was great, though probably as much overstated, when put at one-third of their whole army, as that of the Romans is underestimated; and the significant silence of the historian as to the death of Calgacus, or any other of sufficient note to be mentioned, and the admission that the great body of the native army at first drew off in good order, shew that it was not the crushing blow which might otherwise be inferred. On the succeeding day there was no appearance of the enemy; silence all around, desolate hills, and the distant smoke of burning dwellings alone met the eye of the victor.

A series of historical memoirs by LUCY AIKIN (1781-1864), daughter of Dr John Aikin,* and sister of Mrs Barbauld, enjoyed a considerable share of popularity. These are—*Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, 1818; *Memoirs of the Court of Charles I.*, 1833; and *Memoirs of the Court of James I.* Miss Aikin also wrote a *Life of Addison*, 1843 (see *ante*, vol. i. page 477), which, besides being the most copious, though often incorrect, memoir of that English classic, had the merit of producing one of the most finished of Macaulay's critical essays.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: PROFESSOR
CRAIK—C. MACFARLANE.

The *Pictorial History of England*, planned by Mr Charles Knight, in the manner of Dr Henry's History, is deserving of honourable mention. It was commenced about the year 1840, and was continued for four years, forming eight large volumes, and extending from the earliest period to the Peace of 1815. Professing to be a history of the *people* as well as of the *kingdom*, every period of English history includes chapters on religion, the constitution and laws, national industry, manners, literature, &c. A great number of illustrations was also added; and the work altogether was precisely what was wanted by the general reader. The two principal writers in this work were Mr Craik and Mr Macfarlane. GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK was born in Fife in 1798. He was educated for the church, but preferred a literary career, and was one of the ablest and most diligent of the writers engaged in the works issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr Craik was editor of the *Pictorial History of England*, and parts of it he enlarged and published separately—as, *Sketches of Literature and Learning from the Norman Conquest*, 1844; and *History of British Commerce*, 1844.

* Dr John Aikin (1747-1822) was an industrious editor and compiler. Besides several medical works, he published *Essays on Song Writing*, 1772, and was editor successively of the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Athenæum* (1807-1809), a *General Biographical Dictionary*, Dodsley's *Annual Register* from 1811 to 1815, and *Select Works of the British Poets* (Johnson to Beattie), 1820.

His first work was a series of popular biographies, entitled *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, 1831. He contributed numerous articles to the *Penny Cyclopædia*. In 1849 he was appointed to the chair of English History and Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, which he held till his death in 1866. Mr Craik was author of *The Romance of the Peerage*, 1849; *Outlines of the History of the English Language*, 1855; *The English of Shakspeare*, 1857; *History of English Literature and the English Language*, two volumes, 1861; &c. MR CHARLES MACFARLANE was a voluminous writer and collaborateur with Mr Craik and others in Mr Charles Knight's serial works. He wrote *Recollections of the South of Italy*, 1846; and *A Glance at Revolutionised Italy*, 1849. The elaborate account of the reign of George III., in the *Pictorial History*, was chiefly written by Mr Macfarlane. He died in the Charter House in 1858. To render the History still more complete, Mr Knight added a narrative of the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-1846. This *History of the Peace* was written by MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, whose facile and vigorous pen and general knowledge rendered her peculiarly well adapted for the task. The *Pictorial History*, and the *History of the Peace*, have been revised and corrected under the care of Messrs Chambers, in seven volumes, with sequels in separate volumes, presenting *Pictorial Histories of the Russian War and Indian Revolt*.

MR FROUDE.

The research and statistical knowledge evinced by Lord Macaulay in his view of the state of England in the seventeenth century, have been rivalled by another historian and investigator of an earlier period. *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth*, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, twelve volumes, 1856-1869, is a work of sterling merit, though conceived in the spirit of a special pleader, and over-coloured both in light and shadow. Mr Froude is a son of Dr Froude, archdeacon of Totness, and rector of Dartington, Devonshire. He was born in 1818, and educated at Westminster and at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1842 he carried off the chancellor's prize for an English essay, his subject being Political Economy, and the same year he became a Fellow of Exeter College. Mr Froude appeared as an author in 1847, when he published *Shadows of the Clouds*, by Zeta, consisting of two stories. Next year he produced *The Nemesis of Faith*, a protest, as it has been called, against the reverence entertained by the church for what Mr Froude called the Hebrew mythology. Such a work could not fail to offend the university authorities. Mr Froude was deprived of his Fellowship, and also forfeited a situation to which he had been appointed in Tasmania. He then set to periodical writing, and contributed to the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*: of the latter he was sometime editor. His reputation was greatly extended by his History, as the volumes appeared from time to time; and he threw off occasional pamphlets and short historical dissertations. One of these, entitled *The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character*, being an address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1865, attracted much

attention, especially on account of its eulogy on John Knox, who, according to Mr Froude, 'saved the kirk which he had founded, and saved with it Scottish and English freedom.' Another of these occasional addresses was one on Calvinism, delivered to the university of St Andrews in 1869, which was given by Mr Froude in his capacity of rector of that university. Previous to this (1867) he had issued two volumes of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The fame of Mr Froude, however, rests on his *History of England*, so picturesque and dramatic in detail. The object of the author is to vindicate the character of Henry VIII., and to depict the actual condition, the contentment and loyalty of the people during his reign. For part of the original and curious detail in which the work abounds, Mr Froude was indebted to Sir Francis Palgrave, but he has himself been indefatigable in collecting information from state-papers and other sources. The result is, not justification of the capricious tyranny and cruelty of Henry—which in essential points is unjustifiable—but the removal of some stains from his memory which have been continued without examination by previous writers; and the accumulation of many interesting facts relative to the great men and the social state of England in that transitional era. Life was then, according to the historian, unrefined, but 'coloured with a broad rosy English health.' Personal freedom, however, was very limited; and under such a system of statutory restriction or protection as then prevailed, no nation could ever have advanced. In many passages of his history—as the account of the death of Rizzio and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots—Mr Froude has sacrificed strict accuracy in order to produce more complete dramatic effects and arrest the attention of the reader. And his work is one of enchanting interest. In 1872 Mr Froude published *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, volume first, the narrative being brought down to the year 1767. Two more volumes were added in 1874, and the work was read with great avidity. It is in some respects a vindication, or at least a palliation, of the conduct of the English government towards Ireland, written in a strong Anglo-Saxon spirit.

Markets and Wages in the Reign of Henry VIII.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuations were excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eightpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six-and-eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to a rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound—mutton was three-farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: 'It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three-farthings; which

being devised for the great commodity of the realm—as it was thought—hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvence; mutton, eightpence the quarter; and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence. The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef, sold in the gross, could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenthpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines, a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. 'My father,' says Latimer, 'was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did off the said farm.' If 'three or four pounds at the uttermost' was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of labourers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices in assuming the penny in terms of a labourer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family—than the labourer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII., it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journey-men, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence half-penny for the yearly average. The common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact—and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated—the day-labourer received, on an average, fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week: twenty shillings a week and a holiday: and this is far from being a full

account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest-land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

Portrait of Henry VIII.

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailling vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state-papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury—as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity, Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was 'attentive,' as it is called, 'to his religious duties,' being present at the services in the chapel two or three times a day with unfailling regularity, and shewing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had

substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words :

‘Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to shew towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity.’

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed ‘evil May-day,’ 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

Death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Feb. 8, 1587.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly they delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain gray

dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coil, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled pater-nosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. ‘Melville,’ she said, ‘you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell.’ She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. ‘The queen,’ she said, ‘would never deny her so slight a request;’ and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, ‘You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland.’

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptised. ‘Allons donc,’ she then said, ‘let us go;’ and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a requisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves,

with which she hastily covered her arms : and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. 'Ne criez vous,' she said, 'j'ay promis pour vous.' Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. 'Adieu,' she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; 'adieu, au revoir.' They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, 'In te, Domine, confido,' 'In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.' Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white hand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: 'In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.' The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coil fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to shew to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

'So perish all enemies of the Queen,' said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall. 'Such end,' said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, 'to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies.'

W. H. LECKY.

A series of Irish biographies by an intellectual and studious Irishman, WILLIAM E. H. LECKY, may be considered as supplementary to Mr Froude's history of *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. Mr Lecky's volume is entitled *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland: Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell*. Of the four lives, that of Swift is the least valuable, as using only the old familiar materials, and occasionally inaccurate in detail. Flood and Grattan he views more favourably than Mr Froude, and like them he condemns the manner in which the Union was accomplished. The career of O'Connell is carefully traced, and forms an interesting narrative. Mr Lecky conceives that the great agitator was sincere in his belief that it was possible to carry Repeal. 'The occupation of his life for many years was to throw the repeal arguments into the most fascinating and imposing light; and in doing so his own belief rose to fanaticism.' His support of peaceful agitation, though it did not

survive his own defeat, was an honourable characteristic. 'He proclaimed himself the first apostle of that sect whose first doctrine was, that no political change was worth shedding a drop of blood, and that all might be attained by moral force.'

'The more I dwell upon the subject, the more I am convinced of the splendour and originality of the genius and of the sterling character of the patriotism of O'Connell, in spite of the calumnies that surround his memory, and the many and grievous faults that obscured his life. But when to the good services he rendered to his country, we oppose the sectarian and class warfare that resulted from his policy, the fearful elements of discord he evoked, and which he alone could in some degree control, it may be questioned whether his life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland.'

The aim of every statesman should be, as Mr Lecky justly conceives, to give to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government that is compatible with the union and the security of the empire. Difficulties of no ordinary kind surround this duty, but influences are in operation which must tend towards its realisation.

Improved Prospect of Affairs in Ireland.

In spite of frequent and menacing reactions, it is probable that sectarian animosity will diminish in Ireland. The general intellectual tendencies of the age are certainly hostile to it. With the increase of wealth and knowledge there must in time grow up among the Catholics an independent lay public opinion, and the tendency of their politics will cease to be purely sacerdotal. The establishment of perfect religious equality and the settlement of the question of the temporal power of the Pope have removed grave causes of irritation, and united education, if it be steadily maintained and honestly carried out, will at length assuage the bitterness of sects, and perhaps secure for Ireland the inestimable benefit of real union. The division of classes is at present perhaps a graver danger than the division of sects. But the Land Bill of Mr Gladstone cannot fail to do much to cure it. If it be possible in a society like our own to create a yeoman class intervening between landlords and tenants, the facilities now given to tenants to purchase their tenancies will create it; and if, as is probable, it is economically impossible that such a class should now exist to any considerable extent, the tenant class have at least been given an unexampled security—they have been rooted to the soil, and their interests have been more than ever identified with those of their landlords. The division between rich and poor is also rapidly ceasing to coincide with that between Protestant and Catholic, and thus the old lines of demarcation are being gradually effaced. A considerable time must elapse before the full effect of these changes is felt, but sooner or later they must exercise a profound influence on opinion; and if they do not extinguish the desire of the people for national institutions, they will greatly increase the probability of their obtaining them.

Mr Lecky is author of more elaborate works than his Irish volume. His *History of Rationalism in Europe*, 1865, and *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne*, 1869, are contributions to philosophical history, in which the narrative or historical parts are clear and spirited. Their author was born in the neighbourhood of Dublin in 1838, and educated at Trinity College.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

A valuable addition to our knowledge of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. has been made by a series of historical works by MR SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. These are—*History of England, from the Accession of James I. to 1616*; *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage (1617-1623)*; *History of England, under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I. (1624-1628)*. Mr Gardiner is more favourable to the character of James I., in point of learning and acuteness, than most historians, but agrees with all previous writers as to the king's want of resolution, dignity, and prudence.

'It was the great misfortune of James' character that while, both in his domestic and foreign policy, he was far in advance of his age in his desire to put a final end to religious strife, he was utterly unfit to judge what were the proper measures to be taken for the attainment of his object.'

SIR JOHN W. KAYE—LADY SALE, ETC.

A number of military narratives and memoirs has been called forth by the wars in India, in Russia, and on the continent. Among the most important of these are the *History of the War in Afghanistan* in 1841-42, by JOHN WILLIAM KAYE (afterwards Sir John), and a *History of the Sepoy War in India* in 1857-58, of which three volumes have been published (1876), and a fourth is to follow. The author says: 'There is no such thing as the easy writing of history. If it be not truth it is not history, and truth lies far below the surface. It is a long and laborious task to exhume it. Rapid production is a proof of the total absence of conscientious investigation. For history is not the growth of inspiration, but of evidence.' Sir John Kaye (born in 1814) served for some time in India, as a lieutenant of artillery, but returning to England in 1845, devoted himself to literature. Previous to his histories of the disastrous events in India, he had written memoirs of Lord Metcalfe and Sir John Malcolm, and an account of *Christianity in India*. He died July 24, 1876.

Besides the careful, elaborate work of Sir John Kaye on Afghanistan, we have a *Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan*, by LADY FLORENTIA SALE ('a woman who shed lustre on her sex,' as Sir Robert Peel said); and Lady Sale's husband, SIR ROBERT HENRY SALE, published a *Defence of Jellelabad*; LIEUTENANT VINCENT EYRE wrote *Military Operations in Cabul*; J. HARLAN, *Memoirs of India and Afghanistan*; MR C. NASH, a *History of the War in Afghanistan*; and there were also published—*Five Years in India*, by H. G. FANE, Esq., late aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief; *Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Scinde and Cabul*, by MR R. H. KENNEDY; *Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan*, by MR W. TAYLOR; *Letters*, by COLONEL DENNIE; *Personal Observations on Scinde*, by CAPTAIN T. POSTANS, &c.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan (June 28, 1855), has been described by

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, sometime M.P. for Bridgewater, in an elaborate work, of which five volumes have been published (1875). Mr Kinglake's history is a clear, animated, and spirited narrative, written with a strong *animus* against Louis Napoleon of France, but forming a valuable addition to our modern historical literature. Its author is a native of Taunton, born in 1811, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837, but retired from the legal profession in 1856. In 1844 Mr Kinglake published his experiences of Eastern travel under the title of *Eothen*, a work which instantly became popular, and was justly admired for its vivid description and eloquent expression of sentiment. In the discursive style of Sterne, Mr Kinglake rambles over the East, setting down, as he says, not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any 'well-constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received at the time. We subjoin his account of

The Sphinx.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx!

The Beginning of the Crimean War.

Looking back upon the troubles which ended in the outbreak for war, one sees the nations at first swaying backward and forward like a throng so vast as to be helpless, but afterwards falling slowly into warlike array. And when one begins to search for the man or the men whose volition was governing the crowd,

the eye falls upon the towering form of the Emperor Nicholas. He was not single-minded, and therefore his will was unstable, but it had a huge force; and, since he was armed with the whole authority of his empire, it seemed plain that it was this man—and only he—who was bringing danger from the north. And at first, too, it seemed that within his range of action there was none who could be his equal: but in a little while the looks of men were turned to the Bosphorus, for thither his ancient adversary was slowly bending his way. To fit him for the encounter, the Englishman was clothed with little authority except what he could draw from the resources of his own mind and from the strength of his own wilful nature. Yet it was presently seen that those who were near him fell under his dominion, and did as he bid them, and that the circle of deference to his will was always increasing around him; and soon it appeared that, though he moved gently, he began to have mastery over a foe who was consuming his strength in mere anger. When he had conquered, he stood, as it were, with folded arms, and seemed willing to desist from strife. But also in the west there had been seen a knot of men possessed for the time of the mighty engine of the French State, and striving so to use it as to be able to keep their hold, and to shelter themselves from a cruel fate. The volitions of these men were active enough, because they were toiling for their lives. Their efforts seemed to interest and to please the lustiest man of those days, for he watched them from over the Channel with approving smile, and began to declare, in his good-humoured, boisterous way, that so long as they should be suffered to have the handling of France, *so long as they would execute for him his policy*, so long as they would take care not to deceive him, they ought to be encouraged, they ought to be made use of, they ought to have the shelter they wanted; and, the Frenchmen agreeing to his conditions, he was willing to level the barrier—he called it perhaps false pride—which divided the government of the Queen from the venturers of the 2d of December. In this thought, at the moment, he stood almost alone; but he abided his time. At length he saw the spring of 1853, bringing with it grave peril to the Ottoman State. Then, throwing aside with a laugh some papers which belonged to the Home Office, he gave his strong shoulder to the levelling work. Under the weight of his touch the barrier fell. Thenceforth the hindrances that met him were but slight. As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West.

The March.

[Both in Turkey and in the Crimea, the left was nearest to the enemy, whilst the right was nearest to the sea.] Lord Raglan had observed all this, but he had observed in silence; and finding the right always seized by our allies, he had quietly put up with the left. Yet he was not without humour; and now, when he saw that in this hazardous movement along the coast the French were still taking the right, there was something like archness in his way of remarking that, although the French were bent upon taking precedence of him, their courtesy still gave him the post of danger. This he well might say, for, so far as concerned the duty of covering the venturesome march which was about to be undertaken, the whole stress of the enterprise was thrown upon the English army. The French force was covered on its right flank by the sea, on its front and rear by the fire from the steamers, and on its left by the English army. On the other hand, the English army, though covered on its right flank by the French, was exposed in front, and in rear, and on its whole left flank, to the full brunt of the enemy's attacks. . . .

Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly

along the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air became laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar that it carried them back to childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of 'boy's love' that used to be set by the prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

In each of the close massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than five thousand foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

The Russian war has been brilliantly illustrated by an eye-witness, MR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, 'Special Correspondent' of the *Times*. Mr Russell accompanied the army to the Crimea, and transmitted from day to day letters descriptive of the progress of the troops, the country through which they passed, the people they met, and all the public incidents and events of that dreadful campaign. His picturesque style and glowing narratives deepened the tragic interest of the war. But the letters told also of grievous mismanagement on the part of the home authorities, and of supineness on the part of certain of our commanders. These details, it is now proved, were in some instances exaggerated; the merits of our allies the French were also unduly extolled; but much good was undoubtedly done by the revelations and comments of the fearless and energetic 'Correspondent.' A bad system of official routine was broken in upon, if not entirely uprooted, and a solemn public warning was held out for the future. The benefit of this was subsequently experienced in India, whither Mr Russell also went to record the incidents of the revolt. His Russian battle-pictures and descriptions were collected into two volumes, 1855-56; the first giving an account of the war from the landing of the troops at Gallipoli to the death of Lord Raglan, and the second continuing the history to the evacuation of the Crimea. We give a portion of one of his battle-pieces.

The Battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854.

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain-passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and Redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-general Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as

they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning-blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on

the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskillers went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskillers rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskillers pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and to say: 'Well done!' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph—the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's intention that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred

as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant-general, Lord Lucan, to mean, that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.*

Charge of the Light Brigade.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to

* The poet-laureate, Mr Tennyson, has commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war (*Works*, edit. 1872):

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

Mr Russell is a native of Dublin, born in 1821, and studied at Trinity College. In 1843 he was engaged on the *Times*; in 1846 he was entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1850. In 1856 he received from Dublin University the degree of LL.D. Besides his account of the Crimean war, Dr Russell has published his *Diary in India*; his *Diary North and South*, containing the result of observations in the United States; *My Diary during the last Great War*, 1873; and other works.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, like Dr Russell, engaged on the press as a special correspondent, published an account of the Franco-German war, and *Soldiering and Scribbling*, a series of sketches, 1872. Mr Forbes is a native of Banffshire, son of the late Rev. Dr Forbes, Boharm.

REV. WILLIAM STUBBS—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

The *Constitutional History of England*, two vols., 1875, by the REV. WILLIAM STUBBS, is an excellent account of the origin and development of the English constitution down to the deposition of Richard II.

'The roots of the present lie deep in the past,' says Mr Stubbs, 'and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. It is true, constitutional history has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame.'

The author of this learned and important work for six years held the office of Inspector of Schools in the diocese of Rochester, then became Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford, and in 1869 was elected curator of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Besides his *Constitutional History*, Mr Stubbs has published a collection of charters from the earliest period down to the reign of Edward I., and has edited and translated various historical works. Having been born in 1825, Mr Stubbs, still in the prime of life, has, we trust, many more years of useful and honourable labour before him.

Influence of Germanic Races in Europe.

The English are not aboriginal—that is, they are not identical with the race that occupied their home at the dawn of history. They are a people of German descent in the main constituents of blood, character, and language, but most especially in connection with our subject, in the possession of the elements of primitive German civilisation and the common germs of German institutions. This descent is not a matter of inference. It is a recorded fact of history, which those characteristics bear out to the fullest degree of certainty. The consensus of historians, placing the conquest and colonisation of Britain by nations of German origin between the middle of the fifth and the end of the sixth century, is confirmed by the evidence of a continuous series of monuments. These shew the unbroken possession of the land thus occupied, and the growth of the language and institutions thus introduced, either in purity and unmolested integrity, or, where it has been modified by antagonism and by the admixture of alien forms, ultimately vindicating itself by eliminating the new and more strongly developing the genius of the old.

The four great states of Western Christendom—England, France, Spain, and Germany—owe the leading principles which are worked out in their constitutional history to the same source. In the regions which had been thoroughly incorporated with the Roman empire, every vestige of primitive indigenous cultivation had been crushed out of existence. Roman civilisation in its turn fell before the Germanic races; in Britain it had perished slowly in the midst of a perishing people, who were able neither to maintain it nor to substitute for it anything of their own. In Gaul and Spain it died a somewhat nobler death, and left more lasting influences. In the greater part of Germany it had never made good its ground. In all four the constructive elements of new life are barbarian or Germanic, though its development is varied by the degrees in which the original stream of influence has been turned aside in its course, or affected in purity and consistency by the

infusion of other elements and by the nature of the soil through which it flows.

The system which has for the last twelve centuries formed the history of France, and in a great measure the character of the French people, of which the present condition of that kingdom is the logical result, was originally little more than a simple adaptation of the old German polity to the government of a conquered race. The long sway of the Romans in Gaul had re-created, on their own principles of administration, the nation which the Franks conquered. The Franks, gradually uniting in religion, blood, and language with the Gauls, retained and developed the idea of feudal subordination in the organisation of government unmodified by any tendencies towards popular freedom. In France accordingly feudal government runs its logical career. The royal power, that central force which partly has originated, and partly owes its existence to the conquest, is first limited in its action by the very agencies that are necessary to its continuance; then it is reduced to a shadow. The shadow is still the centre round which the complex system, in spite of itself, revolves: it is recognised by that system as its solitary safeguard against disruption, and its witness of national identity; it survives for ages, notwithstanding the attenuation of its vitality, by its incapacity for mischief. In course of time the system itself loses its original energy, and the central force gradually gathers into itself all the members of the nationality in detail, thus concentrating all the powers which in earlier struggles they had won from it, and incorporating in itself those very forces which the feudatories had imposed as limitations on the sovereign power. So its character of nominal suzerainty is exchanged for that of absolute sovereignty. The only checks on the royal power had been the feudatories; the crown has outlived them, absorbed and assimilated their functions; but the increase of power is turned not to the strengthening of the central force, but to the personal interest of its possessor. Actual despotism becomes systematic tyranny, and its logical result is the explosion which is called revolution. The constitutional history of France is thus the summation of the series of feudal development, in a logical sequence which is indeed unparalleled in the history of any great state, but which is thoroughly in harmony with the national character, forming it and formed by it. We see in it the German system, modified by its work of foreign conquest, and deprived of its home safeguards, on a field exceptionally favourable, prepared and levelled by Roman agency under a civil system which was capable of speedy amalgamation, and into whose language most of the feudal forms readily translated themselves.

English National Unity, 1155-1215 A.D.

The period is one of amalgamation, of consolidation, of continuous growing together and new development, which distinguishes the process of organic life from that of mere mechanic contrivance, internal law from external order.

The nation becomes one and realises its oneness; this realisation is necessary before the growth can begin. It is completed under Henry II. and his sons. It finds its first distinct expression in Magna Carta. It is a result, not perhaps of the design and purpose of the great king, but of the converging lines of the policy by which he tried to raise the people at large, and to weaken the feudatories and the principle of feudalism in them. Henry is scarcely an English king, but he is still less a French feudatory. In his own eyes he is the creator of an empire. He rules England by Englishmen and for English purposes, Normandy by Normans and for Norman purposes; the end of all his policy being the strengthening of his own power. He recognises the true way of strengthening his power, by strengthening the basis on which it rests, the soundness,

the security, the sense of a common interest in the maintenance of peace and order.

The national unity is completed in two ways. The English have united; the English and the Normans have united also. The threefold division of the districts, the Dane law, the West-Saxon and the Mercian law, which subsisted so long, disappears after the reign of Stephen. The terms are become archaisms which occur in the pages of the historians in a way that proves them to have become obsolete; the writers themselves are uncertain which shires fall into the several divisions. Traces of slight differences of custom may be discovered in the varying rules of the county courts, which, as Glanvill tells us, are so numerous that it is impossible to put them on record; but they are now mere local by-laws, no real evidence of permanent divisions of nationality. In the same way Norman and Englishman are one. Frequent intermarriages have so united them, that without a careful investigation of pedigree it cannot be ascertained—so at least the author of the *Dialogus de Scaccario* affirms—who is English and who Norman. If this be considered a loose statement, for scarcely two generations have passed away since the Norman blood was first introduced, it is conclusive evidence as to the common consciousness of union. The earls, the greater barons, the courtiers, might be of pure Norman blood, but they were few in number; the royal race was as much English as it was Norman. The numbers of Norman settlers in England are easily exaggerated; it is not probable that except in the baronial and knightly ranks the infusion was very great, and it is very probable indeed that, where there was such infusion, it gained ground by peaceable settlement and marriage. It is true that Norman lineage was vulgarly regarded as the more honourable, but the very fact that it was vulgarly so regarded would lead to its being claimed far more widely than facts would warrant: the bestowal of Norman baptismal names would thus supplant, and did supplant, the old English ones, and the Norman Christian name would then be alleged as proof of Norman descent. But it is far from improbable, though it may not have been actually proved, that the vast majority of surnames derived from English places are evidence of pure English descent, whilst only those which are derived from Norman places afford even a presumptive evidence of Norman descent. The subject of surnames scarcely rises into prominence before the fourteenth century; but an examination of the indices to the Rolls of the Exchequer and Curia Regis shews a continuous increase in number and importance of persons bearing English names: as early as the reign of Henry I. we find among the barons Hugh of Bochland, Rainer of Bath, and Alfred of Lincoln, with many other names which shew either that Englishmen had taken Norman names in baptism, or that Normans were willing to sink their local surnames in the mass of the national nomenclature.

The union of blood would be naturally expressed in unity of language, a point which is capable of being more strictly tested. Although French is for a long period the language of the palace, there is no break in the continuity of the English as a literary language. It was the tongue, not only of the people of the towns and villages, but of a large proportion of those who could read and could enjoy the pursuit of knowledge. The growth of the vernacular literature was perhaps retarded by the influx of Norman lords and clerks, and its character was no doubt modified by foreign influences under Henry II. and his sons, as it was in a far greater degree affected by the infusion of French under Henry III. and Edward I.: but it was never stopped. It was at its period of slowest growth as rapid in its development as were most of the other literatures of Europe. Latin was still the language of learning, of law, and of ritual. The English had to struggle with French as well as with Latin for its hold on the sermon and the popular poem: when it had forced its way to light, the books in which it was used had their own perils to

undergo from the contempt of the learned and the profane familiarity of the ignorant. But the fact that it survived, and at last prevailed, is sufficient to prove its strength.

A *Short History of the English People*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, 1875, has been exceedingly popular. Though somewhat inaccurate in details, the work is lively, spirited, and picturesque, and must be invaluable in imbuing young minds with a love of history, and especially of that of the British nation. The opening sentence, for example, at once arrests attention :

Old England.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken only on the western side by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes, all belonging to the same low German branch of the Teutonic family, who, at the moment when history discovers them, were bound together into a confederacy by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. To the north of the English lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them the tribe of the Saxons wandered over the sandflats of Holstein, and along the marshes of Friesland and the Elbe. How close was the union of these tribes was shewn by their use of a common name, while the choice of this name points out the tribe which, at the moment when we first meet them, must have been strongest and most powerful in the confederacy. Although they were all known as Saxons by the Roman people, who touched them only on their southern border where the Saxons dwelt, and who remained ignorant of the very existence of the English or the Jutes, the three tribes bore among themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of Englishmen.

Mr Green has also published a volume of *Stray Studies* (1876), in which are some fine descriptive sketches of foreign places—Cannes, San Remo, Venice, Capri, &c.

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY.

A continuation to Hallam's *Constitutional History*, though not expressly designated as such, appeared in 1861-63, entitled *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* (1760-1860), by SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B., three volumes. To the third edition (1871) a supplementary chapter was added, bringing down the political history of the country to the passing of the Ballot Bill in 1871. The work is able and impartial, and forms a valuable repertory of political information and precedents. 'Continually touching upon controverted topics,' says the author, 'I have endeavoured to avoid as far as possible the spirit and tone of controversy. But, impressed with an earnest conviction that the development of popular liberties has been safe and beneficial, I do

not affect to disguise the interest with which I have traced it through all the events of history.' The historian was born in 1815, and was called to the bar in 1838. In 1856 he was appointed Clerk-assistant of the House of Commons, and in 1871 he succeeded to the higher office of Clerk. He had previously (in 1866) been made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Thomas has written several treatises on the law, usages, and privileges of parliament, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and other journals.

Free Constitution of British Colonies.

It has been the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to spread through every quarter of the globe their courage and endurance, their vigorous industry, and their love of freedom. Wherever they have founded colonies, they have borne with them the laws and institutions of England as their birthright, so far as they were applicable to an infant settlement. In territories acquired by conquest or cession, the existing laws and customs of the people were respected, until they were qualified to share the franchises of Englishmen. Some of these—held only as garrisons—others peopled with races hostile to our rule, or unfitted for freedom—were necessarily governed upon different principles. But in quitting the soil of England to settle new colonies, Englishmen never renounced her freedom. Such being the noble principle of English colonisation, circumstances favoured the early development of colonial liberties. The Puritans, who founded the New England colonies, having fled from the oppression of Charles I., carried with them a stern love of civil liberty, and established republican institutions. The persecuted Catholics who settled in Maryland, and the proscribed Quakers who took refuge in Pennsylvania, were little less democratic. Other colonies founded in America and the West Indies, in the seventeenth century, merely for the purposes of trade and cultivation, adopted institutions—less democratic, indeed, but founded on principles of freedom and self-government. Whether established as proprietary colonies, or under charters held direct from the crown, the colonists were equally free.

The English constitution was generally the type of these colonial governments. The governor was the viceroy of the crown; the legislative council, or upper chamber, appointed by the governor, assumed the place of the House of Lords; and the representative assembly, chosen by the people, was the express image of the House of Commons. This miniature parliament, complete in all its parts, made laws for the internal government of the colony. The governor assembled, prorogued, and dissolved it; and signified his assent or dissent to every act agreed to by the chambers. The Upper House mimicked the dignity of the House of Peers, and the Lower House insisted on the privileges of the Commons, especially that of originating all taxes and grants of money for the public service. The elections were also conducted after the fashion of the mother-country. Other laws and institutions were copied not less faithfully.

Every colony was a little state, complete in its legislature, its judicature, and its executive administration. But at the same time, it acknowledged the sovereignty of the mother-country, the prerogatives of the crown, and the legislative supremacy of parliament. The assent of the king or his representative, was required to give validity to acts of the colonial legislature; his veto annulled them; while the imperial parliament was able to bind the colony by its acts, and to supersede all local legislation. Every colonial judicature was also subject to an appeal to the king in council, at Westminster. The dependence of the colonies, however, was little felt in their internal government. They were secured from interference by the remoteness of the

mother-country, and the ignorance, indifference, and preoccupation of her rulers. In matters of imperial concern, England imposed her own policy, but otherwise left them free. Asking no aid of her, they escaped her domination. All their expenditure, civil and military, was defrayed by taxes raised by themselves. They provided for their own defence against the Indians, and the enemies of England. During the Seven Years' War the American colonies maintained a force of twenty-five thousand men, at a cost of several millions. In the words of Franklin: 'They were governed at the expense to Great Britain of only a little pen, ink, and paper: they were led by a thread.'

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM—H. M. STANLEY—
WILLIAM MASSEY.

The British consul in Abyssinia, Mr Cameron, and other Europeans, having been detained captives by Theodore, emperor of Abyssinia (1868), an expedition was fitted out for their release, under the command of Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala), which resulted in the defeat of the Abyssinians, the conquest of their capital city, Magdala, and the recovery of the English captives. The emperor, Theodore, committed suicide. A *History of the Abyssinian Expedition* was published in 1869 by CLEMENTS ROBERT MARKHAM, who accompanied the expedition as geographer. Mr Markham had served in the navy, and in the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He was born in 1830, is author of *Travels in Peru and India, a Life of the Great Lord Fairfax* (1870), *Spanish Irrigation* (1867), and various geographical papers. A volume by HENRY M. STANLEY, the adventurous special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, appeared in 1874, entitled *Coomassie and Magdala, the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa*. Mr Stanley said: 'Before proceeding to Abyssinia as a special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, I had been employed for American journals—though very young—in the same capacity, and witnessed several stirring scenes in our civil war. I had seen Americans fight; I had seen Indians fight; I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing how Englishmen fought. In Abyssinia I first saw English soldiers prepared for war.' And Mr Stanley acknowledged that more brilliant successes than attended these two campaigns which England undertook in Africa, in behalf of her honour, her dignity, humanity, and justice, are not recorded in history.

A *History of England during the Reign of George III.*, by WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P., is a popular work, exhibiting no great research, but impartially and pleasantly written. It deals chiefly with the progress of society, and the phases of social life and manners.

Gambling in the Last Century.

The vice which, above all others, infested English society during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was gaming. Men and women, the old and the young, beaux and statesmen, peers and apprentices, the learned and polite, as well as the ignorant and vulgar, were alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting of every description, with the ordinary resources of cards and dice, were the chief employment of many, and were tampered with more or less by almost every person in the higher ranks of life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—were originally

instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses. But every fashionable assembly was a gaming-house. Large balls and routs had not yet come in vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples; and the practice of collecting a crowd of fine people to do nothing, is an invention of recent date. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests; and even where there was dancing, cards formed the principal part of the entertainment. Games of skill were seldom played. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, spadille—the very names of which are hardly known to the present generation—furnished the excitement of play, and enabled people of fashion to win and lose their money without mental effort. Whist was not much in vogue until a later period, and was far too abstruse and slow to suit the depraved taste which required unadulterated stimulants. The ordinary stakes at these mixed assemblies would, at the present day, be considered high, even at clubs where a rubber is still allowed. The consequences of such gaming were often still more lamentable than those which usually attend such practices. It would happen that a lady lost more than she could venture to confess to a husband or father. Her creditor was probably a fine gentleman, or she became indebted to some rich admirer for the means of discharging her liabilities. In either event, the result may be guessed. In the one case, the debt of honour was liquidated on the old principle of the law-merchant, according to which there was but one alternative to payment in purse. In the other, there was likewise but one mode in which the acknowledgment of obligation by a fine woman would be acceptable to a man of the world.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A copious and excellent *History of the Norman Conquest* has been published (1867-1876) by EDWARD A. FREEMAN, author of various historical works. Mr Freeman was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; filled the office of examiner in law and modern history in 1857-1864; and was created honorary D.C.L. in 1870. He began his career as a writer on architecture, having published in 1846 a volume on *Church Restoration*, and in 1849 a *History of Architecture*. This was followed by the *Architectural Antiquities of Gower* in 1850, which reached a second edition in 1851, as did also the *Window Tracery of England*, which had also been published in the previous year. The *Architecture of Landaff Cathedral* followed, and then the *History and Conquest of the Saracens* in 1856. The *History of Federal Government* appeared in 1863. The first volume of *The Norman Conquest of England*—which was merely introductory—appeared in 1867, and the second in 1868, both reaching a second edition in 1870, whilst the third volume was published in 1869, the fourth in 1872, and the fifth in 1876. The *Popular Old English History* was published in 1871, as well as *Historical Essays*, collected from various reviews. Mr Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* may be ranked among the great works of the present century.

Death of William the Conqueror, Sept. 9, 1067.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler [William of Malmesbury], after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance,

late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. 'And what dost thou give to me, my father?' said the youth. 'Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard,' was the Conqueror's answer. 'But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?' 'Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee.' It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to

him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: 'To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.' He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed; all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.

With the fourth volume of his history Mr Freeman ended what he termed his tale—the tale of the Norman Conquest of England. He had recorded the events which made it possible for a foreign prince to win and to keep England as his own. In the fifth volume he traced the results of the Conquest—the fusion of races—which was accomplished with little or no violence during the reign of William's son, Henry—and the important changes that then took place in the language and arts of the English people.

JOHN HILL BURTON.

The history of Scotland was left by MR FRASER TYTLER at the period of the union of the crowns under James VI. A subsequent portion has been fully treated by MR JOHN HILL BURTON, advocate, in a work, entitled *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection* (1689-1748), two volumes, 1853. This work has received the approbation of Lord Macaulay and all other historical readers; it is honestly and diligently executed, with passages of vigorous and picturesque eloquence—as the account of the battle of Killiecrankie, and the

massacre of Glencoe. We subjoin part of the historian's notice of the Scottish language and literature.

The Scottish Language after the Period of the Revolution.

The development of pure literature in Scotland had, for half a century after the Revolution, to struggle with a peculiar difficulty arising out of the tenor of the national history. The languages of England and of Lowland Scotland, speaking of both in a general sense, were as entirely taken from a northern Teutonic stock common to both, as the languages of Essex and Yorkshire. Like other national characteristics, the language of Scotland took a direction severing itself from that of England after the War of Independence. Centuries elapsed, however, ere the distinctive peculiarities of each had gone far in its own direction, and away from the other. The earliest material change was in the language of England by the infusion of the Norman, while Scotland kept closer to the Old Saxon stock. Thus it is that Scottish writers of the age of Gower and Chaucer—such as Barbour, the archdeacon of Aberdeen, and Wytoun, the monk of Lochleven—wrote a language more intelligible to the present age than that of their English contemporaries, because it is not so sensibly tinged with Gallicisms. France had subsequently, as we have seen, a great social and constitutional influence in Scotland, which brought a few foreign terms into use, but it scarcely touched the structure of the language. This gradually assumed a purely national, or, as it came to be deemed when Scotland was becoming absorbed into the British community, a provincial tongue. The Scottish poets of the sixteenth century wrote in a language as different from the English as we might suppose the Norse of the same age to be from the Danish. John Knox, who lived much in England, was charged with the affected employment of English novelties, because he attempted so to modify the Scottish peculiarities as to make his works readable to his friends beyond the Border. It was felt, indeed, in his day, that the Scottish tongue was becoming provincial, and those who desired to speak beyond a mere home audience wrote in Latin. Hence arose that class of scholars headed by Buchanan, who almost made the language of Rome vernacular to themselves. Those who are acquainted with the epistolary correspondence of learned Scotsmen in the seventeenth century, will observe how easily they take to Latin—how uneasy and diffident they feel in the use of English. Sometimes, indeed, the ancient language is evidently sought as a relief, when the writer is addressing one to whom he cannot use a Scottish expression, while he is unable to handle the corresponding English idiom. But Latin was dying away as the common language of literature and science. Each great nation was forming her own literary tongue. The revolution was completed within the time embraced in this history. But Scotland had not kept an independent literary language of her own, nor was she sufficiently expert in the use of that which had been created in England. Hence, in a great measure, we can distinctly account for the literary barrenness of the country. The men may have existed, but they had not the tools. An acquaintance with the correspondence of Scotsmen, for the first half century after the Revolution, shews the extreme difficulty which even those who were high in rank and well educated felt in conveying their thoughts through a dialect imperfectly resembling the language of *The Spectator*. Any attempt to keep up a Scottish literary language had been abandoned in prose before the Revolution. In verse, incidental causes made it seem as if the struggle were still continued. The old Scottish melodies, so mysterious in their origin, never ceased to have the charm of musical association for the people.

Mr Burton subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, *The History of*

Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688 (1867-1870). These latter volumes fully sustained the author's reputation for research, discrimination, and literary ability. A second edition, carefully revised, has been published.

Mr Burton has made further additions to our knowledge of Scottish literature and society by his valuable *Life and Correspondence of David Hume, 1846*, his *Lives of Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes of Culloden, 1847*—both works written from family papers and other original sources of information—and his *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*. In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, *The Book-Hunter*, containing 'sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature.' In 1864 appeared *The Scot Abroad*, two volumes—a work, like the former, consisting of sketches and anecdotes, and referring to the relations of Scotland and Scotsmen with foreign countries. As a member of the Scottish bar, Mr Burton has also been a hard legal student, having written a work on the *Scottish Bankrupt Law*, a *Manual of the Law of Scotland, &c.* In another not very promising mine he has been a successful labourer: his *Political and Social Economy, 1849*, is a little volume giving a clear and popular summary of this science, and he has extracted from the mass of Jeremy Bentham's works a very readable collection of *Benthamiana*. To the *Westminster Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other literary journals, Mr Burton has been an occasional contributor.

This able and indefatigable littérateur is a native of Aberdeen, the son of a military officer, and born August 22, 1809. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1831. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland. Mr Burton has received from Edinburgh University the degree of LL.D.

Among other notable contributions to history may be cited the following: *Scotland in the Middle Ages, 1860*, and *Sketches of Early Scotch History, 1861*, by COSMO INNES (1798-1874). Mr Innes was Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and the two volumes we have named contain the substance of his lectures. They are interesting works as illustrating the social progress, the church organisation, the university and home life of the people, and are written in a pleasing, graphic style. Less popular, but more exact, is *Scotland under Her Early Kings, 1862*, by E. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, which contains a history of the kingdom to the close of the thirteenth century.

MISS STRICKLAND.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND (1801-1874), authoress of historical memoirs of the Queens of England and Scotland, was a native of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall. Her first publication was a poetical narrative, *Worcester Field, or the Cavalier*; she also wrote a tale, *Demetrius*; but she soon struck into that path for which she seemed best fitted—historical composition. She wrote historic scenes and stories for children, and in 1835 produced *The Pilgrims of Walsingham*, constructed on the plan of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. She then, aided

by a sister, Miss Elizabeth Strickland, entered upon her elaborate work, *Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest*, twelve volumes, 1840-49. Of this work, a second edition was published in 1851, in eight volumes. The English history was followed by *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain*, eight volumes, 1850-59. The life of Mary, Queen of Scots, in this work is written with great fullness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and documents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. The collection of Mary's letters by Prince Labanoff also afforded new materials, not available to previous historians of the unfortunate queen. In 1866 Miss Strickland published *Lives of the Seven Bishops*. In 1871 she received a pension of £100 a year.

Queen Mary and the Lords of Council at Lochleven Castle.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that, being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed, if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock-trial among themselves.' Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her 'he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, 'that it was the queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life;

and observing that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom.' Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage; but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet five-and-twenty,' she pathetically observed; somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely, as to leave the prints of his mailed fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present; entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof; and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it,

and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him.

This oft-repeated story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity cannot be accepted as historical truth. Private journals and correspondence have thrown much light on modern English history. Family pride or cupidity has in some instances led to undue disclosures of this description, breaking down the barrier between public and private life; and already most of the secrets of the courts of George III. and IV., with domestic details and scandal, have been published. We have had the *Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury*, four volumes, 1843-44; the *Grenville Papers*, four volumes, 1852-53; the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, edited by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, three volumes, 1853-54; the *Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis*, three volumes, 1859; and *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, 1820-30, by the Duke of Buckingham, two volumes, 1859; &c. The late eminent statesman, SIR ROBERT PEEL (1788-1850), solicitous concerning his reputation for political integrity, left behind him *Memoirs*, explanatory of his views and conduct on the Roman Catholic question, 1828-29; the government of 1834-35; and the repeal of the corn-laws, 1845-46. The work was published, in two volumes, 1856-57, but is only a meagre collection of public papers and stale arguments.

The *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe*, by MR WILLIAM FORSYTH, barrister, three volumes, 1853, is a painful and humiliating record. The conduct of the exiled military chief was marked by disingenuous artifice and petty misrepresentation—by weakness and meanness almost incredible. But Sir Hudson Lowe was not the fit person to act as governor: he was sensitive, quick-tempered, and of a blunt, unpleasing address.

Among other works well deserving of study are the *Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution*, two volumes, 1848, by WILLIAM SMYTH (1764-1849), some time Professor of Modern History in Cambridge. The successor of Mr Smyth as historical lecturer in the university of Cambridge, SIR JAMES STEPHEN, published *Lectures on the History of France*, two volumes, 1851. Sir James was well known from his long connection with the Colonial Office as under-secretary—which office he resigned in 1848—and for his eloquent critical and historical contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. Some of these he collected and published under the title of *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*, two volumes, 1853. Sir James died in 1859, aged 70.

The writings of MR THOMAS WRIGHT, a distinguished archæologist, in illustration of early English history, are valuable. These are *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, or biography of literary characters of Great Britain and Ireland, during the Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon periods, two volumes, 1842-46; and *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*, 1852. Other short contributions connected with the middle ages have been produced by Mr Wright, and he has edited the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, and the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*.

The *Criminal Trials in Scotland, from 1428 to 1624*, by ROBERT PITCAIRN, W.S.—who died in 1855—form also a valuable contribution to the history of domestic life and manners. Of a different character, but delightfully minute and descriptive, is a volume by MR ROBERT WHITE, Newcastle (1802-1874), a *History of the Battle of Otterburn*, fought in 1388, with memoirs of the chiefs engaged in the conflict. The same author has written a copious *History of the Battle of Bannockburn*, 1871. The *Archæology and Pre-historic Annals of Scotland*, by MR DANIEL WILSON, Professor of English Literature in Toronto College, Canada, published in 1851; and *Caledonia Romana*, a descriptive account of the Roman antiquities of Scotland, published in 1845, embody the results of long and careful study. MR J. J. A. WORSAAE, a Danish archæologist, has given an *Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland*, 1852. Mr Worsaae was commissioned by the king of Denmark to investigate the memorials of the ancient Scandinavians which might still be extant in this country. DEAN STANLEY has brought local knowledge and antiquarian studies to bear upon general history in his *Memorials of Canterbury*, 1855; in which we have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket, the Black Prince, and Becket's shrine.

Family histories are good helps to the general historian. Sir Walter Scott hung with delight over the quaint pages of 'old Pitscottie,' or the *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, by David Hume of Godscroft, 1644. The great novelist edited another work of the same kind, the *Memorie of the Somerviles*, written by a Lord Somerville of the times of Charles II. One of the most interesting and complete works of domestic annals is one published in 1840, *Lives of the Lindsays, or a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres*, by Lord Lindsay, four volumes. The Lindsays were of the race of the Normans that settled in England under the Conqueror, and two brothers of the family established themselves in Scotland in the twelfth century.

A *History of Roman Literature* has been written by JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. From the earliest period to the Augustan age is comprised in two volumes, and a third volume is devoted to the Augustan age. Mr Dunlop is author also of a *History of Fiction*, three volumes, 1814. His latest production was *Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II.*, 1621 to 1700, two volumes, 1834. Mr Dunlop was a Scottish advocate, sheriff of Renfrewshire; he died in 1842.

Some *Historical Memoirs* by MR MARK NAPIER, advocate, possess interest if not value. The first is *Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston* (born 1550, died 1617). It is remarkable that so eminent a man as the inventor of logarithms should have been without a special biographer until the year 1834, the date of Mr Mark Napier's book. The strange combination it presents of abstruse theological studies, a belief in the art of divination and other superstitions, and great scientific acquirements, all meeting in the character of the old Scottish laird, a solitary student in fierce tumultuous times, gives a picturesqueness and attraction to the story of his life. Mr Napier's next work, *Memoirs of the Marquis of*

Montrose, two volumes, 1856, contains original letters of the military hero, and other documents from charter-rooms, essential to the history of Montrose. Mr Napier in 1859 produced the *Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, three volumes. Mr Napier writes in the spirit of a keen partisan, 'with no attempt,' he says, 'to dress by the purists in composition.' Indeed his writing is such as we should expect the Baron of Bradwardine to indite if he took up the historic pen, though the Baron would have had more courtesy towards opponents. Mr Napier, however, is eager in pursuit of information, and gives his discoveries unmutilated. This veteran defender of the Jacobite chiefs was in 1820 admitted a member of the Scottish bar, and is sheriff of Dumfriesshire.

MR LOCKHART—DEAN STANLEY.

Several important biographical works have already been noticed in connection with the authors whose lives were related. The number of new works in this department of our literature continues daily to increase, but it is only necessary to notice such as have an original character, or derive special interest from the name and talents of the biographer.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., his *Literary Executor*, seven volumes, 1837, makes the nearest approach, in fullness of detail, literary importance, and general interest, to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The near relationship of the author to his subject might have blinded his judgment, yet the *Life* is written in a fair and manly spirit, without either suppressions or misstatements that could alter its essential features. Into the controversial points of the memoir we shall not enter: the author has certainly paid too little deference and regard to the feelings of individuals; and in most of his conclusions with regard to the Messrs Ballantyne, we believe him to have been wrong; yet far more than enough remains to enable us to overlook these blemishes. The fearless confidence with which all that he knew and believed is laid before the public, and Scott presented to the world exactly as he was in life—in his schemes of worldly ambition as in his vast literary undertakings—is greatly to be admired, and well deserves its meed of praise. The book, in the main, exhibits a sound and healthy spirit, calculated to exercise a great influence on contemporary literature. As an example and guide in real life, in doing and in suffering, it is equally valuable. 'The more,' says Mr Lockhart, 'the details of Scott's personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be better taught how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted than in the passage through affliction to death? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime

blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque—half perhaps seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past—that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed on the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.'

In 1843 Mr Lockhart published an abridgment of his *Life of Scott*, embracing only what may be called more strictly narrative, to which he made some slight additions. One of these we subjoin:

The Sons of Great Men.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favourable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.

Much light is thrown on the Scott and Ballantyne dispute, and on the Scotch literature of the period, by *Archibald Constable, and his Literary Correspondence: a Memorial by his Son, Thomas Constable*, three volumes, 1873.

Mr Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, originally published in 1828, made a valuable addition to the biographical facts in Dr Currie's memoir of the poet. It is finely written, in a candid and generous spirit, and contains passages—that describing Burns's appearance among the *savans* of Edinburgh, his life at Ellisland, &c.—which mark the hand of the master.

Burns on his Farm at Ellisland.

It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of his [Burns's] life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honoured by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied but not engrossed by the agricultural labours in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those

of after-generations, would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he 'bound every day after his repapers,' the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.

As a reviewer, Mr Lockhart's critiques were principally biographical; and his notices of Campbell, Southey, Theodore Hook, Jeffrey, and others will be recollected by most readers of the *Quarterly Review*. The sharp, clear, incisive style, and the mixture of scholastic taste with the tact of the man of the world, distinguish them all. The biography of Burns afterwards received minute examination and additional facts from Dr Robert Chambers and Dr P. Hatley Waddell.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr Arnold, by ARTHUR P. STANLEY (now dean of Westminster), two volumes, 1844, is valuable as affording an example of a man of noble, independent nature, and also as furnishing a great amount of most interesting information relative to the public schools of England, and the various social and political questions which agitated the country from 1820 to 1840. Whether agreeing with, or dissenting from, the views of Dr Arnold, it is impossible not to admire his love of truth and perfect integrity of character. In intellectual energy, decision, and uprightness he resembled Johnson, but happily his constitutional temperament was as elastic and cheerful as that of Johnson was desponding and melancholy. We add a few scraps from Arnold's letters and diary, which form so interesting a portion of Dean Stanley's memoir.

Few Men take Life in Earnest.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

Home and Old Friends.

These are times when I am least of all inclined to loosen the links which bind me to my oldest and dearest friends; for I imagine we shall all want the union of all the good men we can get together; and the want of sympathy which I cannot but feel towards many of those whom I meet with, makes me think how delightful it would be to have daily intercourse with those with whom I ever feel it thoroughly. What people do in middle life, without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and our minds are set, and they will not, in mature age, grow into each other; but with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathise with, and with some old

friends, to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight.

London and Mont Blanc.

August 1, 1837.—We passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact, its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys! and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

August 2, 1839.—I am come out alone, my dearest to this spot, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc and on the lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V., 1852, by WILLIAM STIRLING, of Keir (now Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.), supplies deficiencies and corrects errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History. He had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was, besides, more familiar with Spanish literature. This work, it must be confessed, destroys part of the romance of the life of Charles, while it adds materially to our knowledge of it. For example, Robertson states that the table of the emperor was 'neat and plain,' but Sir William draws a very different picture of the cuisine:

Epicurean Habits of the Emperor Charles V.

In this matter of eating, as in many other habits, the emperor was himself a true Fleming. His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgences at table, which generally far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing 'hard by the imperial table at the feast of golden fleece,' watched with wonder the emperor's progress through 'sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare,' after which 'he fed well off a capon,' drinking also, says the Fellow of St John's, 'the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was

ordered to change his route that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Orsonó once sent him, into Flanders, some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted 'of the kind which the queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,' and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better, ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the archbishop of Zaragoza; the archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville, and from Portugal. Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation; and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

The retirement of the emperor took place on the 3d of February 1557. He carried with him to his cloister sixty attendants—not twelve, as stated by Robertson; and in his retreat at Yuste he wielded the royal power as firmly as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo. His regular life, however, had something in it of monastic quiet—his time was measured out with punctual attention to his various employments; he fed his pet birds or sauntered among his trees and flowers, and joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks. The subjoined scene is less strikingly painted than in Robertson's narrative, but is more correct:

The Emperor performs the Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the historian of St Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by

causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said, that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. . . . The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless, that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the

fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

The emperor died in three weeks after this time—on the 21st of September 1558. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's narrative, we need hardly add, is at once graceful and exact. Its author has written another Spanish memoir—*Velasquez and his Works*, 1855. There was little to tell of the great Spanish painter, whose life was uniformly prosperous; but Sir William gives sketches of Philip IV. and his circle, and adds many critical remarks and illustrations. He prefers Velasquez to Murillo or Rubens. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell succeeded to the baronetcy and estate of Pollok (Renfrewshire) in 1865. He was born at the paternal seat of Keir, in Perthshire, in 1818; is an M.A. of Cambridge University, and LL.D. of the universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews.

Velasquez's Faithful Colour-grinder.

Juan de Pareja, one of the ablest, and better known to fame as the slave of Velasquez, was born at Seville in 1606. His parents belonged to the class of slaves then numerous in Andalusia, the descendants of negroes imported in large numbers into Spain by the Moriscos in the sixteenth century; and in the African hue and features of their son, there is evidence that they were mulattoes, or that one or other of them was a black. It is not known whether he came into the possession of Velasquez by purchase or by inheritance, but he was in his service as early as 1623, when he accompanied him to Madrid. Being employed to clean the brushes, grind the colours, prepare the palettes, and do the other menial work of the studio, and living amongst pictures and painters, he early acquired an acquaintance with the implements of art, and an ambition to use them. He therefore watched the proceedings of his master, and privately copied his works with the eagerness of a lover and the secrecy of a conspirator. In the Italian journeys in which he accompanied Velasquez, he seized every opportunity of improvement; and in the end he became an artist of no mean skill. But his nature was so reserved, and his candle so jealously concealed under its bushel, that he had returned from his second visit to Rome, and had reached the mature age of forty-five, before his master became aware that he could use the brushes which he washed. When at last he determined on laying aside the mask, he contrived that it should be removed by the hand of the king. Finishing a small picture with peculiar care, he deposited it in his master's studio, with its face turned to the wall. A picture so placed arouses curiosity, and is perhaps more certain to attract the eye of the loitering visitor than if it were hung up for the purpose of being seen. When Philip IV. visited Velasquez, he never failed to cause the daub or the masterpiece that happened to occupy such a position to be paraded for his inspection. He therefore fell at once into the trap, and being pleased with the work, asked for the author. Pareja, who took care to be at the royal elbow, immediately fell on his knees, owning his guilt, and praying for his majesty's protection. The good-natured king, turning to Velasquez, said: 'You see that a painter like this ought not to remain a slave.' Pareja, kissing the royal hand, rose from the ground a free man. His master gave him a formal deed of manumission, and received the colour-grinder as a scholar. The attached follower, however, remained with him till he died; and continued in the service of his daughter, the wife of Mazo Martinez, until his own death, in 1670.

G. H. LEWES.

MR GEORGE HENRY LEWES, eminent as a philosophical essayist, critic, and biographer, has written two novels—*Ranthorpe*, 1847; and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, 1848. In the former, he traces the moral influence of genius on its possessor, and though there is little artistic power evinced in the plot of the tale, it is a suggestive and able work. In his second novel, which is longer and much more skilfully constructed, Mr Lewes aims chiefly at the delineation of character. His three sisters, Rose, Blanche, and Violet, are typical of different classes of character—the gay, the gentle, and the decided; and as each of the ladies forms an attachment, we have other characters and contrasts, with various complicated incidents and love-passages. The author, however, is more of a moral teacher than a story-teller, and he sets himself resolutely to demolish what he considers popular fallacies, and to satirise the follies and delusions prevalent in society. Here is one of his ethical positions:

Superiority of the Moral over the Intellectual Nature of Man.

Strength of Will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greatness to character. We overestimate the value of Talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of Will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is Will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way; Will is the strong arm which rough-hews the path for us. The clever, weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see that the path before him may be directest, the best—yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, Intellect were a sun, instead of a torch—if it irradiated every corner and crevice—then would man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path was the only safe one, and he would cut the way through by manful labour. But constituted as we are, it is the clever, weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this world, there cannot be virtue without strong Will; the weak 'know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.'

No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying Obstinacy, or even mere brute Will; nor of depreciating Intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere Intelligence; and the older I grow, the clearer I see that Intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life; it is not the 'be-all and the end-all here.' Life is not Science. The light of Intellect is truly a precious light; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—but it is the tendency of our gapping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

And in the following we have a sound, healthy doctrine which has also received the support of Thackeray:

Real Men of Genius resolute Workers.

There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task.

Would Michael Angelo have built St Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?

'Use the pen,' says a thoughtful and subtle author: 'there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about.' This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do; inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint; act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you, your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with, you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one subject. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessarily goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.

Impatient reader! if I am tedious, forgive me. These lines may meet the eyes of some to whom they are specially addressed, and may awaken thoughts in their minds not unimportant to their future career. Forgive me, if only because I have taken what is called the prosaic side! I have not flattered the shallow sophisms which would give a gloss to idleness and incapacity. I have not availed myself of the splendid tirades, so easy to write, about the glorious privileges of genius. My 'preaching' may be very ineffectual, but

at anyrate it advocates the honest dignity of labour; let my cause excuse my tediousness.

Mr Lewes is a native of London, born in 1817. He received his education partly abroad and partly from Dr Burney at Greenwich. Being intended for a mercantile life, he was placed in the office of a Russian merchant, but soon abandoned it for the medical profession. From this he was driven, it is said, by a feeling of horror at witnessing surgical operations, and he took to literature as a profession. His principal works are a *Biographical History of Philosophy*, four volumes, 1845; *The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon*, 1846; *Life of Maximilien Robespierre*, 1849; *Exposition of the Principles of the 'Cours de Philosophie positif' of Auguste Comte*, 1853; *The Life and Works of Goethe*, two volumes, 1855; *Sea-side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey*, 1857. In the *Physiology of Common Life*, two volumes, 1870, Mr Lewes has made a very readable and instructive compendium of information on subjects which 'come home to the business and bosoms of men'—such as food and drink, mind and brain, feeling and thinking, life and health, sleep and dreams, &c. We quote a passage which may be said to be connected with biography:

Children of Great Men—Hereditary Tendencies.

If the father bestows the nervous system, how are we to explain the notorious inferiority of the children of great men? There is considerable exaggeration afloat on this matter, and able men have been called nullities because they have not manifested the great talents of their fathers; but allowing for all over-statement, the palpable fact of the inferiority of some to their fathers is beyond dispute, and has helped to foster the idea of all great men owing their genius to their mothers: an idea which will not bear confrontation with the facts. Many men of genius have had remarkable mothers; and that one such instance could be cited is sufficient to prove the error both of the hypothesis which refers the nervous system to paternal influence, and of the hypothesis which only refers the *preponderance* to the paternal influence. If the male preponderates, how is it that Pericles, who 'carried the weapons of Zeus upon his tongue,' produced nothing better than a Paralus and a Xanthippus? How came the infamous Lysimachus from the austere Aristides? How was the weighty intellect of Thucydides left to be represented by an idiotic Milesias and a stupid Stephanus? When was the great soul of Oliver Cromwell in his son Richard? Who were the inheritors of Henry IV. and Peter the Great? What were Shakspeare's children and Milton's daughters? What was Addison's only son [daughter]? an idiot. Unless the mother preponderated in these and similar instances, we are without an explanation; for it being proved as a law of heritage, that the individual does transmit his qualities to his offspring, it is only on the supposition of *both* individuals transmitting their organisations, and the one modifying the other, that such anomalies are conceivable. When the paternal influence is not counteracted, we see it transmitted. Hence the common remark, 'Talent runs in families.' The proverbial phrases, 'l'esprit des Mortemarts,' and the 'wit of the Sheridans,' imply this transmission from father to son. Bernardo Tasso was a considerable poet, and his son Torquato inherited his faculties, heightened by the influence of the mother. The two Herschels, the two Colmans, the Kemble family, and the Coleridges, will at once occur to the reader; but the most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a

musical genius, which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers.

Here a sceptical reader may be tempted to ask how a man of genius is ever produced, if the child is always the repetition of the parents? How can two parents of ordinary capacity produce a child of extraordinary power? We must consider the phenomenon of *atavism*, or ancestral influence, in which the child manifests striking resemblance to the grandfather or grandmother, and not to the father or mother. It is to be explained on the supposition that the qualities were transmitted from the grandfather to the father, in whom they were *masked* by the presence of some antagonistic or controlling influence, and thence transmitted to the son, in whom, the antagonistic influence being withdrawn, they manifested themselves. We inherit the nervous system no less than the muscular and bony, and with the nervous system we inherit its general and particular characters—that is to say, the general sensibility of the system, and the conformation of the brain and sensory ganglia, are as much subject to the law of transmission as the size and conformation of the bony and muscular structures are; this being so, it is evident that all those tendencies which depend on the nervous system will likewise be inherited; and even special aptitudes, such as those for music, mathematics, wit, and so on, will be inherited; nay, even acquired tendencies and tricks of gesture will be inherited. But this inheritance is in each case subject to the influence exercised by the other parent; and very often this influence is such as to modify, to mask, or even to entirely suppress the manifestation.

Mr Lewes has also been an extensive contributor to the reviews and other periodicals; and he is said to have edited for nearly five years a weekly paper, *The Leader*.

English readers are now becoming familiar with both the life and writings of the great German, Goethe. Mr Carlyle first awakened attention in this country to the poet's personal history, as well as to the just appreciation of his genius. Since then, MR OXFORD has translated the *Autobiography* and *Eckermann's Conversations*; MRS AUSTIN has given us *Goethe and his Contemporaries*, of which Falk's *Reminiscences* form the nucleus; and MR LEWES has presented the public with the *Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries*, 1855. We have the man and all his 'environments' before us. Goethe's mother seems to have given him everything, as Mr Lewes remarks, which bore the stamp of distinctive individuality. She was a lively, joyous little woman. 'Order and quiet,' she said, 'are my principal characteristics. Hence, I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good-humour.'

Goethe's mother was just eighteen when he was born. 'I and my Wolfgang,' she said, 'have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together.' It is pleasing to know that she lived to hail him the greatest citizen of Weimar and the most popular author of Germany. The father, a councillor of Frankfort, was somewhat cold and formal, but he appears to have been indulgent enough to the wayward genius, his son. Mr Lewes enters at length into the poet's college life at Leipzig and Strasburg, and has had access to various unpublished sources of information. The first literary work of Goethe, his drama of

Goetz von Berlichingen—written in 1771, but not published till 1773—is a vivid picture of wild robber life and feudal times. It caught the fancy of Sir Walter Scott, who became its translator; but though highly popular in its day, this tragedy gives but faint indication of the depth or delicacy of feeling and the subtle imagination that 'interpenetrates' *Werther*. The poet, it is well known, wrote from genuine impulses. He was, or fancied himself, desperately in love with Charlotte Buff. Charlotte, however, was betrothed to a friend of the poet, Kestner, and a complication of passion and disappointment agitated the affectionate trio. Charlotte and Kestner were married, and Goethe sought relief in his own peculiar way by embodying the story of their love and his own feelings, with the addition of ideal circumstances, in his 'philosophical romance' of *Werther*. The romance was published in 1774, and Mr Lewes says: 'Perhaps there never was a fiction which so startled and enraptured the world. Men of all kinds and classes were moved by it. It was the companion of Napoleon, when in Egypt; it penetrated into China. To convey in a sentence its wondrous popularity, we may state that in Germany it became a people's book, hawked about the streets, printed upon miserable paper, like an ancient ballad; and in the Chinese empire, Charlotte and Werther were modelled in porcelain.' In this country also, despite its questionable morality and sentimentalism, it had an immense popularity in an English version. Carlyle touches on one cause of this success: 'That nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing discontent which was agitating every bosom, had driven Goethe almost to despair. All felt it; he alone could give it voice, and here lies the secret of his popularity.' A spirit of speculation was abroad, men were disgusted with the political institutions of the age, and had begun to indulge in those visions of emancipation and freedom which, in part, led to the French Revolution. Like Ossian's Poems—which were at first as rapturously received—the *Sorrows of Werther* find little acceptance now in this country.* In the original the work is a masterpiece of style. 'We may look through German literature in vain for such clear sunny pictures, fullness of life, and delicately managed simplicity: its style is one continuous strain of music.' The real and the ideal had been happily blended. Goethe was now a literary lion; and the Duke of Weimar—the reigning prince—visiting Frankfort, insisted on his spending a few

* Thackeray's ballad on the story is more popular:

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

weeks at his court. 'On the 7th of November 1775, Goethe, aged twenty-six, arrived at the little city on the banks of the Ilm [Weimar], where his long residence was to confer on an insignificant duchy the immortal renown of a German Athens.' Mr Lewes describes Weimar in the eighteenth century.

Picture of Weimar.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal, at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakspeare calls it—will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is *Weimar*, because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases.'

On a first acquaintance, Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park, than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple; and although ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone-coloured, light-brown, and apple-green houses have high-peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet, simple streets, and pleasant paths, fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene; but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now; but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about seven thousand inhabitants—for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book; even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Frau von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the gates, lest their exit together should be known. During Sunday service a chain was thrown across the streets leading to the church to bar out all passengers—a practice to this day partially retained: the chain is fastened, but the passengers step over it without ceremony. There was little safety at night in those silent streets; for if you were in no great danger from marauders, you were in constant danger of breaking a limb in some hole or other, the idea of lighting streets not having presented itself to the Thuringian mind. In the year 1685, the streets of London were first lighted with lamps; and Germany, in most things a century behind England, had not yet ventured on that experiment. If in this 1854 Weimar is still innocent of gas, and perplexes its inhabitants with the dim obscurity of an occasional oil-lamp slung on a cord across the streets, we may imagine that in 1775 they had not even advanced so far. And our supposition is exact.

A century earlier, stage-coaches were known in England; but in Germany, public conveyances, very rude to this day in places where no railway exists, were few and miserable, nothing but open carts with unstuffed seats. Diligences on springs were unknown before 1800, and

what they were even twenty years ago many readers doubtless remember. Then as to speed; if you travelled post, it was said with pride that seldom more than an hour's waiting was necessary before the horses were got ready, at least on frequented routes. Mail travelling was at the rate of five English miles in an hour and a quarter. Letters took nine days from Berlin to Frankfort, which in 1854 require only twenty-four hours. So slow was the communication of news, that, as we learn from the Stein correspondence, so great an event as the death of Frederick the Great was only known as a rumour a week afterwards in Carlsbad. 'By this time,' writes Goethe, 'you must know in Weimar if it be true.' With these facilities it was natural that men travelled but rarely, and mostly on horseback. What the inns were may be imagined from the unfrequency of travellers, and the general state of domestic comfort.

The absence of comfort and luxury—luxury as distinguished from ornament—may be gathered from the memoirs of the time, and from such works as Bertuch's *Mode Journal*. Such necessities as good locks, doors that shut, drawers opening easily, tolerable knives, carts on springs, or beds fit for a Christian of any other than the 'German persuasion,' are still rarities in Thuringia; but in those days when sewers were undreamed of, and a post-office was a chimera, all that we moderns consider comfort was necessarily fabulous. The furniture, even of palaces, was extremely simple. In the houses of wealthy bourgeois, chairs and tables were of common fir; not until the close of the eighteenth century did mahogany make its appearance. Looking-glasses followed. The chairs were covered with a coarse green cloth; the tables likewise; and carpets are only now beginning to loom upon the national mind as a possible luxury. The windows were hung with woollen curtains, when the extravagance of curtains was ventured on. Easy chairs were unknown; the only arm-chair allowed was the so-called *Grandfather's chair*, which was reserved for the dignity of gray hairs, or the feebleness of age.

The *salon de reception*, or drawing-room, into which greatly honoured visitors were shewn, had of course a kind of Sunday splendour, not dimmed by week-day familiarity. There hung the curtains; the walls were adorned with family portraits or some work of extremely 'native talent'; the tables alluring the eye with china in guise of cups, vases, impossible shepherds, and very allegorical dogs. Into this room the honoured visitor was ushered; and there, no matter what the hour, he was handed refreshment of some kind. This custom—a compound product of hospitality and bad inns—lingered until lately in England, and perhaps is still not unknown in provincial towns.

On eating and drinking was spent the surplus now devoted to finery. No one then, except gentlemen of the first water, boasted of a gold snuff-box; even a gold-headed cane was an unusual elegance. The dandy contented himself with a silver watch. The fine lady blazoned herself with a gold watch and heavy chain; but it was an heirloom! to see a modern dinner service glittering with silver, glass, and china, and to think that even the nobility in those days ate off pewter, is enough to make the lapse of time very vivid to us. A silver tea-pot and tea-tray were held as princely magnificence. The manners were rough and simple. The journeymen ate at the same table with their masters, and joined in the coarse jokes which then passed for hilarity. Filial obedience was rigidly enforced, the stick or strap not unfrequently aiding parental authority. Even the brothers exercised an almost paternal authority over their sisters. Indeed, the 'position of women' was by no means such as our women can conceive with patience; not only were they kept under the paternal, marital, and fraternal yoke, but society limited their actions by its prejudices still more than it does now. No woman, for instance, of the better class of citizens could go out alone; the servant-girl followed her to church, to a shop, or even to the promenade. . . .

The foregoing survey would be incomplete without some notice of the *prices* of things, the more so as we shall learn hereafter that the pension Karl August gave Schiller was 200 thalers—about £60 of our money—and that the salary Goethe received as Councillor of Legation, was only 1200 thalers—about £200 per annum. On reading this, Mr Smith jingles the loose silver in his pockets, and, with that superb British pride, redolent of consols, which makes the family of Smith so accurate a judge of all social positions, exclaims: 'These beggarly Germans; I give my head clerk twice the sum!'

At the little court, Goethe was all but idolised. He dressed in the costume which he had assigned to his *Werther*, and the dress was adopted by the duke and the courtiers. It was not very sentimental, as Mr Lewes suggests, being composed of blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots and leather breeches, surmounted by powder and pig-tail! The duke, Karl August, though patronising literature in the person of Goethe, seems to have been somewhat idle and dissipated; the Dowager-duchess Amalia was more intellectual. There was also a Baroness von Stein, wife of the Master of the Horse, who captivated Goethe, and the attachment lapsed into a *liaison*, not uncommon in that court, but which Mr Lewes passes over too slightly, as a matter of course. The poet, however, applied himself to business, was made President of the Chamber, Minister of the War Department, and, finally, elevated to the nobility. Henceforth he is *Von Goethe*. He gets tired, however, of public life; travels into Italy; and, by consent of the duke, is released, after his return to Weimar, from official duties. His passion for the Frau von Stein now cooled—all his love-scenes are dissolving-views; but in the autumn of 1788, Goethe, 'walking in the much-loved park, was accosted by a fresh, young, bright-looking girl, who, with many reverences, handed him a petition.' The petition contained a request that the great poet would exert his influence to procure a post for a young author, the brother of the maiden who then addressed him, and whose name was Christiane Vulpius. Christiane was humble in rank, clever, but not highly gifted—'not a Frau von Stein.' She was, however, elevated to the same bad eminence in the poet's regard, and, fifteen years afterwards, when a son had been born to them—when *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Faust*, and *Lyrics* had placed Goethe at the head of German authors—he married Christiane Vulpius. The 'sunset,' which Mr Lewes put at the head of 'Book the Seventh,' had then commenced. But stirring incidents still remained—the battle of Jena and sack of Weimar, and, subsequently, the gratifying interview with Napoleon. Love-passages also were interposed, and the sexagenarian poet 'deposited with deep emotion many a sad experience' in his fiction and poetry. All this German sentimentalism seems as unlike real life as the scenes in the sparkling comedies of Congreve or Wycherley. Goethe at seventy was younger, Mr Lewes says, than many men at fifty. The second part of *Faust* was completed in his eighty-first year, and at eighty-two he wrote a scientific paper on philosophic zoology. In his latter years his daughter-in-law kept house for him, Christiane having died in 1816. The poet survived her nearly sixteen years. Mr Lewes thus describes the last scene:

Death of Goethe.

The following morning—it was the 22d March 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Otilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Otilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and, on awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.

The influence which Goethe's writings exercised on all the literature of Europe has been noticed by Carlyle, and is fully traced by Mr Lewes. He gives copious analyses of the principal works—especially the *Faust*—and on all points of the poet's history and his 'romances of the heart' (more properly of the imagination) we have ample details. No more original or exhaustive memoir has appeared since Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. A new edition of Mr Lewes's work, still further improved, was published in 1875.

MRS OLIPHANT.

To MRS OLIPHANT, the distinguished novelist, we are indebted for two volumes of *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, 1869, which appeared first in *Blackwood's Magazine*. These consist of a series of short biographies, political, literary, and fashionable. Queen Caroline and Walpole head the list, and to these succeed the 'man of the world' (Chesterfield), the 'woman of fashion' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), the 'poet' (Pope), the 'Young Chevalier' (Charles Edward), the 'reformer' (John Wesley), the 'sailor' (Anson), the 'philosopher' (Berkeley), the 'novelist' (Richardson), the 'sceptic' (David Hume), and the 'painter' (Hogarth). The portraits in this little gallery are drawn with truth and nice discrimination, and give the reader a good idea of all the leading characteristics, the tastes and opinions, prevailing in the reign of the second George. Besides these Historical Sketches, Mrs Oliphant has written two original and interesting biographies—the *Life of Edward Irving*, and the *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, the latter 'a chapter of recent French history,' in which Montalembert was for thirty years, till his death in 1870, a conspicuous actor.

The Rev. Edward Irving (1792-1834) was a

remarkable man, who, like George Whitefield, enjoyed amazing popularity as a preacher, but whose writings fail to give even a faint idea of his power and influence. De Quincey considered him 'the greatest orator of his times;' Coleridge and Carlyle were his intimate friends; George Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to;' Sir James Mackintosh, too, was a hearer, and treasured up a saying of Irving's while praying for an orphan family, '*thrown upon the fatherhood of God.*' Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and Scott were all more or less attracted by this meteor, and for a time a whole host of distinguished, noble, and fashionable persons witnessed his manifestations.* Around him in London were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect' (*Carlyle*). Edward Irving was a native of Annan, Dumfriesshire; was educated at the university of Edinburgh; then assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow; afterwards minister of the Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, London, whence he removed to a larger church built for him in Regent Square. Whilst officiating in the latter, he was charged with heresy, and ultimately ejected by the trustees of the church, and deposed from the ministry by the presbytery of Annan, by whom he had been licensed. One of his delusions was a belief that the millennium would come in less than forty years. The heresy charged against him was maintaining the doctrine of 'the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature'—the oneness of Christ with us in all the attributes of humanity. He had also introduced at his church manifestations of miraculous gifts and prophecy and unknown tongues, occasioning scenes of great excitement and disorder. A number of his hearers still clung to him, and a sect of 'Irvingites' was formed, which is now represented by a body of Christians under the name of the 'Apostolic Catholic Church.' Irving was profoundly convinced of the truth of what he preached. 'He clave to his belief as to his soul's soul,' says Mr Carlyle, 'toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded had now nothing left to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave.' His death took place at Glasgow, December 8, 1834, in the forty-second year of his age. His last words were: 'If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen.' Mrs Oliphant adds: 'Scarce any man who knew him can yet name, without a softened voice and dimmed eye, the name of Edward Irving—true friend and tender heart—martyr and saint.' When we open the works of Irving this mournful spell is broken. They are mostly written in a stilted, unnatural style. Their very titles betray them: *i.e.*, *For the Oracles of God, Four Orations; For Judgment to Come, an Argument in Nine Parts, 1823;* and *For Missionaries of*

the Apostolical School, a Series of Orations in Four Parts, 1825. Irving also published several volumes of *Sermons, Lectures, and Discourses.* A collection of the writings of the once popular divine has recently (1864-5) been published by his nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle. 'To the present generation,' says Mr G. Carlyle, 'Edward Irving as a preacher and an author may be said to be unknown;' but the attempt to revive the writings has not, we believe, been successful. The *Life*, as told by Mrs Oliphant, and illustrated by his own journals and correspondence, constitutes his best and most durable memorial.

Foreign Memories.

There are some landscapes in the world in which foreign memories, alien to the place, and in some cases less touching and momentous than the natural local associations, thrust themselves in, and obscure to the spectator at once the nationality and individual character of the spot. The English traveller, when he climbs the height of Tusculum, has a scene before him full of the grandest memories of a past which is the common inheritance of the whole civilised world. His boyish lessons, his youthful studies, if they have done anything for him, have qualified him to identify every hillock, and hear a far-off voice out of every tomb. Or, if it is not old but modern Rome that charms him, there are a hundred lights on that Campagna, a thousand influences of sound and sense about, enough to move the least imaginative soul. Rome lying distant on the great plain—and the dome that Buonarotti hung between earth and heaven, standing out the one thing visible, full of suggestions of the treasures lying under and about it—are sufficient to overbrim the eager brain. How is it that, as we stand upon the wistful plateau with that great scene before us, Rome and her memories fade from our eyes? 'Shrivelling like a parched scroll,' the plain rolls up and passes away. The Highland hills all black with storms, the lonely, desolate, northern seas, the wild moors and mountain-passes, rise up a sad phantasmagoria over the gray olives and clustering vines. It is the wild piobrach that rings in our ears; it is the heather that rustles below our feet, and the chill of the north that breathes into our faces. Why? Because yonder in the Duomo a line of inscription has caught the traveller's eye, obliterating Frascati and Rome, and all Italian thoughts: '*Karolus Edoardus, Filius Jacobi.*' These are the words; and there lies the high heart mouldered into dust, which once beat against the breast of the Young Chevalier! . . .

Shipwrecked, weary of life, shamed by his knowledge of better things, consumed by vain longings for a real existence such as never could be his, the Chevalier sank as, God help us! so many sink into the awful abyss. To forget his misery, to deaden the smart of his ruin, what matters what he did? He lost in shame, in oblivion and painful decay, the phantasm which was life no longer—with other fantastic shadows—ill-chosen wife, ill-governed household, faithless and foolish favourites, a staring silly spectator-crowd—flitting across the tragic mist. A merciful tear springs to the eye, obscuring the fatal outlines of the last sad picture. There sank a man in wreck and ruin who was a noble prince when the days were. If he fell into degradation at the last, he was once as gallant, as tender, as spotless a gentleman as ever breathed English air or trod Scottish heather. And when the spectator stands by Canova's marble in the great basilica, in the fated land where, with all the Cæsars, Charles Édward has slept for nearly a century, it is not the silver trumpets in the choir, nor the matchless voices in their *Agnus Dei*, that haunt the ear in the silence; but some rude long-drawn piobrach note, wailing over land and sea, wailing to earth and heaven, for a lost cause, a perished house, and, most of all, for the

* The personal appearance of Irving aided the effect of his preaching. He was a tall, athletic man, with dark, sallow complexion and commanding features, long glossy black hair, and with a very obvious squint. Sir Walter Scott, who met him one day at a dinner-party, says: 'I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonise with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian paintings, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner.' It was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity! One lady said he might have stood as a model for St John the Baptist.

darkening, and shipwreck, and ruin of a gracious and princely soul.

George Whitefield and the Bristol Colliers.

The colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering evangelist [Whitefield] saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping amazed populace the message they had never heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered, 'in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence,' says the preacher, moved to the heart by the unhopd-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenance towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Ever since barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. 'The trees and hedges were full,' he says; 'all was hushed when I began.' Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads; the 'solemnity of approaching evening' stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fullness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes almost too much for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

DR WILLIAM REEVES.

In 1857, DR WILLIAM REEVES, Dublin, published an edition of Adamnan's *Life of St Columba* (Vita Sancti Columbæ: Auctore Adamnано Monasterii Hiensis), edited for the Irish Archæological Society. Adamnan was the ninth abbot of Hy or Iona, founded by Columba, the great apostle of the Western Highlanders or Scoto-Irish, said to be born in the year 521, arrived in Scotland from Ireland in 563, died in 597. It appears from Adamnan's narrative that Columba required an interpreter when communicating with the king of the Picts. It is stated, however, that before his death he had founded above one hundred monasteries, and three hundred churches, and had ordained three thousand clergy. So much could not have been done in one life-time if the Scoto-Irish and Pictish tongues had been radically different. Dr Reeves printed Adamnan's *Life* from a manuscript of the eighth century, with the various readings of six other manuscripts preserved in different parts of Europe. He added copious notes and dissertations illustrative of the early history of the Columban institu-

tions in Ireland and Scotland. The work evinces immense research, learning, and patient investigation.

LORD CAMPBELL.

The legal biographies of JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL, supply a blank that had often been felt in the record of British worthies, and they convey in a diffuse but agreeable way a general knowledge of history, political and social, and of constitutional law and principles. Had proper research been exercised, they would have been valuable. The *Lives of the Chancellors and the Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV.*, extend to seven volumes, published in 1845-47; and the *Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Mansfield*, form two volumes, 1849. The style of the noble biographer is often loose and careless, and there are many inaccuracies in dates and facts; but there are few more pleasant books than the *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it has been eminently successful. In his later biographies, Lord Campbell had the advantage of original papers, as well as some personal knowledge of the chancellors. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers were communicated to him by Lord Rosslyn; he obtained many of Erskine's letters, and also letters of Lord Eldon. A love of anecdote and gossip seasons these memoirs, while, in conclusion, the noble author sums up the merits and demerits of each of his subjects with judicial impartiality and often with discrimination. Lord Campbell himself succeeded to the woollack—the crowning glory of a long, laborious life. He was born September 15, 1781, the son of a Scottish minister, Dr George Campbell of Cupar, Fife. Having received his education, and taken his degree of A.M. at the university of St Andrews, he repaired to London, entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and while keeping his terms, officiated as reporter and critic for the *Morning Chronicle*. He was called to the bar in 1806, and though retarded in promotion by his Whig principles, he was invested with the silk gown in 1827, and in 1830 was returned to parliament for the borough of Stafford. In 1834 he was appointed attorney-general; in 1841, lord chancellor of Ireland, with a peerage; in 1850, chief-justice of England; and in 1859, lord chancellor—a fortunate and brilliant career, with an old age of physical and intellectual vigour rarely paralleled. Yet its possessor failed to command general respect. He died June 23, 1861. In 1869, more than eight years after his death, appeared *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham*, which had been written but not finally revised by Lord Campbell, as a continuation of his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. This is a gossiping, untrustworthy work, written in a mean, depreciatory spirit.

JAMES SPEDDING.

The *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*—Lord Bacon—collected and edited, with a commentary, by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A. (1874), is a work of great research and labour, extending to seven volumes. It is supplementary to the edition of Lord Bacon's works, collected and edited by Mr Spedding, Mr R. L. Ellis, and Mr D. D. Heath,

which also extends to seven volumes. The publication of the Works and Life was spread over the long period of seventeen years, during which the care and research of the editors seem never to have relaxed. Mr Spedding says his object was to enable posterity to 'form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon was,' and accordingly he gives an unusually full record of a more than unusually full life.' The question of legal guilt Bacon himself admitted. The moral culpability Mr Spedding does not consider so clear, considering the corrupt practices of the age, and the philosopher's carelessness as to money and household management.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money—who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption—that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him, is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribery, is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first rumour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself; for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

A History of England from the year 1830 to 1874 has been published in three volumes by WILLIAM NASSAU MOLESWORTH, vicar of Spotland, Rochdale. Mr John Bright, M.P., has commended this work as a book 'honestly written,' and 'calculated to give great information to the young men of the country.' The work appears to merit the commendation, and it aims at no higher praise. We quote a brief notice of a memorable national loss and solemnity:

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

During the interval between the dissolution and the re-assembly of Parliament (1852) an event occurred which deeply stirred the heart of the whole nation, from the Queen on the throne to the lowest and meanest of her subjects. The Duke of Wellington, who had attained to the 84th year of his age, had for some time past been becoming more and more infirm. On the 14th of September his feebleness had very perceptibly increased, and at about a quarter past three in the afternoon of that day he tranquilly breathed his last at Walmer Castle, where he was then residing. The qualities which caused him to be regarded with such deep reverence and admiration by the great majority of

his fellow-countrymen, and made his decease, at the end of so long a life, to be deeply and sincerely regretted, were admirably described in words which Mr Gladstone quoted from a former speech of Lord John Russell, and which he eloquently complimented and applied to the present occasion.

'While many of the actions of his life, while many of the qualities he possessed, are unattainable by others, there are lessons which we may all derive from the life and actions of that illustrious man. It may never be given to another subject of the British crown to perform services so brilliant as he performed; it may never be given to another man to hold the sword which was to gain the independence of Europe, to rally the nations around it, and while England saved herself by her constancy, to save Europe by her example; it may never be given to another man, after having attained such eminence, after such an unexampled series of victories, to shew equal moderation in peace as he has shewn greatness in war, and to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of internal and external peace for that country which he has so served; it may never be given to another man to have equal authority both with the sovereign he served and with the senate of which he was to the end a venerated member; it may never be given to another man after such a career to preserve even to the last the full possession of those great faculties with which he was endowed, and to carry on the services of one of the most important departments of the state with unexampled regularity and success, even to the latest day of his life. These are circumstances, these are qualities which may never again occur in the history of this country. But there are qualities which the Duke of Wellington displayed of which we may all act in humble imitation: that sincere and unceasing devotion to our country; that honest and upright determination to act for the benefit of the country on every occasion; that devoted loyalty, which, while it made him ever anxious to serve the crown, never induced him to conceal from the sovereign that which he believed to be the truth; that devotedness in the constant performance of duty; that temperance of his life, which enabled him at all times to give his mind and his faculties to the services which he was called on to perform; that regular, consistent, and unceasing piety by which he was distinguished at all times in his life: these are qualities that are attainable by others, and these are qualities which should not be lost as an example.'

A public funeral was of course decreed; and never in any country was such a solemnity celebrated. The procession was planned, marshalled, and carried out, with a discretion, a judgment, and a good taste, which reflected the highest honour on the civil and military authorities by whom it was directed. Men of every arm and of every regiment in the service, for the first and last time in the history of the British army, marched together on this occasion. But what was more admirable still was the conduct of the incredible mass of sympathetic spectators, who had congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and who formed no insignificant proportion of its population. From Grosvenor Gate to St Paul's Cathedral there was not one foot of unoccupied ground; not a balcony, not a window, that was not filled; and as far as could be observed, every face amidst that vast multitude wore an expression of respectful sorrow. An unbroken silence was maintained as the funeral cortege moved slowly and solemnly forward to the mausoleum prepared to receive the remains of England's greatest warrior in the centre of the stupendous masterpiece of Wren's architectural genius.

HEPWORTH DIXON.

The lives of *John Howard*, 1850; *William Penn*, 1851 (revised edition, 1872); and *Admiral Blake*, 1852, by MR WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,

may also be characterised as original biographies. In the cases of Howard and Blake, Mr Dixon had access to family papers, and in that of Penn he has diligently studied the records of the period and the now neglected works of the Quaker legislator. In this memoir Mr Dixon has combated some of the statements of Lord Macaulay relative to Penn. We have already indicated our impression that the noble historian had taken too low and unfavourable an estimate of Penn's character and motives, and it is impossible, we think, to read Mr Dixon's memoir without feeling how greatly Penn transcended most of the public men in that venal period of English history. As a specimen of the biographer's style, which is occasionally too ornate, we extract part of his account of the death of Blake. The last great exploit of the admiral had been his punishing the corsairs, and freeing the Christian captives at Sallee, on the western coast of Africa.

The Death of Admiral Blake, August 27, 1657.

This crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of parliament, the jewelled ring sent to him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without after-thought, without selfish impulse, he had served the Commonwealth day and night, earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him; and as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of his vice-admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. 'I beseech God to strengthen him,' was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and fore-castle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the

tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.

Mr Dixon is a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, born in 1821. He was entered of the Middle Temple, but devoted himself to literature, and in 1853 became editor of the *Athenæum*. This weekly literary journal, often quoted in our pages, was established about the year 1828, and has certainly done more for modern literary history and bibliography than any other work of this century. Mr Dixon relinquished his connection with the *Athenæum* in 1869, and has since become a voluminous author. His chief works are—*The Holy Land*, 1865; *New America*, 1867; *Spiritual Wives*, 1868; *Free Russia*, 1870; *Her Majesty's Tower*, four volumes, 1871; *The Switzers*, 1872; *History of Two Queens*, 1874; &c.

The Black Man—the Red Man—the Yellow Man.

From *New America*.

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the north, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood; preferring the swamps and savannahs of the south, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colours in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward into frost and fog. Even now, when Massachusetts and Connecticut tempt him by the offer of good wages, easy work, and sympathising people, he will not go to them. He only just endures New York; the most hardy of his race will hardly stay in Saratoga and Niagara beyond the summer months. Since the south has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly north, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-brake, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country; having his proper home in a corner—the most sunny corner—of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the pale-face, he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope, into the far western country; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly break the rule. A band of picturesque pedlars may be found at Niagara; Red Jackets, Cherokee chiefs and Mohawks; selling bows and canes, and generally sponging on those youths and damsels who roam about the Falls in search of opportunities to flirt. A colony, hardly of a better sort, may be found at Oneida

Creek, in Madison County; the few sowing maize, growing fruit, and singing psalms; the many starving on the soil, cutting down the oak and maple, alienating the best acres, pining after their brethren who have thrown the white man's gift in his face, and gone away with their weapons and war-paint. Red Jacket at the Falls, Bill Beechtree at Oneida Creek—the first selling beaded work to girls, the second twisting hickory canes for boys—are the last representatives of mighty nations, hunters and warriors, who at one time owned the broad lands from the Susquehannah to Lake Erie. Red Jacket will not settle; Beechtree is incapable of work. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white woman, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. In the western country he is still a figure in the landscape. From the Missouri to the Colorado he is master of all the open plains; the forts which the white men have built to protect their roads to San Francisco, like the Turkish block-houses built along the Syrian tracks, being mainly of use as a hint of their great reserve of power. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe; some thousands of them only yet have done so; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame-houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific states from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labour; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelette and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah, and Montana; they come and go; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry; Chi Hi goes out as cook; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labour for a crust of bread. To-day, those yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Those yellow men are Buddhists, professing polygamy, practising infanticide. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labour will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.

A Hundred Years of White Progress.

From the *White Conquest*.

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the isles and islets of every sea. During those hundred years some powers have shot ahead, and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago, the leading power in Europe, has been rent asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago, the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and has sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the

island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all those possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Russia, during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian and the Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain, her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece, the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world.

Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much; nationality and compactness count for more; but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength is population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.

JOHN FORSTER.

This indefatigable literary student and biographer was a native of Newcastle, born in 1812. Coming early to London, he studied at the London University, and became a contributor to periodical works. He was called to the bar, but never practised. In 1834 he joined the *Examiner* newspaper as assistant editor, and on the retirement of Mr. Albany Fonblanque, he became sole editor, and continued so for ten years. He was introduced, through friendship with Charles Dickens, to become, in 1846, editor of the *Daily News*, but held that laborious office for only about eleven months. His future life was devoted to literary labours—chiefly to historical and literary biographies. His principal works are—*Literary Men of the Commonwealth of England, 1831-4*; *Life of Oliver Goldsmith, 1848*; *Biographical and Historical Essays, 1859*; *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.*; *Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, 1860*; *Sir John Eliot, a Biography, 1864*; *Walter Savage Landor, a Biography, 1868*; and *Life of Charles Dickens, three volumes, 1871-4*. In 1875 Mr. Forster published the first volume of a new *Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's*, which was to be completed in three volumes. This volume is enriched with much new and valuable information, and, like all Mr. Forster's

biographies, the work promised to be thoroughly exhaustive.

'Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of Gulliver, is,' says Mr Forster, 'broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of single parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by those distinguished men.'

Mr Forster lived to publish only one volume. We may add that the biographer was successful in life. His name stood well with publishers and readers. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary to the Lunacy Commission, and in 1861, a Commissioner in Lunacy. 'Few Englishmen of this generation,' says a friendly writer in the *Times*, 'have combined such unflinching firmness and honesty of purpose with such real tenderness and sympathy for all with whom they were brought into contact. Many there were who, at first sight, thought John Forster obstinate and overbearing, who, on further acquaintance, were ready to confess that, in reality, he was one of the tenderest and most generous of men.' Mr Forster bequeathed his books and manuscripts to the nation—a valuable bequest—and they remain in the South Kensington Museum. A similar bequest was made by Mr Forster's friend, ALEXANDER DYCE (1798-1869), the editor of Shakspeare and of the dramatic works of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr Dyce was born in Edinburgh, son of General Dyce, in the Honourable East India Company's Service. Having studied at Edinburgh University and at Exeter College, Oxford, he entered into holy orders, and was successively curate in Fowey, Cornwall, and Nayland in Suffolk. Mr Dyce was a faithful and learned editor. His latest employment was revising the second edition of his Shakspeare; and the third edition was published by Mr Forster in 1874.

The Literary Profession and Law of Copyright.

From Forster's *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*.

'It were well,' said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, 'if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.' The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to them-

selves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public, before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers.

But though parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer, when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.*

*It may be interesting to compare Mr Forster's view of Goldsmith and the supposed neglect of authors with the opinion of Lord Macaulay: 'Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of *The Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year; and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dianers of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskillful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers.

PROFESSOR MASSON—SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

The *Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time*, volume i., 1608-1639, by DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the university of Edinburgh, promises to be by far the most accurate as well as the fullest memoir of the great poet. 'As if to oblige biography in this instance to pass into history, Milton's life divides itself with almost mechanical exactness into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement—the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose-writer; and the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse and of the publication of *Paradise Lost*. It is the plan of the present work to devote a volume to each of those periods.' Such is the herculean task Mr Masson has laid out for himself. He has cleared up many doubtful points in the poet's pedigree and academical career, and given a great mass of interesting information, literary, historical, and ecclesiastical, conveyed in vigorous and often eloquent language. A second volume of the *Life of Milton* was published in 1871, and a third in 1873.

Character of Archbishop Laud.

What with one means of influence, what with another, Laud, in the year 1632, being then in the sixtieth year of his age, was the dominant spirit in the English Church, and one of the chiefs of the English state. One would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded; much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between. But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him, the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a 'little, low, red-faced man,' bustling by the side of that king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyck air, or pressing his notions with a raspy voice at the council-board till Weston became peevish and Cottington wickedly solemn, or bowing his head in churches not very gracefully.

When we examine what remains of his mind in writings, the estimate is not enhanced. The texture of his writing is hard, dry, and common; sufficiently clear as to the meaning, and with no insincerity or superfluity, but without sap, radiance, or force. Occasionally, when one of his fundamental topics is touched, a kind of dull heat rises, and one can see that the old man was in earnest. Of anything like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect, there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius. There is never a stroke of original insight; never a flash of intellectual generality. In Williams there *is* genius; not in Laud. Many of his humble clerical contemporaries, not to

speak of such known men as Fuller and Hacket, must have been greatly his superiors in talent—more discerning men, as well as more interesting writers. That very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended, has had, since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents. How was it, then, that Laud became what he did become, and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition? how was it that his precise personality and no other worked its way upwards, through the clerical and academic element of the time, to the very top of all, and there fitted itself into the very socket where the joints of things met? *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu*. A small intellect, once in the position of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister, under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery. So long as the proprietor of an estate is satisfied, the tenants must endure the bailiff, whatever the amount of his wisdom. Then, again, in the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities.

Still, that Laud impressed these men when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents. Perhaps it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an 'imbecile,' and calls him 'a ridiculous old bigot,' he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body-politic in which he was lodged. As a fellow of a college, he was more felt than liked; as a master of a college, he was still felt, but not liked; when he came first about court, he was felt still, but still not liked. And why was he felt? Why, in each successive position to which he attained, did he affect surrounding sensation so as to domineer? For one thing, he was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. His nature, if not great, was very tight. Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others as to the divine right of Prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship. These few very definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or of opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to establish notices of what was fair, high-minded, and generous. Thus, seeing that the propositions were of a kind upon which some conclusion or other was or might be made socially imperative, he could force to his own conclusions all laxer, though larger natures, that were tending lazily the same way, and, throwing a continually increasing crowd of such and of others behind him as his followers, leave only in front of him those who opposed to his conclusions as resolute contraries. His indefatigable official activity contributed to the result. Beyond all this, however, and adding secret force to it all, there was something else about Laud. Though the system which he wanted to enforce was one of strict secular form, the man's own being rested on a trembling basis of the fantastic and

by promising to execute works which he never begun. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way.'

unearthly. Herein lay one notable, and perhaps compensating difference between his narrow intellect and the broad but secular genius of Williams. In that strange diary of Laud, which is one of the curiosities of our literature, we see him in an aspect in which he probably never wished that the public should know him. His hard and active public life is represented there but casually, and we see the man in the secrecy of his own thoughts, as he talked to himself when alone. We hear of certain sins, or, at least, 'unfortunatenesses,' of his early and past life, which clung about his memory, were kept there by anniversaries of sadness or penance, and sometimes intruded grinning faces through the gloom of the chamber when all the house was asleep. We see that, after all, whether from such causes or from some form of constitutional melancholy, the old man, who walked so briskly and cheerily about the court, and was so sharp and unhesitating in all his notions of what was to be done in secret, carry in him some sense of the burden of life's mystery, and feel the air and the earth to *some* depth around him to be full of sounds and agencies unfeared and unimaginable. At any moment they may break through! The twitter of two robin redbreasts in his room, as he is writing a sermon, sets his heart beating; a curtain rustles—whose hand touched it? Above all, he has a belief in revelation through dreams and coincidences; and as the very definiteness of his scheme of external worship may have been a refuge to him from that total mystery, the skirts of which, and only the skirts, were ever touching him, so in his dreams and small omens he seems to have had, in his daily advocacy of that scheme, some petty sense of near metaphysical aid. Out of his own dreams we are fond of this one: 'January 5 [1626-7]. Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed,' he says, 'that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then shewed to me a certain old man, long since deceased, whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke.' Were one to adopt what seems to have been Laud's own theory, might not one suppose that this wrinkled old man of his dream, squat on the supernatural ground so near its confines with the natural, was Laud's spiritual genius, and so that what of the supernatural there was in his policy consisted mainly of monitions from Grove of Reading? The question would still remain—at what depth back among the dead Grove was permitted to roam?

Mr Masson has published *Essays Biographical and Critical*, 1856; *British Novelists and their Styles*, 1859; *Recent British Philosophy*, 1865; *The Life of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, 1873; &c. Mr Masson has also been a copious contributor to our reviews, magazines, and other literary journals. He is a native of Aberdeen (born Dec. 22, 1822), and enjoys universal respect as a genial and accomplished author, professor, and member of the literary society of the Scottish capital.

Luther's Satan.

Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles are literary performances; and, for what they prove, neither Milton nor Goethe need have believed in a devil at all. Luther's devil, on the other hand, was a being recognised by him as actually existing—as existing, one might say, with a vengeance. The strong conviction which Luther had on this point is a feature in his character. The narrative of his life abounds in anecdotes, shewing that the devil with him was no chimera, no mere orthodoxy, no fiction. In every page of his writings we have

the word *Teufel*, *Teufel*, repeated again and again. Occasionally there occurs an express dissertation upon the nature and functions of the evil spirit; and one of the longest chapters in his *Table-talk* is that entitled 'The Devil and his Works'—indicating that his conversation with his friends often turned on the subject of Satanic agency. *Teufel* was actually the strongest signification he had; and whenever he was excited to his highest emotional pitch, it came in to assist his utterance at the climax, and give him a corresponding powerful expression. 'This thing I will do,' it was common for him to say, 'in spite of all who may oppose me, be it duke, emperor, priest, bishop, cardinal, pope, or devil.' Martin's heart, he says, is a 'Stock, Stein, Eisen, Teufel, hart Herz' (a stock, stone, iron, devil, hard heart). And it was not a mere vague conception he had of this being, such as theology might oblige. On the contrary, he had observed him as a man would his personal enemy, and in so doing had formed a great many conclusions regarding his powers and his character. In general, Luther's devil may be defined as a personification, in the spirit of Scripture, of the resisting medium which Luther had to coil his way through—spiritual fears, passionate uprisings, fainting resolutions, within himself; error, weakness, envy, in those around him; and, without, a whole world howling for his destruction. It is in effect as if Luther had said: 'Scripture reveals to me the existence of a great accursed being, whose function it is to produce evil. It is for me to ascertain the character of this being, whom I, of all men, have to deal with. And how am I to do so except by observing him working? God knows I have not far to go in quest of his manifestations.' And thus Luther went on filling up the scriptural proposition with his daily experience. He was constantly gaining a clearer conception of his great personal antagonist, constantly stumbling upon some more concealed trait in the spirit's character. The being himself was invisible; but men were walking in the midst of his manifestations. History to Luther was not a physical course of events. It was God acting and the devil opposing.

London Suburbs—Hampstead.

London, with all the evils resulting from its vastness, has suburbs as rich and beautiful, after the English style of scenery, as any in the world; and even now, despite the encroachments of the ever-encroaching brick and mortar on the surrounding country, the neighbourhood of Hampstead and Highgate, near London, is one in which the lover of natural beauty and the solitary might well delight. The ground is much the highest round London; there are real heights and hollows, so that the omnibuses coming from town have put on additional horses; you ascend steep roads, lying in part through villages or quaint shops, and old high-gabled brick houses, still distinct from the great city, though about to be devoured by it—in part through straggling lines of villas, with gardens and grassy parks round them, and here and there an old inn; and from the highest eminences, when the view is clear, you can see London left behind, a mass of purplish mist, with domes and steeples visible through it. When the villages end, you are really in the country. There is the Heath, on the Hampstead side—an extensive tract of knolls and little glens, covered here and there with furze, all abloom with yellow in the summer, when the larks may be heard singing over it; threaded here and there by paths with seats in them, or broken by clumps of trees, and blue rusty-nailed palings, which inclose old-fashioned family-houses and shrubberies, where the coachman in livery may be seen talking lazily to the gardener, but containing also sequestered spots where one might wander alone for hours, or lie concealed amid the sheltering furze. At night, Hampstead Heath would be as ghastly a place to wander in as an uneasy spirit could desire. In every hollow seen in the starlight, one

could fancy that there had been a murder; nay, tradition points to spots where foul crimes have been committed, or where, in the dead of night, forgers, who had walked, with discovery on their track, along dark intervening roads from the hell of lamp-lit London, had lain down and poisoned themselves. In the day, however, and especially on a bright summer day, the scene is open, healthy, and cheerful.

The *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography* by SIR JAMES STEPHEN (1789-1859), contain brief memoirs of Hildebrand, St Francis of Assisi, Loyola, Luther, Baxter, Wilberforce, the founders of Jesuitism, the Port-Royalists, the Clapham Sect, &c. As originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, these essays were nearly as popular with a large body of readers as those of Macaulay, though on less attractive subjects. They were first published in a collective form in 1849, and have gone through several editions. Sir James Stephen was long legal adviser to the Colonial Office, then assistant Under-secretary to the Colonial Office, and afterwards Under-secretary of State, which office he held from 1836 to 1847. He was a valuable public servant and good man.

J. P. MUIRHEAD (*Life of Watt*)—S. SMILES (*Life of Stephenson*).

A relative of James Watt, JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M. A., who had access to all the family papers, published a volume in 1854, entitled *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt*; three volumes, 1858. The large copper-plate engravings of machinery by which it was illustrated necessarily raised the cost of this work above the means of most people, while the minute descriptions of patents and their relative drawings were more desirable for the use of the scientific engineer and the mechanical philosopher than of the general reader. To meet the wishes of the latter, Mr Muirhead, in 1858, remodelled and reproduced, in a form at once more comprehensive, more convenient, and less costly, the biographical memoir of Watt, incorporating with it the most interesting passages in his correspondence, and, as far as possible, Watt's own clear and forcible descriptions of his inventions. This volume furnishes an interesting account of the career of the great inventor, of whom Sir Walter Scott has said that he was 'not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.' James Watt was born on the 19th of January 1736, at Greenock, and came of a family that for more than a hundred years had more or less professed mathematics and navigation. Many stories are told of his early turn for science. When he was six years of age, a gentleman, calling on his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. 'Mr Watt,' said he, 'you ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is occupied before you condemn him,' replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the boy had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the marble hearth, and was then marking in

letters and figures the result of some calculation he was carrying on: he put various questions to him, and ended by remarking, 'he is no common child.' Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs Muirhead, at the tea-table, she said: 'James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy: take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour, you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam.' James was already observing the process of condensation. Before he was fifteen years of age, he had made for himself a small electrical machine, with which he sometimes startled his young friends by giving them sudden shocks from it. This must have been only a few years after the Leyden phial was invented. His father's store-rooms, in which he kept a stock of telescopes, quadrants, and optical instruments for the supply of ships at Greenock, were a valuable school of observation to the young philosopher, and may have tended to decide the profession which he selected for himself—that of mathematical instrument-maker. At the age of eighteen, he removed to Glasgow to learn this business, and a year afterwards repaired to London for the same purpose. But bad health—a gnawing pain in his back, and weariness all over his body—obliged him to quit London in the year 1756; and after investing about twenty guineas in tools and useful books on his trade, he returned to Scotland. In 1757 he received permission to occupy an apartment and open a shop within the precincts of the college of Glasgow, and to use the designation of 'mathematical instrument-maker to the university.' And now, in his twenty-first year, may be said to have commenced the wonderful career of James Watt as a man of inventive genius. Business was sufficiently prosperous, and in his leisure hours he studied without intermission. 'Observare' was the motto he adopted, and his object, as he himself expressed it, was 'to find out the weak side of Nature, and to vanquish her; 'for Nature,' he says again, 'has a weak side, if we can only find it out.' Nothing came amiss. Without knowing one musical note from another, he undertook to build an organ for a mason-lodge in Glasgow. He had studied the philosophical theory of music, and not only did he make the organ, but in the process a thousand things occurred to him which no organ-builder ever dreamed of—nice indicators of the strength of the blast, regulators of it, &c. He afterwards made many organs; and guitars, flutes, and violins of his manufacture are still in existence. About this time he also contrived an ingenious machine for drawing in perspective. The great discovery which led to the ultimate triumphs of the steam-engine was made when Watt was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age—namely, in 1764 or 1765. Dr Black, an intimate friend, thus narrates the circumstance:

The Steam-engine.

A few years after he was settled at Glasgow, he was employed by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to examine and rectify a small workable model of a steam-engine, which was out of order. This turned a part of his thoughts and fertile invention to the nature and improvement of steam-engines, to the perfection of their machinery, and to the different means by which their

great consumption of fuel might be diminished. He soon acquired such a reputation for his knowledge on this subject, that he was employed to plan and erect several engines in different places, while at the same time he was frequently making new experiments to lessen the waste of heat from the external surface of the boiler, and from that of the cylinder. But, after he had been thus employed a considerable time, he perceived that by far the greatest waste of heat proceeded from the waste of steam in filling the cylinder with steam. In filling the cylinder with steam, for every stroke of the common engine a great part of the steam is chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder, before this last is heated enough to qualify it for being filled with elastic vapour or perfect steam; he perceived, therefore, that by preventing this waste of steam, an incomparably greater saving of heat and fuel would be attained than by any other contrivance. It was thus in the beginning of the year 1765 that the fortunate thought occurred to him of condensing the steam by cold in a separate vessel or apparatus, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened for that purpose every time the steam was to be condensed; while the cylinder itself might be preserved perpetually hot, no cold water or air being ever admitted into its cavity. This capital improvement flashed on his mind at once, and filled him with rapture.

Here was the weak side of Nature, by the discovery of which he vanquished her. Dr Robison, also an intimate friend, assigns the discovery to the year 1764. Dr Robison gives an account of an interview with Watt at this time: 'I came into Mr Watt's parlour without ceremony, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered into conversation on what we had been speaking of at last meeting—something about steam. All the while Mr Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me, and said briskly: "You need not *flash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot: ay, and hot water injected, if you please." So saying, Mr Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and, seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under a table with his foot. I put a question about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him to a further explanation. . . . I found Mr Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr Watt's, and he immediately accosted me with: "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?" "Yes." "He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?" "Yes," said I, "very fine spirits." "Ay," says Mr Brown, "the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder." The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once.'

The first experiment was made with a common anatomist's great injection syringe for a cylinder, but the contrivance was perfect in Watt's mind, and fitted the engine at once for the greatest and most powerful, or for the most trifling task. Dr Robison says he is satisfied that when he left town a fortnight before the interview above quoted, Watt had not thought of the method of keeping the cylinder hot, and that when he returned, he had completed it, and confirmed it by experiment. Sir Walter Scott, according to Lockhart, never considered any amount of literary distinction

as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life; and if ever a discovery in science was entitled to this exalted position, it was surely that made by James Watt—an invention which is estimated to have added to the available labour of Great Britain alone a power equivalent to that of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

To reap the benefits of his discovery was now the great object to which Watt directed himself; but it was eight or nine years before it turned to the advantage of the public or to the benefit of the inventor. For a time he was associated with an ingenious but unsuccessful man, Dr Roebuck, and neither profited much by the connection. The invention was, however, patented in January 1769, and Watt continued to experiment upon and to perfect the mechanism of his 'fire-engine.' He had married a cousin of his own, Miss Miller, in July 1763, and had now three children; 'but unhappily,' says Mr Muirhead, 'without receiving that triple proportion of corn which, among the Romans, the *jus trium liberorum* brought with it. Those little voices, "whose crying was a cry for gold," were not to be stilled by the baser metal of a badly cast Carron cylinder, or the "block-tin and hammered lead" of a Glasgow condenser.' We find Watt writing thus: 'I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it, to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was. I find that I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred.'

To carry on the affairs of his household, Watt undertook many occasional commissions. He projected a canal for carrying coals to Glasgow, and received £200 a year for superintending its construction. His mind having been turned to canals, he struck out the idea of the screw-propeller, or 'spiral oar,' as he called it. He made surveys for various canals in Scotland, and among others, by appointment of the Court of Police of Glasgow, the Caledonian Canal, which was afterwards constructed between Inverness and Fort-William. Mr Telford, to whom this great work was principally intrusted, throughout his lengthened labours in connection with it, has borne testimony to the particular correctness and value of Watt's survey. The inventive genius of the man was never still: clocks, micrometers, dividing screws, surveying quadrants, and a hundred other inventions flowed from him with the ease that a *littérateur* dashes off an article for a magazine. 'You might live,' said his friend Dr Small, 'by inventing only an hour in a week for mathematical instrument-makers.'

In 1773, Mr Watt and Dr Roebuck dissolved their connection; and then began the partnership with Mr Boulton of the Soho Works, in Birmingham, which laid the foundation of Watt's future prosperity. Mr Boulton was possessed of ample means to do justice to the magnitude of Watt's inventions; and the result was, that both realised an ample fortune, and the Soho Works of Birmingham were among the greatest establishments of that city. Watt's inventions continued to enrich the world almost until his death, at the patriarchal

age of eighty-three. Among the most important of these, not mentioned above, were the rotative motion and parallel motion, the throttle-valve, the steam-gauge, the indicator, the governor, &c. in connection with the steam-engine; the copying-press, the steam tilt-hammer, a smoke-consumer, the discovery of the composition of water, &c. These are among the works which we owe to the great inventor and perfecter of the steam-engine. Lord Brougham's beautiful epitaph on Watt, in Westminster Abbey, should never be omitted from any notice of his life and character :

Not to perpetuate a name,
Which must endure, while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to shew

That Mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,

The King,
His Ministers, and many of the Nobles
And Commons of the Realm,
Raised this Monument to

JAMES WATT,

Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of

The Steam-engine,
Enlarged the Resources of his Country,
Increased the Power of Man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most Illustrious Followers of Science
And the real Benefactors of the World.

Born at Greenock, MDCCLXXXVI ;
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

The *Life of George Stephenson*, by SAMUEL SMILES, 1857, is interesting on account of the history it gives of the application of locomotives to railway travelling; and it is invaluable as affording the example of a great principle triumphing over popular prejudice, ignorance, and the strenuous opposition of 'vested interests.' The railway engineer rose from very small beginnings. He was the son of a labourer in Northumberland, fireman at the pumping-engine of the colliery at Wylam, near Newcastle. George was born in 1781. While a child he ran errands, herded cows, and performed field-labour until, in his fourteenth year, he was promoted to be assistant to his father at the rate of one shilling a day. He could not read, but he imitated everything. He mended clocks and watches, made shoes, and otherwise displayed such ingenuity, that he was appointed engine-wright at Killingworth Colliery at a salary of £100 a year. Here he inspired such confidence in his sagacity and skill, that, on application, he at once obtained permission from Lord Ravensworth, the proprietor, to incur the outlay for constructing what he called a 'travelling engine' for the tram-roads between the colliery and the shipping-port nine miles off. With the imperfect tools and unskilled workmen at Killingworth, Stephenson constructed his first locomotive. He called it 'My Lord;' and at its first trial, on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, the engine drew eight loaded carriages, of about thirty tons' weight, at the rate of four miles an hour. This was on the 25th of July 1814. It was not until 1830 that the public fully recognised the practicability of driving locomotives on smooth rails; and it was then recognised, because the fact could no longer be denied. Stephenson convinced himself of the two great principles—that friction is a constant quantity at all velocities, and that iron is capable of adhesion upon iron without roughness of surface. He therefore discarded cog-

wheels on rails and the idea of running locomotives on common roads, and laboured to adapt the locomotive and the rails to the wants of each other, so that, as he said himself, they might be like 'man and wife.' His success led to his appointment as engineer of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a line projected in order to find an outlet and new markets for the Bishop-Auckland coals. Here he succeeded in establishing the first railway over which passengers and goods were carried by a locomotive. The opening trial took place 27th September 1827, and a local chronicler thus records the event :

Starting the First Railway Locomotive.

The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coal, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons. The engine with its load arrived at Darlington, a distance of $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, in sixty-five minutes. The six wagons, loaded with coal intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in three hours and seven minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly twelve miles. By the time the train reached Stockton there were about 600 persons in the train or hanging on to the wagons, which must have gone at a safe and steady pace of from four to six miles an hour from Darlington. 'The arrival at Stockton,' it is added, 'excited a deep interest and admiration.'

A more important field was, however, necessary, in order to attract public attention, and to test the inherent soundness of the principle propounded by Stephenson. This was found in Liverpool and Manchester. The means of transporting goods between these great cities had not kept pace with the development of the traffic. Cotton, as Mr Huskisson observed in the House of Commons, was detained a fortnight at Liverpool, while the Manchester manufacturers were obliged to suspend their labours; and goods manufactured at Manchester for foreign markets could not be transmitted in time, in consequence of the tardy conveyance. In nine years, the quantity of raw cotton alone sent from the one town to the other had increased by fifty million pounds' weight.

A public meeting was held at Liverpool, and it was resolved to construct a tram-road, an idea which, under George Stephenson, was ultimately extended to a railway suitable for either fixed or locomotive engines. At this time the Bridge-water Canal was yielding a return of the whole original investment about once in two years. The opposition of the proprietors was therefore natural enough, but the scheme was opposed on all sides. In making the survey, Stephenson was refused access to the ground at one point, turned off by the gamekeepers at another, and on one occasion, when a clergyman was violently hostile, he had to slip in and make his survey while divine service was going on. The survey was made, however, in spite of all opposition. The next difficulty was to get leave to make the line. A shower of pamphlets warned the public against the locomotive: it would keep cows from grazing, and

lens from laying; the air would be poisoned, and birds fall dead as it passed; the preservation of pheasants and foxes would be impossible; householders would be ruined, horses become extinct, and oats unsaleable; country inns would be ruined; travelling rendered dangerous, for boilers would burst, and passengers be blown to atoms. But there was always this consolation to wind up with—the weight of the locomotive would prevent its moving, and railways could never be worked by steam-power. The bill for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway at length came before a committee of the House of Commons. Privately, Mr Stephenson talked of driving twenty miles an hour; but the council warned him of such folly, and in evidence he restricted himself to ten miles an hour. ‘But assuming this speed,’ said a member of the committee, ‘suppose that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?’ ‘Yes,’ replied the witness, with his strong Northumberland burr, and a merry twinkle in his eye—‘yes, verry awkward indeed *for the cow!*’

Mr Stephenson—that unprofessional person, as one of the engineers of the day called him—failed to convince the committee, and the bill was lost. ‘We must persevere, sir,’ was his invariable reply, when friends hinted that he might be wrong; and a second bill was brought in, which, as the new line carefully avoided the lands of a few short-sighted opponents, passed the House of Commons by 88 to 41, and the House of Lords with the opposition of only Lord Derby and Lord Wilton. The railway was commenced; and though told by the first engineers of the day that no man in his senses would attempt to carry it through Chat Moss, Mr Stephenson did so, at a cost not of £270,000, but of only £28,000, and he completed the line in a substantial and business-like manner. But the adoption of the locomotive was still an open question, and he stood alone among the engineers of the day. The most advanced professional men concurred in recommending fixed engines. ‘We must persevere, sir,’ was still George’s motto. He persuaded the director’s to give the locomotive a trial, and he made an engine for the purpose. The trial came on, 6th October 1829. The engine started on its journey, dragging after it about thirteen tons’ weight in wagons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained by the ‘Rocket’ during the trial-trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. ‘Now,’ cried one of the directors, lifting up his hands—‘now is George Stephenson at last delivered.’ This decided the question; locomotives were immediately constructed and put upon the line; and the public opening of the work took place on the 15th September 1830.

Opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

The completion of the work was justly regarded as a great national event, and was celebrated accordingly.

The Duke of Wellington, then prime-minister, Sir Robert Peel, secretary of state, Mr Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool, and an earnest supporter of the project from its commencement, were present, together with a large number of distinguished personages. The ‘Northumbrian’ engine took the lead of the procession, and was followed by the other locomotives and their trains, which accommodated about six hundred persons. Many thousands of spectators cheered them on their way—through the deep ravine of Olive Mount; up the Sutton incline; over the Sankey viaduct, beneath which a multitude of persons had assembled—carriages filling the narrow lanes, and barges crowding the river. The people gazed with wonder and admiration at the trains which sped along the line, far above their heads, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water. Here a deplorable accident occurred to one of the most distinguished of the illustrious visitors present, which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The ‘Northumbrian’ engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains might pass in review before him and his party on the other. Mr Huskisson had, unhappily, alighted from the carriage, and was standing on the opposite road, along which the ‘Rocket’ engine was observed rapidly coming up. At this moment the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; and before it was loosened, there was a general cry from the by-standers of ‘Get in, get in!’ Flurried and confused, Mr Huskisson endeavoured to get round the open door of the carriage which projected over the opposite rail, but in so doing he was struck down by the ‘Rocket,’ and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, ‘I have met my death,’ which unhappily proved too true, for he expired that same evening in the neighbouring parsonage of Eccles. It was cited at the time, as a remarkable fact, that the ‘Northumbrian’ engine conveyed the wounded body of the unfortunate gentleman a distance of about fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. This incredible speed burst upon the world with all the effect of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon.

The fortune of George Stephenson was now made. He became a great man. He was offered, but refused, a knighthood, and his latter days were spent as those of a country gentleman. He died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven.

George Stephenson at Sir Robert Peel’s seat of Drayton.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions; and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr Stephenson freely joined in it. On one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr Buckland on one of his favourite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was, that Dr Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked what he was thinking about? ‘Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words which he has, I’d have beaten him.’ ‘Let me know all about it,’

said Sir William, 'and I'll see what I can do for you.' The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case; entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said: 'Now I am ready for him.' Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law; and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr Buckland. 'What do you say, Mr Stephenson?' asked Sir Robert, laughing. 'Why,' said he, 'I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab.' One day at dinner, during the same visit, a scientific lady asked him the question, 'Mr Stephenson, what do you consider the most powerful force in nature?' 'Oh!' said he, in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back; there is no other force in nature that could do that.' One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. 'Now, Buckland,' said Mr Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.

ELIZA METEYARD.

In 1865-6 appeared *The Life of Josiah Wedgwood*, two volumes, by ELIZA METEYARD, a lady who had previously written several tales and other productions under the name of 'Silverpen.' In 1871 Miss Meteyard produced a series of biographies, under the title of *A Group of Englishmen (1795 to 1815)*, being records of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends, embracing the history of photography.

HENRY, LORD COCKBURN—DEAN RAMSAY—
DR R. CHAMBERS.

The awakened curiosity of the public regarding Scottish history and manners—mainly to be attributed to Sir Walter Scott's works—induced the late HENRY COCKBURN (1779-1854) to write and publish (1856) *Memorials of his Time*, or sketches of the public character and social habits of the leading citizens of Edinburgh, from the end of the last century to the culminating-point in the celebrity of the Scottish capital at the date of the Waverley novels. The author of the *Memorials*, Lord Cockburn, a Scottish judge, was shrewd,

observant, and playful—a genial humourist and man of fine taste, with a vein of energetic eloquence, when roused, that was irresistible with a Scottish audience. In 1874 were issued two more volumes of the same description, *Journal of Henry Cockburn, being a Continuation of the 'Memorials of His Own Time.'*

Of a similar character with the *Memorials*, though more gossiping and anecdotal, is the work entitled *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, 1857, by the REV. EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY (1793-1872), minister of St John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh (1830), and dean of the diocese from 1841 till his death. This volume has gone through twenty-one editions. Dean Ramsay was a man of various graces and accomplishments, and as a clergyman he combined deep and fervent piety with genuine toleration and benevolence. The *Reminiscences* form a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing. It is the best refutation of Sydney Smith's unfortunate joke that the Scotch have no humour, and it has done almost as much as the Waverley novels to make Scotch customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad.

Edinburgh Society Eighty Years Since.

From *Memorials of his Time*, by HENRY COCKBURN.

There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern, seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody, who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse-tempered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made them listen to him; and Braxfield [a Scottish judge] apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons,' that is, between one and two. The hour, in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour.' At last, even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half-an-hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer.

The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was formerly arranged on a different principle

from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never shewed itself without denunciations of continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file; so that when they reached the dining-room, the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs, till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority; and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of France. Healths and toasts were special torments; or oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prandial nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments.' These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning;' or 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age;' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful, that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner; shorter, less ceremonious, and more poetical. The business of the day is over; and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun, or heart, or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

Scottish Nationality.

From Preface to Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged; whilst absent, Scotchmen never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots.' Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'India's coral strand.' I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who

met with it when travelling in India. He happened to arrive at a station upon the eve of St Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner-party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were *seven* sheep-heads (singed) down the table; and Lord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause *The Laird o' Cockpen*.

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high-minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities. Whatever, then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow-countrymen in distress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people; and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own.

I desire to preserve peculiarities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life. No doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the quaint and quiet humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit. And, as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some harmless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character. That, I trust, is no offence. I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small a degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen. I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life, has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence. God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man. No one, I think, need be ashamed of having sought to cheer the darker hours of his fellow-travellers' steps through life, or to beguile their hearts, when weary and heavy-laden, into cheerful and amusing trains of thought. So far as my experience of life goes, I have never found that the cause of morality or of religion was promoted by sternly checking all tendencies of our nature to relaxation and amusement. If mankind be too ready to enter upon pleasures which are dangerous or questionable, it is the part of wisdom and of benevolence to supply them with sources of interest, the enjoyment of which shall be innocent and permissible.

What Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay did for their time by personal observation and memory, has been done for a much earlier period, through the medium of books and manuscripts, by DR ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution*, two volumes, 1858; and from *the Revolution to the Rebellion of 1745*, in one volume, 1861. His object, as stated in the preface to the work, was to detail 'the series of occurrences beneath the region of history, the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people, the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity; the calamities which affected their wellbeing, the traits of false political economy by which that wellbeing was checked, and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days.' The language of the original contemporary narrators

is given wherever it was sufficiently intelligible and concise. This work has been very successful. Three other volumes by its author are devoted to local and national annals—*The History of the Rebellion of 1745-6*, *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. These are valuable as embodying much curious information presented in a form agreeable and attractive. *The History of the Rebellion* is, indeed, an important contribution to our historical literature. Dr Chambers's best services, as has been justly remarked, 'were devoted to his native country; and, with the exception of his illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, no other author has done so much to illustrate its social state, its scenery, romantic historical incidents, and antiquities—the lives of its eminent men—and the changes in Scottish society and the condition of the people (especially those in the capital) during the last two centuries.' The life of Dr R. Chambers has been written by his brother, Dr W. Chambers.* Both were born in Peebles—William, April 16, 1800; Robert, July 10, 1802—of an old Peeblesshire family, who, at the beginning of the century, were substantial woollen manufacturers. Robert has thus graphically described his native town :

Picture of an old Scottish Town.

From Memoir of Robert Chambers.

In the early years of this century, Peebles was little advanced from the condition in which it had mainly rested for several hundred years previously. It was eminently a quiet place—'As quiet as the grave or as Peebles,' is a phrase used by Cockburn. It was said to be a finished town, for no new houses (exceptions to be of course allowed for) were ever built in it. Situated, however, among beautiful pastoral hills, with a singularly pure atmosphere, and with the pellucid Tweed running over its pebbly bed close beside the streets, the town was acknowledged to be, in the fond language of its inhabitants, a bonny place. An honest old burgher was enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, and was eagerly questioned, when he came back, as to the character of that capital of capitals; to which, it is said, he answered that 'Paris, a' thing considered, was a wonderful place—but still, Peebles for plesure!' and this has often been cited as a ludicrous example of rustic prejudice and narrowness of judgment. But, on a fair interpretation of the old gentleman's words, he was not quite so benighted as at first appears. The 'plesures' of Peebles were the beauties of the situation and the opportunities of healthful recreation it afforded, and these were certainly considerable.

There was an old and a new town in Peebles—each of them a single street, or little more; and as even the new town had an antique look, it may be inferred that the old looked old indeed. It was indeed, chiefly composed of thatched cottages, occupied by weavers and labouring people—a primitive race of homely aspect, in many instances eking out a scanty subsistence by having a cow on the town common, or cultivating a *rig* of potatoes in the fields close to the town. Rows of porridge *luggies* (small wooden vessels) were to be seen cooling on window-soles; a smell of peat smoke pervaded the place; the click of the shuttle was everywhere heard during the day; and in the evening, the gray old-men came out in their Kilmarnock night-caps, and talked of Bonaparte, on the stone seats beside their doors. The platters used in these humble dwellings were all of wood, and the spoons of horn; knives and forks rather rare

articles. The house was generally divided into two apartments by a couple of *box-beds*, placed end to end—a bad style of bed prevalent in cottages all over Scotland; they were so close as almost to stifle the inmates. Among these humble people, all costumes, customs, and ways of living smacked of old times. You would see a venerable patriarch making his way to church on Sunday, with a long-backed, swing-tailed, light-blue coat of the style of George II., which was probably his marriage coat, and half a century old. His head-gear was a broad-brimmed blue bonnet. The old women came out on the same occasions in red scarfs, called cardinals, and white *mutches* (caps), bound by a black ribbon, with the gray hair folded back on the forehead. There was a great deal of druggot, and huckaback, and serge in that old world, and very little cotton. One almost might think he saw the humbler Scotch people of the seventeenth century before his eyes.

William Chambers, in that part of the volume devoted to his autobiographic reminiscences, says of Peebles :

Among that considerable part of the population who lived down closes and in old thatched cottages, news circulated at third or fourth hand, or was merged in conversation on religious or other topics. My brother and I derived much enjoyment, not to say instruction, from the singing of old ballads, and the telling of legendary stories, by a kind old female relative, the wife of a decayed tradesman, who dwelt in one of the ancient closes. At her humble fireside, under the canopy of a huge chimney, where her half-blind and superannuated husband sat dozing in a chair, the battle of Corunna and other prevailing news was strangely mingled with disquisitions on the Jewish wars. The source of this interesting conversation was a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, a small folio of date 1720. The envied possessor of the work was Tam Fleck, 'a flichty chield,' as he was considered, who, not particularly steady at his legitimate employment, struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with his Josephus, which he read as the current news; the only light he had for doing so being usually that imparted by the flickering blaze of a piece of parrot coal. It was his practice not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off.

'Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside.

'Bad news, bad news,' replied Tam. 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business;' and then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid the most reverential attention. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews, was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such séances my brother and I were delighted listeners. All honour to the memory of Tam Fleck.

Misfortune overtook the old *bourgeois* family of Chambers, in Peebles. They removed to Edinburgh, and there the two brothers, William and Robert Chambers, fought hard and nobly to gain

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences*, by William Chambers, 1872.

a position in life. How they struggled, manfully and cheerfully—never relaxing, never complaining—is told in the *Memoir* from which we have quoted, and which is the most interesting and instructive narrative of the kind that has issued from the press since Hugh Miller wrote his *Schools and Schoolmasters*. In 1868, the university of St Andrews conferred on Robert the honorary degree of LL.D. He then resided chiefly in St Andrews, and there he died on the 17th of March 1871. On William, who survives, the university of Edinburgh conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1872.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

Professional biographies—legal, military, medical, &c.—are numerous, but having only a special interest, do not seem to require mention here. We make an exception in the case of SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON (1811–1870), because he proved, by his discovery of the anæsthetic virtues of chloroform, to be a benefactor of mankind. He made other improvements and innovations in medical practice, which are, we believe, considered valuable. His chief distinction, however, was the relief of human suffering by this agent of chloroform—‘wrapping,’ as he said, ‘men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence; and especially when our frail brother man is laid upon the operating table, and subjected to the tortures of the surgeon’s knives and scalpels, his saws and his cauteries.’ Chloroform was first discovered and described at nearly the same time by Soubeiran (1831) and Liebig (1832); its composition was first accurately ascertained by the distinguished French chemist, Dumas, in 1835.

Indirect Value of Philosophical Investigation.

It is (said Sir James Simpson) not unworthy of remark, that when Soubeiran and Liebig and Dumas engaged in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any *practical* purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to shew that the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as it has been in many other instances. For I feel assured that the use of chloroform will soon entirely supersede the use of ether; and from the facility and rapidity of its exhibition, it will be employed as an anæsthetic agent in many cases, and under many circumstances, in which ether would never have been had recourse to. Here, then, we have a substance which, in the first instance, was merely interesting as a matter of scientific curiosity and research, becoming rapidly an object of intense importance, as an agent by which human suffering and agony may be annulled and abolished, under some of the most trying circumstances in which human nature is ever placed.

One objection made to the use of anæsthesia was, that it enabled women to avoid one part of the primeval curse! Simpson said ‘the word translated *sorrow* (Gen. ii. 16) is truly “labour,”

“toil,” and in the very next verse the very same word means this. Adam was to eat the ground with “sorrow.” That does not mean *physical* pain, and it was cursed to bear thorns and thistles, which we pull up without dreaming that it is a sin.’ Dr Chalmers thought the ‘small theologians’ who objected should not be heeded, and so thought every man of sense. The use of chloroform extended rapidly over all Europe and America, and is now an established recognised agent in the mitigation of human suffering.

Professor Simpson was born at Bathgate in Linlithgowshire, one of a numerous but poor and industrious family. Having studied at Edinburgh University, he graduated as doctor in medicine in 1832. In 1840 he succeeded Professor Hamilton as Professor of Midwifery, and in 1847 first introduced the use of chloroform. After a prosperous career, the Queen, in 1866, conferred upon him the honour of a baronetcy, and the university of Oxford gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Sir James was a keen antiquary, and published a treatise on *Archaic Sculpturings of Cups, Circles, &c. upon Stones and Rocks*, 1867.

J. E. BAILEY—H. CRABB ROBINSON— C. WENTWORTH DILKE.

In 1874 MR JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY, Manchester, published a *Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D.*, with notices of his books, his kinsmen, and his friends—an elaborate and valuable memoir of the celebrated church historian, ‘undertaken,’ as the author states, ‘out of admiration of the life and character of the very remarkable man whom it concerns,’ and ‘the result of the study and research of the leisure hours of many years.’

In the *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence* of HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, three volumes, 1869, will be found a great amount of literary anecdote and information concerning German and English authors. The inscription on his tombstone may suffice for a biographical notice: ‘HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, born May 15, 1775, died February 5, 1867; friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxman and Blake, Clarkson and Charles Lamb; he honoured and loved the great and noble in their thoughts and characters, his warmth of heart and genial sympathy embraced all whom he could serve, &c. The best account we have of Wordsworth’s literary life and opinions is in Crabb Robinson’s diary.

Much interesting and curious literary history, with a dash of politics intermixed, is contained in two volumes, *Papers of a Critic*, 1875, selected from the writings of the late CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE by his grandson, the baronet of the same name, author of a book of travels, *Greater Britain*. Mr Dilke was born in 1787, served for many years in the Navy Pay Office, and on his retiring with a pension, devoted himself to literary inquiry and criticism. He was a man of a solid, clear judgment, of unwearied industry, and of thorough independence of character. He became proprietor of the *Athenæum* literary journal, the price of which he reduced from eightpence to fourpence, and vastly increased its circulation and influence. Charles Lamb, Hood, Leigh Hunt, the Howitts, Allan Cunningham, Lady Morgan, &c. were among its writers. To insure impartiality as a critic and editor, Mr Dilke made it a rule not to

go into society of any kind—a self-denying ordinance that it must have been hard to keep.* He had, however, a band of intimate friends among his regular contributors. In the *Athenæum* Mr Dilke produced his critical papers on Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Swift, Junius, Wilkes, Greville, and Burke. The most important of these are the papers on Pope, Junius, and Burke. It may safely be said that, notwithstanding all the labours of Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe, the personal history of Pope was never properly understood until it was taken up by Mr Dilke. On the authorship of Junius, he differed from great authorities—Brougham, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and others. He investigated the subject with his usual acuteness and research, but though he corrected numerous errors in previous statements on the subject, he brought forward no name to supersede that of Sir Philip Francis. With respect to Burke, Mr Dilke also pointed out many errors in the works of biographers, and convicted the great statesman of a fault not uncommon—buying an estate before he had money to pay for it, and entering on a scheme of life far too expensive for his means. Mr Dilke died, universally respected and regretted, August 16, 1864.

JOHN MORLEY—PROFESSOR MORLEY—WILLIAM MINTO—C. C. F. GREVILLE.

JOHN MORLEY, born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, has published *Edmund Burke, a Historical Study*, 1867; and *Lives of Voltaire*, 1872, and *Rousseau*, 1873. Mr Morley has been editor of the *Fortnightly Review* since 1867.

HENRY MORLEY, Professor of English Literature at University College, has written various works, biographical and critical, and contributed extensively to literary journals. *Lives of Palissy the Potter*, 1852; *Jerome Cardan*, 1854; *Cornelius Agrippa*, 1856; *Clement Marot*, 1870; *First Sketch of English Literature*, 1873, are among the most important of his productions, and he is now engaged on an elaborate *Library of English Literature*, in course of publication by Messrs Cassell and Co.

MR WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., is author of two excellent compendiums of English biography and criticism: *A Manual of English Prose Literature*, designed mainly to shew characteristics of style, 1872; and *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, 1874. Shortly after the publication of the latter work, Mr Minto became editor of *The Examiner* weekly paper, so long distinguished by its former editors, Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Great interest was excited by the appearance, in 1874, of *The Greville Memoirs*, a journal of the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., by CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, clerk of the council to those sovereigns. Mr Greville was a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. At the age of twenty he was appointed private secretary to Lord Bathurst, and seven years afterwards he

succeeded to the clerkship of the council, which he held for about forty years. Though too free in his comments and disclosures, and not always just or correct, Mr Greville's journal will be valuable to future historians. His sketches of character are drawn with discrimination and talent, and in his gallery of portraits are the two sovereigns whom he served (George IV. being painted as destitute of truth and honour, and a mere selfish sensualist), and nearly all the public men, statesmen, and authors, who figured during that period. The contrast between the Queen and her uncle is vividly set forth in the following passage :

Queen Victoria's First Days of Sovereignty.

June 21, 1837.—The king died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning; and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence: and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the chancellor, and Melbourne went with them. The queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes (Cumberland and Sussex; the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover) first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very grateful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or shew any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne, and the ministers, and the Duke of Wellington approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and

* The late Mr Rintoul of the *Spectator* adopted the same rule. 'I don't quite understand Rintoul's point,' wrote Mr Quillinan, the son-in-law of Wordsworth. 'Making it a rule to avoid authors, he makes it a rule to exclude himself from the best intellectual society—that is, if he applies his rule rigorously. If he means that he avoids the small cliques of authorlings and critclings who puff one another and abuse every one else, I quite understand him, and "small blame to him," as the Irishman says.'

self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared president of the council, and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect, though it was not usual. The speech was admired except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating) : 'Amelioration—that is not English; you might perhaps say *m*elioration, but improvement is the proper word.' 'Oh,' said Peel, 'I see no harm in the word; it is generally used.' 'You object,' said Brougham, 'to the sentiment; I object to the grammar.' 'No,' said Peel, 'I don't object to the sentiment.' 'Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* government,' said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room, and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a council at St James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock; and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her, and told her he was come to take her orders. She said: 'I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.'

Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her ministers, and courtesied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve, she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and, with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the council she received the archbishops and bishops, and after them the judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them; very different from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody. . . .

No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he went nearly mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time, to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and

discreet part. The two principal ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity, the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

THEOLOGIAN.

The publication of the *Tracts for the Times*, by *Members of the University of Oxford*, four volumes, 1833-37, forms an era in the history of the Church of England. 'The movement was commenced,' says Mr Molesworth, 'by a small knot of young men, most of them under thirty years of age. The two most energetic and original minds among them were RICHARD HURRELL FROUDE and JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Froude died at the early age of thirty-three of a pulmonary complaint, but lived long enough to witness the commencement of the Tracts, and to rejoice in their unexpected success. Newman was the prime mover and real leader of the movement, and one who, not only by his writings, but by his sermons, his conversation, and, above all, by the influence of his pure motives and lofty intelligence, nurtured and carried it forward. With them came to be associated two kindred spirits, less energetic indeed, but not less firm or earnest—DR PUSEY, the learned young Regius Professor of Hebrew, and KEBLE, the sweet singer of the Church of England, whose *Christian Year* will live as long as the church endures (see *ante*, p. 183). With these were associated other men of less mark and note, of whom WILLIAM PALMER and ARTHUR PERCEVAL were the chief. They were connected with the higher authorities of the church, and a large body of the most influential of the clergy, by Hugh Rose, chaplain to the archbishop of Canterbury, and regarded as the first theological and German scholar of his day. Purer, holier, and more unselfish men than those who composed this little band never lived.* The tenets or beliefs of this sacerdotal party were all of a Romanising stamp—judgment by works equally as by faith, baptismal regeneration, the supreme authority of the church, the apostolical succession of the clergy, &c. At the same time the Tractarian preachers adopted certain peculiarities in the performance of divine service—as abjuring the black Geneva gown and preaching in the white surplice, bowing to the altar and turning their backs to the people, arraying the altar with tippet and flowers and medieval embellishments, placing lighted candles on the altar, &c. One effect of these innovations was to stir up a violent controversy, in which High and Low and Broad Church all mingled; while a few, like Dr Arnold, proposed that the Established Church should be so comprehensive as to include not merely the churches of England and Scotland, but nearly all the bodies of Dissenters. Another effect of the innovations was to drive many supporters of

* Molesworth's *History of England*.

the establishment into the ranks of the Dissenters, and some into the Church of Rome. Mr Newman published a work, *Remains of the late Rev. Richard H. Froude*, 'who said anything at random,' and Mr Froude spoke of 'unprotestantising the church,' and called the Reformation 'a limb badly set, which required to be broken again,' &c. The serious and peaceable heads of the church became alarmed. The tracts were stopped by recommendation of the bishop of Oxford, and the last of the series, written by Mr Newman, was condemned by many of the bishops and censured by the Hebdomadal Board. The controversy, however, was not at an end—books, sermons, reviews, charges, memoirs, novels, and poems, continued to be issued by the opposing parties, and church vestries were occasionally in commotion. Of the 18,000 clergymen said to be in the Church of England, 7000, it was calculated, belonged to the High Church party, 6500 to the Low Church, 3500 to the Broad Church, and about 1000 were peasant clergy in the mountain districts.*

DR PUSEY.

The REV. EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY is the second son of the late Hon. Philip Bouverie (half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor), and was born in 1800. He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel College, and in 1828 was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the university of Oxford. Dr Pusey was one of the most persistent of the Tractarians. A sermon preached by him before the university, was said to contain an avowal of his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation; an examination took place on the part of judges appointed by the university, and the result was a censure and sentence of suspension from the duties of a preacher within the precincts of the university. The works of Dr Pusey are numerous, and are all theological. Among them are *Remarks on Cathedral Institutions*, 1845; *Royal Supremacy*, 1850; *Doctrine of the Real Presence Vindicated*, 1855; *History of the Councils of the Church*, 51–381 A.D.; *Nine Sermons*, 1843–55; and *Nine Lectures*, 1864; and other professional treatises and sermons. The publications of Dr Pusey are very numerous, but not one of them bids fair to take a permanent place in our literature. He is a man of exemplary piety as well as learning.

DR JOHN HENRY NEWMAN—F. W. NEWMAN.

This eminent controversialist and man of letters is a native of London, son of a banker, and born in the year 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, was afterwards elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825 became Vice-principal of St Alban's Hall. He was sometime tutor of his college, and incumbent of St Mary's, Oxford, and was associated, as we have stated, with Hurrel Froude and others in the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. More consistent than some of his associates, Dr Newman seceded from

the Established Church and joined the Church of Rome. Since then he has been priest of the Oratory of St Philip Neri, rector of a Catholic university in Dublin, and head of the Oratory near Birmingham. Dr Newman has been a voluminous writer. His collected works form twenty-two volumes, exclusive of various contributions to periodicals. From 1837 to the present time his pen has rarely been idle, and the variety of his learning, the originality and grace of his style, his sincerity and earnestness, have placed him high among living authors. The following is a list of his works as collected and classified by himself: *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, eight volumes; *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*; *University Sermons*; *Catholic Sermons*, two volumes; *Present Position of Catholics in England*; *Essay on Assent*; *Two Essays on Miracles*; *Essays, Critical and Historical*, two volumes; *Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects*; *Historical Sketches*; *History of the Arians*; *History of My Religious Opinions (Apologia)*. Dr Newman has also published a volume of *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868.

Description of Athens.—From 'Historical Sketches.'

The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there—Athens, the city of mind—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Boeotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Boeotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Boeotian intellect; on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not; it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken,

* *Edinburgh Review*, October 1853. Since this time the High Church party has increased in numbers, and an act of parliament has been passed, adding to the power of the bishops, for the purpose, as stated by Mr Disraeli, of 'putting down the Ritualists.' The number of the clergy is now said to be fully 20,000.

brought out, yet blended and subdued the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which, in a picture, looks exaggerated, yet is, after all, within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those faithful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otum or Laurium by the declining sun; our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible, unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who, in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real university must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Influence and Law.

Taking influence and law to be the two great principles of government, it is plain that, historically speaking, influence comes first, and then law. Thus Orpheus preceded Lycurgus and Solon. Thus Deioces the Mede laid the foundations of his power in the personal reputation for justice, and then established it in the seven walls by which he surrounded himself in Ecbatana. First we have the *virum pietate graem*, whose word 'rules the spirits and soothes the breasts' of the multitude—or the warrior—or the mythologist and bard; then follow at length the dynasty and constitution. Such is the history of society: it begins in the poet, and ends in the policeman.

The Beautiful and the Virtuous.

It is maintained that the beautiful and the virtuous mean the same thing, and are convertible terms. Accordingly conscience is found out to be but slavish; and a fine taste, an exquisite sense of the decorous, the graceful, and the appropriate, this is to be our true guide for ordering our mind and our conduct, and bringing the whole man into shape. These are great sophisms, it is plain; for, true though it be that virtue is always expedient, it does not therefore follow that everything which is expedient, and everything which is fair, is virtuous. A pestilence is an evil, yet may have its undeniable uses; and war, 'glorious war,' is an evil,

yet an army is a very beautiful object to look upon; and what holds in these cases, may hold in others; so that it is not very safe or logical to say that utility and beauty are guarantees for virtue.

The Jewish and Christian Churches.

From Sermons bearing on the Subjects of the Day.

What took place under the Law is a pattern, what was commanded is a rule, under the Gospel. The substance remains, the use, the meaning, the circumstances, the benefit is changed; grace is added, life is infused; 'the body is of Christ;' but it is in great measure that same body which was in being before He came. The Gospel has not put aside, it has incorporated into itself, the revelations which went before it. It avails itself of the Old Testament, as a great gift to Christian as well as to Jew. It does not dispense with it, but it dispenses it. Persons sometimes urge that there is no code of duty in the New Testament, no ceremonial, no rules for Church polity. Certainly not; they are unnecessary; they are already given in the Old. Why should the Old Testament be retained in the Christian Church, but to be used? There are only to look for our forms, our rites, our polity; only illustrated, tempered, spiritualised by the Gospel. The precepts remain; the observance of them is changed.

This, I say, is what many persons are slow to understand. They think the Old Testament must be supposed to be our rule directly and literally, or not at all; and since we cannot put ourselves under it absolutely and without explanation, they conclude that in no sense is it binding on us; but surely there is such a thing as the *application* of Scripture; this is no very difficult or strange idea. Surely we cannot make any practical use even of St Paul's Epistles, without application. They are written to Ephesians or Colossians; we apply them to the case of Englishmen. They speak of customs, and circumstances, and fortunes which do not belong to us; we cannot take them literally; we must adapt them to our own case; we must apply them to us. We are not in persecution, or in prison; we do not live in the south, nor under the Romans; nor have we been converted from heathenism; nor have we miraculous gifts; nor live we in a country of slaves; yet still we do not find it impossible to guide ourselves by inspired directions, addressed to those who were thus circumstanced. And in somewhat a like manner, the directions of the Old Testament, whether as to conduct, or ritual, or Church polity, may be our guides, though we are obliged to apply them. Scripture itself does this for us in some instances, and in some others we ourselves are accustomed to do so for ourselves; and we may do so in a number of others also in which we are slow to do it. For instance, the Law says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Does the Gospel abrogate this command. Of course not. What does it do with it? It explains and enlarges it. It answers the question, 'Who is my neighbour?' The substance of the command is the same under Law and under Gospel; but the Gospel opens and elevates it. And so again the Ten Commandments belong to the Law, yet we read them still in the Communion Service, as binding upon ourselves; yet not in the mere letter; the Gospel has turned the letter into spirit. It has unfolded and diversified those sacred precepts which were given from the beginning.

MR FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, brother of the above, and born in 1805, is a distinguished scholar and author of various works. In 1824 he was admitted a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, but resigned his fellowship, as he could not subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles for his Master's degree. He was Latin Professor in University College, London, from 1846 to 1863, when he

resigned. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy*, and *Lectures on History*, were published by him in 1847; in 1849, *The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations*; in 1850, *Phases of Faith*—a work avowing the author's infidelity, but pervaded by a kind of mystical spiritualism; *Lectures on Political Economy*, 1851; *Regal Rome*, 1852; *The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg*, 1853. In this year, also, he published *The Odes of Horace, translated into Unrhymed Metres*, but the effort is described as not successful. In 1866 Mr Newman published a *Handbook of Modern Arabic*, and is understood to be engaged on an English-Arabic Dictionary.

DR CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780-1842), one of the most popular of the American prose writers and theologians, was a native of Newport, Rhode Island. After completing his education at Harvard University (where he took his degree in 1798), he studied divinity, and was ordained minister of a church in Boston. Though disliking all sectarian preaching, Channing undertook, in 1819, on occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks, to explain and defend the opinions of the Unitarians, dwelling on such topics as had been made the subject of misrepresentation. Still he described himself as 'more nearly related to Fenelon than to Priestley,' and in advanced life he said: 'I am little of a Unitarian, have little sympathy with the system of Priestley and Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light.' He may be classed with Archbishop Leighton and Baxter. His unfeigned humility and piety endeared him to the good of all sects, and among his friends he could number even the High Church Wordsworth and Coleridge. Dr Channing (he received his degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1821) was author of various essays and sermons—*Essay on National Literature*, 1823; *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*, 1826; *Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*, 1828; *The Character and Writings of Fenelon*, 1829; *On Negro Slavery*, 1835; *On Self-Culture*, 1838, and *Sermons on the Christian Evidences*, and other subjects. All his works are distinguished by purity and elevation of thought, and though rather too measured and diffuse in style and expression, cannot be read without delight as well as instruction. The expansive benevolence and Christian ardour of the writer shine through the whole. Various editions of Channing's collected works have been issued, and in 1848 a copious life of him was published by his nephew, W. H. Channing.

The Character of Christ.

We are struck with this peculiarity in the author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shews him to us a

solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age; and nothing shews its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded in these honest men to the instructions of Jesus.

Jesus came to a nation expecting a Messiah; and he claimed this character. But instead of conforming to the opinions which prevailed in regard to the Messiah, he resisted them wholly and without reserve. To a people anticipating a triumphant leader, under whom vengeance as well as ambition was to be glutted by the prostration of their oppressors, he came as a spiritual leader teaching humility and peace. This undisguised hostility to the dearest hopes and prejudices of his nation; this disdain of the usual compliances by which ambition and imposture conciliate adherents; this deliberate exposure of himself to rejection and hatred, cannot easily be explained by the common principles of human nature, and excludes the possibility of selfish aims in the author of Christianity.

One striking peculiarity in Jesus is the extent—the vastness of his views. Whilst all around him looked for a Messiah to liberate God's ancient people; whilst to every other Jew, Judea was the exclusive object of pride and hope—Jesus came declaring himself to be the deliverer and light of the world: and in his whole teaching and life, you see a consciousness, which never forsakes him, of a relation to the whole human race. This idea of blessing mankind, of spreading a universal religion, was the most magnificent which had ever entered into man's mind. All previous religions had been given to particular nations. No conqueror, legislator, philosopher, in the extravagance of ambition, had ever dreamed of subjecting all nations to a common faith.

This conception of a universal religion, intended for Jew and Gentile, for all nations and climes, is wholly inexplicable by the circumstances of Jesus. He was a Jew; and the first and deepest and most constant impression on a Jew's mind, was that of the superiority conferred on his people and himself by the national religion introduced by Moses. The wall between the Jew and the Gentile seemed to reach to heaven. The abolition of the peculiarity of Moses, the overthrow of the temple of Mount Sinai, the erection of a new religion, in which all men would meet as brethren, and which would be the common and equal property of Jew and Gentile—these were of all ideas the last to spring up in Judea, the last for enthusiasm or imposture to originate.

Compare next these views of Christ with his station in life. He was of humble birth and education, with nothing in his lot, with no extensive means, no rank, or wealth, or patronage to infuse vast thoughts and extravagant plans. The shop of a carpenter, the village of Nazareth, were not spots for ripening a scheme more aspiring and extensive than had ever been formed. It is a principle in human nature, that except in cases of insanity, some proportion is observed between the power of an individual and his plans and hopes. The purpose to which Jesus devoted himself was as ill suited to his condition as an attempt to change the seasons, or to make the sun rise in the west. That a young man in obscure life, belonging to an oppressed nation, should seriously think of subverting the time-hallowed and deep-rooted religions of the world, is a strange fact: but with this purpose we see the mind of Jesus thoroughly imbued; and sublime as it is, he never falls below it in his language or conduct; but speaks and acts with a consciousness of superiority, with a dignity and authority, becoming this unparalleled destination. In this connection I cannot but add another striking circumstance in Jesus; and that is, the calm confidence with which he always looked forward to the accomplishment of his design.

The New Testament Epistles.

The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind which must have been generated by the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effects, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking by which later times were characterised, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden, overwhelming miracle, who had been intrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, who had been everywhere met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities, growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the Christian records, cannot easily be explained but by the fact that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralysed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. The power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory,

and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterised, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with astonishing the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish as well as to sway by his energies, became the great end of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and by the suddenness of its new creations should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

His history shews a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burned from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder, and, for this selfish solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.*

The spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First, it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendancy over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects which, as the wisdom of his counsellors pronounced, were fraught with ruin. To a man whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism, and by unbounded

* We may illustrate Channing's argument by quoting part of Coleridge's criticism on Milton's Satan: 'The character of Satan is pride and sensual indulgence, finding in itself the motive of action. It is the character so often seen in little on the political stage. It exhibits all the mighty hunters of mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The common fascination of man is, that these great men, as they are called, must act from some great motive. Milton has carefully marked in his Satan the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To place this lust of self in opposition to denial of self or duty, and to shew what exertions it would make, and what pains endure to accomplish its end, is Milton's particular object in the character of Satan. But around this character he has thrown a singularity of daring, a grandeur of sufferance, and a ruined splendour, which constitute the very height of poetic sublimity.' The career of Napoleon certainly exemplifies the principle here so finely enunciated.

flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition.

Great Ideas.

What is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopædia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a labourer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the labourer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects, &c.; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the labourer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the great ideas of freedom, and beauty, and valour, and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by those records into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. The truth is, that the most laborious and successful student is confined in his researches to a very few of God's works; but this limited knowledge of things may still suggest universal laws, broad principles, grand ideas, and these elevate the mind. There are certain thoughts, principles, ideas, which by their nature rule over all knowledge, which are intrinsically glorious, quickening, all-comprehending, eternal.

REV. HENRY BLUNT.

The REV. HENRY BLUNT (1794-1843) was for several years incumbent of Trinity Church, Chelsea, and was not only a popular preacher but a voluminous author. He belonged to what is known as the Low Church or Evangelical party. Some of Mr Blunt's religious treatises are said to have gone through forty editions in England, besides having a great circulation in America. Among his works are—*Lectures upon the History of Jacob*, 1828; *Lectures upon the History of St Paul*, two parts, 1832-33; *Family Exposition of the Pentateuch*; with several volumes of *Sermons*, &c. After Mr Blunt's death three volumes of *Sermons* and *Pastoral Letters* were collected and published.

DR KITTO.

DR JOHN KITTO (1804-1854) devoted himself, amidst many discouragements, to the illustration of the sacred Scriptures. He was a native of Plymouth, the son of humble parents, and a fall from the roof of a house, a few days after he had completed his twelfth year, deprived him of the sense of hearing. His description of the calamity is simple and touching:

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was

grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that out of regard to my feeble condition they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

'Why do you not speak?' I cried. 'Pray let me have the book.' This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read. 'But,' I said in great astonishment, 'why do you write to me; why not speak? Speak, speak!'

Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—'YOU ARE DEAF!' Did not this utterly crush me? By no means. In my then weakened condition nothing like this could affect me. Besides, I was a child; and to a child the full extent of such a calamity could not be at once apparent. However, I knew not the future—it was well I did not; and there was nothing to shew me that I suffered under more than a temporary deafness, which in a few days might pass away. It was left for time to shew me the sad realities of the condition to which I was reduced.

The deaf boy, after his recovery, was placed in the workhouse, until some employment could be found for him. He was put apprentice to a shoemaker, who used him with great cruelty, but an appeal to the magistrates procured his release from this tyranny; and being assisted, in his nineteenth year, to publish a volume of essays and letters, friends came forward, and he was enabled to follow out his strong bias for theological literature. He spent ten years in travelling and residing abroad, the result of which appeared in his Biblical criticism and illustrations, and in his account of the *Scripture Lands*, 1850. On his return to England, in 1833, he wrote for the *Penny Magazine* a series of papers called *The Deaf Traveller*, and ever afterwards was actively engaged in literature. He edited *The Pictorial Bible*, the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, and the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*; also a valuable work, *Daily Bible Illustrations*. Two small volumes, entitled *The Lost Senses*, one on deafness and the other on blindness, were produced by Dr Kitto, and are interesting from the facts and anecdotes they contain. He concludes that the blind are not so badly off as the deaf. 'It is indeed possible that, so far as regards merely animal sensation, the blind man is in a worse condition than the deaf; but in all that regards the culture of the mind, he has infinitely the advantage, while his full enjoyment of society, from which the other is excluded, keeps up a healthy exercise of his mental faculties, and maintains him in that cheerful frame of mind, which is as generally observed among the blind, as the want of it is among the deaf.' A pension of £100 was settled upon Dr Kitto by the government. He went abroad to recruit his health, which had been

injured by too close application, but died at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart, in his fifty-first year.

DR ROBERT VAUGHAN.

ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., was for some years Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the university of London, and President of the Independent College, Manchester. He was author of various important historical works, imbued with true constitutional feeling and principle, and evincing great care and research. Among these works are *Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty from 1603 to 1688*, published in 1831; *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and the State of Europe during the Early Part of the Reign of Louis XIV.*, 1838; *The Age of Great Cities*, 1842; *John De Wycliffe*, a monograph, 1854; *Revolutions in English History*, 1859; *Revolutions in Government*, 1863; *English Nonconformity*, 1862; and a great number of discourses, reviews, and pamphlets on theological and philosophical questions. Dr Vaughan was born in 1795, and educated at Bristol, after which he became pastor of the Independent Chapel at Kensington. This indefatigable and conscientious literary worker died in 1868, in his seventy-third year. His pulpit oratory is described as of an impressive intellectual character.

HENRY ROGERS.

Few books of religious controversy have been so popular as *The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic*, 1852. This work went through five editions within two years. Though the name of the author is not prefixed, *The Eclipse* is known to be the production of MR HENRY ROGERS, one of the professors at the Independent College, Birmingham. Mr Rogers officiated for some time as minister of an Independent congregation, but was forced to relinquish his charge on account of ill health. He has been a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and a collection of his various papers has been published under the title of *Essays: Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, three volumes, 1850-55. In 1856, Mr Rogers published an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Thomas Fuller, with Selections from his Writings*. He has also contributed some short biographies to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Learned, eloquent, and liberal in sentiment, Mr Rogers is an honour to the Dissenting body. *The Eclipse* was written in reply to Mr F. W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*, noticed in a previous page. Mr Rogers adopts the plan of sending to a missionary in the Pacific Ocean an account of the religious distractions in this country. All the controversies and new theological opinions, English and German, which have been agitated within the last twenty years are discussed, and a considerable part of the reasoning is in the form of dialogue. The various interlocutors state their opinions fully, and are answered by other parties. Deism is represented by a disciple of Professor Newman, who draws most of his arguments from the *Phases of Faith*. A new edition of this work being called for, Mr Newman added to it a *Reply to the Eclipse of Faith*, 1854, and Mr Rogers rejoined with *A Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*. There is a good deal of vigorous thought and

sarcasm in Mr Rogers's *Eclipse* and *Defence*, while in logical acuteness he is vastly superior to his opponent. Occasionally he rises into a strain of pure eloquence, as in the following passage :

The Humanity of the Saviour.

And now what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history, in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the 'gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth,' and persist in saying, 'Never man spake like this man.' The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the 'upper room' where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of His love; the scenes in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the 'friend of publicans and sinners;' these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be 'remembered by Him when he came into His kingdom;' they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at His feet, and 'in their right mind;' they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say: 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!' they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him 'who brought life and immortality to light;' they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand

times ten thousand, who have 'sought the grave to weep there,' and found joy and consolation in Him 'whom, though unseen, they loved;' they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself 'the resurrection and the life'—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the 'keys of the invisible world,' 'who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens,' letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because He loved us, to call himself the 'Son of Man,' though angels called him the 'Son of God.' It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est*. At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there 'the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.' Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

In intellectual activity, power, and influence, few men of the present generation exceeded the late learned archbishop of Dublin, DR RICHARD WHATELY. This eminent prelate was a native of London, born in 1787, fourth son of the Rev. Dr Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, a college celebrated as having sent forth some distinguished modern theologians—Arnold, Copleston, Keble, Hampden, Newman, and Pusey. Whately graduated in 1808, took a second class in classics and mathematics, and gained the university prize for an English essay. Having taken his M.A. degree in 1812, Whately entered the church, was Bampton lecturer in Oxford in 1822,* and appointed the same year to the rectory of Halesworth, Suffolk. In 1825 he received the degree of D.D.; in 1830 he was chosen Principal of Alban's Hall, Oxford, and Professor of Political Economy, Oxford; and in 1831 he was consecrated archbishop of Dublin and bishop of Glendalagh, to which was afterwards added the bishopric of Kildare. The literary career of Archbishop Whately seems to have commenced in 1821, when he was in his thirty-fourth year. Previous to this, however, he was conspicuous in the university for his opposition to the High Church views of Dr Pusey and Dr Newman. In 1821 he published *The Christian's Duty with respect to the Established Government and the Laws, considered in three Sermons*; and the same year he issued anonymously his tract, *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*—a grave logical satire on scepticism. The subject of his Bampton lectures was *The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion*, and he treated it with

distinguished ability and liberality. His next two works were *The Elements of Logic*, 1826; and *The Elements of Rhetoric*, 1828. The former treatise gave a new life to the study of logic, as was admitted by Sir William Hamilton, who combated some of its doctrines, and it has long since taken its place as a standard in the library of mental science. Whately said his mind had for fourteen years brooded over the leading points of his work on Logic. In the same year (1828) appeared *Essays on Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament*; then *Thoughts on the Sabbath*, 1830; and *Errors of Romanism*, 1830. Of the latter, Miss Martineau says: 'We do not know that any of his works more effectually exhibits the characteristics of his mind. It has the spirit and air of originality which attend upon sublime good sense; and the freshness thus cast around a subject supposed to be worn out, is a sample of the vigour which in those days animated everything he said and did.' On the subject of Sabbath observance, which has since been keenly controverted, Whately agrees with Paley, that the Jewish Sabbath and the Sunday or Lord's Day are two separate institutions; with the former, the members of the Church of England have nothing to do, but the Lord's Day ought to be observed by them, in obedience to the authority of the church, even independent of apostolic example and ancient usage. *Introductory Lectures to Political Economy, an Essay on the Omission of Creeds, Liturgies, &c., in the New Testament*, and several *Sermons*, were the product of 1831. Next year the prelate appears to have been chiefly attentive to social and political questions, induced by his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair. He published *Evidence before the House of Lords respecting Irish Tithes, Thoughts on Secondary Punishment, Reply to the Address of the Clergy on National Education in Ireland, and an Introduction to Political Economy*. Speeches or printed remarks on the question of Jewish disabilities, and the transportation of criminals, and *Sermons on Various Subjects*, were produced between 1833 and 1836. The Tractarian movement called forth from Whately, in 1841, two *Essays on Christ and His Kingdom*; and in 1843 he published a Charge against the High Church party. Some other religious treatises, the most important being *Lectures on St Paul's Epistles*, 1849, were subsequently produced; after which appeared a collection of *English Synonyms*, 1851, and addresses delivered at various institutions in Cork, Manchester, and London, 1852-55. In 1856 the archbishop published an edition of *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations*—the discursive nature of the essays, no less than their pregnancy of meaning and illustration, affording scope for abundance of moral lessons and arguments. Of these the commentator has perhaps been too profuse, for there are about three hundred and fifty pages of annotation to one hundred of text, and a good many are from the archbishop's previous works. The collection, however, forms a pleasant, readable volume. We give one or two of the commentator's anecdotal contributions.

First Impressions.

In the days when travelling by post-chaise was common, there were usually certain lines of inns on all the

* The Rev. John Bampton, canon of Salisbury (1690-1751), left a sum of money—producing about £120 per annum—for founding a series of eight lectures each year on subjects connected with the Christian faith. The lecturer is appointed by the heads of colleges in Oxford.

principal roads—a series of good, and a series of inferior ones, each in connection all the way along; so that if you once got into the worst line, you could not easily get out of it to the journey's end. The 'White Hart' of one town would drive you—almost literally—to the 'White Lion' of the next, and so on all the way; so that of two travellers by post from London to Exeter or York, the one would have had nothing but bad horses, bad dinners, and bad beds, and the other very good. This is analogous to what befalls a traveller in any new country, with respect to the impressions he receives, if he falls into the hands of a party. They consign him, as it were, to those allied with them, and pass him on, from one to another, all in the same connection, each shewing him and telling him just what suits the party, and concealing from him everything else.

A Hint to Anonymous Writers.

A well-known author once received a letter from a peer with whom he was slightly acquainted, asking him whether he was the author of a certain article in the *Edinburgh Review*. He replied that he never made communications of that kind, except to intimate friends, selected by himself for the purpose, when he saw fit. His refusal to answer, however, pointed him out—which, as it happened, he did not care for—as the author. But a case might occur, in which the revelation of the authorship might involve a friend in some serious difficulties. In any such case, he might have answered something in this style: 'I have received a letter purporting to be from your lordship, but the matter of it induces me to suspect that it is a forgery by some mischievous trickster. The writer asks whether I am the author of a certain article. It is a sort of question which no one has a right to ask; and I think, therefore, that every one is bound to discourage such inquiries by answering them—whether one is or is not the author—with a rebuke for asking impertinent questions about private matters. I say "private," because, if an article be libellous or seditious, the law is open, and any one may proceed against the publisher, and compel him either to give up the author, or to bear the penalty. If, again, it contains false statements, these, coming from an anonymous pen, may be simply contradicted. And if the arguments be unsound, the obvious course is to refute them; but *who* wrote it, is a question of idle or of mischievous curiosity, as it relates to the private concerns of an individual. If I were to ask your lordship: "Do you spend your income? or lay by? or outrun? Do you and your lady ever have an altercation? Was she your first love? or were you attached to some one else before?"—if I were to ask such questions, your lordship's answer would probably be, to desire the footman to shew me out. Now, the present inquiry I regard as no less unjustifiable, and relating to private concerns; and, therefore, I think every one bound, when so questioned, always, whether he is the author or not, to meet the inquiry with a rebuke. Hoping that my conjecture is right, of the letter's being a forgery, I remain, &c. In any case, however, in which a refusal to answer does not convey any information, the best way, perhaps, of meeting impertinent inquiries, is by saying: "Can you keep a secret?" and when the other answers that he can, you may reply: "Well, so can I."

In 1859, Dr Whately continued this light labour of annotation, selecting for his second subject, *Paley's Moral Philosophy*. This afforded a much less varied field for remark and illustration than Bacon's Essays, but it was one as congenial to the taste and studies of the commentator. The low ground or fallacy upon which Paley built his ethical system—namely, that self-interest is the rule of virtue—has been often attacked, and is again assailed by Dr Whately. 'Men,' says the

commentator, 'never do, and apparently never did, account any conduct virtuous which they believe to have proceeded *entirely* from calculations of *self-interest*, even though the external act itself be such as they conceive *would* have been done by a virtuous man.' Paley's fault as a moralist, as Dr Whately remarks, is chiefly one of omission, and it is probable that this argument of self-interest appears much stronger to the reader than it did to the author, who aimed only at popular leading definitions. Even in this case, he includes the future world in his view of self-interest. The last publication of this eminent divine was a Charge directed against the peculiar dangers of the times, inculcating reverence for the Scriptures, and opposing a spirit of finality in ecclesiastical affairs. In all public questions connected with Ireland he took a warm interest. He supported the National School system with all his energy, and founded the Statistical Society of Dublin. 'It is not enough,' he said, 'to believe what you maintain. You must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it.' Archbishop Whately died October 8, 1863.

The Negative Character of Calvinistic Doctrines.

From Whately's *Essays on the Writings of St Paul*.

It has been frequently objected to the Calvinistic doctrines, that they lead, if consistently acted upon, to a sinful, or to a careless, or to an inactive life; and the inference deduced from this alleged tendency has been that they are not true. Whatever may be, in fact, the practical ill tendency of the Calvinistic scheme, it is undeniable that many pious and active Christians who have adopted it have denied any such tendency—have attributed the mischievous consequences drawn, not to their doctrines rightly understood, but to the perversion and abuse of them; and have so explained them to their own satisfaction, as to be compatible and consistent with active virtue. Now, if instead of objecting to, we admit, the explanations of this system, which the soundest and most approved of its advocates have given, we shall find that, when understood as they would have it, it can lead to no practical result whatever. Some Christians, according to them, are eternally enrolled in the book of life, and infallibly ordained to salvation, while others are reprobate, and absolutely excluded; but as the preacher (they add) has no means of knowing, in the first instance at least, which persons belong to which class, and since those who are thus ordained are to be saved through the *means* God has appointed, the offers, and promises, and threatenings of the Gospel are to be addressed to all alike, as if no such distinction existed. The preacher, in short, is to *act* in all respects as if the system were not true. Each individual Christian, again, according to them, though he is to believe that he either is, or is not, absolutely destined to eternal salvation, yet is also to believe that *if* his salvation is decreed, his holiness of life is also decreed; he is to judge of his own state by 'the fruits of the Spirit' which he brings forth: to live in sin, or to relax his virtuous exertions, would be an indication of his not being really (though he may flatter himself he is) one of the elect. And it may be admitted that one who does practically adopt and conform to this explanation of the doctrine, will not be led into any evil by it, since his conduct will not be in any respect influenced by it. When thus explained, it is reduced to a purely speculative dogma, barren of all practical results.

Expediency.—From 'Elements of Rhetoric.'

So great is the outcry which it has been the fashion among some persons for several years past to raise against *expediency*, that the very word has become

almost an ill-omened sound. It seems to be thought by many a sufficient ground of condemnation of any legislator to say that he is guided by views of expediency. And some seem even to be ashamed of acknowledging that they are in any degree so guided. I, for one, however, am content to submit to the imputation of being a votary of expediency. And what is more, I do not see what right any one who is not so has to sit in parliament, or to take any part in public affairs. Any one who may choose to acknowledge that the measures he opposes are expedient, or that those he recommends are inexpedient, ought manifestly to have no seat in a deliberative assembly, which is constituted for the express and sole purpose of considering what measures are *conducive to the public good*; in other words, 'expedient.' I say, the '*public good*,' because, of course, by 'expediency' we mean, not that which may benefit some individual, or some party or class of men, at the expense of the public, but what conduces to the good of the nation. Now this, it is evident, is the very object for which deliberative assemblies are constituted. And so far is this from being regarded, by our church at least, as something at variance with religious duty, that we have a prayer specially appointed to be offered up during the sitting of the Houses of Parliament, that their consultations may be 'directed and prospered for the *safety, honour, and welfare* of our sovereign and her dominions.' Now, if this be not the very definition of political expediency, let any one say what is.

But some persons are so much at variance with the doctrine of our church on this point—and I may add, with all sound moralists—as to speak of expediency as something that is, or may be, at *variance with duty*. If any one really holds that it can ever be expedient to violate the injunctions of duty—that he who does so is not sacrificing a greater good to a less (which all would admit to be inexpedient)—that it can be really advantageous to do what is morally wrong—and will come forward and acknowledge that to be his belief, I have only to protest, for my own part, with the deepest abhorrence, against what I conceive to be so profligate a principle. It shocks all the notions of morality that I have been accustomed from childhood to entertain, to speak of expediency being possibly or conceivably opposed to rectitude.

There are indeed many questions of expediency in which morality has no concern, one way or the other. In what way, for example, a husbandman should cultivate his field, or in what branch of trade a merchant should invest his capital, are questions of expediency in which there is usually no moral right or wrong on either side. But where there *is* moral right and wrong, it can never be expedient to choose the wrong. If the husbandman or the merchant should seek to gain increased profits by defrauding his neighbour, this would be at variance with expediency, because it would be sacrificing a greater good to a less. 'For what would it *profit* a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

I believe, however, that the greater part of those who raise a clamour against expediency mean, in reality, an *apparent*, but false and delusive expediency—that which is *represented* as expedient, but in truth is not so. But if this be their meaning, it would surely be better, with a view to cutting short empty declamation, and understanding clearly whatever matter is under discussion, that they should express, distinctly, and according to the ordinary use of language, what they do mean. It would be thought absurd for a man to declaim against 'virtue,' and then at length to explain that what he meant was not *real* virtue, but an hypocritical semblance of it; or to argue against the use of 'coin,' meaning all the time, not real genuine coin, but fraudulent counterfeits. And surely it is not at all more reasonable for any one to declaim against 'expediency,' if what he means be, not what is really expedient, but what is erroneously mistaken for it.

Consistency.—From '*Elements of Rhetoric*.'

A man is often censured as inconsistent if he *changes* his plans or his opinions on any point. And certainly if he does this often, and lightly, that is good ground for withholding confidence from him. But it would be more precise to characterise him as *fickle* and unsteady, than as *inconsistent*; because this use of the term tends to confound one fault with another—namely, with the holding of two incompatible opinions at once.

But, moreover, a man is often charged with inconsistency for approving some parts of a book, system, character, &c., and disapproving others; for being now an advocate for peace, and now for war; in short, for accommodating his judgment or his conduct to the circumstances before him, as the mariner sets his sails to the wind. In this case there is not even any change of mind implied; yet for this a man is often taxed with inconsistency, though in many instances there would even be an inconsistency in the opposite procedure; *e.g.* in *not* shifting the sails, when the wind changes.

In the other case indeed, when a man does change his mind, he implies some error, either first or last. But some errors every man is liable to, who is not infallible. He, therefore, who prides himself on his consistency, on the ground of resolving never to change his plans or opinions, does virtually (unless he means to proclaim himself either too dull to detect his mistakes, or too obstinate to own them) lay claim to infallibility. And if at the same time he ridicules (as is often done) the absurdity of a claim to infallibility, he is guilty of a gross inconsistency in the proper and primary sense of the word.

But it is much easier to boast of consistency than to preserve it. For as, in the dark, or in a fog, adverse troops may take post near each other, without mutual recognition, and consequently without contest, but as soon as daylight comes the weaker give place to the stronger; so, in a misty and darkened mind, the most incompatible opinions may exist together, without any perception of their discrepancy, till the understanding becomes sufficiently enlightened to enable the man to reject the less reasonable opinions, and retain the opposites.

It may be added, that it is a very fair ground for disparaging any one's judgment, if he maintains any doctrine or system, *avowedly* for the sake of consistency. That must always be a bad reason. If the system, &c. is *right*, you should pursue it *because* it is right, and not because you have pursued it hitherto; if it is wrong, your having once committed a fault is a poor reason to give for persisting in it. He, therefore, who makes such an avowal may fairly be considered as thenceforward entitled to no voice in the question. His decision having been already given, once for all, with a resolution not to reconsider it, or to be open to conviction from any fresh arguments, his re-declarations of it are no more to be reckoned repeated acts of judgment, than new impressions from a stereotype plate are to be regarded as new editions. In short, according to the proverbial phrase, 'His bolt is shot.'

DR BURTON—EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

DR EDWARD BURTON (1794–1836), a native of Shrewsbury, was Regius Professor of Divinity in the university of Oxford, and Bampton lecturer in 1829. His first work was *Observations on the Antiquities of Rome*, which gave evidence of that research which afterwards characterised his theological works. His most valuable publications are—*Testimonies of the Anti-Nicene Fathers to the Divinity of Christ*, 1826, and to the *Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1831; *Inquiry into the Heresies of the Apostolic Age*; *The Chronology of the Apostles*

and *St Paul's Epistles*, 1830; *Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First Three Centuries, from the Crucifixion to 313 A.D.*, two volumes, 1831-33; *History of the Christian Church to the Conversion of Constantine*, 1836; &c. Besides these works, which stamped him as the most profound patristic scholar of his age, Dr Burton published an edition of the Greek Testament with notes, two volumes, 1831.

The REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH (1786-1850), rector of Walton, was a voluminous writer; his collected works, published in 1853, fill seventeen volumes, and there are five more of his smaller publications. His views were Low Church or Evangelical. The most popular of Mr Bickersteth's writings are—*The Scripture Help*, a practical introduction to the reading of the Scriptures, of which Mr Horne, in his *Introduction*, says that 160,000 copies have been sold; a *Practical Guide to the Prophecies*, 1839; *The Christian Student*; *Discourses on Justification, on the Lord's Supper*, &c.

DRS HAWKINS—HINDS—HAMPDEN—GRESWELL.

Among the Oxford divines may be mentioned DR EDWARD HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel College, who has written *Unauthoritative Tradition*, 1819; several volumes of *Sermons and Discourses*; and the Bampton Lectures (on *Christian Truth*) for 1840. DR SAMUEL HINDS, vice-principal of St Alban Hall and bishop of Norwich, has written, with other works, a *History of Christianity*, two volumes, 1829, part of which appeared originally in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and is characterised by erudite research and literary ability. Another theological contributor to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, was DR RENN DICKSON HAMPDEN, who had been Principal of St Mary's Hall and Regius Professor of Divinity, and who was nominated to the bishopric of Hereford in 1847. Dr Hampden was born in the island of Barbadoes in 1793. In 1810 he was entered of Oriel College, Oxford. He was Bampton lecturer in 1832, and his appointment as Regius Professor was violently opposed by one party in the church on account of alleged unsoundness of doctrine. The controversy on this subject raged for some time, but it was as much political as ecclesiastical, and Lord John Russell evinced his disregard of it by promoting Dr Hampden to the see of Hereford. The most important of the works of this divine are—*Philosophical Evidence of Christianity*, 1827; the *Bampton Lectures*; *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*; *Sermons before the University of Oxford*, 1836-47; a Review of the Writings of Thomas Aquinas in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; and the articles *Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr Hallam has characterised Dr Hampden as 'the only Englishman who, since the revival of letters, penetrated into the wilderness of scholasticism.' He died in 1868.

The REV. EDWARD GRESSWELL, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, has written a valuable *Exposition of the Parables and other Parts of the Gospels*, five volumes, 1834-35; *Harmonia Evangelica*, 1835-40; *Harmony of the Gospels*, four volumes, 1830-34; *Fasti Tempori Catholici*, five volumes, 1852. The father of Mr Gresswell—who was incumbent of Denton, Manchester—wrote a very

elegant work, *Annals of Parisian Typography*, 1818; also a *View of the Early Parisian Greek Press*, 1833.

Value of Negative Testimony.

From Hinds's *Inspiration of Scripture*.

To say that numerous old manuscripts exist; that they admit of classification and date, and other characteristics; to speak of evidence, derived from contemporary history, from the monuments of art, from national manners and customs; to assert that there have been persons qualified for the task, who have examined duly these several branches of evidence, and have given a satisfactory report of that research, is to make a statement concerning the evidence of Christianity, which is intelligible indeed, but is not itself the evidence, not itself the proof, of which you speak. So far from this being the case, we cannot but feel that the author who is guiding us, and pointing out these pillars of our faith, as they appear engraved on his chart of evidence, can himself, whatever be his learning, be personally acquainted with but a very small portion. The most industrious and able scholar, after spending a life on some individual point of evidence, the collation of manuscripts, the illustrations derived from uninspired authors, translations, or whatever the inquiry be, must, after all (it would seem) rest by far the greater part of his faith immediately on the testimony of others; as thousands in turn will rest their faith on his testimony, to the existence of such proof as he has examined. There is no educated Christian who is not taught to appreciate the force of that proof in favour of the genuineness of the New Testament, which may be derived from the consent of ancient copies, and the quotations found in a long line of fathers, and other writers; and yet not one in a thousand ever reads the works of the fathers, or sees a manuscript, or is even capable of deciphering one, if presented to him. He admits the very groundwork of his faith on the assertion of those who profess to have ascertained these points; and even the most learned are no further exceptions to this case, than in the particular branch of evidence which they have studied. Nay, even in their use of this, it will be surprising, when we come to reflect on it, how great a portion must be examined only through statements resting on the testimony of others.

Nor is it a question which can be waived, by throwing the weight of disproof on those who cavil and deny. It turns upon the use which is made, more or less, by all, of the *positive proofs* urged in defence of Christianity. Christianity is established; and it may be fair to bid its assailants prove that it is not what it professes to be, the presumption and prescriptive title being on its side. But Christianity does not intrinch itself within this fortress: it brings out into the field an array of evidences to establish that which, on the former view of the case, its adherents are supposed not to be called on to maintain. It boasts of the sacred volume having been transmitted pure by means of manuscripts; and by asserting the antiquity, the freedom from corruption, and the independence and agreement of the several classes of these, the Christian contends for the existence of his religion at the time when Christ and the apostles lived. Ancient writings are appealed to, and quotations cited by various authors from the New Testament are adduced, which go to prove the same. Even profane history is made to furnish contemporary evidence of the first rise of Christianity. Now it is the way in which this evidence is employed that is the point to be considered; the question is, in what sense all this can be called evidence to the mass of Christians. All this is, in short, *positive proof*; and he who has examined manuscripts, or read the works in question, has gone through the demonstration; but he who has

not—and this is the case with all, making a very few exceptions—has not gone through the process of proof himself, but takes the conclusion on the word of others. He believes those who inform him, that they, or others, have examined manuscripts, read the fathers, compared profane history with holy writ. Can this be called reasonable faith? or, at least, do we not pretend to be believing on proofs of various kinds, when, in fact, our belief rests on the bare assertions of others?

It is very important that the case should be set in its true light, because, supposing the Christian ministry able, and at leisure, to investigate and sift the Christian evidence for themselves, the same cannot be done by the barrister, the physician, the professional man of whatever department besides theology, however enabled by education; and then, what is to be the lot of the great mass of the people? They, clearly, are incompetent even to follow up the several steps of proof which each proposition would require. They take it for granted, if they apply the evidence at all, that these things are so, because wiser persons than they say it is so. In the same spirit as the question was put of old: 'Have any of the rulers believed on Christ? but this people who knoweth not the law are cursed,' Christians must generally, it would seem, believe in Christ, because their spiritual rulers do, and reject the infidel's views, because these people are pronounced accursed. Nay, the supposition of the clergy themselves having the qualification, and the opportunity to go through the process of proof, is only a supposition. They often want either or both; and it is impossible, that it should not be so. The labour of a life is scarcely sufficient to examine for one's self one branch alone of such evidence. For the greater part, few men, however learned, have satisfied themselves by going through the proof. They have admitted the main assertions, because proved by others.

And is this conviction then reasonable? Is it more than the adoption of truth on the authority of another? It is. The principle on which all these assertions are received, is not that they have been made by this or that credible individual or body of persons, who have gone through the proof—this may have its weight with the critical and learned—but the main principle adopted by all, intelligible by all, and reasonable in itself, is, that these assertions are set forth, bearing on their face a challenge of refutation. The assertions are like witnesses placed in a box to be confronted. Scepticism, infidelity, and scoffing, form the very groundwork of our faith. As long as these are known to exist and to assail it, so long are we sure that any untenable assertion may and will be refuted. The benefit accruing to Christianity in this respect from the occasional success of those who have found flaws in the several parts of evidence, is invaluable. We believe what is not disproved, most reasonably, because we know that there are those abroad who are doing their utmost to disprove it. We believe the witness, not because we know him and esteem him, but because he is confronted, cross-examined, suspected, and assailed by arts fair and unfair. It is not his authority, but the reasonableness of the case. It becomes conviction well grounded, and not assent to man's words.

At the same time nothing has perhaps more contributed to perplex the Christian inquirer, than the impression which vague language creates of our conviction arising, not out of the application of this principle to the external and monumental evidences of Christianity, but out of the examination of the evidence itself. The mind feels disappointed and unsatisfied, not because it has *not ground* for belief, but because it *mismakes* it. The man who has not examined any branch of evidence for himself, may, according to the principle above stated, very reasonably believe in consequence of it; but his belief does not arise immediately out of it—is not the same frame of mind which would be created by an actual examination for himself. It may be more,

or it may be less, a sure source of conviction; but the discontent is occasioned, not by this circumstance, but by supposing that it is one of these things that does, or ought to, influence us, when in fact it is the other; by putting ourselves in the attitude of mind which belongs to the witness, instead of that which belongs to the by-stander. We very well know how the unbroken testimony of writers during eighteen centuries to the truth of Christianity ought to make us feel, if we had ascertained the fact by an examination of their writings; and we are surprised at finding that we are not in that frame of mind, forgetting that our use of the evidence may be founded on a different principle.

REV. HENRY MELVILL.

One of the most eloquent and popular of English preachers for forty years was the REV. HENRY MELVILL (1798–1871), canon of St Paul's. Mr Melvill was a native of Cornwall, son of Captain Melvill, lieutenant-governor of Pendennis Castle. Having studied at St Peter's College, Cambridge, where he became Fellow and tutor, he was appointed minister of Camden Chapel, in which he was incumbent from 1829 to 1843. In the latter year he became principal of the East India College, Haileybury; in 1846, chaplain to the Tower of London; in 1850, preacher to the Golden Lectureship, St Margaret's, Lothbury; and in 1856, canon-residentiary of St Paul's. Mr Melvill's works consist solely of sermons, and only a part was published by himself. His extraordinary popularity led some of his hearers to take notes, and print his discourses without his consent. In 1833 he published one volume, and in 1836 a second. In 1843–45 he published two volumes of *Sermons on certain of the less prominent Facts and References in Sacred History*. As now collected and issued in a popular form, Mr Melvill's works fill seven volumes, the Lothbury Lectures constituting one volume, and the sermons preached during the latter years of his life two volumes. The rich ornate style of Mr Melvill's sermons, all carefully prepared, his fine musical voice and impressive delivery, rendered him a fascinating preacher, and he is described as having been exemplary and indefatigable in visiting the sick and attending to the poor. The following extract is from the Lothbury Lectures, and the reader may compare it with a similar passage from Jeremy Taylor, given in our first volume, page 386:

The Great Multitude (Rev. vii. 9).

Taking this vision in the order in which it occurs amongst the visions vouchsafed to St John in his exile, it probably delineates the happy estate of those who had adhered to Christ during the fierce persecutions which preceded the establishment of Christianity by Constantine. There can be no doubt that the Book of Revelation is in the main a continuous prophecy, its several parts belonging to several seasons which follow successively in the history of the Church. But without disputing that, in its primary import, our text may relate to events which have long ago occurred, it were not easy to doubt that, in its larger and more comprehensive bearings, it may be taken as descriptive of the heavenly state, that condition of repose and triumph which shall be ours, even ours, if we be faithful unto death. Admitting that the great multitude on which the Evangelist was privileged to gaze, 'clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,' must be regarded as the company of those who, during the early days of Christianity, witnessed manfully for the truth, they must still, both

in number and condition, be emblematic of the Church in its final glory and exaltation; and we may therefore safely dismiss all reference to the first fulfilment of the prophecy, and consider heaven as the scene on which the Evangelist gazed, and 'just men made perfect' as constituting the great multitude drawn together from all parts of the earth.

It is, therefore, on such notices of the heavenly state as the words before us may furnish that we design to discourse on the present occasion. We would refresh you and animate you, wearied as you may be by the conflicts and struggles of earth, with glimpses of things within the veil. We do not indeed mean to address ourselves to the imagination: if we did, there are more dazzling passages in the Book of Revelation, and we might strive to set before you the New Jerusalem, the heavenly city, with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. But we think to find notices in the words of our text which, if not so resplendent with the gorgeous things of the future, shall yet go closer home to the heart, and minister more comfort to those who find themselves strangers and pilgrims below. We will not anticipate what we may have to advance. We shall only hope that we may meet with what will cheer and sustain us amid 'the changes and chances of this mortal life,' what will keep alive in us a sense of the exceeding greatness of 'the recompense of the reward,' of the desirableness of the inheritance reserved for us above, as, in dependence on the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we apply to our future state the words of the Evangelist John: 'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'

Now, when these words are set before us as descriptive of the heavenly state, it can hardly fail but that the first thing on which the mind shall fasten will be the expression, 'a great multitude, which no man could number.' It is so in regard of parallel sayings: 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' 'Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.' 'A great multitude,' 'many mansions,' 'many shall come.' But what are 'many' in the Divine arithmetic? Doubtless thousands, and tens of thousands; yea, an innumerable company. Many are the worlds scattered through immensity—who shall reckon them? Many are the leaves of the earth's forests—who shall compute them? Many are the grains of sand on the sea-shore—who shall count them up? Neither may we think to compass the multitude that St John saw 'before the throne, and before the Lamb;' indeed, he tells us this when he adds, 'which no man could number.' . . .

Even now it is felt to be an ennobling, inspiriting association, if the eminent of a single church, the illustrious of a solitary country, be gathered together in one great conclave. How do meaner men flock to the spot; with what interest, what awe, do they look upon persons so renowned in their day; what a privilege do they account it if they mingle awhile with sages so profound, with saints so devoted; how do they treasure the sayings which reach them in so precious an intercourse. And shall we think little of heaven when we hear of it as the meeting-place of all that hath been truly great, for of all that hath been truly good; of all that hath been really wise, for of all that hath yielded itself to the teachings of God's Spirit, from Adam to his remotest descendant? Nay, 'let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of us should seem to come short.' There is a voice to us from the 'great multitude,' who flock with a sound, like the rush of many waters, from all nations and tribes. 'A great multitude'—there is room then for us. 'A great multitude'—there will be no deficiency without us. We can be spared, the loss will be ours; but, oh, what a loss! and what an aggravation of that loss, that perhaps, as

we go away into outer darkness, 'where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,' we shall see those who were once strangers and aliens flocking into the places which might have been ours, and be witnesses to the literal accomplishment of the vision: 'Lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.'

But it is not merely as asserting the vastness of the multitude which shall finally be gathered into heaven that our text presents matter for devout meditation. We are not to overlook the attitude assigned to the celestial assembly, an attitude of rest and of triumph, as though there had been labour and warfare, and the wearied combatants were henceforward to enjoy unbroken quiet. 'They stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' This exactly answers to the assertion already quoted, that they had come 'out of great tribulation,' and denotes—for such is the inference from the robes which they wore, and the palms which they carried, both appertaining to conquerors—that all warfare was at an end, and that there remained nothing henceforwards but the enjoyment of deep repose in the presence of the Lord. The imagery of the passage is derived, you observe, from the triumphs of victors. Spiritual things can only be shadowed forth to us by material; and without pretending to decide that the material is never to be literally taken—for who, remembering that man is to be everlastingly compounded of body and soul, will venture to determine that there shall be nothing but what is purely spiritual in the future economy? Who, when he reads of new heavens and a new earth, will rashly conclude that, for such a being as man is to be, there cannot be reserved an abode rich in all the splendours of a most refined materialism, presenting correspondences to the golden streets, and the jewelled walls, and the crystal waters, which passed in such gorgeous and beautiful vision before the Evangelist? But waiving the consideration that there may be something more than mere figure, something of literal and actual import in these scriptural delineations of heaven, the robe, the palm, the harp, we may all feel how expressive is the imagery of triumphant repose after toil and conflict, when applied to the state reserved for those who shall be faithful unto death.

THE REV. JOHN JAMES BLUNT.

What Dr Paley accomplished so successfully with regard to the Scripture history of St Paul, PROFESSOR BLUNT (1794-1855) attempted on a larger scale in his *Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings both of the Old and the New Testament, an Argument of their Veracity*, 1847. This work (twelfth edition, 1873) included a republication of some earlier treatises by its author, and is a work of great value to every student of the Scriptures. On the nature of the argument derived from coincidence without design, Mr Blunt says:

Undesigned Coincidences.

If the instances which I can offer, gathered from Holy Writ, are so numerous, and of such a kind as to preclude the possibility of their being the effect of accident, it is enough. It does not require many circumstantial coincidences to determine the mind of a jury as to the credibility of a witness in our courts, even where the life of a fellow-creature is at stake. I say this, not as a matter of charge, but as a matter of fact, indicating the authority which attaches to this species of evidence, and the confidence universally entertained that it cannot deceive. Neither should it be forgotten that an argument thus popular, thus applicable to the affairs of common life as a test of truth, derives no small value when enlisted in the cause of Revelation, from the

readiness with which it is apprehended and admitted by mankind at large, and from the simplicity of the nature of the appeal; for it springs out of the documents the truth of which it is intended to sustain, and terminates in them; so that he who has these has the defence of them. Nor is this all. 'The argument deduced from coincidence without design has further claims, because if well made out it establishes the authors of the several books of Scripture as *independent* witnesses to the facts they relate; and this whether they consulted each other's writings or not; for the coincidences, if good for anything, are such as *could not* result from combination, mutual understanding, or arrangement.'

Mr Blunt was sometime Margaret Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, and, besides his *Undesigned Coincidences*, was author of the following works: *History of the Christian Church in the First Three Centuries*, *The Parish Priest*, *Lectures on the Right Use of the Early Fathers*, *Plain Sermons*, *University Sermons*, *Essays from the Quarterly Review*.

AUGUSTUS W. HARE—JULIUS C. HARE.

The brothers Hare, accomplished clergymen, were joint authors of the work entitled *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers*, the first portion of which appeared in 1827, and a revised edition in 1847-48, in two volumes. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Alton Barnes. He was author of *Sermons to a Country Congregation*, two volumes, 1837. These sermons have been much admired for the purity of their style, and as affording 'a striking proof of the effect which a refined and cultivated mind may have in directing the devotions and lives of the simple and ignorant population.' Mr Hare died at Rome in 1834, aged forty. JULIUS CHARLES HARE was rector of Hurstmonceaux and archdeacon of Lewes. He was an able scholar and distinguished member of what has been called the Broad Church party. Part of his youth was spent abroad. 'In 1811,' he said, 'I saw the mark of Luther's ink on the walls of the castle of Wartburg, and there I first learned to throw inkstands at the devil.' In 1818 he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he became assistant-tutor of the college. In conjunction with Mr Thirlwall, afterwards bishop of St David's, he translated Niebuhr's *History of Rome*, two volumes, 1828-32. Two courses of sermons by Archdeacon Hare on the *Victory of Faith*, and *The Mission of the Comforter*, 1847, have been much admired. In 1848 he wrote the life of his college friend, John Sterling. He was also author of *Parish Sermons*, several *Charges* as archdeacon, and a spirited *Vindication of Luther against his English Assailants*, 1855. Archdeacon Hare died at Hurstmonceaux in 1855, aged sixty. His last words, as life was departing, were, as the summing-up of all his strivings and prayers for himself and others—'Upwards, upwards!' In 1872 was published *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, by Augustus C. Hare, two volumes. These *Memorials* contain accounts of 'the most brotherly of brothers,' Francis Augustus, Julius, and Marcus Hare; also of Mrs Augustus Hare (*née* Maria Leycester), who forms the most interesting person in this family group. We subjoin a few extracts from *Guesses at Truth*:

Wastefulness of Moral Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white stary blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to drizzle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

Age lays open the Character.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiseled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide-spreading oak or elm or ash; its gray church-tower; its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest; its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge walls with which 'restless ownership'—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes—that to the innocent, wholesome pleasures of the poor. The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games. It was the play-ground for their children. It served for trapball, for cricket, for manly humanising amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry. How dreary is the life of the English husbandman now! 'Double, double, toil and trouble,' day after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by a smile; sunless, moonless, starless. He has no place to be merry in but the beer-shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship

with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when 'Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

DR RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, archbishop of Dublin, began his literary career, as already stated, by the publication of several volumes of poems. His theological and other prose works are numerous. Among them are—*Notes on the Parables*, 1841; *Notes on the Miracles*, 1846; *Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge*, 1856; *St Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture*, 1851; *Synonyms of the New Testament*, 1854; *The Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor*; an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon*; *On the Authorised Version of the New Testament*; &c. The last of these works evinces extensive learning as well as acute philological observation, and the archbishop has also critically examined the English language. His *Five Lectures on the Study of Words*, 1851; and *English, Past and Present*, 1854, are full of curious information.

Influence of the Reformation on the English Language.

It was only among the Germanic nations of Europe, as has often been remarked, that the Reformation struck lasting roots; it found its strength therefore in the Teutonic element of the national character, which also it, in its turn, further strengthened, purified, and called out. And thus, though Latin came in upon us now faster than ever, and in a certain measure also Greek, yet this was not without its counterpoise, in the contemporaneous unfolding of the more fundamentally popular side of the language. Popular preaching and discussion, the necessity of dealing with the highest matters in a manner intelligible not to scholars only, but to the unlearned, all this served to evoke the native resources of our tongue; and thus the relative proportion between the one part of the language and the other was not dangerously disturbed; the balance was not destroyed, as it would have been if only the Humanists had been at work, and not the Reformers as well.

The revival of learning which found place somewhat earlier in Italy, where it had its birth, than with us, extended to England, and was operative here during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors; in other words, if it slightly anticipated in time, it afterwards ran exactly popular with the period during which our Reformation was working itself out. It was an epoch in all respects of immense mental and moral activity, and such are always times of extensive changes and enlargements of a language. The old garment, which served a people's needs in the time past, is too narrow for it now to wrap itself in any more. 'Change in language is not, as in many natural products, continuous; it is not equable, but eminently by fits and starts.' When the foundations of the national mind are heaving under the power of some new truth, greater and more important changes will find place in fifty years than in two centuries of calmer or more stagnant existence. Thus the activities and energies which the Reformation set a-stirring among us here, and these reached far beyond the domain of our directly religious life, caused mighty alterations in the English tongue. For example, the Reformation had its scholarly, we might almost say, its scholastic, as well as its popular aspect. Add this fact to the fact of the revived interest in classical learning, and you will not wonder that a stream of Latin, now larger than ever, began to flow into our language.

Strain at a Gnat and Swallow a Camel.

I cannot doubt that the words of Matthew xxiii. 24, 'which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel,' contain a misprint, which, having been passed over in the first edition of 1611, has held its ground ever since; nor yet that our translators intended, 'which strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel;' this being at once intelligible and a correct rendering of the original; while our version, as at present it stands, is neither; or only intelligible on the supposition, no doubt the supposition of most English readers, that 'strain at means, swallow with difficulty, men hardly, and with effort swallowing the little insect, but gulping down meanwhile unconcerned the huge animal.' It need scarcely be said that this is very far from the meaning of the original words. . . . It was the custom of the more accurate and stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect therein, and thus transgress Lev. xi. 20, 23, 41, 42—just as the Buddhists do now in Ceylon and Hindustan—and to this custom of theirs the Lord refers.

From words to proverbs is a short step, and Dr Trench has given us a volume entitled, *On the Lessons in Proverbs*, 1855. He treats of the form and generation of proverbs, and of the poetry, wit, or wisdom contained in them. Lord Russell, we may remark, is said to have given a happy definition of the term proverb: 'The wit of one man and the wisdom of many.' Dr Trench vindicates the importance of proverbs:

On Proverbs.

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages—that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands—and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pause should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'No man of fashion,' as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakspeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of *them* in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these:

Hang 'em!

They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings.

Coriolanus, Act. I., Sc. 1.

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation, there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host.

Aristotle made a collection of proverbs; nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakspeare loves them so well, that besides often citing them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbs of England, several of his plays, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakspeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them. Every reader of *Don Quixote* will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great; as Plautus, the most genial of Latin poets; Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors; and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb; nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy *Hudibras*, no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of England.

Their *habitat*, or native place, he thinks, is easily perceived:

Thus our own *Make hay while the sun shines*, is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might have avoided. It is this: *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*. It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast; we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once—this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany; that enormous vessel, known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish priest can wear Dr Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb, *Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate*, in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East.

DEAN STANLEY.

DR ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, one of the most eminent scholars and liberal divines of the Church of England, has been an extensive contributor to theological literature. He was born in 1815, son of Dr Stanley, rector of Alderley, afterwards bishop of Norwich. Arthur Stanley was the favourite pupil of Dr Arnold at Rugby, whence he removed to Oxford, having passed as an exhibitor to Balliol College. There he greatly distinguished himself; and in 1838 he was chosen a Fellow of University College, of which he became tutor and examiner. His subsequent preferences were—canon of Canterbury, 1851;

Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the bishop of London, 1858; and dean of Westminster, 1864. He is also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied in his tour in the East), and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. The principal works of Dean Stanley are—*The Life of Dr Arnold*, 1844; *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age*, 1846; *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, 1850; *The Epistles to the Corinthians*, two volumes, 1854; *Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History*, 1855; *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (in which we have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket, the Black Prince, and Becket's shrine), 1855; *Sermons on the Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching*, 1859; *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, 1861; *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, two volumes, 1863-65; *Sermons preached in the East during a Tour with the Prince of Wales; with Sermons on Various Subjects preached before the University of Oxford*, 1860-63; *Essays on Questions of Church and State*, 1850-70; *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*; *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, 1871; &c. In December 1872 Dean Stanley was appointed one of the select preachers before the university of Oxford. His election was opposed by the High Church party, but the *placets* for the dean were 349; the *non-placets*, 287. This may be considered a distinguished acknowledgment of what Max Müller has designated Dean Stanley's 'loyalty to truth, his singleness of purpose, his chivalrous courage, and his unchanging devotion to his friends.'

The Oldest Obelisk in the World—The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs is the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula.

Along the mountain ledges green,
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores.

So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd-slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyâha, Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habits, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one sacred tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude inclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth-hattaavah, 'the graves of desire.' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheiks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towâra.

Early Celebration of the Eucharist.

It has been truly said, though with some exaggeration, that for many centuries the history of the Eucharist might be considered as a history of the Christian Church. And certainly this passage may be regarded as occupying in that history, whether in its narrower or larger sphere, a point of remarkable significance. On the one hand, we may take our stand upon it, and look back, through its medium, on some of the institutions and feelings most peculiar to the apostolic age. We see the most sacred ordinance of the Christian religion as it was celebrated by those in whose minds the earthly and the heavenly, the social and the religious aspect of life, were indistinguishably blended. We see the banquet spread in the late evening, after the sun had set behind the western ridge of the hills of Achaia; we see the many torches blazing, as at Troas, to light up the darkness of the upper room, where, as was their wont, the Christian community assembled; we see the couches laid and the walls hung, after the manner of the East, as on the night of the betrayal; we see the sacred loaf representing, in its compact unity, the harmony of the whole society; we hear the blessing or thanksgiving on the cup responded to by the joint 'Amen,' such as even three centuries later is described as like a peal of thunder; we witness the complete realisation, in outward form, of the apostle's words, suggested doubtless by the sight of the meal and the sacrament blended thus together, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' 'Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.'

St Paul's Manual Labour.

On the one hand, the scene of the tent-maker's trade at Corinth, where the few hours of leisure, after the long arguments in the synagogue and the market-place, were consumed with Aquila and Priscilla in the uncongenial labour of weaving the long goats' hair of his

native hills into the sackcloth or the tent-cover, for the Greek fisherman or wandering Arab. On the other hand, the dogged stupidity, or the implacable animosity of his adversaries, who were ready with their cold insinuations to contrast, as they supposed, the enforced meanness and degradation of Paul of Tarsus with the conscious dignity and calm repose of the apostles at Jerusalem, or of those who claimed to be their legitimate representatives at Corinth.

Conversion of St Augustine.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine: 'When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit: 'How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now?—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?' 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,' he says, 'when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find.' . . . There lay the volume of St Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. 'I seized it,' he says, 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. "*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof.*" No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptised by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the

profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of St Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

*The Last Encampment.**

Our last Sunday in Syria has arrived, and it has been enhanced to us this morning by the sight of those venerable trees which seemed to the Psalmist and the Prophets of old one of the chief glories and wonders of the creation. Two main ideas were conveyed to the minds of those who then saw them, which we may still bear away with us.

One is that of their greatness, breadth, solidity, vastness. 'The righteous,' says the Psalmist, 'shall flourish like a palm tree.' That is one part of our life; to be upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of oriental trees. But there is another quality added—'He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.' That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad; he shall protect others, as well as himself; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow; he shall grow, and spread, and endure; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

The second feeling is the value of reverence. It was reverence for these great trees which caused them to be employed for the sacred service of Solomon's Temple, and which has insured their preservation for so long. It was reverence for Almighty God that caused these trees, and these only, to be brought down from this remote situation to be employed for the Temple of old. Reverence, we may be sure, whether to God or to the great things which God has made in the world, is one of the qualities most needful for every human being, if he means to pass through life in a manner worthy of the place which God has given him in the world.

But the sight of the Cedars, and our encampment here, recall to us that this is the close of a manner of life which in many respects calls to mind that of the ancient Israelites, as we read it in the Lessons of this and of last Sunday, in the Book of Numbers and of Deuteronomy, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel'—so unlike our common life, so suggestive of thoughts which can hardly come to us again. It brings us back, even with all the luxuries which surround us, to something of the freshness, and rudeness, and simplicity of primitive life, which it is good for us all to feel at one time or other. It reminds us, though in a figure, of the uncertainty and instability of human existence, so often compared to the pitching and striking of a tent. The spots on which, day after day for the last six weeks, we have been encamped have again become a desolate open waste—'the spirit of the desert stalks in,' and their place will be known no more. How like the way in which happy homes rise, and sink, and vanish, and are lost. Only the great Rock or Tree of Life under which they have been pitched remains on from generation to generation. . . .

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten, wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in his hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work—to commit ourselves again to

Him before we retire to rest; this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we all profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and a happy life. It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty searcher of hearts is the best check to murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness. We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it that very morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment, and courage and self-denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content, and tranquillity, and rest for the night; for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them.

PROFESSOR MAURICE.

In metaphysics and theology, and in practical efforts for the education of the working-classes, the REV. JOHN FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE (1805-1872) was strikingly conspicuous. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He declined a Fellowship, not being able to declare himself a member of the Church of England; but he afterwards entered the church, and became chaplain of Lincoln's Inn and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. In consequence of what were considered heterodox opinions, Mr Maurice had to vacate his professorial chair, but without forfeiting his popularity. His views on the question of the atonement and the duration of future punishments lost him the Professorship of Theology. Among the works of this author are—*Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London, published in 1849; The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity*, being the Boyle Lecture Sermons, 1846-47; *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, three volumes, 1850-56 (characterised by Mr Thomas Hughes as 'a mine of learning made living and human, and of original thought made useful for the humblest student, such as no other living man had produced'); *Christian Socialism*, tracts and lectures by Maurice, Kingsley, and others, 1851; *The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*, 1853; *The Word 'Eternal' and the Punishment of the Wicked*, a pamphlet, 1853; *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, and *The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, 1854; *Learning and Working*, six lectures, and *The Religion of Rome*, four lectures, 1855; *Administrative Reform*, a pamphlet, 1855; *Plan of a Female College*, 1855; with *Theological Essays*, and several volumes of *Sermons*. Maurice, like his friend Kingsley, had a high standard of duty and patriotism:

'The action in the heathen world,' he said, 'which has always inspired most of admiration in true minds, is the death of the three hundred Spartans who guarded the pass of Thermopylae against the army of Xerxes (480 B.C.); and it was recorded on the graves of these three hundred, that they died in obedience to the laws of their country. They felt that it was their business to

* From a sermon preached in the encampment at Ehden, beneath the Mountain of the Cedars, May 11, 1862, during Dean Stanley's tour in the East with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

be there ; that was all. They did not choose the post for themselves ; they only did not desert the post which it behoved them to occupy. Our countrymen heartily respond to the doctrine. The notion of dying for glory is an altogether feeble one for them. They had rather stay by their comfortable and uncomfortable firesides, than suffer for what seems to them a fiction. But the words, "England expects every man to do his duty," are felt to be true and not fictitious words. There is power in them. The soldier or sailor who hears them ringing through his heart will meet a charge, or go down in his ship, without dreaming that he shall ever be spoken of or remembered, except by a mother, or a child, or an old friend. So it is in private experience. Women are found sacrificing their lives, not under a sudden impulse of feeling, but through a long course of years, to their children and their husbands, who often requite them very ill ; whose words are surly, who spend what affection they have on other objects. The silent devotion goes on ; only one here and there knows anything of it ; it is quite as likely that the world in general spends its compassion upon those to whom they are ministering ; none count their ministries so entirely matters of course as themselves.'

BISHOP BLOMFIELD—REV. C. HARDWICK, ETC.

The scholarship of Cambridge was well supported by the late Bishop of London, DR CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD (1786–1857), a native of Bury St Edmunds, in Suffolk, where his father was a school-master. Having distinguished himself at Trinity College, Cambridge (of which he was elected Fellow), Dr Blomfield evinced his philological and critical attainments by his editions of *Æschylus* and *Callimachus* (1810–1824), and by his editing the *Adversaria Porsoni*. In 1828 he compiled a Greek Grammar for schools. He was author also of *Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles* and of numerous sermons and charges. His efforts to increase the number of churches were most meritorious and highly successful. He began this pious labour when Bishop of Chester, and continued it in London with such energy, that during the time he held the see more churches were erected than had been built by any other bishop since the Reformation. In 1856 Dr Blomfield resigned his bishopric, but was allowed to retain for life his palace at Fulham, with a pension of £6000 a year. A Memoir of the prelate was published by his son in 1863.

The REV. CHARLES HARDWICK, of St Catherine's Hall, has written a *History of the Thirty-nine Articles*, 1851 ; a valuable *History of the Christian Church*, 1853 ; and *Sermons*, 1853.—The REV. WILLIAM GOODE, Rector of Allhallows, London, has been a vigorous opponent of the Oxford Tractarians, and author of other theological works—*The Gifts of the Spirit*, 1834 ; *The Established Church*, 1834 ; *The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice*, 1842 ; &c.

REV. W. J. CONYBEARE—DEAN HOWSON.

A complete guide to the knowledge of St Paul's life and writings has been furnished by the large work, *The Life and Epistles of St Paul*, by the

REV. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the REV. J. S. HOWSON, two volumes quarto, 1852. The purpose of this work is described to be to give 'a living picture of St Paul himself, and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded.' The biography of the apostle must be compiled from two sources—his own letters and the narrative in the Acts. Mr Conybeare translates the epistles and speeches of the apostle ; and his coadjutor, Mr Howson, contributes the narrative, archaeological, and geographical portions. The difficulties of the task are thus stated by Mr Conybeare :

The Varied Life of St Paul.

To comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realise the position of a Jewish family in Tarsus, 'the chief city in Cilicia ;' we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth 'at the feet of Gamaliel' in Jerusalem ; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the law. And that we may be fully qualified to do all this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman empire at the time, and especially of its system in the provinces ; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the 'dispersion ;' we should be, so to speak, hearers in their synagogues—we should be students of their rabbinical theology. And in like manner, as we follow the apostle in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and colouring of the scene in which he acts ; and while he 'comes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some,' we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the *things* and of the *men* among whom he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism ; we must realise the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, proselytes, and heathens had each contributed a characteristic element ; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires, if we may so speak, in their violent internal divisions ; we must listen to the strifes of their schismatic parties, when one said, 'I am of Paul—and another, I am of Apollos ;' we must study the true character of those early heresies which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right to sin 'that grace might abound,' 'defiling the mind and conscience' of their followers, and 'making them abominable and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate ;' we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaizing formalism, and Eastern superstition, blended their tainting influence with the pure fermentation of the new leaven which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilised society.

To this formidable list of requirements must be added some knowledge of the various countries and places visited by Paul ; and as relating to the wide range of illustration, Mr Howson mentions a circumstance connected with our naval hero Nelson. In the account of the apostle's voyage to Italy, when overtaken by the storm (Acts xxvii.), it is mentioned that the ship was anchored by the stern ; Mr Howson cites some cases in which this has been done in modern times, adding : 'There is still greater interest in quoting the instance of Copenhagen, not only from the accounts we have of the precision with which each ship let go her

anchors astern as she arrived nearly opposite her appointed station, but because it is said that Nelson stated after the battle, that he had that morning been reading the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.'

The Martyrdom of Paul.

As the martyr and his executioners passed on, their way was crowded with a motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbour—merchants hastening to superintend the unloading of their cargoes—sailors eager to squander the profits of their last voyage in the dissipations of the capital—officials of the government, charged with the administration of the provinces, or the command of the legions on the Euphrates or the Rhine—Chaldean astrologers—Phrygian eunuchs—dancing-girls from Syria, with their painted turbans—mendicant priests from Egypt howling for Osiris—Greek adventurers, eager to coin their national cunning into Roman gold—representatives of the avarice and ambition, the fraud and lust, the superstition and intelligence, of the imperial world. Through the dust and tumult of that busy throng, the small troop of soldiers threaded their way silently, under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. They were marching, though they knew it not, in a procession more truly triumphal than any they had ever followed, in the train of general or emperor, along the Sacred Way. Their prisoner, now at last and for ever delivered from his captivity, rejoiced to follow his Lord 'without the gate.' The place of execution was not far distant; and there the sword of the headsman ended his long course of sufferings, and released that heroic soul from that feeble body. Weeping friends took up his corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinths, where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted church found refuge for the living and sepulchres for the dead.

Thus died the apostle, the prophet, and the martyr; bequeathing to the church, in her government and her discipline, the legacy of his apostolic labours; leaving his prophetic words to be her living oracles; pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms. Thenceforth, among the glorious company of the apostles, among the goodly fellowship of the prophets, among the noble army of martyrs, his name has stood pre-eminent. And wheresoever the holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge God, there Paul of Tarsus is revered, as the great teacher of a universal redemption and a catholic religion—the herald of glad tidings to all mankind.

Mr Conybeare, in 1855, published a volume of *Essays Ecclesiastical and Social*, reprinted with additions from the *Edinburgh Review*. In these he treats of the Mormons, the Welsh Clergy, Church Parties Temperance, &c. His views on church parties and on the different phases of infidelity are further displayed in a novel—*Perversion*, three volumes, 1856—a very interesting and clever 'tale of the times.' The ingenious author died prematurely in 1857. The father of Mr Conybeare, WILLIAM DANIEL CONYBEARE, Dean of Llandaff (1787-1857), was one of the earliest promoters of the Geological Society, and a frequent and distinguished contributor to its published Transactions. His papers on the Coal-fields were highly valuable; and he was the discoverer of the Plesiosaurus, that strange antediluvian animal, the most singular and the most anomalous in its structure, according to Cuvier, that had been discovered amid the ruins of former worlds. To the Bampton Lectures the Dean was also a contributor, having written a work *On the Fathers during the Ante-Nicene*

Period, 1839; with a series of *Theological Lectures*, 1834.

DEAN HOWSON, associated with the Rev. W. J. Conybeare in the valuable work on St Paul, was born in 1816, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, became Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, in 1849, and Dean of Chester in 1867.

DEAN ALFORD.

The REV. DR HENRY ALFORD, of Trinity, Vicar of Wimeswold, Leicestershire, like Dr Trench, commenced author as a poet—*Poems and Poetical Fragments*, 1831; *The School of the Heart*, 1835; &c.—but his *Hulsean Lectures*, 1841, his various collections of *Sermons*, *Greek Testament* with notes, &c., gave him a reputation as a divine and a scholar. Dr Alford was a contributor to various periodicals, and was cut off suddenly in the midst of a busy and useful life. This excellent divine was a native of London, born in 1810, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; from 1841 to 1857 he acted as Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the university of London; and in 1857 was appointed by Lord Palmerston to the deanery of Canterbury. He died January 12, 1871.

Dean Alford is believed to have had considerable effect, though indirectly, on the textual criticism of the country. According to Bishop Ellicott, his present and future fame both is and will be connected with his notes and exegesis. 'Here the fine qualities of his mind, his quickness, keenness of perception, interpretative instinct, lucidity, and singular fairness, exhibit themselves to the greatest possible advantage. Rarely, if ever, does he fail to place before the reader the exact difficulties of the case, and the true worth of the different principles of interpretation.'

The Prince Consort's Public Life.

He came to us in 1840 fresh from a liberal education; and in becoming one of us, and that in an undefined and exceedingly difficult position, he determined to bend the great powers of his mind, and to use the influence of his exalted station to do us good. The early days of his residence among us were cast upon troubled times—the gloomy years between 1840-1848. First, before we speak directly of his great national work, deserves mention the high example of that royal household, whose unstained purity, and ever cautious and punctual propriety in all civil and Christian duties, has been to this people a greater source of blessing than we can appreciate. At last the hour of trial came, and the eventful year 1848, which overturned so many thrones, passed powerless over our favoured land. Our royal house was beyond danger, for its foundations rested in the hearts and prayers of the people. And now a period of calm succeeded, during which our Prince's designs for the good of our people found scope and time to unfold themselves.

The Great Exhibition of 1851, the effects of which for good have been so many and so universally acknowledged, is believed to have been his own conception; and the plan of it, though filled in by many able hands, was sketched out by himself, and constantly presided over and brought to maturity by his unwearied care. The event of that year opened to us views with regard to the intercourse and interdependence of foreign nations and ourselves, unknown to English minds before, and suggested to us improvements which have shewn new paths of industry and advancement to thousands of families among us. To him we owe, as a direct consequence of this his plan, our schools of design,

which have called out so many a dormant mind, and brought blessing and competence to so many a household in the lower ranks of life. Of one great society, the 'Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce,' he was to the last the active and indefatigable president.

Only a week before his death, he determined an important point connected with the building designed for the Exhibition. Besides these efforts, you will all remember the interest which he took in our agricultural progress, and in a matter of more vital import to our national wellbeing—the better construction, for decency and comfort, of the cottages of the labouring classes. He has left us his views to be carried out, his schemes to be completed, his example to be followed. Each citizen, each head of a family, ought long to remember, and will long remember, the lessons of his life; we shall not go back again from the higher level to which he has raised us, but shall, I am persuaded, go on in the same course, with more earnest endeavour, with more scrupulous anxiety, because to all other motives is added that of not doing dishonour to his memory, nor violence to what were his own wishes.

Toll out thy towers, toll on, thou old Cathedral,
Filling the ambient air with softest pulses of sorrow;
Toll out a nation's grief, dole for the wail of the people;
Bursting hearts have played with words in the wildness of
anguish,
Gathered the bitter herbs that grow in the valley of mourning,
Turned the darksome flowers in wreaths for the wept, the lost one.
Toll for the tale that is told, but for the tale left untold;
Toll for the unreturning, but toll tenfold for the mourning;
Toll for the Prince that is gone, but more for the house that is
widowed.

Recognition after Death.

With respect to the subject which furnished us matter for two or three conversations—the probability of meeting and recognising friends in heaven—I thought a good deal, and searched Scripture yesterday. The passage, 1 Thess. iv. 13-18, appears to me almost decisive. Tennyson says:

To search the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest till God doth furnish more.

Certainly if there has been one hope which has borne the hearts of Christians up more than another in trials and separations, it is this. It has in all ages been one of the loveliest in the checkered prospect of the future, nor has it been confined to Christians; I mean the idea. You will excuse me, nay, you will thank me, I know, for transcribing an exquisite passage from Cicero's treatise on *Old Age*. It is as follows: 'O glorious day when I shall go to that divine assembly and company of spirits, and when I shall depart out of this bustle, this sink of corruption; for I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my dear Cato [his son], than whom there never was a better man, or one more excellent in filial affection, whose funeral rites were performed by me, when the contrary was natural—namely, that mine should be performed by him. His soul not desiring me, but looking back on me, has departed into those regions where he saw that I myself must come; and I seem to bear firmly my affliction, not because I did not grieve for it, but I comforted myself, thinking that the separation and parting between us would not be for long duration.' The passage from Cicero is considered one of the finest, if not the finest passage in all the heathen authors. It certainly is very fine; but now, when you have admired it enough, turn to 2 Tim. iv. 6-8, and compare the two. Blessed be He indeed who has given us such a certainty of hope!

The Household of a Christian.

From *Quebec Chapel Sermons*.

The household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we

penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths; and her highest and noblest arrangements are but the representations of the most glorious of those truths. That very state out of which the household springs, is one, as Scripture and the Church declare to us, not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and his Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale, as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflections of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself. The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely; but it is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or for evil. His it is, in the last resort, to fix and determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will for the most part the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good, not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice, which all observe, so will it most likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world. Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary; and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight one way or the other. For remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father strives to exert merely, but that which in matter of fact he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us, that source from which all our first ideas came, that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices, day by day, year by year, through all our tender and plastic childhood, will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound: no other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt. And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it—religious phrases do not give it its life and power—it is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind round the precipice—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory—which moulded it and gave it its worn and rounded form: but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not that which the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise, nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family: that which they know of him in private: the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface. And so it will be likewise with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion as his own household. He may deceive others without; he may deceive himself: he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be merely a thing put on; an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake—something fitting his children, but not equally fitting him: oh, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves: there is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives, as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counterbalance it: no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand,

his religion is really a thing in his heart : if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible : if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life, then, however inadequately this is shewn in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.

DR ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

This eminent Welsh scholar and divine was a native of Flintshire, Wales, born in 1817. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, in which he was distinguished as a classical scholar. He was elected to a Fellowship of his college, and was classical tutor in it for eight years—from 1842 to 1850. He then removed to St David's College, Lampeter, in which he became Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew, was appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff in 1850, and select preacher to the university of Cambridge in 1855. In the latter year he published a volume of his sermons under the title of *Rational Godliness after the Mind of Christ and the written Voices of his Church*. His views on the subject of inspiration were considered unorthodox, and led him into controversy, ultimately causing his withdrawal from Lampeter, where he had lived twelve years, greatly benefiting the college there, and discharging his duties as parish minister with exemplary diligence and popular acceptance. In 1860 appeared the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*; Dr Williams was one of the writers, contributing an article on Bunsen's *Biblical Researches*, for which he was prosecuted in the Court of Arches, and sentenced to a year's suspension. The Privy Council, however, reversed the decision, and Dr Williams continued his pastoral labours and studies until his death in 1870. He died at a vicarage he held near Salisbury, but his friends in Wales sent flowers from the land of his birth to be laid on his coffin. The works of Dr Williams are numerous. The best is his *Hinduism and Christianity Compared*, 1856; a learned and able treatise. He was engaged in his latter years on a more elaborate work, part of which was published in 1866 under the title of *The Prophets of Israel and Judah during the Assyrian Empire*. A second volume was published after his death, entitled *The Hebrew Prophets, translated afresh from the Original*, 1872. He also wrote various essays on the Welsh Church, Welsh Bards, and Anglo-Saxon Antiquities. He was a various as well as a profound scholar, but chiefly excelled in Hebrew and in his ancient native tongue, the Cymric or Welsh. The *Life and Letters of Dr Williams* were published by his widow, two volumes, 1874; and Mrs Williams claims for her husband having done good service by advocating an open Bible and free reverential criticism, and by maintaining these to be consistent with the standards of the English Church. He helped much to vindicate for the Anglican Establishment the wide boundary which he, Dean Stanley, and others considered to be her lawful inheritance.

'Dean Milman,' he says, 'once wrote to me, that what the world wants is a keener perception of the *poetical* character of parts, especially the earlier parts of the Bible. "This work," he added, "will be done slowly, but, in my opinion, surely."

In other words, what the world seems to me to want, is a perception that the religion with which the Bible, as a whole, impresses us, is a true religion; but that in its associations, accidents, and personal shortcomings, it has had no supernatural exemption from those incidents of human nature which we find in the transmission of our moral sentiments in general, strengthened as these are by historical examples, but having a fresh germ in ourselves, and yet needing a constant glance heavenward, a tone of mind compounded of prayer and of resolve, in order to keep them sound, and free from all warping influences. Again, to vary the expression, the great object to be set always before our consciences is, "the Father of our spirits," the Eternal Being; and it is an infinite aid to have the records of words and deeds of men who have lived in a like spiritual faith, and who can kindle us afresh.'

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

The REV. F. W. ROBERTSON of Brighton (1816-1853) was a clergyman of the Church of England whose life was devoted to the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the working-classes, and whose writings have enjoyed a degree of popularity rarely extended to sermons and theological treatises. He was a native of London, son of an officer, Captain Robertson, R.A. He was educated at Edinburgh and Oxford, taking his degree of M.A. at Brasenose College in 1844. Having entered the Church, he was successively curate at Winchester and Cheltenham, and incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. At the latter he continued six years till his death. In 1848 he assisted in establishing a working-man's Institute, and his address on this occasion, which was afterwards published, attracted, as he said, 'more notice than it deserved or he had expected: it was read by Her Majesty, distributed by nobles and Quakers, sneered at by Conservatives, praised by Tories, slanged by Radicals, and swallowed, with wry faces, by Chartists.' Within six months, it was said Mr Robertson had put himself at variance with the whole accredited theological world of Brighton on the questions of the Sabbath, the Atonement, Inspiration, and Baptism! His talents, sincerity, and saint-like character were, however, acknowledged by all parties, and his death was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral was attended by more than two thousand persons. Four volumes of Mr Robertson's *Sermons* have been published; also his *Life and Letters*, two volumes, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Robertson's *Sermons* have gone through numerous large editions both in England and America.

Christian Energy.

'Let us be going.' There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to his doom. He might have waited for it: instead of which He went to meet the soldiers, He took up the cross, the cup of anguish was not forced between His lips. He took it with his own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after-years the disciples understood the lesson, and acted on it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim, they fronted the world, they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross. Now in

this there lies a principle. Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

By the poisoned springs of life,
Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of remorse and despondency, but a sky—not perhaps of radiant, but yet of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a past which is gone for ever, but there is a future which is still our own.

The Bible.

It is the universal applicability of Scripture which has made the influence of the Bible universal. This book has spell-bound the hearts of nations in a way in which no single book has ever held men before. Remember too, in order to enhance the marvellousness of this, that the nation from which it emanated was a despised people. For the last eighteen hundred years, the Jews have been proverbially a by-word and a reproach. But that contempt for Israel is nothing new to the world, for before even the Roman despised them, the Assyrian and Egyptian regarded them with scorn. Yet the words which came from Israel's prophets have been the life-blood of the world's devotions. And the teachers, the psalmists, the prophets, and the law-givers of this despised nation spoke out truths that have struck the key-note of the heart of man; and this, not because they were of Jewish, but because they were of universal application.

This collection of books has been to the world what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles. Kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death, or property; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the Book be within reach of his hands; and the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office it is to expound it; its prayers, its psalms are the language which we use when we speak to God: eighteen centuries have found no holier, no diviner language. If ever there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible. The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the lake of Gennesareth, or among the rills of Carmel. People who know little about London, know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the Cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian cathedral can yet tell you about the pattern of the holy Temple. Even this shews us the influence of the Bible. The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to a single word. But the Word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spell-bound; held them by an abiding power, even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books, but *the Book*.

The Smiles and Tears of Life.

The sorrows of the past stand out most vividly in our recollections, because they are the keenest of our sensations. At the end of a long existence we should probably describe it thus: *Few and evil have the days of thy years of thy servant been.* But the innumerable infinites-

imals of happiness that from moment to moment made life sweet and pleasant are forgotten, and very richly has our Father mixed the materials of these with the homeliest actions and domesticities of existence. See two men meeting together in the streets, mere acquaintances. They will not be five minutes together before a smile will overspread their countenances, or a merry laugh ring off at the lowest amusement. This has God done. God created the smile and the laugh, as well as the sigh and the tear. The aspect of this life is stern, very stern. It is a very superficial account of it which slurs over its grave mystery, and refuses to hear its low deep undertone of anguish. But there is enough, from hour to hour, of bright sunny happiness, to remind us that its Creator's highest name is Love.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

The biographer of Mr Robertson is himself a popular preacher and author. The REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, was sometime preacher in St James's Chapel, York Street; and three volumes of *Sermons* (first, second, and third series) delivered in York Street, have been published. Mr Brooke is author also of *Freedom in the Church of England*, six sermons suggested by the Voysey judgment, which were held to contain a fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought entertained by the liberal party in the Church of England. One volume of Mr Brooke's Sermons, entitled *Christ in Modern Life*, is now (1876) in its ninth edition. He has also published *Theology in the English Poets, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns*; the *Life and Work of Frederick Denison Maurice*, a memorial sermon; and a little manual on *English Literature*, forming one of a series of primers edited by Mr J. R. Green. The last sentence in this manual is suggestive:

Tennyson has always kept us close to the scenery, the traditions, the daily life, and the history of England; and his last drama of *Queen Mary*, 1875, is written almost exactly twelve hundred years since the date of our first poem, Cædmon's Paraphrase. To think of one and then of the other, and of the great and continuous stream of literature that has flowed between them, is more than enough to make us all proud of the name of Englishmen.'

The Creation (Genesis i. 1).

It was necessary that a spiritual revelation should be given in harmony with the physical beliefs of the period; and when we demand that the revealed writings should be true to our physical knowledge in order that we should believe in inspiration, we are asking that which would have made all those for whom the Bible was originally written disbelieve at once in *all* it revealed to man. We ask too much: that book was written on wiser principles. It left these questions aside; it spoke in the language, and through the knowledge, of its time. It was content to reveal spiritual truth; it left men to find out scientific truth for themselves. It is inspired with regard to the first; it is not inspired with regard to the latter. It is inspired with regard to universal principles; it is not inspired with regard to details of fact. The proof that it is inspired with regard to principles is that those principles which it lays down or implies are not isolated but universal principles. They are true of national, social, political, intellectual, as well as of spiritual life, and above all, and this is the point which I especially wish to urge, they are identical

with scientific principles. Let us test this in the case of this chapter.

The first principle to be inferred is that of the *unity of God*. One Divine Being is represented as the sole cause of the universe. Now this is the only foundation of a true religion for humanity. Starting from the Semitic peoples, it has gradually made its way over the whole of the Aryan family with the exception of the Hindus; and even among them, and wherever else the worship of many gods exists, it is gradually driving out polytheism and establishing itself as the *necessary* religion for humanity.

The next principle in this chapter is that *all noble work is gradual*. God is not represented as creating everything in a moment. He spent six days at His work, and then said it was very good. Now there is no principle more universal than this—that in proportion to the nobility of anything, is it long in reaching its perfection. The summer fly is born and dies in a few days; the more highly organised animal has a long youth and a mature age. The inferior plant rises, blooms, and dies in a year; the oak transforms the storms and sunshine of a century into the knotted fibres of its stem. The less noble powers of the human mind mature first; the more noble, such as imagination, comparison, abstract reasoning, demand the work of years. The greatest ancient nation took the longest time to develop its iron power; the securest political freedom in a nation did not advance by bounds, or by violent revolutions, but in England 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent.' The greatest modern society—the Church of Christ—grew as Christ prophesied, from a beginning as small as a grain of mustard-seed into a noble tree, and grows now more slowly than any other society has ever grown—so slowly, that persons who are not far-seeing say that it has failed. The same law is true of every individual Christian life.

The next truth to be inferred from this chapter is that the universe was prepared for the good and enjoyment of man. I cannot say that this is universal, for the stars exist for themselves, and the sun for other planets than ours; and it is a poor thing to say that the life of animals and plants is not for their own enjoyment as well as ours! but so far as they regard us, it is a universal truth, and the Bible was written for *our* learning. Therefore, in this chapter, the sun and stars are spoken of only in their relation to us, and man is set as master over all creation.

The next principle is the *interdependence of rest and work*. The Sabbath is the outward expression of God's recognition of this as a truth for man. It was commanded because it was necessary. 'The Sabbath was made for man,' said Christ. And the same principle ought to be extended over our whole existence. The life of Christ, the type of the highest human life, was not all work. 'Come ye into the wilderness, and rest awhile.' Toil and refreshment were woven together. But as in this chapter there were six days of work to one of rest, so in His life, as it ought to be in ours, 'labour was the rule, relaxation the exception.' Labour always preceded rest; rest was only purchased by toil.

Lastly, there is one specially spiritual principle which glorifies this chapter, and the import of which is universal, 'God made man in His own image.' It is the divinest revelation in the Old Testament. In it is contained the reason of all that has ever been great in human nature or in human history. In it are contained all the sorrows of the race as it looks back to its innocence, and all the hope of the race as it aspires from the depths of its fall to the height of the imperial palace whence it came. In it is contained all the joy of the race as it sees in Christ this great first principle revealed again. In it are contained all the history of the human heart, all the history of the human mind, all the history of the human conscience, all the history of the human spirit. It is the foundation-stone of all written and unwritten poetry, of all metaphysics, of all ethics, of all religion.

These are the universal principles which are to be found in this chapter. And this, we are told, is not inspiration; this is not the work of a higher spirit than the spirit of defective and one-sided man. This illuminating constellation of all-embracing truths; stars which burn, eternal and unwavering, the guides and consolers of men in the heaven which arches over our spiritual life; their light for ever quiet with the conscious repose of truth, 'their seat the bosom of God, their voice the harmony of the world'—to which, obedience being given, nations are great, souls are free, and the race marches with triumphant music to its perfect destiny—this is not inspiration! Brethren, it *is* inspiration.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Bishop of Winchester (1805-1872), was the third son of the Christian philanthropist, William Wilberforce. After his education at Oriel College, Oxford, Mr Wilberforce was ordained curate of Checkendon, Oxfordshire, and rose to be Bishop of Oxford in 1845. In 1869 he was translated to the see of Winchester. As a scholar, a prelate, and debater in the House of Lords, of gracious manner and winning address, Bishop Wilberforce was highly esteemed, and his accidental death by a fall from his horse was deeply lamented. He published several volumes of *Sermons and Charges, Agathos and other Sunday Stories, History of the Episcopal Church in America, Hebrew Heroes, &c.* Two volumes of *Essays* contributed by the bishop to the *Quarterly Review* were published in 1874.

The Reformation of the Church of England.

It bears the mark and impress of the intellectual or spiritual peculiarities of no single man. Herein at once it is marked off from the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Zwinglian, and other smaller bodies. On each one of them lay, as the shadow on the sleeping water, the unbroken image of some master mind or imperial soul. The mind of that founder of the new faith, his mode of thought and argument, his religious principles, and his great defects, were reproduced in the body which he had formed, and which by a natural instinct appropriated and handed on his name. And so it might have been with us too, had there been amongst the English Reformers such a leader. If Wycliffe—the great forerunner of the Reformation, whose austere figure stands out above the crowd of notables in English history—if Wycliffe had lived a hundred and thirty years later than he did, his commanding intellect and character might then have stamped upon the religion of England the essential characteristic of a sect. But from this the goodness of God preserved the Church of this land. Like the birth of the beautiful islands of the great Pacific Ocean, the foundations of the new convictions which were so greatly to modify and purify the mediæval faith were laid slowly, unseen, unsuspected by ten thousand souls, who laboured they knew not for what, save to accomplish the necessities of their own spiritual belief. The mighty convulsion which suddenly cast up the submarine foundations into peak, and mountain, and crevasse, and lake, and plain, came not from man's devising, and obeyed not man's rule. Influences of the heaven above, and of the daily surrounding atmosphere, wrought their will upon the new-born islands. Fresh convulsions changed, modified, and completed their shape, and so the new and the old were blended together into a harmony which no skill of man could have devised. The English Reformers did not attempt to develop a creed or a community out of their own internal consciousness. Their highest aim was only to come back to what had been before. They had not the gifts which created in

others the ambition to be the founders of a new system. They did not even set about their task with any fixed plan or recognised set of doctrines. Their inconsistencies, their variations, their internal differences, their very retractions witness to the gradualness with which the new light dawned upon them, and dispelled the old darkness. The charges of hypocrisy and time-serving which have been made so wantonly against Cranmer and his brethren are all honourably interpreted by the real changes which took place in their own opinions. The patient, loving, accurate study of Holy Scripture was an eminent characteristic of all these men. Thus the opinions they were receiving from others who had advanced far before them in the new faith, were continually modified by this continual voice of God's Word sounding in their ears, and by corresponding changes in their own views. Thus they were enabled by God's grace, out of the utter disintegration round them, to restore in its primitive proportions the ancient Church of England.

BISHOP ELLICOTT.

DR CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a distinguished Scripture commentator and divine, was born in 1819, son of the Rev. C. S. Ellicott, Rector of Whitwell, near Stamford, Lincolnshire. He studied at St John's College, Cambridge; obtained the Hulsean prize in 1843; * in 1858 was chosen to succeed Dr French as Professor of Divinity in King's College, London; in 1860 was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity in Cambridge; in 1861 was made Dean of Exeter; and in 1863 was promoted to the see of Gloucester and Bristol. Dr Ellicott's first work was a *Treatise on Analytical Science*, 1842, which was followed by the Hulsean lecture on the *History and Obligation of the Sabbath*, 1844. His most important work is a series of *Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on St Paul's Epistles*, published separately (all of which have gone through several editions), namely, *Galatians*, *Ephesians*, *Philippians*, *Colossians*, *Philemon*, *Thessalonians*; also *Pastoral Epistles*. A volume of *Historical Lectures on the Life of Our Lord* by the bishop is now in its sixth edition; and he has also published *Considerations on the Revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament*. In the preface to his Lectures, Bishop Ellicott says:

'I neither feel nor affect to feel the slightest sympathy with the so-called popular theology of the present day, but I still trust that, in the many places in which it has been almost necessarily called forth in the present pages, no expression has been used towards sceptical writings stronger than may have been positively required by allegiance to catholic truth. Towards the honest and serious thinker who may feel doubts or difficulties in some of the questions connected with our Lord's life, all tenderness may justly be shewn.'

The Lectures do not aim at being a complete Life of our Saviour, but go over the leading incidents—the birth and infancy, the Judean, Eastern Galilee, and Northern Galilee ministries, the journeyings towards Jerusalem, the Last Passover,

and the Forty Days. Copious notes from the great Greek commentators and German expositors are given. The critical and grammatical commentaries on St Paul's Epistles are also copious and invaluable to students. A passage is here subjoined from the *Historical Lectures*.

The Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem.

In the retirement of that mountain-hamlet of Bethany—a retirement soon to be broken in upon—the Redeemer of the world may with reason be supposed to have spent His last earthly Sabbath. There too, either in their own house or, as seems more probable, in the house of one who probably owed to our Lord his return to the society of his fellow-men, did that loving household 'make a supper' for their Divine Guest. Joyfully and thankfully did each one of that loving family instinctively do that which might seem most to tend to the honour and glorification of Him whom one of them had declared to be, and whom they all knew to be, the Son of God that was to come into the world. So Martha serves; Lazarus it is specially noticed takes his place at the table, the visible living proof of the omnipotence of his Lord; Mary performs the tender office of a mournfully foreseeing love, that thought nought too pure or too costly for its God—that tender office, which, though grudgingly rebuked by Judas and, alas! others than Judas, who could not appreciate the depths of such a devotion, nevertheless received a praise which it has been declared shall evermore hold its place on the pages of the Book of Life.

But that Sabbath soon passed away. Ere night came on, numbers even of those who were seldom favourably disposed to our Lord, now came to see both Him and the living monument of His merciful omnipotence. The morrow probably brought more of these half-curious, half-awed, yet, as it would now seem, in a great measure believing visitants. The deep heart of the people was stirred, and the time was fully come when ancient prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, and the daughter of Zion was to welcome her King. Yea and in kingly state shall He come. Begirt not only by the smaller band of His own disciples but by the great and now hourly increasing multitude, our Lord leaves the little wooded vale that had ministered to Him its Sabbath-day of seclusion and repose, and directs His way onward to Jerusalem. As yet, however, in but humble guise and as a pilgrim among pilgrims He traverses the rough mountain-track which the modern traveller can even now somewhat hopefully identify; every step bringing Him nearer to the ridge of Olivet, and to that hamlet or district of Bethphage, the exact site of which it is so hard to fix, but which was separated perhaps only by some narrow valley from the road along which the procession was now wending its way. But the Son of David must not solemnly enter the city of David as a scarcely distinguishable wayfarer amid a mixed and wayfaring throng. Prophecy must have its full and exact fulfilment; the King must approach the city of the King with some meek symbols of kingly majesty. With haste, it would seem, two disciples are despatched to the village over against them, to bring to Him 'who had need of it' the colt 'whereon yet never man sat:' with haste the zealous followers cast upon it their garments, and all-unconscious of the significant nature of their act, place thereon their Master—the coming King. Strange it would have been if feelings such as now were eagerly stirring in every heart had not found vent in words. Strange indeed if, with the Hill of Zion now breaking upon their view, the long prophetic past had not seemed to mingle with the present, and evoke those shouts of mysterious welcome and praise, which, first beginning with the disciples and those immediately round our Lord, soon were heard from every mouth of that glorifying multitude. And not from them alone. Number-

* The Rev. John Hulse of Elworth, in the county of Chester, by his will, bearing date 1777, directed that the proceeds of certain estates should be given yearly to a dissertator and a lecturer who should 'shew the evidence for revealed religion, and demonstrate the truth and excellence of Christianity.' The discourses were to be twenty in number, but the Court of Chancery in 1830 reduced the number to eight.

less others there were fast streaming up Olivet, a palm-branch in every hand, to greet the raiser of Lazarus, and the Conqueror of Death; and now all join. One common feeling of holy enthusiasm now pervades that mighty multitude, and displays itself in befitting acts. Garments are torn off and cast down before the Holy One: green boughs bestrew the way; Zion's King rides onward in meek majesty, a thousand voices before, and a thousand voices behind rising up to heaven with Hosannas and with mingled words of magnifying acclamation, some of which once had been sung to the Psalmist's harp, and some heard even from angelic tongues. . . . But the hour of triumph was the hour of deepest and most touching compassion. If, as we have ventured to believe, the suddenly opening view of Zion may have caused the excited feelings of that thronging multitude to pour themselves forth in words of exalted and triumphant praise, full surely we know from the inspired narrative, that on our Redeemer's nearer approach to the city, as it rose up, perhaps suddenly, in all its extent and magnificence before Him who even now beheld the trenches cast about it, and Roman legions mustering round its fated walls, tears fell from those Divine eyes—yea, the Saviour of the world wept over the city wherein He had come to suffer and to die. . . . The lengthening procession again moves onward, slowly descending into the deep valley of the Cedron, and slowly winding up the opposite slope, until at length by one of the Eastern gates it passes into one of the now crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. Such was the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.

BISHOP EDWARD HAROLD BROWNE.

The present learned Bishop of Winchester, son of the late Colonel Browne of Morton House, Bucks, was born in 1811, and was educated at Eton, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was wrangler in 1832. His academical career was highly distinguished. In 1833 he obtained the Crosse theological scholarship, in 1834 the first Hebrew scholarship, and in 1835 the Norrisian prize for a theological essay. He became Fellow and tutor of his college. From 1843 to 1849, he was Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew in St David's College, Lampeter; in 1854 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge; in 1857 canon residentiary of Exeter Cathedral; in 1864 he was consecrated Bishop of Ely; and in 1874, Bishop of Winchester. The principal theological work of Bishop Browne is his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, Historical and Doctrinal*, which was published (1850-53) in two volumes, but is now compressed into one large volume of 864 pages (tenth edition, 1874). In his Introduction (which is a clear and concise historical summary, relating to the Liturgy and Articles) the bishop has the following sensible remarks:

Interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles.

In the interpretation of them, our best guides must be, first, their own natural, literal, grammatical meaning; next to this, a knowledge of the controversies which had prevailed in the Church, and made such articles necessary; then, the other authorised formularies of the Church; after them the writings and known opinions of such men as Cranmer, Ridley, and Parker, who drew them up; then, the doctrines of the primitive Church, which they professed to follow; and, lastly, the general sentiments of the distinguished English divines who have been content to subscribe the Articles, and have professed their agreement with them for now three

hundred years. These are our best guides for their interpretation. Their authority is derivable from Scripture alone.

On the subject of subscription, very few words may be sufficient. To sign any document in a non-natural sense seems neither consistent with Christian integrity nor with common manliness. But, on the other hand, a national Church should never be needlessly exclusive. It should, we can hardly doubt, be ready to embrace, if possible, all who truly believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Accordingly, our own Church requires of its *lay* members no confession of their faith except that contained in the Apostles' Creed.

In the following pages an attempt is made to interpret and explain the Articles of the Church, which bind the consciences of her clergy, according to their natural and genuine meaning; and to prove that meaning to be both scriptural and catholic. None can feel so satisfied, nor act so straightforwardly, as those who subscribe them in such a sense. But if we consider how much variety of sentiment may prevail amongst persons who are, in the main, sound in the faith, we can never wish that a national Church, which ought to have all the marks of catholicity, should enforce too rigid and uniform an interpretation of its formularies and terms of union. The Church should be not only holy and apostolic, but as well, one and catholic. Unity and universality are scarcely attainable, where a greater rigour of subscription is required than such as shall insure an adherence and conformity to those great catholic truths which the primitive Christians lived by, and died for.

Besides his elaborate *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, Dr Browne has published two volumes of Sermons, one on the *Atonement and other Subjects*, 1859, and the second on *Messiah as Foretold and Expected*, 1862. The latter is a vindication of the true predictive character of Messianic prophecy, derived chiefly from Jewish sources. He is author also of *The Pentateuch and the Elohist's Psalms*, written in reply to Bishop Colenso in 1863; and *The Deaconess*, a sermon preached in 1871. The bishop is also one of the writers in *Aids to Faith*, in *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, the *Speaker's Commentary*, &c.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

The Archbishop of York, DR WILLIAM THOMSON, is a native of Whitehaven, Cumberland, born February 11, 1819. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was successively scholar, Fellow, and tutor. He took his degree of B.A. in 1840, was ordained priest in 1843, and was four years pastor at Guildford and Cuddesden; in 1848 he was appointed select preacher at Oxford, and in 1853 was chosen to preach the Bampton Lecture. The subject was the *Atoning Work of Christ*. Two years afterwards (1855) he became incumbent of All-Souls, Marylebone; and in 1858 was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn. This appointment is generally held to be preliminary to a bishopric, and Dr Thomson was in 1861 made Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. In 1863 he was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of York. His first work was a logical treatise, acute and learned, entitled *An Outline of the Necessary Latus of Thought*, 1842. This was followed by the Bampton Lecture; by *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel*, 1861; *Pastoral Letter*, 1864; *Life in the Light of God's Word*, 1867; *Limits of Philosophical Inquiry*, 1869; and by a *Life of Christ* and

other articles in Dr Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, as well as contributions to reviews and other literary journals. One of the most valuable of Archbishop Thomson's professional labours was editing and assisting in the authorship of *Aids to Faith*, a series of theological essays by several writers, designed as a reply to *Essays and Reviews*. In this volume (third edition, 1870) Dean Mansel took up the subject of the *Miracles*; the Bishop of Cork (Fitzgerald), the *Evidences*; Dr M'Caul, *Prophecy* and the *Mosaic Record of Creation*; Canon Cooke, *Ideology and Subscription*; Professor Rawlinson, the *Pentateuch*; Dr Browne, Bishop of Ely, *Inspiration*; Dr Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, *Scripture and its Interpretation*; while the archbishop himself, as editor, selected as the subject of his essay the *Death of Christ*, or the doctrine of Reconciliation:

What is there about this teaching that has provoked in times past and present so much disputation? Not, I am persuaded, the hardness of the doctrine, for none of the theories put in its place are any easier, but its want of logical completeness. Sketched out for us in a few broad lines, it tempts the fancy to fill it in and lend it colour; and we do not always remember that the hands that attempt this are trying to make a mystery into a theory, an infinite truth into a finite one, and to reduce the great things of God into the narrow limits of our little field of view. To whom was the ransom paid? What was Satan's share of the transaction? How can one suffer for another? How could the Redeemer be made miserable when He was conscious that His work was one which could bring happiness to the whole human race? Yet this condition of indefiniteness is one which is imposed on us in the reception of every mystery: prayer, the incarnation, the immortality of the soul, are all subjects that pass far beyond our range of thought. And here we see the wisdom of God in connecting so closely our redemption with our reformation. If the object were to give us a complete theory of salvation, no doubt there would be in the Bible much to seek. The theory is gathered by fragments out of many an exhortation and warning; nowhere does it stand out entire and without logical flaw. But if we assume that the New Testament is written for the guidance of sinful hearts, we find a wonderful aptness for that particular end. Jesus is proclaimed as the solace of our fears, as the founder of our moral life, as the restorer of our lost relation with our Father. If He had a cross, there is a cross for us; if He pleased not Himself, let us deny ourselves; if he suffered for sin, let us hate sin. And the question ought not to be, what do all these mysteries mean, but are these thoughts really such as will serve to guide our life, and to assuage our errors in the fear of death? The answer is twofold—one from history and one from experience. The preaching of the Cross of the Lord even in this simple fashion converted the world. The same doctrine is now the ground of any definite hope that we find in ourselves, of forgiveness of sins and of everlasting life.

DR WILLIAM SMITH.

Most of the divines who assisted Archbishop Thomson in his *Aids to Faith* have been associated with DR WILLIAM SMITH in a *Dictionary of the Bible*, its antiquities, biography, geography, and natural history (1860-1863). This work is a complete storehouse of information on every subject connected with the Bible. Dr Smith has also edited *Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, *Biography*, *Mythology*, and *Geography* (1840-1852), and several students' manuals,

grammars, and small dictionaries. In 1867 he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*. This indefatigable scholar and littérateur is a native of London, born in 1815, and educated at the London University, in which he was Classical Examiner from 1853 till 1869. In 1870 he published, in conjunction with a friend (Mr Hall), a *Copious and Critical English-Latin Dictionary*, said to be the result of fifteen years' labour. In acknowledgment of his service to the cause of education and classical literature, the university of Oxford, in 1870, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Perhaps no university honour was ever more worthily won.

DR CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN.

The Master of the Temple, CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D., is author of a vast number of sermons and addresses, besides several works of a more elaborate character. His *Expository Lectures on the Romans, on Philippians, the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, the Acts, the Revelation of St John, &c.* are valuable and popular theological works. Some of his collected sermons were delivered in the chapel of Harrow School (two series, 1849 and 1853); in the parish church of St Martin's, Leicester, 1853; *Epiphany, Lent, and Easter Sermons*, 1860; *Sermons at Doncaster*, 1863; *The Book and the Life*, being four sermons at Cambridge, 1862; *Twelve Sermons on Subjects connected with the Church of England*, 1867; *Lessons of the Cross and the Passion* (six lectures), 1869; *Earnest Words for Earnest Men*, 1869; *Last Words in the Parish Church of Doncaster*; &c. For thirty years or more, it may be said that not a single year has passed without some work from Dr Vaughan; and his ministrations in the beautiful Temple Church in London (of old the church of the Knights Templars) are attended by large congregations. Dr Vaughan was born about 1817, and having passed a brilliant university career at Trinity College, Cambridge (in 1837 Browne's medallist for the Greek ode and epigram, and gainer of the members' prize for Latin essay; in 1838, senior classic), he entered into holy orders, and became Vicar of St Martin's, Leicester—a parish of which his father had been incumbent. He was next Head Master of Harrow School (1844-1859), refused the bishopric of Rochester in 1860, and shortly afterwards became Vicar of Doncaster. After a residence of nearly ten years at Doncaster, he accepted the Mastership of the Temple in 1869. As parish clergyman and as Master of the Temple, Dr Vaughan has been distinguished equally for his affectionate earnestness and zeal and his unwearied activity, while his classical attainments have placed him in the first rank of English scholars.

Three Partings.

From *Last Words in the Parish Church of Doncaster*.

Life is full of partings. Every day we see some one whom we shall never see again. Homes are full of these partings, and churches are full of these partings, and therefore Scripture also, the mirror of life, is full of these partings; tells us how bitter they are—or takes that for granted, and tells us rather how solemn they are, how admonitory, how important—bids us regard them, use them, turn them to account.

First, I will speak of bodily partings. Those who were once near together in the flesh are no longer so.

It is a thing of every-day experience. To-night there is a family in this congregation which before next Sunday will have left the town. If *I* had not gone, *they* would have gone. You will say it is a small event to chronicle in this manner. Still it shews, it serves as an example, how common are these local changes which make people who co-existed before co-exist no longer. It shews how hopeless it is to avoid such separations. They are part of our lot. They remind us of the great dispersion; they should make us long for the great reunion.

It is a serious thing to stand on the pier of some seaport town, and see a son or a brother setting sail for India or New Zealand. Such an experience marks, in a thousand homes, a particular day in the calendar with a peculiar, a life-long sadness. And when two hearts have grown into each other by a love real and faithful, and the hour of parting comes—comes under compulsion put upon them, whether by family arrangement or by God's providence—when they know that in all probability they can meet never again on this side the grave—tell us not that this is a light sorrow, a trifling pain; for the time, and it may be for all time, it is a grief, it is a bereavement, it is a death; long days and years may run their course, and yet the image is there; there, and not there—present in dream and vision, absent in converse and in communion. The Word of God is so tender to us, so full of sympathy, that it paints this kind of parting in all its bitterness. No passage of Scripture has been more fondly read and re-read by severed friends than that which contains the record of the love, 'passing the love of women,' between David and the king's son. That last farewell, of which the Prophet Samuel did not disdain to write the full, the almost photographic history, had in it no pang of unfaithfulness or broken vow: the two friends loved afterwards, in absence and distance; and it was given to one of them to bewail the death, in glorious though disastrous battle, of the other, in a strain of lyric lamentation which for beauty and pathos stands still unrivalled among the dirges and dead-marches of the most gifted minstrels and musicians of earth.

There are partings between souls. I speak still of this life. The sands of Tyre and Miletus were wet with tears when St Paul there took leave of disciples and elders. But those separations were brightened by an immortal hope, and he could commend his desolate ones to the word of God's grace, as able to give them an inheritance at last with him and with the saved. I call that a tolerable, a bearable parting. God grant it to us! How different is it when souls part!

There are partings every day between souls. There are those who once knew each other intimately, called each other friends, who now scarcely know whether the once beloved be dead or living. There are those who have drifted asunder, not because one is a lawyer and the other a clergyman; not because one has had experience abroad of battles or sieges, and the other has led the home life of a merchant or a landowner; not even because seas and lands have permanently separated them, and hands once closely clasped in friendship can never meet again in loving embrace on this side the grave. They have parted, not in body but in spirit. Ghosts of old obsolete worn-out friendships haunt the chambers of this being, to remind us of the hollowness of human possessions, and the utter transitoriness of all affections save one.

Go on then from the partings of time to the death-parting which must come. Set yourselves in full view of that—take into your thought what it is—ask, in each several aspect of earth's associations and companionships, what will be for you the meaning of the text—'He saw him no more.'

The life-partings, and the soul-partings, all derive their chief force and significance from the latest and most awful—the one death-parting, which is not probably, but certainly, before each and all. 'He saw him no more.' That parting which the text itself describes was momentous, was memorable. That consecration

of the prophet by the prophet—that original casting upon him of the mantle, by which his designation was announced to him—now fulfilled in the very falling upon him of the same mantle, as the chariot of fire made its way into the abyss of heaven above—turned a common life, a life of ploughing and farming, prosperous (it should seem) and wealthy, into a life of absolute unworldliness, a life of dedication to God's service, and to the highest interests of a generation. This parting was indeed a meeting. It brought two lives and two souls into one, as no length of bodily converse could have united them. The spirit of Elijah then began to rest on Elisha, when they were parted for ever as to the society and fellowship of the living. It has ever been so with those highest and most solemn unities in which man with man, and man with his God, finds the crown and consummation of his being. It is through the death-parting that the everlasting meeting begins.

The Ascension.

When a man's heart is crushed within him by the galling tyranny of sense; when, from the dawning of the day till the setting of the sun, and for hours beyond it, he is compelled to gather straw for Egypt's bricks, and to bake them in the world's scorching kiln, till the spring of life is dried up within, and he is ready to say, 'Let me but eat and drink and sleep, for there is nothing real but this endless task-work; then, how sweet to say to one's self: 'And a cloud received him out of their sight.' Yes, just out of sight, but as certainly as if the eye could pierce it, there is a heaven all bright, all pure, all real; there is One there who has my very nature, in it toiled as ceaselessly as the most care-worn and world-laden of us all, having no home, and no leisure so much as to eat. He is there—His warfare accomplished, His life's labour fulfilled; He is there, at rest, yet still working, working for me, bearing me upon His heart, feeling for and feeling with me in each trial and in each temptation; and not feeling only, but praying too, with that intercession which is not only near but inside God; and not interceding only, but also ministering grace hour by hour, coming into me with that very thought and recollection of good, that exact resolution and purpose and aspiration, which is needed to keep me brave and to keep me pure. Only let my heart be fully set to maintain that connection, that spiritual marriage and union, which is between Christ above and the soul below; only let me cherish, by prayer and watching, that spirit of soberness, that freedom (to use St Peter's strong phrase in this day's Epistle) from the intoxications of sense, which makes a man in the world and yet not of it—and I too shall at last reach that blessed home where Christ already is, and is for me!

Thus, too, when sorrow comes, when the light of this life is quenched and annihilated by reason of some fond wish frustrated or some precious possession torn away; when I am beginning to say, take away now my life, for there is nothing left to live for—then I look upward and see, if not at this moment the bow in the cloud, the bow of hope and promise, yet at least the cloud—the cloud behind which Jesus is, Jesus the Man of Sorrows, having still a thought for every struggling sorrowing man, and holding in His hand the very medicine, the very balm, for the particular sorrow, the particular void, the particular stroke and pang, of each disconsolate desolate wayfarer towards the home and the rest.

Such is one part of the doctrine—let us say, one utterance of the voice—of the ascension. This is not your home. This life is not your all—no, not even now. Behind the cloud which witnessed the view of the ascending Lord, there, there is your country, your city, your church, your dwelling-place, even now. 'Ye are come,' the apostle says, 'to the city of the living God, to the spirits of the perfected just, to Jesus the Mediator, and to God the Father of all.'

Comfort is strength. The very word means it. But we separate the two—in idea at least—and the ascension has both for us. We want not soothing only, but invigoration too. The ascension has a voice of this kind. 'The Lord working with them.' They went forth everywhere, in the strength of the ascension—the Lord working with them. He who is Himself in heaven for us, will have us on earth for Him. We must be His witnesses.

Think we, all of us, of that coming day, when the cloud which concealed shall be the cloud which reveals Him. It is a solemn and touching thing to gaze into the fathomless depth of a perfectly clear sunlit or starlit sky, and lose ourselves in wonder and awe, as we vainly search out its mysterious, its ever-growing and multiplying secrets. But scarcely less solemn or less touching, to one whose Bible is in his heart, to mark that little cloud, small as a man's hand, which just specks with white the otherwise blue expanse, and which, though it seems nearer, less ethereal, less celestial far than the other, is yet the token to Christian eyes of an ascension past and an advent future. A cloud then received Him. Ye shall see Him coming in a cloud: Knit the two in your thoughts—knit the two in your prayers and your aspirations—live in the twofold light of the angels' ascension-day greeting. 'This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go.'

DR LIDDON.

The REV. HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the university of Oxford, is author of the Bampton Lectures for 1866, the subject being *The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour*; also *Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, Some Elements of Religion, being Lent Lectures, &c.* Dr Liddon was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. in 1852. From 1854 to 1859 he was Vice-principal of the Theological College of Cuddesden; in 1864 he was appointed a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. The volume of university sermons was originally published under the title *Some Words for God*, but that title was soon dropped—wisely we think—as 'liable to misconstruction and in deference to the opinion of critics.' The author says his volume makes no pretension to be a volume of essays. 'An essay belongs to general literature; a sermon is the language of the Church.' Dr Liddon, however, is an eloquent preacher, whose pulpit ministrations are highly prized, and appear to want no other graces of literature than those which he adopts.

Faith and Intellect (2 Cor. x. 5).

Here is an Apostle of the Lord Jesus who uses the language of a soldier. He is planning a campaign; nay, rather he is making war: he glows with the fire of a genuine military enthusiasm. The original Greek which he uses has in it a vigour and point which is lost, to a great extent, in our English translation. The writer might almost be a Roman general, charged to sustain the honour of the Empire in a revolted province or beyond a remote frontier, and bent upon illustrating the haughty maxim which defined the duty of an imperial people—

To spare the vanquished, but to crush the proud.

Indeed, it has been urged that the recent history of Cilicia itself may have well suggested this language to St Paul. The Apostle's native country had been the

scene of some very fierce struggles in the wars against Mithridates and the pirates; and we are told that the latter war was only ended, not sixty years before the Apostle's birth, by the reduction of one hundred and twenty strongholds and the capture of more than ten thousand prisoners. The dismantled ruins may have easily and naturally impressed the boyish imagination of Saul of Tarsus with a vivid sense of the destructive energy of the military power of Rome; but the Apostle of the nations only remembers these earlier impressions to give them a spiritual application. The weapons of his warfare are not carnal; the standard under which he fights is a more sacred sign than that of the Cæsar; the operations which he projects are to be carried out in a territory more difficult of conquest than any which kept the conquerors of the world at bay. He is invading the region of human thought; and as he fights for God, he is sternly resolved upon conquest. He sees rising before him the lofty fortresses of hostile errors; they must be reduced and razed. Every mountain fastness to which the enemy of Light and Love can retreat must be scaled and destroyed; and all the thought of the human soul which is hostile to the authority of the Divine truth, must be 'led away as a prisoner of war' into the camp of Christ. Truly a vast and unaccountable ambition; a dream—if it were not, as it was, a necessity; a tyranny—if anything less vigorous and trenchant had been consistent with the claims of the Truth of God, or equal to the needs of the soul of man.

The particular opposition to the work of Christ which the Apostle encountered at Corinth was indeed less intellectual in its form than the Galatian Judaism, or than the theosophic angel-worship which was popular at Colosse, or than the more sharply-defined heresies of a later time which, as we know from the pastoral epistles, threatened or infected the churches of Ephesus and Crete. St Paul's Corinthian opponents resisted, depreciated, disowned, beyond everything else, the Apostle's own personal authority. This, however, was the natural course of things at a time when single apostles well-nigh impersonated the whole doctrinal action of the Church; and feeling this, St Paul speaks not as one who was reasserting a personal claim of any sort, but merely and strictly as a soldier, as an organ, I might say, as a function, of the truth. The truth had an indefeasible right to reign in the intellect of man. The Apostle asserts that right, when he speaks of bringing the whole intelligence of man into the obedience of Christ. Now, as then, Christ's Church is militant here on earth, not less in the sphere of thought than in the sphere of outward and visible action; and St Paul's burning words rise above the temporary circumstances which called them forth, and furnish a motto and an encouragement to us who, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, fight in the ranks of the same army and against the same kind of foes as he did.

Remark, first of all, that it is 'the undue exaltation of' intellect with which the Church of Christ is in energetic and perpetual conflict. With intellect itself, with really moral and reasonable intellect, with the thought of man recognising at once its power and its weakness, its vast range and its necessary limits, religion has, can have, no quarrel. It were a libel on the all-wise Creator to suppose that between intellect and spirit, between thought and faith, there could be any original relations other than those of perfect harmony. Paradise could have been the scene of no such unseemly conflict as that which we are considering; and here, as elsewhere in human nature, we are met with unmistakable traces of the fall of our first parent. A range of granite mountains, which towers proudly above the alluvial soil of a neighbouring plain and above the softer rocks at its immediate base, speaks to the geologist of a subterranean fire that at some remote epoch had thus upheaved the primal crust of the earth with convulsive violence. And the arrogant pretensions of human thought in the

children of Adam speak no less truly of an ancient convulsion which has marred the harmony of the faculties of the soul, and has forced the mind of fallen man into an attitude which instinctively disputes the claims of revelation.

The Mysteries of Nature.

The wonderful world in which we men pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. You will walk, perhaps, to-morrow afternoon into the country; and here or there the swelling buds, or the first fresh green of the opening leaf, will remind you that already spring is about to re-enact before your eyes the beautiful spectacle of her yearly triumph. Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand. This power lives speechless, noiseless, unseen, yet energetic, in every bough above your head, in every blade of grass beneath your feet. It bursts forth from the grain into the shoot, from the branch into the bud; it bursts into leaf, and flower, and fruit. It creates bark, and fibre; it creates height, and bulk; it yields grace of form and lustre of colour. It is incessant in its labour; it is prodigal of its beauty; it is uniformly generous and bountiful in its gifts to man. Yet, in itself, what is it? You give it a name; you call it vegetation. And perhaps you are a botanist; you trace out and you register the variety of its effects, and the signs of its movement. But after all you have only labelled it. Although it is so common, it is not in reality familiar to you. Although you have watched it unthinkingly from your childhood upwards, and perhaps see in it nothing remarkable now, you may well pause in wonder and awe before it, for of a truth it is a mystery. What is it in itself—this power which is so certainly around you, yet which so perfectly escapes you when you attempt to detect or to detain it in your grasp? What is it, this pervading force, this life-principle, this incomprehensible yet most certainly present fact, but an assertion of the principle of mystery which robs the soil of God's earth with life and beauty, that everywhere it may cheer the faith and rebuke the pride of man! Yes, when next you behold the green field or the green tree, be sure that you are in the presence of a very sacrament of nature; your eye rests upon the outward and visible sign of an inward and wholly invisible force.

Or look at those other forces with which you seem to be so much at home, and which you term attraction and gravitation. What do you really know about them? You name them: perhaps you can repeat a mathematical expression which measures their action. But after all you have only named and described an effect; you have not accounted for, you have not penetrated into, you have not unveiled its cause. Why, I ask, in the nature of things, should such laws reign around us? They do reign; but why? what is the power which determines gravitation? where does it reside? how is it to be seized, apprehended, touched, examined? There it is: but there, inaccessible to your keenest study, it remains veiled and buried. You would gladly capture and subdue and understand it; but, as it is, you are forced to confess the presence of something which you cannot even approach.

And you yourselves—fearfully and wonderfully made as you are—what are you but living embodiments, alike in your lower and your higher natures, and in the law of their union, of this all-pervading principle of mystery? The life-power which feels and moves in your bodies successfully eludes the knife of the anatomist, as he lays bare each nerve and each muscle that contributes to the perfection of feeling and movement. Yet how much more utterly mysterious is your human nature when you examine its higher aspects; when you analyse mind, and personality, and that marvellous mystery of language,

wherein thought takes nothing less than a physical form, and passes by means of a sensible vehicle from one immaterial spirit to another!

ISAAC TAYLOR—DR WARDLAW.

A long series of works on theology and mental philosophy—ingenious in argument, and often eloquent though peculiar in style—proceeded from the pen of ISAAC TAYLOR (1787–1865). Mr Taylor's father was an artist and engraver, a nonconformist, who afterwards became minister of an Independent congregation at Colchester, and subsequently at Ongar in Essex (*ante*, 174). Isaac Taylor was born at Lavenham in Suffolk. He first commenced writing in the *Eclectic Review*. He seems to have early settled down to literature as a profession. In 1822 appeared *Elements of Thought*; in 1825, *The History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times*; in 1826, *The Process of Historical Proof*; in 1829, *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. At that time the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension presently awaited the Christian Church was generally entertained. Mr Taylor participated, he says, in the cheering hope, and his glowing language and unsectarian zeal found many admirers. The tenth edition of the volume is now before us. Discord, however, soon sprung up in Oxford; and Mr Taylor, in some papers on *Ancient Christianity*, published periodically, combated the arguments of the Tractarians, and produced a number of works, all of a kindred character, illustrating Christian faith or morals. These are—*Spiritual Despotism*, 1835; *Physical Theory of Another Life*, 1839; *Lectures on Spiritual Christianity*, 1841; *Saturday Evening*, 1842; *History of Fanaticism*, 1843; *Loyola and Jesuitism*, 1849; *Wesley and Methodism*, 1851; *Home Education*, 1852; *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, 1852; *The Restoration of Belief*, 1855; &c. In 1856, Mr Taylor wrote for the *North British Review* a long critical analysis of the works of Dr Chalmers, which gave great offence to many of the leading supporters of the *Review*, and led to its suspension for some time. With cordial admiration of the character and exertions of our great countryman, Mr Taylor questioned if much of his writing would live. The works of Dr Chalmers, he said, were deficient in method, in condensation, and style; his reasoning was also frequently inconsistent, and his opinions were hampered by adherence to creed, or to the systematic theology of Scotland. The following extracts will give an idea of the style and manner of Mr Taylor.

Rapid Exhaustion of the Emotional Faculties.

From *Physical Theory of Another Life*.

Every one accustomed to reflect upon the operations of his own mind, must be aware of a distinction between the intellectual and the moral faculties as to the rate at which they severally move; for while the reasoning power advances in a manner that might be likened to an increase according to the rule of arithmetical progression, and which consists in the adding of one proposition to another, and in the accumulation of equal quantities; it is, on the contrary, the characteristic of the passions, and of all intense sentiments, to rise with an accelerated movement, and to increase at the rate of a geometrical progression. Even the milder emotions of love and joy, and much more the viciest sensations,

such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always towards this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so only as they are checked, either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially it is to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination, are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied with precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless, when they actually gain full possession of the soul, they rapidly exhaust the physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organisation; nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, from the first to the last, during a season of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much further, and become far more intense, than, as it is, they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they rise to an unusual height, or are long continued; and there takes place then within the bosom, an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should: emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amid these convulsions of our nature, a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel, and to take its fill of emotion?

Selfishness of the Anchorite.

From *The Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

The ancient monkery was a system of the most deliberate selfishness. That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution, is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life, that though the principle remains, its manifestations are suppressed, and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial. But the anchorite is a selfist by his very profession; and like the sensualist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reckless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or—to use his favourite phrase—the good of his soul, is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom; but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle. In abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing himself by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, concerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is corban;' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour, by a pretended intensity of love to God.

That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so too in front of Christianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life-giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space.

The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences

to petrify the heart, has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man. The anchorite was a disjointed particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishness, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy. This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety; and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common life.

Hebrew Figurative Theology.

From *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.*

The Hebrew writers, one and all, with marvellous unanimity, speak of God *relatively only*; or as He is related to the immediate religious purposes of their teaching. . . It is the human spirit always that is the central or cohesive principle of the Hebrew Theology. The theistic affirmations that are scattered throughout the books of the Old Testament are not susceptible of a synthetic adjustment by any rule of logical distribution; and although they are never contradictory one of another, they may seem to be so, inasmuch as the principle which would shew their accordance stands remote from human apprehension: it must be so; and to suppose otherwise would be to affirm that the finite mind may grasp the infinite. The several elements of Theism are complementary one of another, only in relation to the needs and to the discipline of the human mind; not so in relation to its modes of speculative thought, or to its own reason. Texts packed in order will not build up a theology, in a scientific sense; what they will do is this: they meet the variable necessities of the spiritual life, in every mood, and in every possible occasion of that life. . . .

If we were to bring together the entire compass of the figurative theology of the Scriptures (and this must be the theology of the Old Testament), it would be easy to arrange the whole in periphery around the human spirit, as related to its manifold experiences; but a hopeless task it would be to arrange the same passages as if in circle around the hypothetical attributes of the Absolute Being. The human reason falters at every step in attempting so to interpret the Divine Nature; yet the quickened soul interprets for itself, and it does so anew every day, those signal passages upon which the fears, the hopes, the griefs, the consolations of years gone by have set their mark.

A son of Isaac Taylor, bearing the same name, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham, is author of an interesting volume, *Words and Places*, or etymological illustrations of history, ethnology, and geography (third edition, 1873). Mr Taylor bids fair to add fresh lustre to the 'family pen.'

DR RALPH WARDLAW (1779-1853), of the Independent Church, Glasgow, was author of *Discourses on the Socinian Controversy*, 1814, which have been frequently reprinted, and which Robert Hall said completely exhausted the subject. Dr Wardlaw published various sermons and theological essays, and was a learned, able divine, and a very impressive preacher. A Life of Dr Wardlaw was published in 1856 by Dr W. L. Alexander.

REV. THOMAS DALE, ETC.

The REV. THOMAS DALE, Canon of St Paul's, Vicar of St Pancras, and ultimately Dean of Rochester, was author of two volumes of *Sermons*, the first preached at St Bride, 1830, and the second before the university of Cambridge, 1832-36. The

other publications of Mr Dale are—*The Sabbath Companion*, 1844; *Commentary on the Twenty-third Psalm*, 1845; *The Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain*, 1846; &c. Mr Dale, while at college in Cambridge, published some poetical narratives, *The Widow of Nain*, *The Outlaw of Tarsus*, and *Irak and Adah*, afterwards collected into one volume, 1842. Mr Dale was a native of London, born in 1797. He was for some time Professor of English Literature at the London University, and subsequently at King's College. He died in 1870.

The *Bridgewater Treatises* form a valuable series of works on the theology of natural history. The Earl of Bridgewater (1758–1829) bequeathed a sum of £8000 to be invested in the public funds, and paid to persons appointed by the President of the Royal Society to write and publish works on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation. The works so produced are—*The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design*, by SIR CHARLES BELL, Professor of Surgery in the university of Edinburgh (1774–1842); *Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology*, by DR WILLIAM BUCKLAND, Dean of Westminster (1784–1856); *The Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*, by DR THOMAS CHALMERS (1780–1847); *The Physical Condition of Man*, by DR JOHN KIDD; *The Habits and Instincts of Animals*, by the REV. W. KIRBY (1759–1851); *Chemistry and Meteorology*, by DR W. PROUT; *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*, by DR P. M. ROGET (1779–1869); *Astronomy and General Physics*, by DR W. WHEWELL (1794–1866). The names here given afford sufficient evidence of the judicious administration of the trust. The President of the Royal Society called in to his aid, in selecting the writers, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, and it is creditable to their liberality that the first of the treatises was assigned to a Presbyterian minister—Dr Chalmers.

PROFESSOR JOWETT.

The REV. BENJAMIN JOWETT, a native of Camberwell, and born in 1817, was elected to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and became a Fellow in 1838. In 1842 he commenced his career as tutor, which he held till 1870, when he was elected Master of Balliol College. In the interval, Mr Jowett held several appointments and published several works. In 1855, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek, and the same year he published a *Commentary on the Epistles of St Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*. In 1860 he contributed an essay on the *Interpretation of Scripture* to the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*. In this essay, and also in his commentary on St Paul's Epistles, Professor Jowett was charged with having promulgated heretical opinions, and the case was brought before the Church courts, but dismissed on the ground of the inapplicability of the statute under which the proceedings had been instituted. In 1871 the learned professor published the result of many years' labour, *Plato's Dialogues translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions*, four volumes.

On the Interpretation of Scripture.

The difference of interpretation which prevails among ourselves is partly traditional, that is to say, inherited from the controversies of former ages. The use made of Scripture by Fathers of the Church, as well as by Luther and Calvin, affects our idea of its meaning at the present hour. Another cause of the multitude of interpretations is the growth or progress of the human mind itself. Modes of interpreting vary as time goes on; they partake of the general state of literature or knowledge. It has not been easily or at once that mankind have learned to realise the character of sacred writings—they seem almost necessarily to veil themselves from human eyes as circumstances change; it is the old age of the world only that has at length understood its childhood. (Or rather perhaps is beginning to understand it, and learning to make allowance for its own deficiency of knowledge; for the infancy of the human race, as of the individual, affords but few indications of the workings of the mind within.) More often than we suppose, the great sayings and doings upon the earth, 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' are lost in a sort of chaos to the apprehension of those that come after. Much of past history is dimly seen, and receives only a conventional interpretation, even when the memorials of it remain. There is a time at which the freshness of early literature is lost; mankind have turned rhetoricians, and no longer write or feel in the spirit which created it. In this unimaginative period in which sacred or ancient writings are partially unintelligible, many methods have been taken at different times to adapt the ideas of the past to the wants of the present. One age has wandered into the flowery paths of allegory,

In pious meditation fancy fed;

another has straitened the liberty of the Gospel by a rigid application of logic; the former being a method which was at first more naturally applied to the Old Testament, the latter to the New. Both methods of interpretation, the mystical and logical, as they may be termed, have been practised on the Vedas and the Koran, as well as on the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the true glory and note of divinity in these latter being not that they have hidden mysterious or double meanings, but a simple and universal one, which is beyond them and will survive them. Since the revival of literature, interpreters have not unfrequently fallen into error of another kind from a pedantic and misplaced use of classical learning; the minute examination of words often withdrawing the mind from more important matters. A tendency may be observed within the last century to clothe systems of philosophy in the phraseology of Scripture. But 'new wine cannot thus be put into old bottles.' Though roughly distinguishable by different ages, these modes or tendencies also exist together; the remains of all of them may be remarked in some of the popular commentaries of our own day.

More common than any of these methods, and not peculiar to any age, is that which may be called by way of distinction the rhetorical one. The tendency to exaggerate or amplify the meaning of simple words for the sake of edification may indeed have a practical use in sermons, the object of which is to awaken not so much the intellect as the heart and conscience. Spiritual food, like natural, may require to be of a certain bulk to nourish the human mind. But this 'tendency to edification' has had an unfortunate influence on the interpretation of Scripture. For the preacher almost necessarily oversteps the limits of actual knowledge; his feelings overflow with the subject; even if he have the power, he has seldom the time for accurate thought or inquiry; and in the course of years spent in writing, perhaps without study, he is apt to persuade himself, if not others, of the truth of his own repetitions.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

The REV. JAMES MARTINEAU (brother of Harriet Martineau), born in 1805, was for some time pastor of dissenting congregations (Unitarian) in Dublin and Liverpool, and afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in New College, Manchester, and in London. In 1861, he accepted the appointment of preacher in a chapel in Little Portland Street. Mr Martineau is an eloquent preacher and writer: his chief works are—*The Rationale of Religious Inquiry*, 1845; *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, 1847; *Studies of Christianity*, 1858; *Essays, Philosophical and Theological*, two series, 1868-69; &c. We subjoin two passages from the *Endeavours after the Christian Life*.

Nothing Human ever Dies.

Standing as each man does in the centre of a wide circumference of social influences, recipient as he is of innumerable impressions from the mighty human heart, his inward being may be justly said to consist far more in others' lives than in his own; without them and alone, he would have missed the greater part of the thoughts and emotions which make up his existence; and when he dies, he carries away their life rather than his own. He dwells still below, within their minds: their image in his soul (which perhaps is the best element of their being) passes away to the world incorruptible above.

All that is noble in the world's past history, and especially the minds of the great and good, are, in like manner, never lost.

The true records of mankind, the human annals of the earth, are not to be found in the changes of geographical names, in the shifting boundaries of dominion, in the travels and adventures of the baubles of royalty, or even in the undulations of the greater and lesser waves of population. We have learned nothing, till we have penetrated far beyond these casual and external changes, which are of interest only as the effect and symptoms of the great mental vicissitudes of our race. History is an account of the past experience of humanity; and this, like the life of the individual, consists in the ideas and sentiments, the deeds and passions, the truths and toils, the virtues and the guilt, of the mind and heart within. We have a deep concern in preserving from destruction the *thoughts* of the past, the leading conceptions of all remarkable forms of civilisation; the achievements of genius, of virtue, and of high faith. And in this nothing can disappoint us; for though these things may be individually forgotten, collectively they survive, and are in action still. All the past ages of the world were necessary to the formation of the present; they are essential ingredients in the events that occur daily before our eyes. One layer of time has Providence piled up upon another for immemorial ages: we that live stand now upon this 'great mountain of the Lord;' were the strata below removed, the fabric and ourselves would fall in ruins. Had Greece, or Rome, or Palestine been other than they were, Christianity could not have been what it is: had Romanism been different, Protestantism could not have been the same, and we might not have been here this day. The separate civilisations of past countries may be of colours singly indiscernible; but in truth they are the prismatic rays which, united, form our present light. And do we look back on the great and good, lamenting that they are gone? Do we bend in commemorative reverence before them, and wish that our lot had been cast in their better days? What is the peculiar function which Heaven assigns to such minds, when tenants of our earth? Have the great and the good any nobler office than to touch the human heart with deep veneration for greatness and goodness?—to kindle in the

understanding the light of more glorious conceptions, and in the conscience the fires of a holier virtue? And that we grieve for their departure, and invoke their names, is proof that they are performing such blessed office still—that this their highest life for others, compared with which their personal agency is nothing, is not extinct. Indeed, God has so framed our memory that it is the infirmities of noble souls which chiefly fall into the shadows of the past; while whatever is fair and excellent in their lives, comes forth from the gloom in ideal beauty, and leads us on through the wilds and mazes of our mortal way. Nor does the retrospect, thus glorified, deceive us by any fallacy; for things present with us we comprehend far less completely, and appreciate less impartially, than things past. Nothing can become a clear object of our thought, while we ourselves are in it: we understand not our childhood till we have left it; our youth, till it has departed; our life itself, till it verges to its close; or the majesty of genius and holiness, till we look back on them as fled. Each portion of our human experience becomes in succession intelligible to us, as we quit it for a new point of view. God has stationed us at the intersecting line between the known and the unknown: He has planted us on a floating island of mystery, from which we survey the expanse behind in the clear light of experience and truth, and cleave the waves, invisible, yet ever breaking, of the unbounded future. Our very progress, which is our peculiar glory, consists in at once losing and learning the past; in gaining fresh stations from which to take a wiser retrospect, and become more deeply aware of the treasures we have used. We are never so conscious of the succession of blessings which God's providence has heaped on us, as when lamenting the lapse of years; and are then richest in the fruits of time, when mourning that time steals those fruits away.

Space and Time.

Who can deny the effect of wide space alone in aiding the conception of vast time? The spectator who, in the dingy cellar of the city, under the oppression of a narrow dwelling, watching the last moments of some poor mendicant, finds incongruity and perplexity in the thought of the eternal state, would feel the difficulty vanish in an instant, were he transplanted to the mountain-top, where the plains and streams are beneath him, and the clouds are near him, and the untainted breeze sweeps by, and he stands alone with nature and with God. And when, in addition to the mere spectacle and love of nature, there is a knowledge of it too; when the laws and processes are understood which surround us with wonder and beauty every day, when the great cycles are known through which the material world passes without decay; then, in the immensity of human hopes, there appears nothing which needs stagger faith: it seems no longer strange, that the mind which interprets the material creation should survive its longest period, and be admitted to its remoter realms.

Some Scottish Presbyterian ministers remain to be mentioned:

DR CANDLISH—DR CUMMING.

DR ROBERT S. CANDLISH was one of the ministers of Edinburgh—son of an early friend of Burns the poet. He was born in Edinburgh in 1806. In 1834 he became minister of St George's, Edinburgh; but seceding from the Established Church in 1843 along with Dr Chalmers and a large body of the clergy, he was an active and influential member of the Free Church, and an able debater in its courts. He wrote several theological works—*Exposition of the Book of*

Genesis, Examination of Mr Maurice's Theological Essays, Discourses on the Resurrection, &c. Dr Candlish died in 1873.—DR JOHN CUMMING, of the Scotch Church, London (born in Aberdeenshire in 1809), has distinguished himself by his zeal against popery, and by his interpretation of the Scriptures as to the duration of the world. He has written a great number of religious works—*Apocalyptic Sketches, Voices of the Night, Voices of the Day, Voices of the Dead, Expository Readings on the Old and New Testament*, and various controversial tracts. He is in theology what Mr G. P. R. James was in fiction—as fluent and as luminous. Amidst all the fluctuations of opinion on theology and forms of worship, Dr Cumming has kept together a large congregation of various classes in London.

DR GUTHRIE.

The REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, July 12, 1803. His father was a banker and merchant. The son was educated for the Scottish Church. 'It occupied me,' he says, 'eight years to run my regular curriculum. I attended the university for two additional years before I became a licentiate, and other five years elapsed before I obtained a presentation to a vacant church, and became minister of the parish of Arbirlot. Here were fifteen years of my life spent—the greater part of them at no small cost—qualifying myself for a profession which, for all that time, yielded me nothing for my maintenance.' And Guthrie adds: 'The inadequate means of creditably supporting themselves and their families of which most ministers have to complain is a very serious matter, threatening, in an enterprising and commercial, and wealthy country such as ours, to drain away talent from the pulpit.' This point is well worthy of consideration. In 1837 Mr Guthrie was appointed one of the ministers of Old Greyfriars parish in Edinburgh, and by his zeal and eloquence and philanthropy rose into high and general estimation. He left the Establishment at the period of the Disruption in 1843, and became one of the founders of the Free Church. His efforts to reclaim the wretched population of the worst parts of Edinburgh, and his exertions in the promotion of ragged schools, were appreciated by the public, and Dr Guthrie became not only one of the most popular preachers, but one of the best-beloved citizens of Edinburgh. He was a man of a large heart and truly catholic spirit. As a pulpit orator he has rarely been surpassed. His sermons were marked by poetic imagery and illustration—perhaps too profusely—but generally striking, pathetic, and impressive in a high degree.

'He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator; an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely; a powerful, clear, and musical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art.'

The variety of his illustrations was immense, but he delighted most, and was most successful, in those of a nautical character. A storm at sea and a shipwreck from Guthrie were paintings

never to be forgotten. This eminent preacher and philanthropist died at St Leonard's-on-Sea, February 24, 1873. His principal works are—*The Gospel in Ezekiel, 1855; Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints, 1858; The Way to Life, 1862; The City, its Sins and Sorrows; Pleas for Ragged Schools; Saving Knowledge, addressed to Young Men;* and various other short religious treatises and tracts on intemperance.

Decadence of the Ancient Portion of Edinburgh.

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as 'the stable and solid land,' that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, and floors still strewn with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearth-stone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendent on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, elegance,

and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness of a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: 'Peace be to this house;' 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;' 'We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' 'Fear God;' or this, 'Love your neighbour.' Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves, these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

Dr Guthrie's First Interest in Ragged Schools.

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from beneath his shaggy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it: 'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at any rate he was ingenious; and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own. . . .

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic

scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' [tin dishes] were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny. . . . We began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said: 'Would you go to school if—besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good, to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed: 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the hail land [the whole tenement or flat] too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed: 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

DR NORMAN MACLEOD.

The REV. NORMAN MACLEOD (1812-1872), a distinguished member of the Scottish Church, was a native of Campbelton, Argyshire. He was descended from a family of Highland clergymen, of whose life and labours he has drawn an interesting picture in his *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, 1867. His paternal grandfather was minister of Morven, where his uncle, the Rev. John Macleod, still labours. His father, an enthusiastic Celtic scholar and a shrewd able man, became minister of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, but Norman spent several of his boyish years at Morven, where he enjoyed an open-air life with the excitement of fishing and boating. A love of the sea and of ships and sailors remained with him throughout all his life, and was of importance to him in the way of oratorical illustration, both as a preacher and writer. He studied at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities—not with any marked distinction—and is described as a special favourite with his fellow-students, 'ever ready with apt quotations from Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats.' He was a short time tutor to the son of a Yorkshire squire, with whom he visited Weimar. He sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. But with it all, he held fast to his own convictions of right and truth, and only once attended the duke's court on Sunday. To the simple forms and service of the Presbyterian Church he was strongly attached, though he gradually dropped some of the strict Calvinistic doctrines, and inclined to the more genial theology of men like Stanley, Maurice, and others of what is termed the Broad Church. He thus describes a confirmation scene in York Cathedral: 'The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained-glass windows throwing a

dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming through the never-ending arches! The ceremony is intensely simple: they come in forties and fifties and surround the bishop, who repeats the vows, and lays his hand successively on each head. I could not help comparing this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands, where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive.

He received his first appointment in the church as minister of Loudon in Ayrshire, a district inhabited by a small proportion of Covenanting farmers and a large number of political weavers. With both, of course, he had his difficulties. The strict theologians examined him on the 'fundamentals,' and the weavers scoffed at religion, and disputed his political opinions. Visiting one well-known Chartist, he was requested to sit down on a bench at the front of the door, and discuss the 'seven points.' The weaver, with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron rolled about his waist, and his snuff-mull in his hand, vigorously propounded his favourite political dogmas.

'When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy." "Nay—national bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. "Div—ye—think—sae?" then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod, I'd risk it!" The naïveté of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, "risking" the nation for the sake of his theory was never forgotten by his companion.'

The frankness and geniality of the young minister melted down all opposition. From Campsie he removed to Dalkeith, and in 1851 he succeeded to the Barony parish, in Glasgow, with which in future his name was to be identified, and in which he laboured with unflagging zeal. His first publication was a volume entitled *The Earnest Student*, being an account of the life of his brother-in-law, John Mackintosh. The proceeds of the work, amounting to £200, he sent as a contribution to the Indian missions of the Free Church, of which Mackintosh had been a student. In 1858 he received the honorary degree of D.D. He was appointed one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland. From 1860 till his death, he was editor of *Good Words*, a periodical projected by Mr Strahan, the publisher, and which under Dr Macleod became (as it now continues under his brother and biographer, the Rev. Donald Macleod) eminently successful. To its pages he contributed his stories, *The Old Lieutenant*, *The Highland Parish*, *The Starling*, &c. He was more a man of action than a student, but these works—especially his reminiscences of the Highland parish of his youth—form pleasant and instructive reading. His *Peeps in the Far East*, describing scenes he had visited, and sketches of society, during a mission to India, are of the same character. His mission to India greatly increased his popularity, and he was equally a favourite with the court and aristocracy and with the inmates of the darkest

closets and miserable lodgings in Glasgow. He charmed all circles, and sympathised with all. He was honoured with the friendship of the Queen. 'I am never tempted,' he says, 'to conceal my convictions from the Queen, for I feel she sympathises with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it.' In another place, he says: 'She has a reasoning searching mind, anxious to get at the root and reality of things, and abhors all shams, whether in word or deed. . . . It was really grand to hear her talk on moral courage and living for duty.' The domestic life of Her Majesty at Balmoral is indicated in a little note which states that 'the Queen sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her—*Tam o' Shanter*, and *A Man's a Man for d' that*.' These particulars are given in a *Memoir of Norman Macleod* by his brother (1876), a work executed with admirable taste and judgment. The Indian mission of Dr Macleod, and his incessant work at home, undermined his naturally robust constitution. On the 3d of June 1872 he completed his sixtieth year, and on the 16th he expired—leaving behind him a noble example of devotion to duty, and of self-sacrificing efforts to promote the good of mankind.

Life in a Highland Bothy Fifty Years Since.

When I was young, I was sent to live among the peasantry in the parish (in the West Highlands) so as to acquire a knowledge of the language, and living, as I did, very much like themselves, it was my delight to spend the long evenings in their huts, hearing their tales and songs. These huts were of the most primitive description. They were built of loose stones and clay; the walls were thick, the door low, the rooms numbered one only, or in more aristocratic cases two. The floor was clay; the peat-fire was built in the middle of the floor, and the smoke, when amiable and not bullied by a sulky wind, escaped quietly and patiently through a hole in the roof. The window was like a port-hole, part of it generally filled with glass and part with peat. One bed, or sometimes two (with clean home-made sheets, blankets, and counterpane), a 'dresser' with bowls and plates, a large chest, and a corner full of peat, filled up the space beyond the circle about the fire. Upon the rafters above, black as ebony from peat-reek, a row of hens and chickens with a stately cock roosted in a paradise of heat.

Let me describe one of these evenings. Round the fire are seated, some on stools, some on stones, some on the floor, a happy group. Two or three girls, fine healthy blue-eyed lassies, with their hair tied up with ribbon snood, are knitting stockings. Hugh, the son of Sandy, is busking hooks; big Archy is peeling willow-wands and fashioning them into baskets; the shepherd Donald, the son of Black John, is playing on the Jew's harp; while beyond the circle are one or two herd-boys in kilts, reclining on the floor, all eyes and ears for the stories. The performances of Donald begin the evening, and form interludes to its songs, tales, and recitations. He has two large Lochaber trumps, for Lochaber trumps were to the Highlands what Cremona violins were to musical Europe. He secures the end of each with his teeth, and grasping them with his hands so that the tiny instruments are invisible, he applies the little finger of each hand to their vibrating steel tongues. He modulates their tones with his breath, and brings out of them Highland reels, strathspeys, and jigs—such wonderfully beautiful, silvery, distinct, and harmonious sounds as would draw forth cheers and an encore even in St James's Hall. But Donald, the son of Black John,

is done, and he looks to bonny Mary Cameron for a blink of her hazel eye to reward him, while in virtue of his performance he demands a song from her. Now Mary has dozens of songs, so has Kirsty, so has Flory—love songs, shearing songs, washing songs, Prince Charlie songs, songs composed by this or that poet in the parish; and therefore Mary asks 'What song?' So until she can make up her mind, and have a little playful flirtation with Donald, she requests Hugh, the son of Sandy, to tell a story. Although Hugh has abundance of this material, he too protests that he has none. But having betrayed this modesty, he starts off with one of those which are given by Mr Campbell (*Highland Tales*), to whose admirable and truthful volumes I refer the reader. When the story is done, improvisation is often tried, and amidst roars of laughter the aptest verses, the truest and most authentic specimens of tales, are made, sometimes in clever satire, sometimes with knowing allusions to the weaknesses or predilections of those round the fire. Then follow riddles and puzzles; then the trumps resume their tunes, and Mary sings her song, and Kirsty and Flory theirs, and all join in chorus, and who cares for the wind outside or the peat-reek inside! Never was a more innocent or happy group.

This fondness for music from trump, fiddle, or bagpipe, and for song-singing, story-telling, and improvisation, was universal, and imparted a marvellous buoyancy and intelligence to the people.

These peasants were, moreover, singularly inquisitive and greedy of information. It was a great thing if the schoolmaster or any one else was present who could tell them about other people and other places. I remember an old shepherd who questioned me closely how the hills and rocks were formed, as a gamekeeper had heard some sportsmen talking about this. The questions which were put were no doubt often odd enough. A woman, for example, whose husband was anxious to emigrate to Australia, stoutly opposed the step until she could get her doubts solved on some geographical point that greatly disturbed her. She consulted the minister, and the tremendous question which chiefly weighed on her mind was, whether it was true that the feet of the people there were opposite to the feet of the people at home? And if so, what then?

Wee Davie.

'Wee Davie' was the only child of William Thorburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another; his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of 'Tak care, Davie; mind the fire, Davie.' When the journey was ended in safety, and he looked over his shoulders with a crow of joy to his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, and by the well-merited approval of 'Weel done, Davie!'

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household. Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun had the power of doing what Davie did. They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow or a lark sing!

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition; and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house. But 'the bairn' became a new motive to exertion; and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside, or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm, as he wielded the hammer, and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil. The meaning of

benefit-clubs, sick-societies, and penny-banks was fully explained by 'wee Davie.'

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits. The smith had been fond of debates on political questions; and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against 'the powers that be,' the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation. He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him, until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained. But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which she did not even pretend to understand; by a series of acts out of Parliament; by reforms in household arrangements; by introducing good *bills* into her own House of Commons; and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very commonplace ones—such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all, a cheerful countenance and womanly love—by these radical changes she had made her husband wonderfully fond of his home. He was, under this teaching, getting every day too contented for a patriot, and too happy for a man in an ill-governed world. His old companions at last could not coax him out at night. He was lost as a member of one of the most philosophical clubs in the neighbourhood. 'His old pluck,' they said, 'was gone.' The wife, it was alleged by the patriotic bachelors, had 'cowed' him, and driven all the spirit out of him. But 'wee Davie' completed this revolution. I shall tell you how.

One failing of William's had hitherto resisted Jeanie's silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions, 'just in a friendly way,' on pay-nights at a public-house. It was true that he was never 'what might be called a drunkard'—'never lost a day's work'—'never was the worse for liquor,' &c. But, nevertheless, when he entered the snuggery in Peter Wilson's whisky-shop, with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere; and when, with half-a-dozen talkative, and, to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire, and the glass circulated; and the gossip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry-meetings; and current jokes were repeated, with humour, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on 'innocent social enjoyment'—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become malleable, and his sixpences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson's fozy hand, to be counted greedily beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith's wages were always lessened by Peter's gains. His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to 'even to' her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gently insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only 'merry,' and never ill-tempered or unkind—'yet at times'—'and then, what if—!' Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report—barring it against thee and 'wee Davie,' ay, and against One who is best of all—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But 'wee Davie,' with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus:

One evening when the smith returned home so that 'you could know it on him,' Davie toddled forward; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of 'dad-a.' The smith gazed on him

intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. 'Isn't he a bonnie bairn?' asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance.

'It's done!' he at last said, as he put his child down. 'What's wrang? what's wrang?' exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his. 'Everything is wrang, Jeanie.'

'Willy, what is 't? are ye no weel?—tell me what's wrang wi' you!—oh, tell me!' she exclaimed, in evident alarm.

'It's a' richt noo,' he said, rising up and seizing the child. He lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Then looking up in silence, he said: 'Davie has done it, along wi' you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!'

His wife felt awed, she knew not how.

'Sit doon,' he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, 'and I'll tell you a' about it.'

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized the child's little hand in one of his own, and with the other took his wife's.

'I hav'na been what ye may ca' a drunkard,' he said, slowly, and like a man abashed, 'but I hae been often as I shouldna hae been, and as, wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jeanie.

'It's done, it's done!' he said; 'as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings.'

'Except Himsel!' said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck.

'And noo, woman,' replied the smith, 'nae mair about it; it's done. Gie wee Davie a picce, and get the supper ready.'

REV. DR JOHN EADIE.

DR JOHN EADIE (1813–1876), an eminent Biblical scholar and Professor of Hermeneutics and Christian Evidences to the United Presbyterian Church, was a voluminous writer. His principal works are—*An Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures*; *Biblical Cyclopædia*; *Commentaries on the Greek Text of the Epistles of Paul to the Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians*; *Early Oriental History* (issued as a volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*); *History of the English Bible*, and various other theological writings—lectures, sermons, biographical sketches, &c. His *History of the English Bible*, published only a few weeks before his death, is an external and critical account of the various English translations of Scripture, and is completely exhaustive of the subject. From his celebrity as a Hebrew scholar and Biblical critic, Dr Eadie was appointed a member of the committee engaged at Westminster in translating and revising the Scriptures, and regularly attended the monthly meetings of the committee. The Glasgow University (his *alma mater*) conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he received the degree of D.D. from the university of St Andrews. As a professor, Dr Eadie was highly popular, and in private life was greatly esteemed. He was liberal in many of his views, and differed from most of his Presbyterian brethren in being favourable to the introduction of instrumental music in churches, and in believing that the Scriptures did not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister. One interest-

ing trait of the learned divine has been recorded: 'He was particularly fond of flowers and animals, especially birds, of which from his earliest years he kept many about him' (*Scotsman*). Dr Eadie was a native of Alva in Stirlingshire. After studying at the university of Glasgow he was licensed as a preacher in 1835, and at the time of his death was minister of Lansdowne Church, Glasgow. In 1860, having attained his semi-jubilee as a pastor, his congregation honoured him with a substantial token of their good-will and veneration.

DR JOHN TULLOCH—DR JOHN CAIRD.

DR JOHN TULLOCH, Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews, in 1855 received one of the Burnett prizes for a treatise on *Theism, the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and All-beneficent Creator*. The Burnett Prize Essays are published under the bequest of an Aberdeen merchant, John Burnett (1739–1784), who left £1600 to be applied every forty years to the foundation of two premiums for essays on the Being and Character of God from Reason and Revelation. Dr Tulloch, in 1859, published a volume of four lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh—*Leaders of the Reformation*, or sketches of Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. He is also author of *English Puritanism and its Leaders—Cromwell, Milton, &c.* 1861; *Beginning Life, Chapters for Young Men*, 1862; *Christ of the Gospels and Christ in Modern Criticism*, 1864; *Studies in the Religious Thought of England*, 1867; *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*, two volumes, 1872. This last is an able work, supplying a desideratum in our literature. Also *The Christian Doctrine of Sin*, 1876.

Liberal English Churchmen.

It was the merit of Hales, and Chillingworth, and Taylor (says Dr Tulloch), attached as they were personally to one side in this struggle [between the two theories of church organisation], that they penetrated beneath the theoretical narrowness which enslaved both sides, and grasped the idea of the church more profoundly and comprehensively. They saw the inconsistency of a formal *jus divinum* with the essential spirit of Protestantism, imperfectly as this spirit had been developed in England, or indeed elsewhere. According to this spirit, the true idea of the church is moral and not ritual. It consists in certain verities of faith and worship, rather than in any formal unities of creed or order. The genuine basis of Christian communion is to be found in a common recognition of the great realities of Christian thought and life, and not in any outward adhesion to a definite ecclesiastical or theological system. All who profess the Apostles' Creed are members of the church, and the national worship should be so ordered as to admit of all who make this profession. The purpose of these churchmen, in short, was comprehension, and not exclusion. While they held that no single type of church government and worship was absolutely divine, they acknowledged in different forms of church order an expression more or less of the divine ideas which lie at the root of all Christian society, and which—and not any accident of external form—gave to that society its essential character. In a word, the church appeared to them the more divine, the more ample the spiritual activities it embraced, and the less the circle of heresy or dissent it cut off. This breadth and toleration separated them alike from Prelatists and Puritans.

Principal Tulloch is a native of the parish of Tibbermore, Perthshire, of which his father was minister. He was born in 1823. Besides the above works, he has contributed to the reviews and other periodicals, and holds a conspicuous place in the national church. He is author also of *Religion and Theology, a Sermon for the Times*, 1876. The object of this discourse is to shew that religion and theology are two distinct things, and that a person may be devoutly religious without accepting a complicated creed :

The knowledge that is essential to religion is a simple knowledge, like that which the loved has of the person who loves, the bride of the bridegroom, the child of the parent. It springs from the personal and spiritual, and not from the cognitive or critical side of our being ; from the heart, and not from the head. Not merely so ; but if the heart or spiritual sphere be really awakened in us—if there be a true stirring of life here, and a true seeking towards the light—the essence and strength of a true religion may be ours, although we are unable to answer many questions that may be asked, or to solve even the difficulties raised by our own intellect.

In the course of this argument, the preacher notes the fact that under the most various influences and the most diverse types the same fruits of character appear.

Diverse Modes of Christian Thought.

As some men are said to be born Platonists, and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some Pelagians or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with true or false views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking, diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect, which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of 'variations ;' not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought—a St Paul and St John, as well as a St Peter and St James ; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace ; the milder and the severer interpretations of human nature and of the divine dealings with it—a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newman. Look at these men and many others equally significant on the spiritual side as they look to God, or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another ! The same divine life stirs in them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian ? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought—forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely opposed as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work, and find themselves at one. The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subjects of the Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognise and reverence the same types of Christian

character, but they will differ so soon as they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.

The REV. DR JOHN CAIRD, in the year 1855, preached a sermon before the Queen in the parish church of Crathie, which was published by royal command, and attracted great attention and admiration, and was translated under the auspices of Chevalier Bunsen. This popular discourse was of a practical nature, and was entitled *The Religion of Common Life*. In 1858 Dr Caird published a volume of *Sermons*, which also was widely circulated. He is one of the most eloquent of divines. Dr Caird is a native of Greenock, born in 1823. In 1873 he was elected Principal of the university of Glasgow.

Character and Doctrine.

Actions, in many ways, teach better than words, and even the most persuasive oral instruction is greatly vivified when supplemented by the silent teaching of the life.

Consider, for one thing, that actions are *more intelligible* than words. All verbal teaching partakes more or less of the necessary vagueness of language, and its intelligibility is dependent, in a great measure, on the degree of intellectual culture and ability in the mind of the hearer. Ideas, reflections, deductions, distinctions, when presented in words, are liable to misapprehension ; their power is often modified or lost by the obscurity of the medium through which they are conveyed, and the impression produced by them is apt very speedily to vanish from the mind. Many minds are inaccessible to any formal teaching that is not of the most elementary character ; and there are comparatively few to whom an illustration is not more intelligible than an argument.

But whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible. Let a man not merely speak but act the truth ; let him reveal his soul in the inarticulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on sanctification will prove tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. In the spectacle of a penitent soul pouring forth the broken utterance of its contrition at the Saviour's feet, there is a nobler sermon on repentance than eloquent lips ever spoke. Instruct your children in the knowledge of God's great love and mercy, but let them see that love cheering, animating, hallowing your daily life ; describe to them the divinity and glory of the Saviour's person and work, but let them note how daily you think of Him, hear with what profoundest reverence you name His name, see how the sense of a divine presence sheds a reflected moral beauty around your own—and this will be a living and breathing theology to them, without which formal teaching will avail but little. Sermons and speeches, too, may weary ; they may be listened to with irksomeness, and remembered with effort : but living speech never tires : it makes no formal demand on the attention, it goes forth in feelings and emanations that win their way insensibly into the secret depths of the soul. The medium of verbal instruction, moreover, is conventional, and it can be understood only where one special form of speech is vernacular, but the language of action and life is

instinctive and universal. The living epistle needs no translation to be understood in every country and clime; a noble act of heroism or self-sacrifice speaks to the common heart of humanity; a humble, gentle, holy, Christlike life preaches to the common ear all the world over. There is no speech nor language in which this voice is not heard, and its words go forth to the world's end.

The REV. JOHN KER, D.D., minister of a United Presbyterian church in Glasgow, has published a volume of *Sermons*, 1868, which has gone through several editions, and forms a valuable contribution to our works of practical divinity. Fine literary taste and power are combined with the illustration of Christian doctrine and duty. We subjoin some passages from a sermon on the 'Eternal Future.'

'It doth not yet Appear what We shall Be.'

The first step of the soul into another state of being is a mystery. No doubt it continues conscious, and its conscious existence, in the case of God's children, is most blessed. *To depart and be with Christ is far better.* But the existence of the soul separate from the body, and from all material organs, is incomprehensible.

The place of our future life is obscure. How there can be relation to place without a body, we do not know; and even when the body is restored, we cannot tell the locality of the resurrection-world. Nothing in reason, and nothing certain in revelation, connects it with any one spot in God's universe. It may be far away from earth, in some central kingdom, the glittering confines of which we can perceive in thick-sown stars, that are the pavement of the land which has its dust of gold. It may be, as our hearts would rather suggest, in this world renewed and glorified—a world sacred as the scene of Christ's sufferings, and endeared to us as the cradle of our immortal life. Or that great word, *Heaven*—the heaven of heavens—may gather many worlds around this one as the centre of God's most godlike work—may inclose the new and old, the near and far, in its wide embrace. *It doth not yet appear.*

The outward manner of our final existence is also uncertain. That it will be blessed and glorious, freed from all that can hurt or annoy, we may well believe. We may calculate that, in the degree in which the incorruptible and immortal body shall excel the body of sin and death, our final home, with its scenes of beauty and grandeur, its landscapes and skies, shall surpass our dwelling-place on this earth. Whether we may possess merely our present faculties, enlarged and strengthened, as a child's mind expands into a man's, or whether new faculties of perception may not be made to spring forth, as if sight were given to a blind man, we find it impossible to affirm. . . .

There are some minds which trouble themselves with the fear lest their present life and its natural affections should be irrecoverably lost in the future world. The place and circumstances seem so indefinite, and must be so different from the present, that they are tossed in uncertainty. Will they meet their friends again so as to know them, or will they not be separated from them by the vast expanses of that world, and by the varied courses they may have to pursue? We may have our thoughts about these things tranquillised, if we bring them into connection with Christ. Our eternal life begins in unison with Him, and it must for ever so continue. If we are gathered round Him in heaven, and know Him, and are known of Him, this will insure acquaintance with one another. It is strange that it could ever be made matter of doubt. And when we think that He gave us human hearts and took one into His own breast—that He bestowed on us human homes and affections, and solaced Himself with them—we need

not fear that He will deny us our heart's wish, where it is natural and good. Variety of pursuit and temperament need no more separate us there than it does here, and his own name for heaven—the Father's house of many mansions—speaks of unity as well as diversity, of one home, one roof, one paternal presence.

Mind above Matter.

It is the presence of life, above all, of intelligent life, which gives significance to creation, and which stands like the positive digit in arithmetic, before all its blank ciphers. The most beautiful landscape wants its chief charm till we see, or fancy in it, the home of man.

This may be charged as egotism, but it is the law of our being by which we must judge the world. We must look out on God's universe with the eyes and heart that its Maker has bestowed upon us, and we must believe that they were meant to guide us truly. The eras of geology receive their interest as they become instinct with animation, and as they foreshadow the entrance of the intelligent mind, which was at last to appear among them to be their interpreter. It is the reason of man which has reconstructed them out of their dead ashes. It is that same reason which gives to the present living world all that it has of meaning and unity. The forms of beauty and grandeur which matter puts on are only the clothing furnished by mind. The Alps and Andes are but millions of atoms till thought combines them and stamps on them the conception of the everlasting hills. Niagara is a gush of water-drops till the soul puts into it that sweep of resistless power which the beholder feels. The ocean, wave behind wave, is only great when the spirit has breathed into it the idea of immensity. If we analyse our feelings we shall find that thought meets us wherever we turn. The real grandeur of the world is in the soul which looks on it, which sees some conception of its own reflected from the mirror around it—for mind is not only living, but life-giving, and has received from its Maker a portion of his own creative power: it breathes into dead matter the breath of life, and it becomes a living soul.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

RICHARD SHARP.

This gentleman, commonly called 'Conversation Sharp' (1759-1835), after mingling in all the distinguished society of London, from the days of Johnson and Burke to those of Byron, Rogers, and Moore, in 1834 published—at first anonymously—a small volume of *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse*. Rogers thought the volume hardly equal to Sharp's reputation; but his reputation was founded on his conversational powers, and the higher order of genius is not—as Sir Walter Scott observed—favourable to this talent. 'For forming a good converser,' adds Scott, 'good taste, and extensive information, and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice.' Mackintosh, however, termed Sharp the best critic he had ever known, and Byron also bears testimony to his ability. Macaulay said he never talked scandal. From commercial concerns Mr Sharp had realised a large fortune—he left £250,000—and had a seat in parliament. The *Essays* evince knowledge of the world and sound sense. A few of his maxims and reflections are subjoined:

Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they ought to be. They

do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr Johnson, Mr Burke, and Mr Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

Trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.

Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved.

Even sensible men are too commonly satisfied with tracing their thoughts a little way backwards; and they are, of course, soon perplexed by a profounder adversary. In this respect, most people's minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without their roots. It may be said of morals and of literature, as truly as of sculpture and painting, that to understand the outside of human nature, we should be well acquainted with the inside.

It appears to me indisputable that benevolent intention and beneficial tendency must combine to constitute the moral goodness of an action. To do as much good and as little evil as we can, is the brief and intelligible principle that comprehends all subordinate maxims. Both good tendency and good will are indispensable; for conscience may be erroneous as well as callous, may blunder as well as sleep. Perhaps a man cannot be thoroughly mischievous unless he is honest. In truth, practice is also necessary, since it is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one. It is not quite so easy to do good as those may imagine who never try.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

WILLIAM MAGINN (1793–1842), one of the most distinguished periodical writers of his day, a scholar and wit, has left scarcely any permanent memorial of his genius or acquirements. He was born at Cork, and at an early period of life assisted his father in conducting an academy in that city. He received his degree of LL.D. in his twenty-fourth year. In 1819 Maginn commenced contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His papers were lively, learned, and libellous—an alliterative enumeration which may be applied to nearly all he wrote. He was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no quarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions, that all parties read and admired him. For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in *Blackwood*, and his Odoherly papers (prose and verse) were much admired. He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1824 Mr Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, *The Representative*. Mr Disraeli was reported to be editor, but he has contradicted the statement. He was then too young to be intrusted with such a responsibility. Maginn, however, was engaged as foreign or Paris correspondent. His

residence in France was short; the *Representative* soon went down, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains.' He was associated with Dr Giffard in conducting the *Standard* newspaper, and when *Fraser's Magazine* was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters. One article in this periodical, a review of *Berkeley Castle*, led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Mr Berkeley had assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, stating that he was the author. Hence the challenge and the duel. The parties exchanged shots three several times, but without any serious result. Happily, such scenes and such literary personalities have passed away. The remainder of Maginn's literary career was irregular. Habits of intemperance gained ground upon him; he was often arrested and in jail; but his good-humour seems never to have forsaken him. He wrote a series of admirable Shakspeare papers for *Blackwood* in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of Homeric ballads, which extended to sixteen in number. In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, acquainting him with the lamentable condition of Dr Maginn, and the minister took steps for the relief of the poor author, at the same time transmitting what has been termed a 'splendid gift,' but which Maginn did not live to receive. He died on the 29th of August 1842. The sort of estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries may be gathered from the following rhyming epitaph on him by Lockhart:

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of
Lynn—

He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising
grin—
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your
fin.'

But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches
were thin,

Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin—
All the same to the doctor from claret to gin—
Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein.
It was much when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

The REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (1804–1866) was also a native of Cork, and equally noted for scholarship and conviviality. He was educated at St Acheul, the college of the Jesuits at Amiens. Among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first-rate Latin scholar. He studied afterwards at Rome, and having taken priest's orders, he officiated in London and at Cork. He broke off from the Jesuits,

and became one of the writers in *Fraser's Magazine* (about 1834), and contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected and published as *The Reliques of Father Prout*, 1836. From the gay tavern life of the 'Fraserians,' Mahony went abroad and travelled for some years. He became Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as *Facts and Figures from Italy*, by Don Feremy Savonarola, *Benedictine Monk*. For the last eight years of his life he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the *Globe*, his letters forming the chief attraction of that London evening journal. A volume of *Final Memorials of Father Prout* (or Mahony) was published in 1876 by Mr Blanchard Jerrold, who has recorded Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, reverence for religion among all his convivialities, and his genuine goodness of heart. James Hannay said of this Irish humorist: 'Mahony's fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.'

The Shandon Bells.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine ;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican ;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—

O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
The Turkman gets ;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

SIR GEORGE AND SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.

The elder of these brothers—sons of an English gentleman, James Roper Head, Esq.—was author of *Forest Scenes in North America*, 1829, and *Home Tours in England*, 1835-37. The *Home Tours* were made in the manufacturing districts, through which the author travelled as a Poor-law Commissioner, and were written in a light, pleasing style. He afterwards applied himself to a laborious topographical and antiquarian account of *Rome*, in three volumes, 1849, and he translated Cardinal Pacca's *Memoirs* and *Apuleius' Metamorphoses*. He died in 1855, aged seventy-three.

His brother, FRANCIS BOND HEAD (born at Rochester, January 1, 1793), had more vivacity and spirit as an author, though retaining many of the family characteristics. While a captain in the army, he published *Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes*, 1826. The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*. He was appointed governor of Upper Canada in 1835, and created a baronet in 1837 ; but his administrative was not equal to his literary talent, and he was forced to resign in 1838. He published a narrative of his administration, which was more amusing than convincing. Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote *The Emigrant*, 1852, and essays in the *Quarterly Review*, afterwards republished in a collected form with the title of *Stokers and Pokers—Highways and Byways*. He wrote a *Life of Bruce, the Traveller*, for the 'Family Library.' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, *The Defenceless State of Great Britain*, 1850. Visits to Paris and Ireland produced *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in 1851*, and *A Fortnight in Ireland*, 1852. In 1869 he produced a practical work, *The Royal Engineer*. The judgments and opinions of the author are often rash and prejudiced, but he is seldom dull, and commonplace incidents are related in a picturesque and attractive manner. Sir Francis died at Croydon in 1875.

Description of the Pampas.

The great plain, or pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the

part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

A French Commissionnaire.

In Paris this social luxury has been so admirably supplied, that, like iced water at Naples, the community could now hardly exist without it. Accordingly, at the intersection of almost all the principal streets, there is posted by the police an intelligent, respectable-looking man—there are about twelve thousand of them—cleanly dressed in blue velveteen trousers, and a blue corduroy jacket, on the breast of which is affixed a brass ticket, invariably forfeited by misconduct, bearing his occupation and number. The duties of this commissionnaire are not only at various fixed prices to go messages in any direction, and at determined rates to perform innumerable other useful services, but he is especially directed to assist aged and infirm people of both sexes in crossing streets crowded with carriages, and to give to strangers, who may inquire their way, every possible assistance. The luxury of living, wherever you may happen to lodge, within reach of a person of this description, is very great. For instance, within fifty yards of my lodgings, there was an active, honest, intelligent dark-blue fellow, who was to me a living book of useful knowledge. Crumpling up the newspaper he was usually reading, he could in the middle of a paragraph, and at a moment's notice, get me any sort of carriage—recommend me to every description of shop—tell me the colour of the omnibus I wanted—where I was to find it—where I was to leave it—how I ought to dress to go here, there, or anywhere; and what was done in the House of Assembly last night—who spoke best—

what was said of his speech—and what the world thought of things in general.

The Electric Wires, and Taxwell the Murderer.

Whatever may have been his fears—his hopes—his fancies—or his thoughts—there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h. 42 m. P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.'

And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of heaven!

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage-door, descended the steps; paid his fare; crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, thence over London Bridge to the Leopard Coffee-house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging-house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street.

He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee-houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi*; but, whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening the door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt.

The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail; tried; found guilty of wilful murder; and hanged.

A few months afterwards, we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: 'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

T. C. HALIBURTON.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON (1796-1865), long a judge in Nova Scotia, is author of a series of amusing works illustrative of American and colonial manners, marked by shrewd, sarcastic

remarks on political questions, the colonies, slavery, domestic institutions and customs, and almost every familiar topic of the day. The first series—which had previously been inserted as letters in a Nova Scotia paper—appeared in a collected form under the title of *The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*. A second series was published in 1838, and a third in 1840. ‘Sam Slick’ was a universal favourite, and in 1843 the author conceived the idea of bringing him to England. *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England*, gives an account of the sayings and doings of the clockmaker when elevated to the dignity of the ‘Honourable Mr Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the court of St James’s.’ There is the same quaint humour, acute observation, and laughable exaggeration in these volumes as in the former, but, on the whole, Sam is most amusing on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr Haliburton has also written an *Account of Nova Scotia*, 1828; *Bubbles of Canada*, 1839; *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony*, and *Letter-bag of the Great Western*, 1839; *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*, 1851; *Yankee Stories*, and *Traits of American Humour*, 1852; *Nature and Human Nature*, 1855.

We must do our publishers the justice to say, that the first periodical in Great Britain which noticed Mr Haliburton’s works was *Chambers’s Journal*.

Soft Sawder and Human Natur.

In the course of a journey which Mr Slick performs in company with the reporter of his humours, the latter asks him how, in a country so poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to sell so many clocks. ‘Mr Slick paused,’ continues the author, ‘as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone: “Why, I don’t care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint’s,” said he; “I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.” At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr Slick, who said “he wished to take leave of Mrs Flint before he left Colchester.” We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: “If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn’t believe me—why, there ain’t such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike” *—“Seventy,” said the deacon—“only seventy.” “Well, seventy; but then there is your fine, deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it. Then there is that water-privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand for. I wonder, deacon, you don’t put up a carding-mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and”——“Too old,” said the deacon—“too old for all those speculations.” “Old!” repeated the Clockmaker—“not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays.” The deacon was pleased. “Your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;” saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable. As the old

gentleman closed the door after him, Mr Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone: “That is what I call *soft sawder*. An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture—without looking at him. Now I find”—— Here his lecture on soft sawder was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Flint. “Just come to say good-bye, Mrs Flint.” “What! have you sold all your clocks?” “Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel’s wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won’t sell it. I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, secretary of state for Maine, said he’d give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles; it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine superfine; but I guess I’ll take it back; and, beside, Squire Hawk might think it hard that I did not give him the offer.” “Dear me,” said Mrs Flint, “I should like to see it; where is it?” “It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape’s store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport.” “That’s a good man,” said Mrs Flint, “just let’s look at it.” Mr Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he, too, thought it a handsome one; but the deacon was a prudent man: he had a watch, he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. “I guess you’re in the wrong furrow this time, deacon; it ain’t for sale,” said Mr Slick; “and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel’s wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it.” Mrs Flint said that Mr Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. “It’s no consarn of mine,” said Mr Slick, “as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don’t want to sell it; and beside, it comes too high; that clock can’t be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it an’t possible!” said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; why, as I’m alive, it is four o’clock, and if I haven’t been two hours here—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I’ll tell you what, Mrs Flint: I’ll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I’ll set it agoing, and put it to the right time.” As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

“That,” said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, “that I call *human natur*! Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars—it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs Flint will never let Mrs Steel have the refusal—nor will the deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, it is difficult to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in *human natur* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur that they never come out of it.”

THOMAS MILLER—W. HONE—MISS COSTELLO.

Among the *littérateurs* inspired—perhaps equally—by the love of nature and admiration of the writings of Miss Mitford and the Howitts, was THOMAS MILLER (1809–1874), a native of

* Flat rich land diked in from the sea.

Gainsborough, one of the humble, happy, industrious self-taught sons of genius. He was brought up to the trade of a basket-maker, and while thus obscurely labouring 'to consort with the muse and support a family,' he attracted attention by his poetical effusions. Through the kindness of Mr Rogers, our author was placed in the more congenial situation of a bookseller, and had the gratification of publishing and selling his own writings. Mr Miller was author of various works: *A Day in the Woods*, *Royston Gower*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and other novels. Several volumes of rural descriptions and poetical effusions also proceeded from his pen.

The *Every-day Book*, *Table Book*, and *Year Book*, by WILLIAM HONE (1779-1842), published in 1833, in four large volumes, with above five hundred wood-cut illustrations, form a calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident to every day in the year. Mr Southey has said of these works: 'I may take the opportunity of recommending the *Every-day Book* and *Table Book* to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local customs: by these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature.' Charles Lamb was no less eulogistic. Some political parodies written by Hone led to his prosecution by the government of the day, in which the government was generally condemned. Hone was acquitted and became popular; the parodies are now forgotten, but the above works will preserve his name.

A number of interesting narratives of foreign travel were published by MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, who died in 1870; she commenced her literary career in 1835 with *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*. Her principal works are—*A Summer among the Bocages and Vines*, 1840; *A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay*, 1842; *Béarn and the Pyrenees*, 1844; *The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales*, 1845; *A Tour to and from Venice by the Vandois and the Tyrol*, 1846; &c. Miss Costello was also one of the band of lady-novelists, having written *The Queen Mother*, *Clara Fane*, &c.; and in 1840 she published a series of *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*, commencing with the reign of Elizabeth.

MRS JAMESON.

On subjects of art and taste, and generally in what may be termed elegant literature, the writings of MRS ANNA JAMESON (1797-1860) occupy a prominent place. They are very numerous, including—*The Diary of an Ennuyée* (memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy), 1826; *Loves of the Poets*, two volumes, 1829; *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, two volumes, 1831; *Characteristics of Women*, two volumes, 1832; *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* (memoirs accompanying engravings from Lely's portraits), two volumes, 1833; *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, two volumes, 1834; *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, three volumes, 1838; *Rubens, his Life and Genius*, translated from the German of Dr Waagen, 1840; *Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony*,

1840; *Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art*, two volumes, 1842; *Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London*, 1844; *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters*, two volumes, 1845; *Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature, and Social Morals*, 1846; *Sacred and Legendary Art*, two volumes, 1848; *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, 1850; *Legends of the Madonna*, 1852; *Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, 1854; *Sisters of Charity*, a lecture, 1855; *The Communion of Labour*, a lecture, 1856; with various communications to literary journals. In such a variety of works, all, of course, cannot be equal—some bear the appearance of task-work; but generally we may apply to Mrs Jameson the warm eulogium of Professor Wilson: she is 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers; full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.' On the subject of art, her writing is next to that of Ruskin; to intense love of the beautiful, she adds a fine discriminating and cultivated taste, with rich stores of knowledge. Mrs Jameson was a native of Dublin, daughter of Mr Murphy, an artist of ability. Having married a barrister named Jameson, who accepted an official appointment in Canada, she resided there for some time, but her marriage proving unhappy, a separation took place, and Mrs Jameson returned to England, and devoted herself to literature—especially the literature of art. Her latest work (which she did not live to complete, but which was finished by Lady Eastlake) was an account of the *Scriptural and Legendary History of our Lord, as represented in Christian Art*.

Counsel to Young Ladies—An Eastern Apologue.

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when he taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten; but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of *St Peter and the Cherries*, which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well-known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his

nose ; "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third ; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said : "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves : "Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.

I can recall, at this hour, the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I took the lesson so home, that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

Pictures of the Madonna.

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which sprung up in the middle ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve best—all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love : so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race ; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.

The Loves of the Poets.

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited ; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction ; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else ; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date, and the idols cast down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling ; their raptures were feigned ; their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they

float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness ; but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only awakened but inspired ; the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise ; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No ; it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

The Studious Monks of the Middle Ages.

But for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been for ever extinguished ; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, Learning trimmed her lamp ; there, Contemplation 'pruned her wings;' there, the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive, in form and colour, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities ; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the church ; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.

Venice—Canaletti and Turner.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice ; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences ; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerrotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance ; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Tragheto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal ; even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice? 'But,' says my friend, 'if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!' True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian ; there is

more of Venice in his 'Cornaro Family,' or his 'Pesaro Madonna,' than in all the Canaletti in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of Enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifications, materialities: 'We start, for life is wanting there!' I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, 'put down the church of St Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:' here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, 'Good Heavens! how came they there?' And not to forget the great wonder of modern times—I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things;' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of *Murray's Hand-book*; but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more; to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them. I see a future fraught with hopes for Venice—

Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime!

CHARLES WATERTON.

The *Wanderings and Essays* of CHARLES WATERTON (1782–1865), a Yorkshire squire, form very interesting and delightful reading. Mr Waterton set out from his seat of Walton Hall, Wakefield, in 1812, to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana; to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali poison; and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America.' He made two more journeys to the same territories—in 1816 and 1820—and in 1825 published his *Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles*. His fatigues and dangers were numerous.

'In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South

America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge; a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places; climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires; and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before.'

The adventures of the python and cayman—or the snake and crocodile—made much noise and amusement at the time, and the latter feat formed the subject of a caricature. Mr Waterton had long wished to obtain one of those enormous snakes called Coulacanara, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards it stealthily, and with his lance struck it behind the neck and fixed it to the ground.

Adventure with the Snake.

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. [It measured fourteen feet, and was of great thickness.] We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

On the following day, Mr Waterton killed the animal, securing its skin for Walton Hall. The crocodile was seized on the Essequibo. He had been tantalised for three days with the hope of securing one of the animals. He baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and at last was successful. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows; but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.' The men pulled, and out he came—Mr Waterton standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the animal's throat.

Riding on a Crocodile.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I

gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride—

Delphini insidens, vada cœurula sulcat Arion.

The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was also added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Mr Waterton's next work was *Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author and a View of Walton Hall, 1838*—reprinted with additions in 1851. His account of his family—an old Roman Catholic family that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII. downwards—is a quaint, amusing chronicle; and the notes on the habits of birds shew minute observation, as well as a kindly genial spirit on the part of the eccentric squire.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

As a traveller, novelist, and historical writer, MR ELIOT WARBURTON, an English barrister (1810–1852), was a popular though incorrect author. He had a lively imagination and considerable power of description, but these were not always under the regulation of taste or judgment. His first work, *The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel, 1844*, is the best of his productions. To ride on a crocodile was Mr Waterton's unparalleled feat, and Mr Warburton thus describes his first shot at a crocodile, which, he said, was an epoch in his life.

Crocodile Shooting in the Nile.

We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle, nay, even the vulture and the eagle, had swept past or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timsesch, timsesch!' was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in-shore. R—— was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My

intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his finlike legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say: 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piasters for the timsesch!' I exclaimed, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession.

In the same work is a striking incident illustrative of savage life:

Nubian Revenge.

There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighbouring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once—when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Malek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir—which signifies Tiger—the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money to the value of one hundred thousand dollars.' 'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.' 'Ila! Wallah!' was the young pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal did not shew his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the pasha rest; to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of his staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them; when they observed that a huge pile of dried stacks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael angrily; 'am not I pasha?' 'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp.'

Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent curtains shrivel up in flames, and the pasha and his comrades find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Nemmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burned all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides. So much for African warfare.

The other works of Mr Eliot Warburton are—*Hochelaga, or England in the New World*, 1846 (Hochelaga is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada); *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, 1849; *Reginald Hastings and Darien*, novels, and a *Memoir of the Earl of Peterborough*—the famous earl (1658-1735). The last was a posthumous work, published in 1853. Mr Warburton had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to visit the tribes of Indians who inhabit the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to effect a friendly understanding with them, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the *Amazon* steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill-fated ship. That awful catastrophe carried grief into many families, and none of its victims were more lamented than Eliot Warburton.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, originally printed in the *London Magazine*, and published in a separate form in 1822, describe the personal experiences of a scholar and man of genius who, like Coleridge, became a slave to the use of opium. To such an extent had he carried this baneful habit that in 'the meridian stage of his career' his daily ration was eight thousand drops of laudanum. He had found, he says, that the solid opium required a length of time to expand its effects sensibly, oftentimes not less than four hours, whereas the tincture, laudanum, manifested its presence instantaneously. The author of the *Confessions* was THOMAS DE QUINCEY, son of an English merchant, and born August 15, 1785, at Greenhay, near Manchester. His father died while his children were young, leaving to his widow a fortune of sixteen hundred pounds a year. Thomas was educated at Bath, and subsequently at Worcester College, Oxford. When about sixteen, he made his way to London, and tried to raise a sum of two hundred pounds on his expectations from the paternal estate. He was reduced to extreme destitution by his dealings with the Jews, and by his want of any profession or remunerative employment. He was saved from perishing on the streets by a young woman he knew—one of the unfortunate *waifs* of the city—who restored him to consciousness with some warm cordial, after he had fainted from exhaustion. This 'youthful benefactress' he tried in vain to trace in

his after-years. It is strange, as Miss Martineau has remarked, and as indeed occurred to himself when reflecting on this miserable period of his life, 'that while tortured with hunger in the streets of London for many weeks, and sleeping (or rather lying awake with cold and hunger) on the floor of an empty house, it never once occurred to him to earn money. As a classical corrector of the press, and in other ways, he might no doubt have obtained employment, but it was not till afterwards asked why he did not, that the idea ever entered his mind.' His friends, however, discovered him before it was too late, and he proceeded to Oxford. He was then in his eighteenth year. In the following year (1804) De Quincey seems to have first tasted opium. He took it as a cure for toothache, and indulged in the pleasing vice, as he then considered it, for about eight years. He continued his intellectual pursuits, married, and took up his residence in the Lake country, making occasional excursions to London, Bath, and Edinburgh. Pecuniary difficulties at length embarrassed him, and, enfeebled by opium, he sank into a state of misery and torpor. From this state he was roused by sharp necessity, and by the success of his contributions to the *London Magazine*, which were highly prized, and seemed to open up a new source of pleasure and profit. He also contributed largely to *Blackwood's* and to *Tail's* magazines, in which his 'Autobiographic Sketches,' 'Recollections of the Lakes,' and other papers appeared. Next to Macaulay, he was perhaps the most brilliant periodical writer of the day. After many years' residence at Grasmere, De Quincey removed to Scotland, and lived at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. He died in Edinburgh, December 8, 1859, in his seventy-fifth year.

Besides the *Confessions*, Mr De Quincey published the *Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy*, 1824; and twenty years later, he produced a volume on the same science—*The Logic of Political Economy*, 1844. The highest authority on political economy—Mr M'Culloch—has eulogised these treatises of Mr De Quincey as completely successful in exposing the errors of Malthus and others in applying Ricardo's theory of value. A collected edition of the works of De Quincey has been published in sixteen volumes, distributed in the main, he says, into three classes: first, papers whose chief purpose is to interest and amuse (autobiographic sketches, reminiscences of distinguished contemporaries, biographical memoirs, whimsical narratives, and such like); secondly, essays, of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character, addressing the understanding as an insulated faculty (of these there are many); and, thirdly, papers belonging to the order of what may be called prose-poetry—that is, fantasies or imaginations in prose—including the *Suspiria de Profundis*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*—and which are remarkable for pathos and eloquence. In all departments, De Quincey must rank high, but he would have been more popular had he practised the art of condensation. His episodic digressions and diffuseness sometimes overrun all limits—especially when, like Southey (in the *Doctor*), he takes up some favourite philosophical theory or scholastic illustration, and presents it in every possible shape and colour. The exquisite conversation of De Quincey was of the same character—in 'linked sweetness long

drawn out,' but rich and various in an extraordinary degree. His autobiographic and personal sketches are almost as minute and unreserved as those of Rousseau, but they cannot be implicitly relied upon. He spared neither himself nor his friends, and has been accused of unpardonable breaches of confidence and exaggerations, especially as respects the Wordsworth family. It has been said that if his life were written truthfully no one would believe it, so strange the tale would seem.*

The following is part of the melancholy yet fascinating *Confessions*. One day a Malay wanderer had called on the recluse author in his cottage at Grasmere, and De Quincey gave him a piece of opium.

Dreams of the Opium-Eater.

May 18.—The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. Every night, through his means, I have been transported into Asiatic scenery. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me.

* *Memoir of Professor Wilson*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon. 'I remember,' says Mrs Gordon, 'his (De Quincey's) coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage, and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor (Wilson) ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company, that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. He rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no frequent sight to find him lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged in profound slumber.' He was most brilliant at supper parties, sitting till three or four in the morning.

Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrots, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstraction I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to shew me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* natures.

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

the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegely, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but, having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic variations, which often suddenly re-combined, locked back into a startling unity, and restored the original dream.

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

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning

was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself; like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrysings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me: and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'

In the same impassioned and melodious prose, De Quincey talks of dreams 'moulding themselves eternally like the billowy sands of the desert, as beheld by Bruce, into towering columns.' They 'soar upwards to a giddy altitude, then stalk about for a minute all aglow with fiery colour, and finally un mould and dislimn with a collapse as sudden as the motions of that eddying breeze under which their vapoury architecture had arisen.' De Quincey had a peculiar vein of humour or irony, often breaking out where least expected, and too long continued. This is exemplified in his paper on *Murder as one of the Fine Arts*, which fills above a hundred pages, and in other essays and reviews; but the grand distinction of De Quincey is his subtle analytical faculty, and his marvellous power of language and description.

Joan of Arc.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years,

until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honours from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. ‘Life,’ thou saidst, ‘is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.’ This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the vollying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents. ‘The pile struck terror,’ says M. Michelet, ‘by its height.’ . . . There would be a certainty of calumny arising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who in their own persons would yield to it least. Meantime

there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? ‘Ten thousand men,’ says M. Michelet himself, ‘ten thousand men wept; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

The last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the *Quarterly Review* was MR JOHN WILSON CROKER (1780–1857). He was a native of Galway, his father being surveyor-general of customs and excise in Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His first literary attempts were satirical—*Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage*, 1804; and an *Intercepted Letter from Canton*, or a satire on certain politicians and magnates in the city of Dublin, 1805. These local productions were followed by *Songs of Trafalgar*, 1806, and a pamphlet, entitled *A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present*, 1807. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Swift*, has copied one passage from this *Skeich*, which appears to be an imitation of the style of Grattan.

Character of Swift.

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman; his gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise;

his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

Mr Croker studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but getting into parliament for the borough of Downpatrick (1807), he struck into that path of public life which he was fitted to turn to the best advantage. In 1809 he took a prominent part in defending the Duke of York during the parliamentary investigation into the conduct of His Royal Highness, and shortly afterwards he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, an office which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until 1830, when he retired with a pension of £1500 per annum. In 1809 he published anonymously *The Battles of Talavera*, a poem in the style of Scott, and which Sir Walter reviewed in the second volume of the *Quarterly Review*. In the same style Mr Croker commemorated the *Battle of Albuera*, 1811. This seems to have been the last of his poetical efforts. He was now busy with the *Quarterly Review*. Criticism, properly so called, he never attempted. His articles were all personal or historical, confined to attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or to the rectification of dates and facts regarding public characters and events. He was the reviewer of Keats's *Endymion* in 1818, to which Byron playfully alluded :

Who killed John Keats ?
I, says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and Tartarly,
'Twas one of my feats.

But this deadly article is only a piece of abuse of three pages, in which Keats is styled a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.' Lady Morgan's *Italy* is despatched in the same trenchant style. But one of Mr Croker's greatest 'feats' in this way was mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney or Madame D'Arblay, who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of *Evelina* was published. She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date; but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn, in Norfolk, had the parish-register examined, and found that the fair novelist was baptised in June 1752, and consequently was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when *Evelina* appeared, instead of being a prodigy of seventeen. Mr Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon; he had the French registers examined, and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages. This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper which appeared on the occasion of the late emperor's visit to England—no doubt to mortify the new Napoleon dynasty. In the same spirit he assailed Soult when he visited this country—recounting all his military errors and defeats, and reminding him that the Duke of Wellington had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809 and at Waterloo in 1815. The duke is said to have been seriously displeased with the reviewer on account of this mistimed article. Two of the later contributions to the *Review* by

Mr Croker made considerable noise. We refer to those on Macaulay's History and Moore's Memoirs. In the case of the former, Mr Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms. They were countrymen and college acquaintances; and when Lord John Russell published the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous man, who had known the deceased, would have abstained from harsh comments. Croker applied the scalpel without mercy; Lord John ventured a remark on the critic's 'safe malignity;' and Croker retaliated by shewing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of him in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters, and soliciting favours at his hands. Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed; and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage-at-arms. No man with any heart would have acted as Croker did, but he was blinded by his keen partisanship and pride. He was a political gladiator bound to do battle against all Whigs and innovators in literature. Mr Disraeli has satirised him under the name of 'Rigby' in his novel of *Coningsby*. Mr Croker, however, did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II*. He wrote *Stories from the History of England for Children*, which had the merit of serving as a model for Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and he collected some of his contributions to the *Review*, and published them under the title of *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing an edition of Pope's works, which has since passed into the abler hands of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The following notice of MISS MARTINEAU appeared in Horne's *Spirit of the Age*: 'Harriet Martineau was born in the year 1802, one of the youngest among a family of eight children. Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was indebted to an uncle, a surgeon in Norwich, for her education. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood; to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honourable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortunes. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a

burden. She realised an income sufficient for her simple habits, but still so small as to enhance the integrity of the sacrifice which she made to principle in refusing the pension offered to her by government in 1840. Her motive for refusing it was, that she considered herself in the light of a political writer, and that the offer did not proceed from the people, but from the government, which did not represent the people.' It is said in another account that when pressed on this subject by Lord Melbourne, she declined to accept a pension, the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had condemned in her works.

The literary career of Miss Martineau displayed unwearied application, as well as great versatility of talent and variety of information. It commenced in 1823, when she published *Devotional Exercises for Young Persons*. From this time till 1831 she issued a number of tracts and short moral tales, and wrote some prize essays, which were published by the Unitarian Association. Two works on social questions, *The Rioters* and *The Turn Out*, were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political economy. In 1832-34 she produced more valuable *Illustrations of Political Economy, Taxation, and Poor Laws*. A visit to America next led to *Society in America*, 1837, and *Retrospect of Western Travel*, 1838, both able and interesting works. In the same year she published a *Letter to the Deaf*, and two small *Guides to Service*, to which she afterwards added two more domestic manuals. To 1838 also belongs a small tract, *How to Observe*. In 1839 appeared *Deerbrook*, a novel, containing striking and eloquent passages, one of which we subjoin :

Effects of Love and Happiness on the Mind.

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked—perhaps unconsciously—for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too desired for its charity—nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism—nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary

seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved—be it the peasant-girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many—they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

The democratic opinions of the authoress—for in all but her anti-Malthusian doctrines Miss Martineau was a sort of female Godwin—are strikingly brought forward, and the characters are well drawn. *Deerbrook* is a story of English domestic life. The next effort of Miss Martineau was *The Hour and the Man*, 1840, a novel or romance founded on the history of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture; and with this *man* as hero, Miss Martineau exhibits as the *hour* of action the period when the slaves of St Domingo threw off the yoke of slavery. There is much passionate as well as graceful writing in this tale; its greatest defect is, that there is too much disquisition, and too little connected or regular fable. Among the other works of Miss Martineau are several for children, as *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Settlers at Home*, *Feats on the Fiord*, and *The Crofton Boys*—all pleasing and instructive little tales. Her next work, *Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid*, 1844, presents many interesting and pleasing sketches, full of acute and delicate thought and elegant description.

Sea View from the Window of the Sick-Room at Tynemouth.

Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville Street, Dublin, or Portland Place, in London, and thirty miles of sea view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion and connection with the world like sea changes. The motion of a water-fall is too continuous—too little varied—as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a windmill, the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more lifelike in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in

the never-ending variety of a fishery. But, then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fishpond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farmhouses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with a white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village-green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railway; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill, now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lane where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farmhouse, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head—for it is now chill evening—and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, among country-people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.

For four years she was an inmate of this sick-

room. A series of tales, illustrative of the evils springing from the Game Laws (1845), are marked by Miss Martineau's acuteness and fine clear style, but are overcoloured in tone and sentiment. Another short tale, *The Billow and the Rock*, 1846, founded on the incidents of Lady Grange's captivity, is interesting, without any attempt at conveying a political lesson. In 1848 appeared *Eastern Life, Past and Present*, three volumes—a very interesting book of travels, but disfigured by wild speculative opinions on Scripture history and character, and on mesmerism and clairvoyance. A volume on *Household Education* appeared in 1849, and the *History of England* from 1816 to 1846, in 1850. This is an admirable account of the thirty years' peace. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr H. G. Atkinson, *On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*—a work which met with universal condemnation. Miss Martineau's friend, Charlotte Brontë, grieved sadly over this declension on the part of one whom she admired as combining the highest mental culture with the nicest discharge of feminine duties. The book, she said, was 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of disbelief of God or a future life.' Hundreds, she said, had deserted Miss Martineau on account of this book, but this the authoress has denied. 'I am not aware,' says Miss Martineau, 'of having lost any friends whatever by that book, while I have gained a new world of sympathy.' In fact, most persons regarded this singular lady as *sui generis*, and would never dream of binding her by the 'fixed and settled rules.' Her next performance was a translation and condensation of the *Positive Philosophy* of Augustus Comte, two volumes, 1853. M. Comte's work is a complete account of science and scientific method, as developed at the time he wrote, beginning with mathematics, and ending with social physics or sociology; but it is also, says Mr Brimley, 'a fierce polemic against theology and metaphysics, with all the notions and sentiments that have their root in them'—a 'strict limitation of the human faculties to phenomenal knowledge.' Hence the system 'not only fails to provide an aim for the action of man and of society; but if an aim were conceded to it, has no moral force to keep men steady, no counteracting power to the notorious selfishness and sensuality against which we have to be ever on our guard.' In 1854 Miss Martineau published a *Complete Guide to the Lakes*. Many years since she fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country, at Ambleside, where she managed her little farm of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturist, and was esteemed an affectionate friend and good neighbour. She was a regular contributor of political and social articles to the *Daily News* and other journals. In 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs, royal, political, professional, scientific, social, and literary, which she had written for the *Daily News* from her first connection with the paper in 1852. These form a very interesting and instructive work—high-toned in principle, and felicitous in expression. She is occasionally unjust, as in the case of Macaulay, and inaccurate in others, but she is never dull. Miss Martineau also contributed articles to

Once a Week and other periodicals. It was impossible for her to be idle so long as a shred of health remained. She died on the evening of the 27th June 1876, having entered on her 75th year. Immediately after her death the *Daily News* printed an autobiography sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855. It is a remarkably frank, unaffected production. As a writer of fiction, she says of herself: 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction—her doctrine furnishing the plot which she was unable to create, and the brevity of space duly restricting the indulgence in detail which injured her longer narratives, and at last warned her to leave off writing them. It was fortunate for her that her own condemnation anticipated that of the public. To the end of her life she was subject to solicitations to write more novels and more tales; but she for the most part remained steady in her refusal.'

Of her book on *Society in America*, while claiming credit for it as a trustworthy account of the political structure and relations of the Federal and State Governments, she says: 'On the whole, the book is not a favourable specimen of Harriet Martineau's writings, either in regard to moral or artistic taste. It is full of affectations and preachments.' As to religion, she describes herself as being, in early life, an earnest Unitarian. But she says that her *Eastern Life, Past and Present*—which she ranks as the best of her writings—shewed that at that time (1849) 'she was no longer a Unitarian, or a believer in revelation at all.' With regard to the *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, she observes: 'This book brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the word—between the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause—a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.'

Miss Martineau thus accounts for her choice of rural instead of London life: 'She felt that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind; and she chose her plan of life accordingly.'

The Napiers.

Two generations of Englishmen have rejoiced in the felt and lively presence of a family who seemed born to perpetuate the associations of a heroic age, and to elevate the national sentiment at least to the point reached in the best part of the military period of our civilisation, while our mere talkers were bemoaning the material tendencies and the sordid temper of our people in our

own century. The noble old type of the British knight, lofty in valour and in patriotism, was felt to exist in its full virtue while we had the Napiers in our front, conspicuous in the eyes of an observing world. We have every reason to hope that the type will not be lost, whatever may be the destiny of Europe as to war or peace. . . . We have many gallant men left, as we always have had, and always shall have; but there never have been any, and there never can be any like the Napiers. They were a group raised from among the mediæval dead, and set in the midst of us, clothed in a temperament which admitted all the ameliorating influences of our period of civilisation. They were a great and never-to-be forgotten sight to our generation; and our posterity will see them in the mirror of tradition for ages to come. We are wont to say that tradition is old and has left off work; but it is not often now that tradition has such a theme as the Napiers. It will not willingly be let die till tradition itself is dead.

The Royal Marriage Law (1857).

There was a strong hope that when our young Queen Victoria, who was at full liberty as sovereign to please herself in marriage, had made her choice, this wretched and demoralising Marriage Act, always reprobated by the wisest and best men of the time, would be repealed. There were then none left of the last generation who could be pointed at, or in any way affected by such a repeal; and it was thought that it would be wise to do the thing before there was a new generation to introduce difficulty into the case. The opportunity has almost been allowed to slip from us. The royal children have ceased to be children, at least the elder ones. Meantime there is, as we all know, a strong and growing popular distrust in our own country and in others of the close dynastic connections which are multiplying by means of the perpetual intermarriages of a very few families. The political difficulties recently, and indeed constantly experienced from the complication of family interests involving almost every throne in Europe, are a matter of universal feeling and conversation. There is no chance for the physical and intellectual welfare of coming generations when marriages take place among blood relations; and there is no chance for morality and happiness when, under legal or state compulsion, young people love in one direction and marry in another. No evils that could possibly arise from marriages out of the royal pale can for a moment compare with the inevitable results of a marriage law like ours, perpetuated through other generations, than the unhappy one that is gone. Royalty will have quite difficulties enough to contend with, all through Europe, in coming times, without the perils consequent on this law. Its operation will expose all the intermarried royal families in Europe to criticism and ultimate rejection by peoples who will not be governed by a coterie of persons diseased in body through narrow intermarriage, enfeebled in mind—strong only in their prejudices, and large only in their self-esteem and in requirements. There is yet time to save the thrones of Europe—or at least the royal palaces of England—from the consequences of a collision between the great natural laws ordained by Providence, and the narrow and mischievous artificial law ordained by a wilful king of England. That king is in his grave, and the last of his children is now gone to join him there. Let the time be laid hold of to bury his evil work in the tomb which is now to be sealed over him and his for ever; and the act will be gratefully acknowledged by a long line of future princes and princesses, who will be spared the bitter suffering of those who have gone before. It can never be, as was said by wise men eighty years ago, that royal personages who are declared of age at eighteen will have no will of their own, in such a matter as marriage, at five-and-twenty. Marriage is too solemn and sacred a matter to be treated as a piece of state politics; and the ordinance which is holy in the freedom

of private life may be trusted with the domestic welfare of prince and peasant alike.

Postal Reform—Anecdote of Coleridge.

From *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (1816-1846).

Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying that she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of the house, she shewed Coleridge how his money had been wasted, as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself, that as long as all went well with him, he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter, and she had thus tidings of him without expense of postage.

Most people would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. It struck Mr Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating, in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare. It was easy enough in those days to collect a mass of anecdotes of such cheating. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, must have tidings of each other, where there is any possibility of obtaining them; and those who had not shillings to spend in postage—who could no more spend shillings in postage than the class above them could spend hundreds of pounds on pictures—would resort to any device of communication, without thinking there was any harm in such cheating, because no money was kept back from government which could have been paid. There was curious dotting in newspapers, by which messages might be spelled out. Newspapers being franked by writing on the covers the names of members of parliament, a set of signals was arranged by which the names selected were made to serve as a bulletin. Men of business so wrote letters as that several might go on one sheet, which was to be cut up and distributed. The smuggling of letters by carriers was enormous. After all expenditure of time and ingenuity, there remained, however, a terrible blank of enforced silence. We look back now with a sort of amazed compassion to the old crusading times when warrior-husbands and their wives, gray-headed parents and their brave sons, parted with the knowledge that it must be months or years before they could hear even of one another's existence. We wonder how they bore the depth of silence. And we feel the same now about the families of polar voyagers. But, till a dozen years ago, it did not occur to many of us how like this was the fate of the largest classes in our own country. The fact is, there was no full and free epistolary intercourse in the country, except between those who had the command of franks. There were few families in the wide middle class who did not feel the cost of postage a heavy item in their expenditure; and if the young people sent letters home only once a fortnight, the amount at the year's end was rather a serious matter. But it was the vast multitude of the lower orders who suffered like the crusading families of old, and the geographical discoverers of all time. When once their families parted off from home, it was a separation almost like that of death. The hundreds of thousands of apprentices, of shopmen, of governesses, of domestic servants, were cut off from family relations as if seas or deserts lay between them and home. If the shilling for each letter could be saved by the economy of weeks or months at first, the rarity of the correspondence went to increase the rarity; new interests hastened the dying out of old ones; and the ancient domestic affections were but too apt to wither

away, till the wish for intercourse was gone. The young girl could not ease her heart by pouring out her cares and difficulties to her mother before she slept, as she can now when the penny and the sheet of paper are the only condition of the correspondence. The young lad felt that a letter home was a somewhat serious and formal matter, when it must cost his parents more than any indulgence they ever thought of for themselves; and the old fun and light-heartedness were dropped from such domestic intercourse as there was. The effect upon morals of this kind of restraint is proved beyond a doubt by the evidence afforded in the army. It was a well-known fact, that in regiments where the commanding officer was kind and courteous about franking letters for the privates, and encouraged them to write as often as they pleased, the soldiers were more sober and manly, more virtuous and domestic in their affections, than where difficulty was made by the indolence or stiffness of the franking officer. To some persons, this aspect has ever appeared the most important of the various interesting aspects of the postage reform achieved by Mr Rowland Hill. As for others, it is impossible to estimate the advantage of the change. In reading Cowper's life, how strange now seems his expenditure of time, thought, and trouble about obtaining franks for the manuscripts and proofs of his *Homer*; now, when every mail carries packets between authors, printers, and publishers, for a few pence, without any teasing solicitation for franks, or dependence upon anybody's good offices! What a mass of tradesmen's patterns and samples, of trade circulars, of bills and small sums of money, of music and books, of seeds and flowers, of small merchandise and friendly gifts, of curious specimens passing between men of science, of bulletins of health to satisfy anxious hearts, is every day sent abroad over the land; and now spreading over wide oceans and across continents, through Rowland Hill's discovery of a way to throw down the old barriers and break through the ancient silence! It was truly a beneficent legislation which made this change.

It was not easy, however, to make the change. Long after the case was made clear—long after the old evils and the new possibility were made as evident as facts and figures can make any proposition—there was difficulty—vexatious, even exasperating difficulty—in carrying the reform. One great obstacle at the outset was that the post-office has, through all time, declared itself perfect. As the Duke of Wellington declared of our representative system that it could not be improved, while the grass and trees of Old Sarum were sending two members to parliament, so the post-office declared itself perfect when carts and saddle-horses carried its bags; and again, when Mr Palmer's mail-coaches—declared an impossible creation in 1797—brought the Bath letters to London in eighteen hours, and could take no notice of out-of-the-way towns and small villages; and again, when a letter from Uxbridge, posted on Friday night, could not reach Gravesend till Tuesday morning; and, finally, when the state of postal communication in Great Britain was what has been indicated above. No postal reforms of a comprehensive character have ever originated in the Post-office itself. This is natural, because its officers are wholly occupied with its interior affairs, and cannot look abroad so as to compare its provisions with the growing needs of society. It required a pedestrian traveller in the Lake District, making his wayside observations, and following up the suggestion; an investigator who could ascertain something of the extent of the smuggling of letters; a man of an open heart, who could enter into family sympathies; a man of philosophical ingenuity, who could devise a remedial scheme; and a man of business, who could fortify such a scheme with an impregnable accuracy, to achieve such a reform. The man was among us, and the thing was done.

Mr Hill ascertained that 'the cost of mere transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh,

a distance of four hundred miles, is not more than one thirty-sixth part of a penny.' When this was once made clearly known to the people of London and Edinburgh, it was not likely that they would be long content to pay a shilling or upwards. It was not likely that rich merchants would be content; and much less the multitude to whom a shilling was a prohibitory duty on correspondence. It would strike them all that if government received such a profit as this on the transmission of letters, the government must be getting much too rich at the expense of letter-writers, and to the injury of persons who would fain write letters if they could. If it appeared, however, that the revenue from the post-office was unaccountably small—that it was diminishing in actual amount instead of increasing with the spread of population—it was clear that the Post-office could not be so perfect as it thought itself; that it was not answering its purpose; that whatever might be its mismanagement and consequent expensiveness, there must also be an enormous amount of smuggling letters. And the facts were so. Between the years 1815 and 1835, the Post-office annual revenue had declined; while, on its own existing terms, it ought, from the increase of population, to have risen £507,700—from the mere increase of population it ought to have risen thus much, without regard to the improvement of education, and the spread of commerce, which had taken place in these twenty years.

The way to deal with smuggling is now very well understood. To extinguish smuggling it is necessary to lower duties to the point which makes smuggling not worth while. In some of the most populous districts of England it was believed that the number of letters illegally conveyed by carriers, and delivered in an awkward and irregular sort of way at the cost of a penny each, far exceeded that of the letters sent through the Post-office. The penny posts established in towns were found to answer well. Putting together these and a hundred other facts with that of the actual cost of transmission of an Edinburgh letter, Mr Hill proposed to reduce the cost of all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight to a penny. The shock to the Post-office of such an audacious proposal was extreme; and so was the amazement of the public at the opening of such a prospect. As the actual cost of transmission to any part of the kingdom reached by the mail was less than a farthing, the penny rate might be made uniform—to the saving of a world of time and trouble—and still the profit or tax would be two hundred per cent. Mr Hill's calculation was, that if the postage could be paid in advance so as to save time and trouble in delivery, and other facilities of communication be established, which he pointed out, and the postage be reduced to a penny for half-ounce letters, the increase in the number of letters, by the stoppage of smuggling, and the new cheapness, must soon be fourfold. When it became fourfold, the net revenue, after defraying the expense of conveying franks and newspapers, would amount to £1,278,000 per annum—a sum only £280,000 less than the existing revenue. As no one supposed that the increase would ultimately be so little as fourfold, there was every prospect that the Post-office revenue would, in a few years, recover its then present amount directly; while it was certain that, under other heads, the revenue must be largely increased through the stimulus given to commerce by improved communication.

When Mr Hill proposed his plan, the revenue was in a flourishing state—in a state which would justify such an experiment as this for such ends. It was well that none foresaw the reverse which was at hand, and the long depression which must ensue; for none might have had courage to go into the enterprise. But that reverse served admirably as a test of the reform; and through the long depression which ensued, Mr Hill's plan, though cruelly maimed, and allowed at first no fair chance, worked well while everything else was working ill. The revenue from the Post-office went on steadily

increasing, while every other branch of the national income was declining or stationary. . . .

And from our own country the blessing is reaching many more; and cheap postage is becoming established in one nation after another, extending the benefits of the invention among myriads of men who have not yet heard the name of its author. The poet's shilling given in the Lake District was well laid out!

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

A love of natural history and poetry, great industry, and a happy talent for description, distinguish these popular writers, originally members of the Society of Friends. Mary Botham was a native of Uttoxeter, county of Stafford; William Howitt was born in 1795, at Heanor, in Derbyshire. They were married in 1823, and the same year they published, in conjunction, *The Forest Minstrel*, a series of poems. In the preface is the following statement: 'The history of our poetical bias is simply what we believe, in reality, to be that of many others. Poetry has been our youthful amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyment in happy, and our solace in sorrowful hours. Amidst the vast and delicious treasures of our national literature, we have revelled with growing and unsatiated delight; and at the same time, living chiefly in the quietness of the country, we have watched the changing features of nature; we have felt the secret charm of those sweet but unostentatious images which she is perpetually presenting, and given full scope to those workings of the imagination and of the heart, which natural beauty and solitude prompt and promote. The natural result was the transcription of those images and scenes.'

A poem in this volume serves to complete a happy picture of studies pursued by a married pair in concert:

Away with the pleasure that is not partaken?
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.
When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
Oh! how my soul warms, while my eye fondly gazes,
To see my delight is partaken by thee!

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.
Yes, love—and when wandering at even or morning,
Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,
I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,
Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And how often in crowds, where a whisper offendeth,
And we fain would express what there might not
be said,
How dear is the glance that none else comprehendeth,
And how sweet is the thought that is secretly read!
Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

Mrs Howitt has since published a great variety of works—*The Seven Temptations*, a dramatic poem, 1834; *Wood Leighton*, a novel; *The Heir of West Wayland*; and several volumes both in prose and verse for children. The attention of

Mr and Mrs Howitt having been drawn to the Swedish language, they studied it with avidity, and Mrs Howitt has translated the tales of Frederika Bremer and the *Improvisatore* of Hans Christian Andersen, all of which have been exceedingly popular, and now circulate extensively both in England and America. Mr Howitt has been a still more voluminous writer. His happiest works are those devoted to rural description. The *Book of the Seasons*, 1831, delineates the picturesque and poetical features of the months, and all the objects and appearances which the year presents in the garden, the field, and the waters. An enthusiastic lover of his subject, Mr Howitt is remarkable for the fullness and variety of his pictorial sketches, the richness and purity of his fancy, and the occasional force and eloquence of his language.

Love of the Beautiful.

If I could but arouse in other minds (he says) that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation, which I feel in myself—if I could but make it in others what it has been to me—

The nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being—

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before it beauty, wisdom, and peace in the splendours of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods, then, indeed, should I rejoice. Oh that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavouring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood, wandering with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a 'childish, wordless melody' through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan leafy nooks, by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh that I could but baptise every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images which fill its infant bosom, to that of the country one, whose mind

Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
His memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies!

I feel, however, an animating assurance that nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire, but also as a great moral agent: and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it as one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man in whom its power is once firmly established, to become utterly debased in sentiment or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature—

Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.

In this spirit Mr Howitt has written *The Rural Life of England*, two volumes, 1838; *The Boy's Country Book*; and *Visits to Remarkable Places*, two volumes; the latter work giving an account

of old English halls, battle-fields, and the scenes of striking passages in English history and poetry. Another work of the same kind, *The Homes and Haunts of the Poets*, 1847, is greatly inferior, being disfigured by inaccuracies and rash dogmatic assertions. Mr Howitt was for some years in business in the town of Nottingham, and a work from his fertile pen, the nature of which is indicated by its name, the *History of Priestcraft*, 1834, so recommended him to the Dissenters and reformers of that town, that he was made one of their aldermen. Disliking the bustle of public life, Mr Howitt retired from Nottingham, and resided for three years at Esher, in Surrey. Mr and Mrs Howitt then removed to Germany, and after three years' residence in that country, the former published a work on the *Social and Rural Life of Germany*, which the natives admitted to be the best account of that country ever written by a foreigner. Our industrious author has also translated a work written expressly for him, *The Student Life of Germany*. After his return, Mr Howitt embarked in periodical literature as a proprietor, but neither *The People's Journal* nor *Howitt's Journal* was a successful speculation. He then sailed for Australia, and a two years' residence in that colony enabled him to publish an interesting and comprehensive work, in two volumes, entitled *Land, Labour, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land*. He has also published *The Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain*, 1861; *History of the Supernatural; Letters on Transportation*, 1863; *Discovery in Australia, &c.*, 1865; *The Mad War Planet, and other Poems*, 1871. The last was a decided failure. But few writers have displayed greater intellectual activity than Mary and William Howitt, and to the young they have been special benefactors.

Mountain Children.—By MARY HOWITT.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons ;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes ;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary ; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread !

Mountains.—From 'The Book of the Seasons.'

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude ! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks ! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts ! How inspiring are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine ! how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture !

At this season of the year [autumn] the ascents of our own mountains are most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows ; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly tinted lichens at his feet ; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs ; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain-plover, the raven, or the eagle ; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit ; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue, but all silent as images of eternity ; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character ! The skyward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

Palaces where Nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls !

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters ; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of Heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness, and thunder ; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odours of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-clating breezes sounding through the dark pine-grove ; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aerial hues ;

the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants !

Our delight to think of the people of mountainous regions ; we please our imaginations with their picturesque and quiet abodes ; with their peaceful secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners. We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects, and must imbibe some of their nobility ; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical ; he lives where his fellow-beings are far, far separated from their kind, and surrounded by the sternness and the perils of savage nature ; his social affections must therefore be proportionably concentrated, his home-ties lively and strong ; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strongholds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth, and his home. How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts ; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet ; have seen the rage of murderous armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism and crushing domination recoil from their bases in despair. 'Thanks be to God for mountains !' is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace the history of the world. From age to age they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbled in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer ! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow-men !

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold !

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonised and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth ; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains ! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage ; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift ; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects ; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoken in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds ; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exulting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine ! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilised North by the heights of Hæmus

and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe, while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and shew us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were: shew us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and shew us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found for ever.

Country Rambles—The South of England.

From The Rural Life of England.

Cross only the south of England, and how delightful were the route to him who has the love of nature and of his country in his heart; and no imperious cares to dispute it with them. Walk up, as I have said, from Salisbury to Stonehenge. Sit down amid that solemn circle, on one of its fallen stones: contemplate the gigantic erection, reflect on its antiquity, and what England has passed through and become while those stones have stood there. Walk forth over that beautiful and immense plain—see the green circles, and lines, and mounds, which ancient superstition or heroism has everywhere traced upon it, and which nature has beautified with a carpet of turf as fine and soft as velvet. Join those simple shepherds, and talk with them. Reflect, poetical as our poets have made the shepherd and his life—what must be the monotony of that life in lowland counties—day after day, and month after month, and year after year—never varying, except from the geniality of summer to winter; and what it must be then, how dreary its long reign of cold, and wet, and snow!

When you leave them, plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire. There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land. There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then. All around you lie forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old. The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you; the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature. The dull tinkle of the cattle-bell comes through the wood; and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you catch the blue smoke of some hidden abode, curling over the tree tops; and come to sylvan bowers, and little bough-overshadowed cottages, as primitive as any that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shewn. What haunts are in these glades for poets: what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe at once the ear and eye enamoured of peace and beauty! What endless groupings and colourings for the painter! At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing, for it is the parsonage once inhabited by the venerable William Gilpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of *Forest Scenery*; and near it is the school, which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest-

hearted women, Caroline Bowles—and not far off you have the woods of Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north-western coast; if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle; if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream; or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes amid their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight. I shall never forget the feelings of delicious entrancement with which I approached the outskirts of Dartmoor. I found myself amongst the woods near Haytor Crags. It was an autumn evening. The sun, near its setting, threw its yellow beams amongst the trees, and lit up the ruddy tors on the opposite side of the valley into a beautiful glow. Below, the deep dark river went sounding on its way with a melancholy music, and as I wound up the steep road all beneath the gnarled oaks, I ever and anon caught glimpses of the winding valley to the left, all beautiful with wild thickets and half shrouded faces of rock, and still on high these glowing ruddy tors standing in the blue air in their sublime silence. My road wound up, and up, the heather and the bilberry on either hand shewing me that cultivation had never disturbed the soil they grew in; and one sole woodlark from the far-ascending forest to the right, filled the wide solitude with his wild autumnal note. At that moment I reached an eminence, and at once saw the dark crags of Dartmoor high aloft before me, and one large solitary house in the valley beneath the woods. So fair, so silent—save for the woodlark's note and the moaning river—so unearthly did the whole scene seem, that my imagination delighted to look upon it as an enchanted land, and to persuade itself that that house stood as it would stand for ages, under the spell of silence, but beyond the reach of death and change.

But even there you need not rest—there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty still before you—Cornwall. It is a land almost without a tree. That is, all its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and sheltered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Tresillian near Truro; but over a great portion of it extend gray heaths. It is a land where the wild furze seems never to have been rooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that lie about its hills and valleys are clad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land fasten on your imagination! It is a country that seems to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any other. The British tongue here lingered till lately—as the ruins of King Arthur's palace still crown the stormy steep of Tintagel; and the saints that succeeded the heroic race, seem to have left their names on almost every town and village.

It were well worth a journey there merely to see the vast mines which perforate the earth, and pass under the very sea; and the swarming population that they employ. It were a beautiful sight to see the bands of young maidens, that sit beneath long sheds, crushing the ore, and singing in chorus. But far more were it worth the trip to stand at the Land's-End, on that lofty, savage, and shattered coast, with the Atlantic roaring all around you. The Hebrides themselves, wild and desolate, and subject to obscuring mists as they are, never made me feel more shipped into a dream-land than that scenery. At one moment the sun shining over the calm sea, in whose transparent depths the tawny rocks were seen far down. Right and left extend

the dun cliffs and cavernous precipices, and at their feet the white billows playing gracefully to and fro over the nearly sunken rocks, as through the manes of huge sea-lions. At the next moment all wrapt in the thickest obscurity of mist; the sea only cognisable by its sound; the dun crags looming through the fog vast and awfully, and all round you on the land nothing visible, as you trace back your way, but huge gray stones that strew the whole earth. In the midst of such a scene I came to a little deserted hut, standing close by a solitary mere amongst the rocks, and the dreamy effect became most perfect. What a quick and beautiful contrast was it to this, as the very same night I pursued my way along the shore, the clear moon hanging on the distant horizon, the waves of the ocean on one hand coming up all luminous and breaking on the strand in billows of fire, and on the other hand the sloping turf sown with glow-worms for some miles, thick as the stars overhead.

I speak of the delight which a solitary man may gather up for ever from such excursions; that will come before him again and again in all their beauty from his past existence, into many a crowd and many a solitary room; but how much more may be reaped by a congenial band of affectionate spirits in such a course. To them, a thousand different incidents or odd adventures, flashes of wit and moments of enjoyment combine to quicken both their pleasures and friendship. The very flight from a shower, or the dining on a turnip-pie, no very uncommon dish in the rural inns of Cornwall, may furnish merriment for the future. And if this one route would be a delicious summer's ramble, with all its coasting and its seaports into the bargain, how many such stretch themselves in every direction through England. The fair orchard-scenes of Hereford and Worcester, in spring all one region of bloom and fragrance—the hills of Malvern and the Wrekin. The fairy dales of Derbyshire; the sweet forest and pastoral scenes of Staffordshire; the wild dales, the scars and tarns of Yorkshire; the equally beautiful valleys and hills of Lancashire, with all those quaint old halls that are scattered through it, memorials of past times, and all connected with some incident or other of English history. And then there is Northumberland—the classic ground of the ancient ballad—the country of the Percy—of Chevy Chase—of the Hermit of Warkworth—of Otterburn and Humberdown—of Flodden, and many another stirring scene. And besides all these are the mountain regions of Cumberland, of Wales, of Scotland, and Ireland, that by the power of steam, are being brought every day more within the reach of thousands. What an inexhaustible wealth of beauty lies in those regions! These, if every other portion of the kingdom were reduced by ploughing and manufacturing and steaming to the veriest commonplace, these, in the immortal strength of their nature, bid defiance to the efforts of any antagonist or reducing spirit. These will still remain wild and fair, the refuge and haunt of the painter and the poet—of all lovers of beauty, and breathers after quiet and freshness. Nothing can pull down their lofty and scathed heads; nothing can dry up those everlasting waters, that leap down their cliffs and run along their vales in gladness; nothing can certainly exterminate those dark heaths, and drain off those mountain lakes, where health and liberty seem to dwell together; nothing can efface the loveliness of those regions, save the hand of Him who placed them there. I rejoice to think that while this great nation remains, whatever may be the magnitude of the designs for the good of the world in which Providence purposes to employ it—however populous it may be necessary for it to become—whatever the machinery and manufactories that may be needfully at work in it; that while Cumberland, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland continue, there will continue regions of indestructible beauty—of free and unpruned nature, so fair that those who are not satisfied therewith, would not be satisfied with the whole universe. More sublimity other countries

may boast, more beauty has fallen to the lot of none on God's globe.

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

This gentleman (born at Comrie, in Perthshire, in 1813) is author of a number of works, critical and biographical. The best known of these is his *Gallery of Literary Portraits*, the first portion published in 1845, a second in 1849, and a third in 1855. In the interval between the successive appearance of these volumes, Mr Gilfillan published *The Bards of the Bible*, 1850; *The Book of British Poesy*, 1851; *The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant*, 1852; &c. In 1856 he published *The History of a Man*—a singular melange of fancy sketches and biographical facts; and in the following year, *Christianity and our Era*; in 1864, *Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant*; in 1867, *Night* (a poem in blank verse, by no means a happy effort of the author); and the same year a volume of biographies, entitled *Remoter Stars in the Church Sky*; in 1869, *Modern Christian Heroes*; in 1871, *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Mr Gilfillan has also been a large contributor to periodical works, and has edited a series of the British Poets. At the same time he discharges the duties of a pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Dundee, and has published several volumes of sermons and discourses. The industry of Mr Gilfillan is a remarkable and honourable feature in his character; and his writings, though too often disfigured by rash judgments and a gaudy rhetorical style, have an honest warmth and glow of expression which attest the writer's sincerity, while they occasionally present striking and happy illustrations. From his very unequal pages, many felicitous images and metaphors might be selected.

Lochnagar and Byron.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended, a mist came down over the hill, like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was 'dark Lochnagar.' And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leaned over and hung down, and saw far beneath the gleam of eternal snow shining up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Where every wave breaks on a living shore—

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which

crown its crags with a 'peculiar diadem;' its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's bards the power of investing all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many—in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow over the world of literature, to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves, too, the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes 'veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow.' So, like Byron beside Scott and Wordsworth, does Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbour giants, Ben-mac-Dhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet since Homer and Ida has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with the Eildons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none durst walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to colour his line than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder hills of fear, which he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven, and

Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy.

From a graphic sketch of a once popular divine by Mr Gilfillan we make an extract:

The Rev. Edward Irving.

We come, in fine, to the greatest of them all, Edward Irving. And first, let us glance at the person of the man. In reference to other literary men, you think, or at least speak, of their appearance last. But so it was of this remarkable man, that most people put his face and figure in the foreground, and spoke of his mental and moral faculties as belonging to them, rather than of them as belonging to the man. In this respect, he bore a strong resemblance to the two heroes of the French Revolution, Mirabeau and Danton. Irving was a Danton spiritualised. Had he been born in France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled head foremost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart,

and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England, in certain circles, he had perhaps emerged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trod the stage, combining the statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family, with the energy, the starts, and bursts and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thought to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his conceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten field with Coeur de Lion himself, and died in the steel harness full gallantly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But, in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man.

No mere size, however stupendous, or expression of face, however singular, could have uplifted a common man to the giddy height on which Irving stood for a while, calm and collected as the statue upon its pedestal. It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross ray, as from Bedlam, shooting in his eye! It was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, 'as if his veins ran lightning,' accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye those singular glances, half of envy and half of admiration, which are the truest tokens of applause, and made such men as Hazlitt protest, on returning half squeezed to death from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were not to be compared to a sermon from Edward Irving.

His manner also contributed to the charm. His aspect, wild, yet grave, as of one labouring with some mighty burden; his voice, deep, clear, and with crashes of power alternating with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the motion of the oak in the hurricane. Then there was the style, curiously uniting the beauties and faults of a sermon of the seventeenth century with the beauties and faults of a parliamentary harangue or magazine article of the nineteenth—quaint as Browne, florid as Taylor, with the bleak wastes which intersect the scattered green spots of Howe, mixed here with sentences involved, clumsy, and cacophonous as the worst of Jeremy Bentham's, and interspersed there with threads from the magic loom of Coleridge. It was a strange amorphous Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing amid wide tracts of jungle little bits of clearest and purest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic

bursts of real fire, amid jets of mere smoke and hot water. It had great passages, but not one finished sermon or sentence. It was a thing of shreds, and yet a web of witchery. It was perpetually stumbling the least fastidious hearer or reader, and yet drawing both impetuously on. And then, to make the medley 'thick and slab,' there was the matter, a grotesque compound, including here a panegyric on Burns, and there a fling at Byron; here a plan of future punishment, laid out with as much minuteness as if he had been projecting a bridewell, and there a ferocious attack upon the *Edinburgh Review*; here a glimpse of the gates of the Celestial City, as if taken from the top of Mount Clear, and there a description of the scenery and of the poet of the Lakes; here a pensive retrospect to the days of the Covenant, and there a dig at the heart of Jeremy Bentham; here a ray of prophecy, and there a bit of politics; here a quotation from the Psalms, and there from the *Rime of the Anciente Mariner*. Such was the strange, yet overwhelming exhibition which our hero made before the gaping, staring, wondering, laughing, listening, weeping, and thrilling multitudes of fashionable, political, and literary London.

He was, in fact, as De Quincey once called him to us, a 'demon of power.' We must not omit, in merest justice, his extraordinary gift of prayer. Some few of his contemporaries might equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment while rapt up into the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being conversing with God. Your thoughts were transported to Sinai, and you heard Moses speaking with the Majesty on high, under the canopy of darkness, amid the quaking of the solid mountain and the glimmerings of celestial fire; or you thought of Elijah praying in the cave in the intervals of the earthquake, and the fire and the still small voice. The solemnity of the tones convinced you that he was conscious of an unearthly presence, and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery shewed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavour, in that 'celestial colloquy sublime.' And yet the elaborate intricacies and swelling pomp of his preaching were exchanged for deep simplicity. A profusion of Scripture was used; and never did inspired language better become lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told to those who could interpret their language of many a secret conference with Heaven—they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheard—they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his secret retirements, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant, and beautiful, and melting, have often been heard; prayers more urgent in their fervid importunity have been uttered once and again (such as those which were sometimes heard with deep awe to proceed from the chamber where the perturbed spirit of Hall was conversing aloud with its Maker till the dawning of the day); but prayers more organ-like and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh, of Irving praying for a family of orphans as 'cast upon the fatherhood of God,' was compelled to start, and own the beauty of the expression.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An American traveller and miscellaneous writer, BAYARD TAYLOR, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1825, was apprenticed to a printer, and afterwards devoted himself to literature and foreign travel. His publications are numerous, including *Ximena, and other Poems*, 1844; *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*, 1846; *A Voyage to California, &c.*, 1850; *The Lands of the Saracen*, 1854; *A Visit to India, China, and Japan*, 1855; *Travels in Greece and Russia*, 1859; *At Home and Abroad* (sketches of life

and scenery), two volumes, 1859–1862; *The Poet's Journal*, a poetical domestic autobiography, 1862; *Hannah Thurston*, a story of American life, 1863; *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, a novel, 1864; *The Story of Kennet*, a tale of American life, 1866; *Colorado*, 1867; *By-ways of Europe*, 1869; &c. A collective edition of the poems of Bayard Taylor was published at Boston in 1864, and a collective edition of his travels in ten volumes, by Putnam of New York, in 1869. This enterprising traveller in 1862 was appointed secretary to the American legation at the Court of St Petersburg.

Student Life in Germany.—From 'Views Afoot.'

Receiving a letter from my cousin one bright December morning, the idea of visiting him struck me, and so, within an hour, B—— and I were on our way to Heidelberg. It was delightful weather; the air was mild as the early days of spring, the pine forests around wore a softer green, and though the sun was but a hand's-breadth high, even at noon, it was quite warm on the open road. We stopped for the night at Bensheim; and the next morning was as dark as a cloudy day in the north can be, wearing a heavy gloom I never saw elsewhere. The wind blew the snow down from the summits upon us, but being warm from walking, we did not heed it. The mountains looked higher than in summer, and the old castles more grim and frowning. From the hard roads and freezing wind, my feet became very sore, and after limping along in excruciating pain for a league or two, I poured some brandy into my boots, which deadened the wounds so much, that I was enabled to go on in a kind of trot, which I kept up, only stopping ten minutes to dinner, until we reached Heidelberg. But I have not yet recovered from the lameness which followed this performance.

The same evening there was to be a general *commers*, or meeting of the societies among the students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student life. So, borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass for one of them, although the former article was somewhat of the *Philister* form. Baader, a young poet of some note, and president of the 'Palatia' Society, having promised to take us to the *commers*, we met at eight o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous, near the Markt Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students were standing around the door. In the entrance-hall we saw the Red Fisherman, one of the most conspicuous characters about the University. He is a small, stout man, with bare neck and breasts, red hair—whence his name—and a strange mixture of roughness and benevolence in his countenance. He has saved many persons, at the risk of his own life, from drowning in the Neckar, and on that account is leniently dealt with by the faculty whenever he is arrested for assisting the students in any of their unlawful proceedings. Entering the room I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action, and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses; the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together, and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to witness their proceedings. They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would

make one fall over from its weight, rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the president sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our president was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them. Nearly opposite to me sat a young poet, whose dark eyes flashed with feeling as he spoke to those near him. After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the president beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices it arose like a hymn of triumph—all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables and drank to their fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honour to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song, the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany—predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and she would arise at last, like a phoenix, among the nations of Europe; and at the close, gave ‘strong, united, regenerated Germany!’ Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing the glasses together, gave a thundering ‘*hoch!*’ This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students; they have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the *Landsfather*, or consecration song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies, since by performing it the new students are made *burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

Silent bending, each one lending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark, the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding,
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

German, proudly raise it, loudly
Singing of your fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

Take the beaker, pleasure seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more!

With the first line of the last stanza, the presidents sitting at the head of the table take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together and drinking.

In left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonour free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honour ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be!

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the presidents

stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony, receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it and the presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing:

Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me!
From its burden now divest it;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it!

Up, ye feast companions! ever
Honour ye our holy band!
And with heart and soul endeavour
E'er as high-souled men to stand!
Up to feast, ye men united!
Worthy be your fathers' fame,
And the sword may no one claim,
Who to honour is not plighted!

Then each president, taking a cap off his sword, reaches it to the student opposite, and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza:

So take it back; thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live also then this Bursche, hoch!
Wherever we may meet him,
Will we, as Brother, greet him—
Live also this, our Brother, hoch!

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back, and they then concluded with the following:

Rest, the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free!
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his fatherland to be!
Hail to him, who, glory-haunted,
Follows stills his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted!

The *Landsfather* being over, the students were less orderly; the smoking and drinking began again, and we left, as it was already eleven o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

A native of New York, born in 1819, HERMAN MELVILLE was early struck with a passion for the sea, and in his eighteenth year made a voyage as a common sailor from New York to Liverpool. A short experience of this kind usually satisfies youths who dream of the perils and pleasures of a sea life; but Herman Melville liked his rough nautical novitiate, and after his return home sailed in a whaling vessel for the Pacific. This was in 1841. In the following year the vessel arrived at Nukueva, one of the Marquesa Islands.

Those who for the first time visit the South Seas, generally are surprised at the appearance of the islands when beheld from the sea. From the vague accounts we sometimes have of their beauty, many people are apt to picture to themselves enamelled and softly swelling plains, shaded over with delicious groves, and watered by purling brooks, and the entire country but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The reality is very different; bold rock-bound coasts, with the surf beating high against the lofty cliffs, and broken here and there into deep inlets, which

open to the view of the mountains clothed with tufted grass, and sweeping down towards the sea from an elevated and rugged interior, form the principal features of these islands.

Melville and a brother sailor, Toby, disgusted with the caprice and tyranny of the captain, clandestinely left the ship, and falling into the hands of a warlike cannibal-race, who inhabit the Typee Valley, were detained for four months. Melville was rescued by a Sidney Society whaler, and after some time spent in the Sandwich Islands, he arrived at Boston, October 1844, having been nearly three years absent from home. The adventurer now settled down in Massachusetts, married, and commenced author. In 1846 appeared *Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life, or Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas*. The narrative was novel and striking. It was the first account of the natives of those islands by one who had lived familiarly amongst them, and the style of the writer was lively and graphic. Some remarks unfavourable to the missionaries gave offence, but Melville maintained they were based on facts, and protested that he had no feeling of animosity in the matter. The success of *Typee* soon led to another volume of similar sketches. In 1847 was published *Omoa, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas*. This also enjoyed great popularity. The subsequent works of the author were not so successful; though fresh and vigorous in style, they wanted novelty and continuous interest. These are—*Mardi, and a Voyage Thither*, 1849; *Redburn, his first Voyage*, 1849; *White-Jacket*, 1850; *Moby Dick*, 1851; *Pierre*, 1852; *Israel Potter*, 1855; *Piazza Tales*, 1856; *The Confidence-Man in Masquerade*, 1857. *The Refugee*, 1865; and a volume of poems, entitled *Battle Pieces and Aspects of War*, 1866. About 1860, Melville left his farm in Massachusetts and made a voyage round the world in a whaling vessel. The rambling propensity was too strong to be resisted.

Scenery of the Marquesas—Valley of Tior.

The little space in which some of these clans pass away their days would seem almost incredible. The glen of Tior will furnish a curious illustration of this. The inhabited part is not more than four miles in length, and varies in breadth from half a mile to less than a quarter. The rocky vine-clad cliffs on one side tower almost perpendicularly from their base to the height of at least fifteen hundred feet; while across the vale—in striking contrast to the scenery opposite—grass-grown elevations rise one above another in blooming terraces. Hemmed in by these stupendous barriers, the valley would be altogether shut out from the rest of the world, were it not that it is accessible from the sea at one end, and by a narrow defile at the other.

The impression produced upon my mind, when I first visited this beautiful glen, will never be obliterated.

I had come from Nukuheva by water in the ship's boat, and when we entered the bay of Tior it was high noon. The heat had been intense, as we had been floating upon the long smooth swell of the ocean, for there was but little wind. The sun's rays had expended all their fury upon us; and to add to our discomfort, we had omitted to supply ourselves with water previous to starting. What with heat and thirst together, I became so impatient to get ashore, that when at last we glided towards it, I stood up in the bow of the boat ready for a spring. As she shot two-thirds of her length high upon the beach, propelled by three or four strong

strokes of the oars, I leaped among a parcel of juvenile savages, who stood prepared to give us a kind reception; and with them at my heels, yelling like so many imps, I rushed forward across the open ground in the vicinity of the sea, and plunged, diver fashion, into the recesses of the first grove that offered.

What a delightful sensation did I experience! I felt as if floating in some new element, while all sort of gurgling, trickling, liquid sounds fell upon my ear. People may say what they will about the refreshing influences of a cold-water bath, but commend me when in a perspiration to the shade baths of Tior, beneath the cocoa-nut trees, and amidst the cool delightful atmosphere which surrounds them.

How shall I describe the scenery that met my eye, as I looked out from this verdant recess! The narrow valley, with its steep and close adjoining sides draped with vines, and arched overhead with a fretwork of winding boughs, nearly hidden from view by masses of interlac'd verdure, seemed from where I stood like an avenue of leafy bowers disclosing its vista to the eye, whilst as I advanced it insensibly widened into the loveliest vale I ever beheld.

That the very day I was in Tior his French admiral, attended by all the boats of his squadron, came down the place. He remained in the formal possession of the valley during which time he had a ceremonious interview with Tior was a man very far advanced in years; but though his gigantic frame and rendered him almost decrepit, and grandeur of retained all its original magnitude and with evident appearance. He advanced slowly and the heavy war-pain, assisting his tottering steps with a group of spear he held in his hand, and attended by occasionally gray-bearded chiefs, on one of whom he leaned with leaned for support. The admiral came forward with head uncovered and extended hand, while the Frenchman saluted him by a stately flourish of his weapon. The next moment they stood side by side, these two exponents of the social scale—the polished, splendid Frenchman and the poor tattooed savage. They were both tall, noble-looking men; but in other respects how strikingly contrasted! Du Petit Thouars exhibited upon his person all the paraphernalia of his naval rank. He wore a richly decorated admiral's frock-coat, a large chapeau bras, and upon his breast were a variety of ribbons and orders; while the simple islander, with the exception of a slight cincture about his loins, appeared in all the nakedness of nature.

At what an immeasurable distance, thought I, are these two beings removed from each other. In the one is shewn the result of long centuries of progressive civilization and refinement, which have gradually converted the mere creature into the semblance of all that is elevated and grand; while the other, after the lapse of the same period, has not advanced one step in the career of improvement. 'Yet, after all,' quoth I to myself, 'insensible as he is to a thousand wants, and removed from harassing cares, may not the savage be the happier of the two?' Such were the thoughts that arose in my mind as I gazed upon the novel spectacle before me. It is truth it was an impressive one, and little likely to be effaced. I can recall even now with vivid distinctness every feature of the scene. The umbrageous shade where the interview took place—the glorious tropical vegetation around—the picturesque grouping of the mingled throng of soldiery and natives—and even the golden-hued bunch of bananas that I held in my hand at the time, and of which I occasionally partook whilst making the aforesaid philosophical reflections.

First Interview with the Natives.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, glancing

with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were of course the one only theme; whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable questions which every one put to them. Nothing can exceed the fierce gesticulation of these people when animated in conversation, and on this occasion they gave loose to all their natural vivacity, shouting and dancing about in a manner that well-nigh intimidated us.

Close to where we lay, squatting upon their hanches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs—for such they subsequently proved to be—who, more reserved than the rest, regarded us with a fixed and stern attention, which not a little discomposed our equanimity. One of them in particular, who appeared to be the highest in rank, placed himself directly facing me; looking at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I absolutely quailed. He never once opened his lips, but maintained his severe expression of countenance, without turning his face aside for a single moment. Never before had I been subjected to so strange and steady a glance; it revealed nothing of the mind of the savage, but it appeared to be reading my own.

After undergoing this scrutiny till I grew absolutely nervous, with a view of diverting it if possible, and conciliating the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, and, without speaking, motioned me to return it to its place.

In my previous intercourse with the natives of Nukueva and Tior, I had found that the present of a small piece of tobacco would have rendered any of them devoted to my service. Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? Typee or Happar? I asked within myself. I started, for at the same moment this identical question was asked by the strange being before me. I turned to Toby; the flickering light of a native taper shewed me his countenance pale with trepidation at this fatal question. I paused for a second, and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and then murmured 'Mortarkee!' 'Mortarkee,' said I, without further hesitation—'Typee Mortarkee.'

What a transition! The dark figures around us leaped to their feet, clapped their hands in transport, and shouted again and again the talismanic syllables, the utterance of which appeared to have settled everything.

When this commotion had a little subsided, the principal chief squatted once more before me, and throwing himself into a sudden rage, poured forth a string of philippics, which I was at no loss to understand, from the frequent recurrence of the word Happar, as being directed against the natives of the adjoining valley. In all these denunciations my companion and I acquiesced, while we extolled the character of the warlike Typees. To be sure our panegyrics were somewhat laconic, consisting in the repetition of that name, united with the potent adjective 'mortarkee.' But this was sufficient, and served to conciliate the good-will of the natives, with whom our congeniality of sentiment on this point did more towards inspiring a friendly feeling than anything else that could have happened.

At last the wrath of the chief evaporated, and in a few moments he was as placid as ever. Laying his hand upon his breast, he now gave me to understand that his name was 'Mehevi,' and that, in return, he wished me to communicate my appellation. I hesitated for an instant, thinking that it might be difficult for him to pronounce my real name, and then with the most praise-worthy intentions intimated that I was known as 'Tom.' But I could not have made a worse selection; the chief could not master it: 'Tommo,' 'Tomma,' 'Tommee,' everything but plain 'Tom.' As he persisted in garnishing the word with an additional syllable, I com-

promised the matter with him at the word 'Tommo;' and by that name I went during the entire period of my stay in the valley. The same proceeding was gone through with Toby, whose mellifluous appellation was more easily caught.

An exchange of names is equivalent to a ratification of good-will and amity among these simple people; and as we were aware of this fact, we were delighted that it had taken place on the present occasion.

Reclining upon our mats, we now held a kind of levee, giving audience to successive troops of the natives, who introduced themselves to us by pronouncing their respective names, and retired in high good humour on receiving ours in return. During this ceremony the greatest merriment prevailed, nearly every announcement on the part of the islanders being followed by a fresh sally of gaiety, which induced me to believe that some of them at least were innocently diverting the company at our expense, by bestowing upon themselves a string of absurd titles, of the humour of which we were of course entirely ignorant.

All this occupied about an hour, when the throng having a little diminished, I turned to Mehevi and gave him to understand that we were in need of food and sleep. Immediately the attentive chief addressed a few words to one of the crowd, who disappeared, and returned in a few moments with a calabash of 'poeepoe,' and two or three young cocoa-nuts stripped of their husks, and with their shells partly broken. We both of us forthwith placed one of these natural goblets to our lips, and drained it in a moment of the refreshing draught it contained. The poee-poe was then placed before us, and even famished as I was, I paused to consider in what manner to convey it to my mouth.

This staple article of food among the Marquese islanders is manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. It somewhat resembles in its plastic nature our bookbinders' paste, is of a yellow colour, and somewhat tart to the taste.

Such was the dish, the merits of which I was now eager to discuss. I eyed it wistfully for a moment, and then unable any longer to stand on ceremony, plunged my hand into the yielding mass, and to the boisterous mirth of the natives drew it forth laden with the poee-poe, which adhered in lengthy strings to every finger. So stubborn was its consistency, that in conveying my heavily-freighted hand to my mouth, the connecting links almost raised the calabash from the mats on which it had been placed. This display of awkwardness—in which, by-the-by, Toby kept me company—convulsed the by-standers with uncontrollable laughter.

As soon as their merriment had somewhat subsided, Mehevi, motioning us to be attentive, dipped the forefinger of his right hand in the dish, and giving it a rapid and scientific twirl, drew it out coated smoothly with the preparation. With a second peculiar flourish he prevented the poee-poe from dropping to the ground as he raised it to his mouth, into which the finger was inserted and drawn forth perfectly free from any adhesive matter. This performance was evidently intended for our instruction; so I again essayed the feat on the principles inculcated, but with very ill success.

A starving man, however, little heeds conventional proprieties, especially on a South-Sea Island, and accordingly Toby and I partook of the dish after our own clumsy fashion, beplastering our faces all over with the glutinous compound, and daubing our hands nearly to the wrist. This kind of food is by no means disagreeable to the palate of a European, though at first the mode of eating it may be. For my own part, after the lapse of a few days I became accustomed to its singular flavour, and grew remarkably fond of it.

So much for the first course; several other dishes followed it, some of which were positively delicious. We concluded our banquet by tossing off the contents of two more young cocoa-nuts, after which we regaled ourselves with the soothing fumes of tobacco, inhaled

from a quaintly carved pipe which passed round the circle.

During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest, when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned from a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the Line. They felt our skin, much in the same way that a silk-mercator would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In almost every department of literature this author has distinguished himself, but is comparatively little known out of his own country. DR SIMMS is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, born in 1806, and admitted to the bar of that state in 1827. The same year he published two volumes of *Lyrical Poems* and *Early Lays*, which were followed by *The Vision of Cortes, and other Poems*, 1829; *The Tri-Colour*, 1830; *Atalantis, a Drama of the Sea*, 1832; *Passages and Pictures*, 1839; and several other small volumes of poems, descriptive, dramatic, and legendary. Dr Simms has written several volumes of novelettes, colonial romances, revolutionary romances, and border romances, illustrative of North American history and manners. A uniform edition of the *Revolutionary and Border Romances* (completed in 1859) is published in eighteen volumes, and the collected poems of Dr Simms in two volumes. *A History of South Carolina, Lives of Francis Marion, Captain Smith (founder of Virginia), Chevalier Bayard, and Nathaniel Greene*, various critical disquisitions, and political pamphlets, have also been published by this versatile author.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The most original and popular of American philosophers and essayists is RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born at Boston in the year 1803. His father was a Unitarian minister, and after the usual course of education at Harvard College, young Emerson was ordained minister of the second Unitarian church in Boston. He held this charge for about three years (1829-1832), and resigning it in consequence of some change in his religious views, he devoted himself to a life of study, living chiefly at Concord, New Hampshire. His prose works consist of orations, lectures, and essays. Those published previous to 1870 were collected and printed in two volumes at Boston. He has also produced two volumes of *Poems*. His principal works are six orations—*Man Thinking*, 1837; *Address to the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, U.S.*, 1838; *Literary Ethics*, 1838; *The Method of Nature*, 1841; *Man the Reformer*, 1841; and *The Young American*, 1844. Mr Emerson has also published four series of essays—small volumes, issued in the years 1841, 1844, 1870, and 1871. In 1848 he delivered a course of lectures in Exeter Hall, London. 'The logicians have an incessant triumph over him,' said Harriet Martineau, 'but their

triumph is of no avail; he conquers minds as well as hearts.' In 1849 he delivered another course of lectures on *Representative Men*—namely, Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe. This selection of 'representative men,' was probably suggested by Mr Carlyle's lectures on hero worship delivered in 1840, and Mr Emerson has been termed 'the American Carlyle,' though he is by no means a slavish imitator of his English friend. For four years (1840-1844) Mr Emerson was associated with Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, in conducting a literary journal, entitled *The Dial*; and on the death of the countess he joined with Mr W. H. Channing in writing a memoir of that learned and remarkable woman, which was published in 1852. The other works of Mr Emerson are—*English Traits*, 1856; *The Conduct of Life*, 1860; an *Oration on the Death of President Lincoln*, 1865; *Society and Solitude*, twelve chapters or essays, 1870; *Parnassus, Selected Poems*; a volume of *Essays*, 1875; &c. In 1866 the university of Harvard conferred upon Mr Emerson the honorary degree of LL.D.

Civilisation.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

Poverty and industry with a healthy mind read very easily the laws of humanity, and love them; place the sexes in right relations of mutual respect, and a severe morality gives that essential charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic, and self-sacrificing, breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit in her rough mate; so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilisation is the influence of good women.

Another measure of culture is the diffusion of knowledge, overturning all the old barriers of caste, and, by the cheap press, bringing the university to every poor man's door in the newsboy's basket. Scraps of science, of thought, of poetry, are in the coarsest sheet, so that in every house we hesitate to burn a newspaper until we have looked it through.

The ship, in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgment and compound of a nation's arts: the ship steered by compass and chart—longitude reckoned by lunar observation and by chronometer—driven by steam; and in wildest sea-mountains, at vast distances from home—

The pulses of her iron heart
Go beating through the storm.

No use can lessen the wonder of this control, by so weak a creature, of forces so prodigious. I remember I watched, in crossing the sea, the beautiful skill whereby the engine in its constant working was made to produce two hundred gallons of fresh-water out of salt-water every hour—thereby supplying all the ship's wants.

The skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and, better still, made a reform school and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues, as the steamer made fresh-water out of salt—all these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms, and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.

Civilisation is the result of highly complex organisation. In the snake, all the organs are sheathed; no hands, no feet, no fins, no wings. In bird and beast, the organs are released, and begin to play. In man, they are all unbound, and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call reason, and thereby true liberty.

Beauty.—From 'The Conduct of Life.'

The poets are quite right in decking their mistresses with the spoils of the landscape, flower-gardens, gems, rainbows, flushes of morning, and stars of night, since all beauty points at identity, and whatsoever thing does not express to me the sea and sky, day and night, is somewhat forbidden and wrong. Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music or depths of space. Polarised light shewed the secret architecture of bodies; and when the *second-sight* of the mind is opened, now one colour, or form, or gesture, and now another, has a pungency, as if a more interior ray had been emitted, disclosing its deep holdings in the frame of things.

The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders; as if the Divinity, in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and designs to draw a truer line, which the mind knows and owns. This is that haughty force of beauty, *vis superba forma*, which the poets praise—under calm and precise outline, the immeasurable and divine—beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky.

All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus Antoninus, and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought. Gross and impure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles; but character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs. An adorer of truth we cannot choose but obey, and the woman who has shared with us the moral sentiment—her locks must appear to us sublime. Thus, there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eye, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the human intellect. Wherever we begin, thither our steps tend: an ascent from the joy of a horse in his trappings up to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree; up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expressions of an all-dissolving unity—the first stair on the scale to the temple of the mind.

Old Age.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years, and, dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

MR RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, author of several works on art, was born in London in 1819, the only son of a wealthy wine-merchant. He was entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he graduated, and in 1839 took the Newdegate prize for English poetry. Impressed with the idea that

art was his vocation in life, he studied painting under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding; but the pencil has long since become merely the auxiliary of the pen. In 1843 appeared the first portion of his *Modern Painters*, by an Oxford Graduate, which, though published when the author was only twenty-four years of age, bears the impress of deep thought, and is written with rare eloquence and in choice English. The second part was published in 1846, and the third and fourth volumes ten years later, in 1856. Many other works appeared in the interval. Indeed, Mr Ruskin is now one of the most voluminous writers of the day; but it may be questioned if he has ever risen to the level of the first two volumes of the *Modern Painters*. Latterly, his works have been little more than hurriedly written pamphlets, reviews, and revivals of popular lectures, which, though often rising into passages of vivid description and eloquence, and possessing the merit of great clearness, are generally loose and colloquial in style. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1849, and the *Stones of Venice*, three volumes, 1851-53, are the principal of Mr Ruskin's works, besides the *Modern Painters*; but we may also mention the following: *Letters in Defence of the Pre-Raphaelites*, published at various times since 1851; *The Construction of Sheepfolds* (the discipline of the church), 1851; *The Opening of the Crystal Palace*, 1854; *Notes on the Academy Exhibitions*, published in the month of May for the last few years; *The Elements of Drawing*, 1857; *The Political Economy of Art*, 1858; *The Two Paths*, 1859; besides contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Art Journal*, the *Scotsman*, &c. In 1861 a selection from the works of Mr Ruskin was published in one volume—a treasure to all young literary students and lovers of art. His subsequent works have been numerous: *Lectures on Civilisation*, 1866; *The Queen of the Air, being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm*, 1869; *Lectures on Art*, delivered before the university of Oxford in 1870, &c. Mr Ruskin made a munificent offer of £5000 for the endowment of a master of drawing in Oxford, which was accepted by the university authorities in November 1871.

Mr Ruskin's influence upon art and art-literature has been remarkable. The subject has received a degree of consideration among general readers that it had not previously enjoyed in our day, or perhaps in any period of our history; and to Mr Ruskin's veneration for every work of creation, inculcated in all his writings, may be ascribed the origin of the society of young artists, known as the Pre-Raphaelites. Protesting against what they conceived to be lax conventionalism in the style of most modern painters, the innovators went back, as they said, to Nature, preferring her in all her moods and phases, to ideal visions of what she occasionally might, or ought to appear. Mr Ruskin seems often to contradict himself; but on this point his own mind is easy. 'I never met with a question yet,' he says in the inaugural address to the Cambridge School of Art, 'which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their

opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times.' With this clever apology we may pass over apparent incongruities in the details of his system, and rest satisfied with the great principles which he so eloquently inculcates. These are singularly pure and lofty. The aim and object of his teaching, he says, is to declare that 'whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's work,' and he insists upon a pure heart and earnest mind as essential to success.

The Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;' it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever

shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

The Two Paths.

Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academic or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire: but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

The following eloquent passage is from *Modern Painters*:

The Dangers of National Security.

That is to everything created pre-eminently useful which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further; for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working-age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables. Men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life and the raiment than the body, who look to this

earth as a stable and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountain like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the Preacher, that though God 'hath made everything beautiful in His time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.' This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganisation, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. But when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than that of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure, that gratitude to Him may cease because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion; compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foolishness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into dust.

And though I believe we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety in all matters however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time . . . there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing unless to live be to know Him by whom we live, and that He is not to be known by marring His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influences upon His creatures, not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which He gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty; He did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under, as it were fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.

We give another extract from the same work:

What is Truly Practical.

All science and all art may be divided into that which is subservient to life and which is the object of it + —, practical —, or theoretical + +. Yet the step between practical and theoretic science is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist, and the step between practical and theoretic art is that between the bricklayer and the architect, between the plumber and the artist; and this is a step allowed on all hands to be from less to greater, so that the so-called useless part of each profession does by the authoritative and right instinct of mankind assume the superior and more noble place. Only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science, adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly as it reveals to further vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents which in their own gladness fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alps owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and quickening spring; and that for our incitement, I say not our reward, for knowledge is its own reward, herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.

It would appear, therefore, that those pursuits which are altogether theoretic, whose results are desirable or admirable in themselves, and for their own sake, and in which no further end to which their productions or discoveries are referred, can interrupt the contemplation of things as they are, by the endeavour to discover of what selfish uses they are capable (and of this order are painting and sculpture), ought to take rank above all pursuits which have any taint in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function.

The Beautiful alone not Good for Man.

I believe that it is not good for man to live amongst what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralysed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around

the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For, so natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured or pursued.

Precipices of the Alps.

Dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliating threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry: haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them,, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air; and sometimes, when the echo has faded, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

The Fall of the Leaf.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

JOHN STERLING.

JOHN STERLING (1806–1844) was born at Kaimes Castle, Isle of Bute. His father, Captain Sterling, became editor of the *Times* daily journal, and his son John, after being educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was early familiar with literary society. Frederick Maurice, Coleridge, Carlyle, and other distinguished men of that period, were among his friends. He contributed essays, tales, and poems to the periodicals, all marked by fine taste and culture. Having taken holy orders in the church, he officiated for eight months as curate at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex, where Mr Hare was rector. Delicate health, and some

change in his religious opinions, induced him to resign this charge, and he continued afterwards to reside chiefly abroad or in the south of England, occupying himself with occasional contributions in prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review*. He published also a volume of *Poems*, 1839; *The Election*, a poem, 1841; and *Stafford*, a tragedy, 1843. He charmed every society into which he entered by his conversation and the amiable qualities of his mind and heart. His prose works have been collected and edited in two volumes, 1848, with a memoir of his life by his friend, Archdeacon Hare. That memoir, with the letters it contains, and the subsequent memoir by Mr Carlyle, have given an interest and fame to John Sterling, which his writings alone would have failed to produce.

The Miseries of Old Age and the Misfortunes of Early Death.

There are two frequent lamentations which might well teach us to doubt the wisdom of popular opinions: men bewail in themselves the miseries of old age, and in others the misfortune of an early death. They do not reflect that life is made up of emotions and thoughts, some cares and doubts and hopes and scattered handfuls of sorrow and pleasure, elements incapable of being measured by rule or dated by an almanac. It is not from the calendar or the parish-register that we can justly learn for what to grieve, and wherefore to rejoice; and it is rather an affected refinement than a sage instinct, to pour out tears in proportion as our wasting days, or those of our friends, are marked by clepsydra. And even as old age, if it be the fruit of natural and regular existence, is full, not of aches and melancholy, but of lightness and joy; so there are men who perform their course in a small circle of years, whose maturity is to be reckoned, not by the number of their springs and summers, but of their inward seasons of greenness and glory, and who by a native kindliness have enjoyed, during a brief and northern period, more sunshine of the soul than ever came to the clouded breast of a basking Ethiop.

Yet the many men of exalted genius who have died in early life, have all been lamented, as if they had perished by some strange and unnatural chance, and as if He, without whose will no sparrow falls to the ground, only suspended His providence with regard to the eagle ministers of truth and beauty. Happy indeed, thrice happy, are such beings as Sophocles and Titian, in whom the golden chain runs out to the last link, and whose hearts are fed by a bright calm current until they fall asleep in a fresh and blooming antiquity. But happy also were Raphael, Sidney, and Schiller, who accomplished in the half of man's permitted term, the fulfilment of their aim, and gained sight of the rising stars, when others were still labouring in the heats of noon. Happy may we even call the more disturbed and incomplete career of Byron and Shelley and Burns, who were so much clogged by earthly impediments, and vexed with mental disease, nourished by the disease of the material frame, that death would rather seem, if we may humbly speak what perhaps we but ignorantly and wildly fancy, a setting free to further improvement, than a final cutting off in the midst of imperfection.

The Worth of Knowledge.

Read the oldest records of our race, and you will find the writers holding up to admiration, or relating with heart-felt emotion, the facts that we ourselves most delight in. The fidelity of Joseph to his master, the love of Hector for his wife and child, come home to our hearts as suddenly as to those of the ancient Hebrew

among the Syrian mountains, or the pagan Greek in the islands of the Ægean Sea. In the Indian code of Menu, said to be at least three thousand years old—as old as Homer—we find that the husband and all the male relations are strictly enjoined to honour the women: 'where women are dishonoured, all religious acts become fruitless. Where a husband is contented with his wife and she with her husband, in that house will fortune assuredly be permanent.' A hundred generations of mankind have not changed this.

The first Chaldean who observed that the planets seem to journey among the other stars, and not merely to rise and set with them, that Jupiter and Sirius follow different laws, knew a truth which is now the foundation of astronomy in London and Paris no less than of old in Babylon. The first Egyptian who, meditating on curved figures, discerned that there is one in which all the lines from one point to the circumference are equal, gained the idea of a circle, such as it has presented itself to every later mind of man from Thales and Euclid down to Laplace and Herschel. Nay, in truth, those who most exalt the acquirements of our age compared with the past—and they can hardly be too much exalted—must admit that all progress implies continuity—that we can take a step forward only by having firm footing for the step behind it.

According to a well-known story, some Sidonian mariners, probably at least a thousand years before our era, were carrying a cargo of natron or native carbonate of soda, extensively used for its cleansing properties, as wood-ashes are now. They were sailing along the coast of Syria, and landed to cook their food at the mouth of a stream flowing down from the Mount Carmel of Scripture. They took some lumps of the natron from their boat, and used them as stones to set their cauldron on. The fire which they kindled beneath melted the soda and the flint sand of the shore, and to the astonishment of these Sidonians, formed a shining liquid, which cooled and hardened, and was found to be transparent. This was the first invention of glass. It was soon manufactured by the Egyptians, and is found abundantly in their tombs.

There is a story in the history of England, told, I think, originally by Bede, so justly called the Venerable, which is as striking and affecting in its way as any of those deeds of heroic patriotism that enrich the annals of Greece and Rome.

More than twelve hundred years ago, when the north-eastern part of England was occupied by the pagan Angles, or people of Jutland and Holstein, who had conquered it from the old Celtic population, a Christian missionary from Rome endeavoured to introduce his better faith among these rude and bloody men. The council of the chiefs was assembled round their king, Paulinus spoke; and at last one of the warriors said: 'The soul of man is like a sparrow, which in a winter night, when the king with his men is sitting by the warm fire, enters for a moment from the storm and darkness, flits through the lighted hall, and then passes again into the black night. Thus,' he said, 'our life shoots across the world; but whence it comes and whither it goes we cannot tell. If, then, the new doctrine can give us any certainty, O king, let us receive it with joy.' In this simple and earnest fashion does the unappeasable longing of man for knowledge speak itself out of the dim barbarian soul.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, ETC.

This able oriental scholar (1801-1876) was a native of Hereford, son of a prebendary in the cathedral there. He made three visits to Egypt, one result of which was his work, *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, 1836, which was highly successful. He next gave the public a translation, 'drawn chiefly from the most copious

Eastern sources,' of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. But his greatest work was the construction of a complete *Arabic-English Lexicon*, one volume of which was published in 1863, and four others at intervals of three or four years. Though incomplete at the time of his death, Mr Lane had left materials for three more volumes, which will complete this great work, which all scholars at home and abroad consider as an honour to England.

FRANK TREVELYAN BUCKLAND (born in 1826), son of Dr Buckland the eminent geologist, studied at Christ Church, Oxford. Mr Buckland is an Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. He has written *Curiosities of Natural History*, and other works, and edited White's *Selborne*, enriching it with copious additions. As a naturalist and pleasing writer, Mr Buckland has done much to encourage the study of nature and increase our knowledge of the habits of animals.

CHARLES KNIGHT (1790-1872), a native of Windsor, both as publisher and author, did good service to the cause of cheap popular literature. His *Etonian*, and *Knigh's Quarterly Magazine*, drew forth many accomplished young scholars as contributors—including Macaulay—and his Pictorial England, the Pictorial Bible, shilling volumes, and other serial works, supplied a fund of excellent reading and information. As editor of Shakspeare, Mr Knight took higher ground, and acquitted himself with distinction, though resting the text too exclusively on the folio of 1623. A collection of essays was published by Mr Knight under the title of *Once upon a Time*, 1833, and another is named *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. His *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century*, 1863-65, is an interesting autobiography, illustrating the literary life of the period. His playful epitaph by Douglas Jerrold, 'Good Knight,' describes his character.

The *Biographical and Critical Essays of MR ABRAHAM HAYWARD*, Queen's Counsel, published in 1858-1865, are lively, interesting papers, originally communicated to the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr Hayward has also translated Goethe's *Faust*, and is author of a number of professional treatises.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE (1793-1872), a distinguished journalist, for many years editor of the *Examiner*, published in 1837 three volumes of political papers under the title of *England under Seven Administrations*. He was a witty sparkling writer, careful and fastidious. In his early days he frequently wrote an article ten times over before he had it to his mind. In 1873, a further selection from his editorial writings, with a sketch of his life, was published by his nephew, E. B. Fonblanque.

DR DORAN.

In the department of light parlour-books or Ana, the works of DR JOHN DORAN have been successful. His *Table Traits, and Something on Them*, 1854, is chiefly on the art of dining, and evinces a great extent of curious reading and observation. His next work, *Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of Both* (also 1854), is full of anecdotes, illustrative of eminent persons, customs, manners, dress, &c. Next year the author produced *Lives of the Queens of*

England of the House of Hanover, two volumes. This work is also chiefly anecdotal, and presents interior pictures of the courts of the three Georges—the last happily forming a strong contrast to the coarseness and licentiousness of George I. and George II. *Knights and their Days*, 1856, is a chronicle of knighthood from Falstaff downwards, with anecdotes, quaint stories, whimsical comments, and episodes of all kinds. *Monarchs Retired from Business*, two volumes, 1857, is a work of the same complexion, relating to kings and rulers who voluntarily or involuntarily—Louis-Philippe being among the latter—abandoned the cares and state of government. The *History of Court Fools*, 1858, embraces a good deal of historical anecdote and illustration; and a few months afterwards the indefatigable doctor was ready with *New Pictures and Old Panels*, another collection of Ana, relating to authors, actors, actresses, preachers, and vanities of all sorts. Dr Doran's next appearance was as an editor: *Journal of the Reign of King George III., from the Year 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole; being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the Original Manuscripts; edited with Notes*; two volumes, 1859. As an historian, Horace Walpole was not to be trusted; he was rather a brilliant gossip with strong prejudices; but he could not have had a better editor than Dr Doran, who could trace him into all his recesses and books, and was familiar with the characters and events of which he treated. The editor's notes, indeed, are very much like the author's text, and he had applied himself assiduously to his task. In 1860, Dr Doran produced *Lives of the Princes of Wales*; in 1861, *The Bentley Ballads*; in 1863, a *History of the English Stage*; and in 1868, *Saints and Sinners*.

The Style Royal and Critical—the Plural 'We.'

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of the sovereign. 'Le Roi le veut'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain, 'Yo, el Re'—I, the King—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen,' &c. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the *grande*es and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first 'king's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I. in 1107. Exactly a century

later, King John first assumed the royal 'We'; it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. 'Grace,' and 'My Liege,' were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. 'Excellent Grace' was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other; Edward IV. was 'Most High and Mighty Prince'; Henry VII. was the first English 'Highness'; Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of 'Majesty'; and James I. prefixed to the last title 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'

Visit of George III. and Queen Charlotte to the City of London.

The queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord-Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may be said emphatically to have 'made a day of it.' They left St James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St Paul's Churchyard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr Barclay, the patent medicine-vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, and ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volscian ears—Barclay, Perkins, & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated *Apology for the Quakers*, and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honour to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of 'Friends' who had assembled within the house to do honour to their sovereigns. . . .

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honoured a Lord-Mayor's show. And as it was the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was the heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to shew how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose: 'About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlour. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter; for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honour, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shewn themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door—a condescension I did

not expect—at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of disposition which is truly amiable: and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behaviour that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light colour, hung in what is called coronation-rings, encircled in a band of diamonds, so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes, which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The king I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the king's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The queen was up-stairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay, and Priscilla Ball, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the princess-dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the king, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a courtesy.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the queen; but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask.'

In Allibone's *Dictionary of British and American Authors*, 1859, we find the following biographical particulars relative to the above author: 'John Doran, LL.D., born 1807 in London—family originally of Drogheda, in Ireland. He was educated chiefly by his father. His literary bent was manifested at the age of fifteen, when he produced the melodrama of the *Wandering Jew*, which was first played at the Surrey Theatre in 1822 for Tom Blanchard's benefit. His early years were spent in France. He was successively tutor in four of the noblest families in Great Britain.' Dr Doran has contributed largely to the literary journals.

WILLIAM JOHN THOMS.

In 1849 was commenced a weekly journal, *Notes and Queries*, a medium of inter-communication for literary men, artists, antiquaries, genealogists, &c. The projector and editor of this excellent little periodical was MR WILLIAM JOHN THOMS, born in Westminster in 1803, and librarian in the House of Lords. Mr Thoms has published a *Collection of Early Prose Romances*, 1828; *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, 1834; *Notelets on Shakspeare*, and several historical treatises. Having retired from the editorship of *Notes and Queries*, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr Thoms on the 1st November 1872, Earl Stanhope chairman, at which about one hundred and twenty friends and admirers of the retiring editor were present. Mr Thoms has been succeeded in the editorial chair by Dr Doran.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Several works of a thoughtful and earnest character, written in what Mr Ruskin has termed 'beautiful and quiet English,' have been published (most of them anonymously) by ARTHUR HELPS, afterwards Sir Arthur, this popular author having been honoured in 1872 by the title of K.C.B. Sir Arthur was born in 1814, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1838, and having been successively private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Monteagle) and to the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Lord Morpeth), he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council in the year 1859. His works are—*Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*, 1835; *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, 1841; *King Henry II.*, a historical drama, and *Catherine Douglas*, a tragedy, 1843; *The Claims of Labour*, 1844; *Friends in Council*, a *Series of Readings and Discourses*, 1847; *Companions of my Solitude*, 1851; *Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen*, two volumes, 1848-52; *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, 1855; a second series of *Friends in Council*, 1859; *The Life of Pizarro*, 1869; *Casimir Maremma*, and *Brevia*, or *Short Essays*, in 1870; *Conversations on War and General Culture*, *The Life of Hernando Cortes* and *The Conquest of Mexico*, and *Thoughts upon Government*, in 1871; in 1872, the *Life of Mr Brassey the Engineer*. The essays and dialogues of this author evince a fine moral feeling and discriminating taste. They have all gone through numerous editions, and their purity of expression, as well as justness of thought, must have had a beneficial effect on many minds. Sir Arthur died March 7, 1875.

Advantages of Foreign Travel.

This, then, is one of the advantages of travel, that we come upon new ground, which we tread lightly, which is free from associations that claim too deep and constant an interest from us; and not resting long in any one place, but travelling onwards, we maintain that desirable lightness of mind; we are spectators, having for the time no duties, no ties, no associations, no responsibilities; nothing to do but to look on, and look fairly. Another of the great advantages of travel lies in what you learn from your companions; not merely from those you set out with, or so much from them as

from those whom you are thrown together with on the journey. I reckon this advantage to be so great, that I should be inclined to say, that you often get more from your companions in travel than from all you come to see. People imagine they are not known, and that they shall never meet again with the same company—which is very likely so—they are free for the time from the trammels of their business, profession, or calling; the marks of the harness begin to wear out; and altogether they talk more like men than slaves with their several functions hanging like collars round their necks. An ordinary man on travel will sometimes talk like a great imaginative man at home, for such are never utterly enslaved by their functions. Then the diversities of character you meet with instruct and delight you. The variety in language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, governments, lays hold of your attention and takes you out of the wheel-tracks of your everyday cares. He must, indeed, be either an angel of constancy and perseverance, or a wonderfully obtuse Caliban of a man, who, amidst all this change, can maintain his private griefs or vexations exactly in the same place they held in his heart while he was packing for his journey. The change of language is alone a great delight. You pass along, living only with gentlemen and scholars, for you rarely detect what is vulgar or inept in the talk around you. Children's talk in another language is not childish to you, and indeed everything is literature, from the announcement at a railway-station to the advertisements in a newspaper. Read the Bible in another tongue, and you will perhaps find a beauty in it you have not thoroughly appreciated for years before.

The Course of History.

The course of history is like that of a great river wandering through various countries; now, in the infancy of its current, collecting its waters from obscure small springs in splashy meadows, and from unconsidered rivulets which the neighbouring rustics do not know the name of; now, in its boisterous youth, forcing its way straight through mountains; now, in middle life, going with equable current busily by great towns, its waters sullied yet enriched with commerce; and now, in its burdened old age, making its slow and difficult way with great broad surface, over which the declining sun looms grandly to the sea. The uninstructed or careless traveller generally finds but one form of beauty or of meaning in the river: the romantic gorge or wild cascade is, perhaps, the only kind of scenery which delights him. And so it has often been in our estimate of history. Well-fought battles, or the doings of gay courts, or bloody revolutions, have been the chief sources of attraction; while less dressed events, but not of less real interest or import, have often escaped all notice.

Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez.

Early in September 1513 he set out on his renowned expedition for finding 'the other sea,' accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens. He went by sea to the territory of his father-in-law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and, accompanied by whose Indians, he moved on into Poncha's territory. This cacique took flight, as he had done before, seeking refuge amongst his mountains; but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him. The Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word: we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy; but he now did no harm

to Poncha, and, on the contrary, he secured his friendship by presenting him with looking-glasses, hatchets, and hawk-bells, in return for which he obtained guides and porters from among this cacique's people, which enabled him to prosecute his journey. Following Poncha's guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, meaning to make a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand the discharge of the firearms; indeed they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. In speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, and how all the words might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions, and there is reason for thinking that he was rightly informed, that there was a region not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or over-weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty-five days to do it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions. A little before Vasco Nuñez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to it. It was a sight which any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nuñez bade his men sit down while he alone ascended and looked down upon the vast Pacific, the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shewn to him in his being the first man to discover and behold this sea; then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words: 'You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain, for as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in it.' Every great and original action has a prospective greatness, not alone from the thoughts of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on acquiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nuñez then beheld, occupies more than one-half of the earth's surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed, Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nuñez to Hannibal shewing Italy to his soldiers.

*Great Questions of the Present Age.*From *Companions of my Solitude*.

What patient labour and what intellectual power is often bestowed in coming to a decision on any cause which involves much worldly property. Might there not be some great hearing of any of the intellectual and spiritual difficulties which beset the paths of all thoughtful men in the present age? Church questions, for example, seem to require a vast investigation. As it is, a book or pamphlet is put forward on one side, and somehow the opposing facts and arguments seldom come into each other's presence. And thus truth sustains great loss.

My own opinion is, if I can venture to say that I have an opinion, that what we ought to seek for is a church of the utmost width of doctrine, and with the most beautiful expression that can be devised for that doctrine—the most beautiful expression, I mean, in words, in deeds, in sculpture, and in sacred song; which should have a simple easy grandeur in its proceedings that should please the elevated and poetical mind, charm the poor, and yet not lie open to just cavilling on the part of those somewhat hard, intellectual worshippers who must have a reason for everything; which should have vitality and growth in it; and which should attract and not repel those who love truth better than any creature.

Pondering these things in the silence of the downs, I at last neared home; and found that the result of all my thoughts was that any would-be teacher must be contented and humble, or try to be so, in his efforts of any kind; and that if the great questions can hardly be determined by man (divided, too, as he is from his brother in all ways), he must still try and do what he can on lower levels, hoping ever for more insight, and looking forward to the knowledge which may be gained by death.

Advice to Men in Small Authority.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanour is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS ('MARK TWAIN'),

This humorous writer and lecturer is a native of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri, where he was born in 1835. He has been successively a printer, a steamboat pilot, a miner, and a newspaper editor—the last in San Francisco. In 1867 he published a story of the Californian gold mines, entitled *The Jumping Frog*, which instantly became popular. In the same year he went on a pleasure trip to Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, &c., and the result was two volumes of amusing incidents and description—the first, entitled *Innocents Abroad*, giving the details of the journey from New York to Naples; and the second, under the title of the *New Pilgrim's Progress*, describing the Holy Land and the Grecian and Syrian shores. Mr Clemens is author of various other works—*Burlesque Autobiography*, *Eye-openers*, *Good Things*, *Screamers*, *A Gathering of Scraps*, *Roughing It*, &c.

The Noblest Delight.

What is it that confers the noblest delight? What is that which swells a man's breast with pride above that which any other experience can bring to him? Discovery! To know that you are walking where none

others have walked; that you are beholding what human eye has not seen before; that you are breathing a virgin atmosphere. To give birth to an idea—to discover a great thought—an intellectual nugget, right under the dust of a field that many a brain-plough had gone over before. To find a new planet, to invent a new hinge, to find the way to make the lightnings carry your messages. To be the *first*—that is the idea. To do something, say something, see something, before *anybody* else—these are the things that confer a pleasure compared with which other pleasures are tame and commonplace, other ecstasies cheap and trivial. Morse, with his first message, brought by his servant, the lightning; Fulton, in that long-drawn century of suspense, when he placed his hand upon the throttle-valve, and lo, the steamboat moved; Jenner, when his patient with the cow's virus in his blood walked through the small-pox hospitals unscathed; Howe, when the idea shot through his brain that for a hundred and twenty generations the eye had been bored through the wrong end of the needle; the nameless lord of art who laid down his chisel in some old age that is forgotten now, and gloated upon the finished Laocoon; and Daguerre, when he commanded the sun, riding in the zenith, to print the landscape upon his insignificant silvered plate, and he obeyed; Columbus, in the *Pinto's* shrouds, when he swung his hat above a fabled sea and gazed abroad upon an unknown world! These are the men who have really *lived*—who have actually comprehended what pleasure is—who have crowded long lifetimes of ecstasy into a single moment.

Puzzling an Italian Guide.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said: 'Come wis me, genteelmen! come! I shew you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo. Write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!'

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

'What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!'

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest: 'Ah, Ferguson, what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?'

'Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!'

Another deliberate examination. 'Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?'

'He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!'

Then the doctor laid the document down, and said: 'Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.'

'But zis is ze great Christo!—'

'I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't, drive on!'

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said: 'Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I shew you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!'

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

'Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!'

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions. 'Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?'

'Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!'

'Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?'

'Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!'

'Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?'

'Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!'

'What did he die of?'

'I do not know!—I cannot tell.'

'Small-pox, think?'

'I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!'

'Measles, likely?'

'Maybe—maybe—I do *not* know—I think he die of some things.'

'Parents living?'

'Im-posseeble!'

'Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?'

'Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!'

'Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?'

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting to this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again—that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never shewed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

'See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!'

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

'Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?'

'Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!'

'Yes, yes. Born here?'

'No! 'Gyptian mummy!'

'Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?'

'No!—*not* Frenchman, *not* Roman!—born in Egypt!'

'Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?'

'Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousand year!'

The doctor turned on him savagely—

'Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on us!—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!'

DR JOHN BROWN—MR M. M'LENNAN.

JOHN BROWN, son of the distinguished theological professor in connection with the Associate Synod (*ante*, p. 353), and an accomplished member

of the literary society of Edinburgh, was born in 1810, studied medicine, and settled down as a medical practitioner in the Scottish capital. In 1858 he published *Horæ Subsecivæ*, a volume of essays on Locke and Sydenham, with other occasional papers. One of Dr Brown's objects in this publication he thus explains:

To give my vote for going back to the old manly, intellectual, and literary culture of the days of Sydenham, Arbuthnot, and Gregory; when a physician fed, enlarged, and quickened his entire nature; when he lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and revered the ancients, while at the same time he pushed on among his fellows, and lived in the present, believing that his profession and his patients need not suffer, though his *horæ subsecivæ* were devoted occasionally to miscellaneous thinking and reading, and to a course of what is elsewhere called 'fine confused feeding,' or though, as his Gaelic historian says of Rob Roy at his bye hours, he be 'a man of incoherent transactions.' As I have said, system is not always method, much less progress.

He adds, as of more important and general application:

Physiology and the laws of health are the interpreters of disease and cure, over whose porch we may best inscribe *hinc sanitas*. It is in watching nature's methods of cure in ourselves and in the lower animals, and in a firm faith in the self-regulative, recuperative powers of nature, that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed, and that we should watch and obey their truly divine voice and finger with reverence and godly fear, as well as with diligence and worldly wisdom—humbly standing by while He works, guiding and stemming or withdrawing His current, and acting as His ministers and helps.

One story in this volume, *Rab and his Friends*, has been exceedingly popular, and, being published in a separate form, has had as wide a circulation as any of the novels of Scott or Dickens. It is a short and simple tale of a poor Scotch carrier and his dog Rab:

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and he had the gravity of all great fighters. A Highland gamekeeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said: 'Oh, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him—he can just never get enuff o' fechtin'.

The carrier's wife, Ailie, a gentle, delicate old woman, had to submit to an operation for cancer in the breast. It was performed in the Edinburgh Hospital, Rab and his master being present, and the scene is painted with a truth and dramatic vividness which go directly to the heart. Ailie dies; her husband caught a low fever prevailing in the village, and died also. Rab is present at both interments; there was deep snow on the ground; and after the second of the burials he slunk home to the stable, whence he could neither be tempted or driven, and ultimately he had to be killed. On this homely and slender basis of fact, the story of *Rab and his Friends* has been constructed, and its mixture of fancy, humour, and pathos—all curiously blended, and all thoroughly national in expression and feeling—is quite inimitable. No right-hearted Scotsman ever read the little story without tears. In 1861 Dr Brown published a

second series of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, containing twelve sketches ('our dogs' not being forgotten), one of which we subjoin :

Queen Mary's Child-Garden.

If any one wants a pleasure that is sure to please, one over which he needn't growl the sardonic beatitude of the great Dean, let him, when the mercury is at 'Fair,' take the nine A.M. train to the north and a return ticket for Callander, and when he arrives at Stirling, let him ask the most obliging and knowing of station-masters to telegraph to the Dreadnought for a carriage to be in waiting. When passing Dunblane Cathedral, let him resolve to write to the *Scotsman*, advising the removal of a couple of shabby trees which obstruct the view of that beautiful triple end window which Mr Ruskin and everybody else admires, and by the time he has written this letter in his mind, and turned the sentences to it, he will find himself at Callander and the carriage all ready. Giving the order for the Port of Monteith, he will rattle through this hard-featured, and to our eye, comfortless village, lying ugly amid so much grandeur and beauty, and let him stop on the crown of the bridge, and fill his eyes with the perfection of the view up the Pass of Leny—the Teith lying diffuse and asleep, as if its heart were in the Highlands and it were loath to go, the noble Ben Ledi imaged in its broad stream. Then let him make his way across a bit of pleasant moorland—flushed with maiden-hair and white with cotton grass, and fragrant with the *Orchis conopsea*, well deserving its epithet *odoratissima*.

He will see from the turn of the hillside the Blair of Drummond waving with corn and shadowed with rich woods, where eighty years ago there was a black peat-moss; and far off, on the horizon, Darnley and the Touch Fells; and at his side the little loch of Ruskie, in which he may see five Highland cattle, three tawny brown and two brindled, standing in the still water—themselves as still, all except their switching tails and winking ears—the perfect images of quiet enjoyment. By this time he will have come in sight of the Lake of Monteith, set in its woods, with its magical shadows and soft gleams. There is a loveliness, a gentleness and peace about it more like 'lone St Mary's Lake,' or Derwent Water, than of any of its sister lochs. It is lovely rather than beautiful, and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard and the true Highlands beyond.

You are now at the Port, and have passed the secluded and cheerful manse, and the parish kirk with its graves, close to the lake, and the proud aisle of the Grahams of Gartmore washed by its waves. Across the road is the modest little inn, a Fisher's Tryst. On the unruffled water lie several islets, plump with rich foliage, brooding like great birds of calm. You somehow think of them as on, not in the lake, or like clouds lying in a nether sky—'like ships waiting for the wind.' You get a coble, and a *yauld* old Celt, its master, and are rowed across to Inchmahome, 'the Isle of Rest.' Here you find on landing huge Spanish chestnuts, one lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit-trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the

least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keensighted and diagnostic Professor of Clinical Surgery, *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simpleness.' Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something 'that tirls the heart-strings a' to the life' in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr Tennyson, we would write an *Idyll* of that child Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

Oh, blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild;
I think of thee with many fears
Of what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality.
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?

You have ample time to linger there amid

The gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths.

A volume illustrative of Scotch rustic life—true in speech, thought, and action—appeared anonymously in 1870, under the title of *Peasant Life: Being Sketches of the Villagers and Field-labourers of Glenalvie*. There is a degree of force and reality in these homely sketches, drawn directly from nature, equal to the pictures of Crabbe. Professor Wilson's *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* are purely Arcadian. The author of *Peasant Life* (understood to be a solicitor in Caithness, Mr MALCOLM M'LENNAN) enlists our sympathy for coarse farm-labourers and 'bond-agers' or field-workers, and shews that pure and natural love, and pure and natural emotion, are best studied under thatched roofs and in untutored hearts. The author published a second work, *Dr Benoni*, but it is inferior to the *Peasant Life*.

WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG.

This gentleman is author of various works, political and literary—*Political Problems for our Age and Country; The Creed of Christendom; Literary and Social Judgments; Truth versus Edification; Enigmas of Life; Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra;* &c. Mr Greg is a man of intellectual power and fine aspirations. Though unorthodox in opinion, he is sound at heart, religious in feeling, and a sincere well-wisher of humanity. He is most popular on directly practical questions, with a philanthropic turn. Mr Greg (born in Liverpool about 1810) succeeded

John Ramsay M'Culloch in 1864 as Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office. The following extracts are from the most eloquent of his writings—the *Enigmas of Life*:

Glorified Spirits.

Whether in the lapse of ages and in the course of progressive being, the more dormant portions of each man's nature will be called out, and his desires, and therefore the elements of his heaven, change; whether the loving will learn to thirst for knowledge, and the fiery and energetic to value peace, and the active and earnest to grow weary of struggle and achievement, and to long for tenderness and repose, and the rested to begin a new life of aspiration, and those who had long lain satisfied with the humble constituents of the beatific state, to yearn after the conditions of a loftier being, we cannot tell. Probably. It may be, too, that the tendency of every thought and feeling will be to gravitate towards the great centre, to merge in one mighty and all-absorbing emotion. The thirst for knowledge may find its ultimate expression in the contemplation of the Divine Nature—in which indeed all may be contained. It may be that all longings will be finally resolved into striving after a closer union with God, and all human affections merged in the desire to be a partaker in His nature. It may be that in future stages of our progress, we shall become more and more severed from the human, and joined to the divine; that, starting on the threshold of the eternal world with the one beloved being who has been the partner of our thoughts and feelings on this earth, we may find, as we go forward to the goal, and soar upward to the throne, and dive deeper and deeper into the mysteries and immensities of creation, that *affection* will gradually emerge in *thought*, and the cravings and yearnings of the heart be calmed and superseded by the sublimer interests of the perfected intelligence; that the hands which have so long been joined in love may slowly unclasp, to be stretched forth towards the approaching glory; that the glance of tenderness which we cast on the companion at our side may become faint, languid, and hurried before the earnest gaze with which we watch 'the light that shall be revealed.' We might even picture to ourselves that epoch in our progress through successively loftier and more purified existences, when those who on earth strengthened each other in every temptation, sustained each other under every trial, mingled smiles at every joy and tears at every sorrow; and who, in succeeding varieties of being, hand in hand, heart with heart, thought for thought, penetrated together each new secret, gained each added height, glowed with each new rapture, drank in each successive revelation, shall have reached that point where all lower affections will be merged in one absorbing Presence; when the awful nearness of the perfect love will dissolve all other ties and swallow up all other feelings; and when the finished and completed soul, before melting away into that sea of light which will be its element for ever, shall turn to take a last fond look of the now glorified but thereby lost companion of so much anguish and so many joys! But we cannot yet contemplate the prospect without pain: therefore it will not be yet; not till we can contemplate it without joy: for heaven is a scene of bliss and recompense, not of sorrow and bereavement.

Human Development.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and

range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shewn no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman has modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard; not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fellow-men into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless consideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

In Memoriam.

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins; but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes, and which, if we could, we would have ordered otherwise.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ETC.

MR ARNOLD is perhaps better known as a critic and theologian than as a poet (*ante*, page 472). He has published *Essays on Criticism*, 1865; *Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867; *Culture and Anarchy*, 1870; *St Paul and Protestantism, Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible*, a review of objections to *Literature and Dogma*, 1875; &c. Without subscribing to Mr Arnold's theological opinions, we may note the earnest, reverential tone with which he discusses such subjects, and the amount of thought and reading he has brought to bear on them. He says: 'Why meddle with religion at all? why run the risk of breaking a tie which it is so hard to join again? And the risk is not to be run lightly, and one is not always to attack people's illusions about religion merely because illusions they are. But at the present moment two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is.'

Two volumes, partly biographical and partly critical—*A Manual of English Prose Literature*, 1872; and *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, 1874—have been published by WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., now editor of *The*

Examiner. The first work 'endeavours to criticise upon a methodical plan,' and selects certain authors (De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle) for 'full criticism and exemplification.' The second volume, besides describing the characteristics of the poets, traces how far each was influenced by his literary predecessors and his contemporaries. The two works are valuable for students of our literature, and are interesting to all classes of readers. Mr Minto is, we believe, a native of Aberdeen, and promises to take a high place among our critical and political writers—a place worthy the successor of Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Something similar to Mr Minto's volumes are two by MR LESLIE STEPHENS, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled *Hours in a Library*, being a series of sketches of favourite authors, drawn with taste and discrimination, and bearing the impress of a true lover of literature. Another editor, Mr R. H. HUTTON of the *Spectator*, has collected two volumes of his *Essays Theological and Literary*, in which there is more of analytical criticism and ingenious dogmatic discussion than in the above.

SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

The progress of physical and mental science, up to the nineteenth century, was traced with eminent ability in the dissertations written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ethical philosophy was treated by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh, as already stated, and a third dissertation was added by Archbishop Whately, exhibiting a general view of the rise, progress, and corruptions of Christianity. Mathematical and physical science was taken up by PROFESSOR JOHN PLAYFAIR (1748–1819), distinguished for his illustrations of the Huttonian theory, and for his biographies of Hutton and Robison. Playfair treated of the period which closed with Newton and Leibnitz, and the subject was continued through the course of the eighteenth century by SIR JOHN LESLIE, who succeeded to Playfair in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. Sir John (1766–1832) was celebrated for his ardour in physical research, and for his work, an *Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat*, 1804. A sixth dissertation was added in 1836 by the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, DR JAMES DAVID FORBES, who continued the general view of the progress of mathematical and physical science principally from 1755 to 1850.

'If we look for the distinguishing characteristic of the centenary period just elapsed (1750–1850), we find it,' says Professor Forbes, 'in this, that it has drawn far more largely upon experiment as a means of arriving at truth than had previously been done. By a natural conversion of the process, the knowledge thus acquired has been applied with more freedom and boldness to the exigencies of mankind, and to the further investigation of the secrets of nature. If we compare the now extensive subjects of heat, electricity, and magnetism, with the mere rudiments of these sciences as understood in 1750; or if we think of the astonishing revival of physical and experi-

mental optics—which had well-nigh slumbered for more than a century—during the too short lives of Young and Fresnel, we shall be disposed to admit the former part of the statement; and when we recollect that the same period has given birth to the steam-engine of Watt, with its application to shipping and railways—to the gigantic telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, wonderful as works of art as well as instruments of sublime discovery—to the electric telegraph, and to the tubular bridge—we shall be ready to grant the last part of the proposition, that science and art have been more indissolubly united than at any previous period.'

A series of *Lectures on Some Recent Advances in Physical Science*, 1876, by PROFESSOR TAIT of the university of Edinburgh, continues the history of modern progress, and describes fully the marvels of the spectrum analysis, one of the triumphs of the present generation.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

A great chemist and a distinguished man of letters, HUMPHRY DAVY, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, in 1778. He was educated at the school of Truro, and afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon at Penzance. He was an enthusiastic reader and student. 'His was an ardent boyhood,' says Professor Forbes: 'Educated in a manner somewhat irregular, and with only the advantages of a remote country town, his talents appeared in the earnestness with which he cultivated at once the most various branches of knowledge and speculation. He was fond of metaphysics; he was fond of experiment; he was an ardent student of nature; and he possessed at an early age poetic powers which, had they been cultivated, would, in the opinion of competent judges, have made him as eminent in literature as he became in science. All these tastes endured throughout life. Business could not stifle them—even the approach of death was unable to extinguish them. The reveries of his boyhood on the sea-worn cliffs of Mount's Bay may yet be traced in many of the pages dictated during the last year of his life amidst the ruins of the Coliseum. But the physical sciences—those more emphatically called at that time chemical—speedily attracted and absorbed his most earnest attention. The philosophy of the imponderables—of light, heat, and electricity—was the subject of his earliest, and also that of his happiest essays.' Of his splendid discoveries, the most useful to mankind have been his experiments on breathing the gases, his lectures on agricultural chemistry, his invention of the safety-lamp, and his protectors for ships.

At the early age of twenty-two, Davy was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London. In 1803 he commenced lecturing on agriculture, and his lectures were published in 1813, under the title of *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*. His lecture *On Some Chemical Agents of Electricity* is considered one of the most valuable contributions ever made to chemical science. Dr Paris, the biographer of Davy, observes that, 'since the account given by Newton of his first discoveries in optics, it may be questioned whether so happy and successful an instance of philosophical induction has ever been afforded as that by which Davy discovered the composition of the

fixed alkalis.' In 1812 he published *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*. About 1815 he entered on the investigation of fire-damp, which is the cause of explosions in mines. The result was his invention of the safety-lamp, for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy by the prince regent in 1818, and the coal-owners of the north of England presented him with a service of plate worth £2000. In 1820 Davy was elected President of the Royal Society, in the room of Sir Joseph Banks, deceased.

It is mortifying to think that this great man, captivated by the flatteries of the fashionable world, and having married (1812) a rich Scottish lady, Mrs Apreece, lost much of the winning simplicity of his early manner, and of his pure devotion to science. In 1826 Sir Humphry had a paralytic attack, and went abroad for the recovery of his health. He composed an interesting little volume, *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, 1828; and he wrote also *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*, which appeared after his death. He died at Geneva on the 29th May 1829, and the Genevese government honoured him with a public funeral.

The posthumous volume of *Consolations* contains some finely written speculations on moral and ethical questions, with descriptions of Italian scenery. The work is in the form of dialogues between a liberal and accomplished Roman Catholic and an English patrician, poetical and discursive, whose views on religion entered the verge of scepticism. The former he calls Ambrosio; the latter, Onuphrio. Another interlocutor is named Philaethes. We subjoin part of their dialogues.

The Future State of Human Beings.

Ambrosio. Revelation has not disclosed to us the nature of this state, but only fixed its certainty. We are sure from geological facts, as well as from sacred history, that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless, and indeed almost impossible.

Philaethes. My genius has placed the more exalted spiritual natures in cometary worlds, and this last fiery revolution may be produced by the appulse of a comet.

Amb. Human fancy may imagine a thousand ways in which it may be produced; but upon such notions it is absurd to dwell. I will not allow your genius the slightest approach to inspiration, and I can admit no verisimilitude in a reverie which is fixed on a foundation you now allow to be so weak. But see, the twilight is beginning to appear in the orient sky, and there are some dark clouds on the horizon opposite to the crater of Vesuvius, the lower edges of which transmit a bright light, shewing the sun is already risen in the country beneath them. I would say that they may serve as an image of the hopes of immortality derived from revelation; for we are sure from the light reflected in those clouds that the lands below us are in the brightest sunshine, but we are entirely ignorant of the surface and the scenery; so, by revelation, the light of an imperishable and glorious world is disclosed to us; but it is in eternity, and its objects cannot be seen by mortal eye or imagined by mortal imagination.

Phil. I am not so well read in the Scriptures as I

hope I shall be at no very distant time; but I believe the pleasures of heaven are mentioned more distinctly than you allow in the sacred writings. I think I remember that the saints are said to be crowned with palms and amaranths, and that they are described as perpetually hymning and praising God.

Amb. This is evidently only metaphorical; music is the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest to an intellectual one, and probably may represent the delight resulting from the perception of the harmony of things and of truth seen in God. The palm as an evergreen tree, and the amaranth a perdurable flower, are emblems of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blest, I should image it by the orange-grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.

Indestructibility of Mind.

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from Nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate seed, the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appeared, like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes—a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me, and even in the fancied movements of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the decrees of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings and movements, may be traced an intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food; and young birds, even in the nests, shew marks of fondness which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honour, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of the intellect—hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that it exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt; when submission in faith and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation. Then, it creates powers which were believed to be extinct; and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tossed mariner

to his home—as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows, to the Norwegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea—or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveller in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening-star of light in the horizon of life, which, we are sure, is to become, in another season, a morning-star; and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

The more popular treatises of this eminent astronomer—the *Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, 1830, and *Treatise on Astronomy*, 1833, have been widely circulated. Sir John subsequently collected a series of *Essays which appeared in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other Pieces*, 1857. Profoundly versed in almost every branch of physics, Sir John Herschel occasionally sported with the Muses, but in the garb of the ancients—in hexameter and pentameter verses. The following stanzas are at least equal to Southey's hexameters, and the first was made in a dream in 1841, and written down immediately on waking:

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and oh! sure of his mercy at last,
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect, smile at its bitterness past.

Pray for that holier cup while sweet with bitter lies blending,
Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
Death expiring in life, when the long-drawn struggle is ending;
Triumph and joy to the strong, strength to the weary and weak.

The abstruse studies and triumphs of Sir John Herschel—his work on the Differential Calculus, his Catalogues of Stars and Nebulæ, and his Treatises on Sound and Light are well known; but perhaps the most striking instance of his pure devotion to science was his expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, and his sojourn there for four years, solely at his own expense, with the view of examining under the most favourable circumstances the southern hemisphere. This completed a telescopic survey of the whole surface of the visible heavens, commenced by Sir William Herschel above seventy years ago, assisted by his sister Caroline and his brother Alexander, and continued by him almost down to the close of a very long life.* Sir William died in 1822, aged

eighty-four. In 1876 was published a *Memoir of Caroline Herschel*, the sister of Sir William and aunt of Sir John, who died in 1848, aged ninety-seven years and ten months. The author of this memoir, Mrs John Herschel, says of Caroline: 'She stood beside her brother, William Herschel, sharing his labours, helping his life. In the days when he gave up a lucrative career that he might devote himself to astronomy, it was owing to her thrift and care that he was not harassed by the rambling vexations of money matters. She had been his helper and assistant in the days when he was a leading musician; she became his helper and assistant when he gave himself up to astronomy. By sheer force of will and devoted affection, she learned enough of mathematics and of methods of calculation, which to those unlearned seem mysteries, to be able to commit to writing the results of his researches. She became his assistant in the workshop; she helped him to grind and polish his mirrors; she stood beside his telescope in the nights of mid-winter, to write down his observations when the very ink was frozen in the bottle. She kept him alive by her care; thinking nothing of herself, she lived for him. She loved him, and believed in him, and helped him with all her heart and with all her strength.'

This devoted lady discovered eight comets! The survey of the heavens begun by Sir William Herschel was resumed in 1825 by his son, Sir John, who published the results in 1847. On his return from the Cape, the successful astronomer was honoured with a baronetcy, the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., and the Astronomical Society—of which he was president—voted him a testimonial for his work on the Southern Hemisphere. Besides the works to which we have referred, Sir John Herschel published *Outlines of Astronomy*, 1849, of which a fifth edition, corrected to the existing state of astronomical science, was published in 1858; and he edited *A Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, 1849, prepared by authority of the Admiralty for the use of the navy.

Sir John Herschel was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1792, and studied at St John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1813, coming out as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. His first work was a *Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences*, 1813. He contributed various papers to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1819-24), and he was employed for eight years in re-examining the nebulæ and cluster of

before the close of the year, he computed the elements of the new planet with considerable accuracy, making the great axis of its orbit nineteen times greater than that of the earth, and the period of its revolution eighty-four years. Herschel proposed, out of gratitude to his royal patron (George III.), to call the planet he had found by the barbarous appellation of *Georgium Sidus*; but the classical name of *Uranus*, which Bode afterwards applied, is almost universally adopted. Animated by this happy omen, he prosecuted his astronomical observations with unwearied zeal and ardour, and continued, during the remainder of a long life, to enrich science with a succession of splendid discoveries.—SIR JOHN LESLIE. Herschel's discoveries were chiefly made by means of his forty-feet reflector, to construct which funds were advanced by the king. An Irish nobleman, the Earl of Rosse, after many years' labour to improve the telescope, completed in 1844, and erected at Parsonstown, a telescope of six feet aperture and fifty-three or fifty-four feet of focal length. The result of Lord Rosse's observations with his six-feet speculum has been to resolve many nebulae into stars.

* Herschel, a musician residing at Bath, though a native of Hanover, which he had left in early youth, devoted his leisure to the construction and improvement of reflecting telescopes, with which he continued ardently to survey the heavens. His zeal and assiduity had already drawn the notice of astronomers, when he announced to Dr Maskelyne, that, on the night of the 13th March 1781, he observed a shifting star, which, from its smallness, he judged to be a comet, though it was distinguished neither by a nebulosity nor a tail. The motion of the star, however, was so slow as to require distant observations to ascertain its path. The president Saron, an expert and obliging calculator, was the first who conceived it to be a planet, having inferred, from the few observations communicated to him, that it described a circle with a radius of about twelve times the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Lexell removed all doubt, and

stars discovered by his father. The result was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832; the nebulae were about 2300 in number, and of these 525 were discovered by Sir John himself. He also discovered between three and four thousand double stars. Sir John received from William IV. the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and Queen Victoria in 1838 conferred upon him a baronetcy. He was literally covered with honorary distinctions from learned societies and foreign academies. From 1850 till 1855 he held the office of Master of the Mint, which he was forced to resign from ill health. On the 11th of May 1871, this most illustrious of European men of science died at his seat, Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent, aged seventy-nine.

Tendency and Effect of Philosophical Studies.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. . . .

The question '*cui bono*'—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt

them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

A Taste for Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet :

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

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

MRS MARY SOMERVILLE.

Another distinguished astronomer, a worthy contemporary of Caroline Herschel, was MARY SOMERVILLE, who died at Naples, November 28, 1872, aged ninety-two. She had attained to the highest proficiency and honours in physical science, was a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, had received the approbation of Laplace, Humboldt, Playfair, Herschel, and other eminent contemporaries, and at the age of ninety-two was engaged in solving mathematical problems! Mrs Somerville was born in the manse or parsonage of Jedburgh; her father, Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-admiral of the Red, was Lord Duncan's captain at the battle of Camperdown in 1797. His daughter Mary was educated at a school in Musselburgh, and before she was fourteen, it was said, she had studied Euclid, and Bonnycastle's and Euler's Algebra, but concealed as much as possible her acquirements. In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, son of Admiral Greig, who served many years in the Russian navy, and died Governor of Cronstadt. Captain Greig died two

years after their union. In 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr William Somerville, son of the minister of Jedburgh, author of two historical works—the histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne—and of memoirs of his own *Life and Times*. The venerable minister (1741–1813) records, with pride, that Miss Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service; that she long resided in his family, and was occasionally his scholar, being remarkable for her ardent thirst of knowledge and her assiduous application to study. Dr William Somerville, the son, attained the rank of Inspector of the Army Medical Board, and Physician to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. He took great pains to foster the intellectual pursuits of his wife, and lived to witness her success and celebrity, dying at Florence in 1860, at the great age of ninety-one. Mrs Somerville first attracted notice by experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. Lord Brougham then solicited her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a popular summary of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. She complied, and her manuscript being submitted to Sir John Herschel, he said he was delighted with it—that it was a book for posterity, but quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended. Mrs Somerville herself modestly said of it: 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' However, she consented to publish it as an independent work, under the title of *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, 1831, and it at once fixed her reputation as one of the ablest cultivators of physical science. The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her, which was executed by Chantrey, and placed in the hall of the Society in Somerset House. It is said that Mrs Somerville, meeting one day with Laplace, in Paris, the great geometer said: 'There have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything.' 'I was Mrs Greig,' said the modest little woman. 'So, then, there are only two of you!' exclaimed the philosopher. The learned Frenchman did not live to see Mrs Somerville's version of his great work, as he died in 1827. In 1834 Mrs Somerville published *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, a work which affords a condensed view of the phenomena of the universe, and has enjoyed great popularity; it is now in the ninth edition. Her next work was her *Physical Geography*, published in 1848. This work was chiefly written in Rome, and while resident there, Mrs Somerville met with a little adventure which she thus describes in her *Personal Recollections*:

Scene in the Campagna.

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome; the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning, or in the glory of the setting sun, I was never tired of admiring; and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to Albano. We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild-flowers. On one side of this

field ran the aqueduct; on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water. I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field. All at once, we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide-spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop. It was so sudden and so rapid, that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove dividing, rushed like a whirlwind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored, as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven.

Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spiriti;' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches; their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettatura' or evil eye, which they have inherited from the early Romans, and, I believe, Etruscans. They consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the meet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till he was out of sight. Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and ducked in a pool; so the Jettatura was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the evil eye.

After an interval of eleven years from the publication of her *Physical Geography*, Mrs Somerville came forward with two more volumes, *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*. She continued her scientific studies and inquiries; and in January 1872, a gentleman who had visited her, wrote: 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if any, persons of Mrs Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study.' For many years the deceased resided with her family at Florence, and there she was as assiduous in the cultivation of her flower-garden and of music as she was of her mathematics. Her circumstances were easy though not opulent, and Sir Robert Peel—the most attentive of all prime-ministers since the days of Halifax to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. She had three children, a son (who died in 1865) and two daughters. To an American gentleman who visited her, she said: 'I speak Italian, but no one could ever take me for other than a Scotch woman.' Her love of science had been to her an inexhaustible source of interest and gratification; 'and I have no doubt,' she said, 'but we shall know more of the heavenly bodies in another state of existence'—in that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

In her old age Mrs Somerville had amused herself by writing out reminiscences of her early struggles and difficulties in the acquirement of knowledge, and of her subsequent studies and life. These were published in 1873 by her daughter, Martha Somerville, under the title of

Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville, with Selections from her Correspondence.

PROFESSOR J. D. FORBES.

JAMES DAVID FORBES is chiefly known for his theory of glacial motion, which appears to have been independent of that of Rendu, and also for his observations as to the plastic or viscous theory of glaciers. His claims have been disputed, but the general opinion seems to be that the palm of originality, or at least priority of announcement, belongs to the Scottish professor. Mr Forbes was born at Colinton, near Edinburgh, in 1809, son of Sir William Forbes, an eminent banker and citizen of Edinburgh; his mother, Williamina Belches, heiress of a gentleman of the old stock of Invermay, afterwards Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. This lady was the object of Sir Walter Scott's early and lasting attachment. Visiting at St Andrews thirty years later in his life, he says: 'I remembered the name I had once carved in Runic characters beside the castle gate, and asked why it should still agitate my heart.' Lady Forbes had then been long dead. In 1833, Mr Forbes was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Aberdeen, which he held until 1859, when he became Principal of St Andrews University. He died December 31, 1868. His principal works are—*Travels through the Alps and Savoy*, 1843; *Norway and its Glaciers*, 1853; *The Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa*, 1855; and *Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers*, 1859. He wrote also numerous papers in the scientific journals.

DR WHEWELL.

WILLIAM WHEWELL was a native of Lancaster, born May 24, 1794. He was of humble parentage, and his father, a joiner, intended him to follow his own trade; but he was early distinguished for ability, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at Lancaster, he was placed at Heversham School, in order to be qualified for an exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, connected with that seminary. He entered Trinity College in 1812, became a Fellow in 1817, took his degree of M.A. in 1819, and the same year published his first work, a *Treatise on Mechanics*. He was ordained priest in 1826. For four years, from 1828 to 1832, he was Professor of Mineralogy; from 1838 to 1855, he was Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity; and from 1841 till his death, he was Master of Trinity College. These accumulated university honours sufficiently indicate the high estimation in which Dr Whewell's talents and services were held. In the Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Royal Society, and British Association for the Advancement of Science, he was no less distinguished; while his scientific and philosophic works gave him a European fame. After contributing various articles to reviews, Dr Whewell in 1833 published his Bridgewater Treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*—an able work, learned and eloquent, which has passed through seven editions. His next and his greatest work was his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, three volumes, 1837; which was followed in 1840 by *The Philosophy*

of the Inductive Sciences. Passing over various mathematical publications, we may notice, as indicating the versatility of Dr Whewell's talents, that in the year 1847 he published *Verse Translations from the German, English Hexameter Translations, and Sermons* preached in Trinity College Chapel. In 1853 he issued anonymously, *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay*. There was a common belief in the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, which was supported by Dr Chalmers in his *Astronomical Discourses*. Whewell, in his Essay (which is one of the cleverest of his works), opposed the popular belief, maintaining that the earth alone among stars and planets is the abode of intellectual, moral, and religious creatures. Sir David Brewster and others opposed this theory. Dr Whewell said the views he had committed to paper had been long in his mind, and the convictions they involved had gradually grown deeper. His friend, Sir James Stephen, thought the plurality of worlds was a doctrine which supplied consolation and comfort to a mind oppressed with the aspect of the sin and misery of the earth. But Whewell replied: 'To me the effect would be the contrary. I should have no consolation or comfort in thinking that our earth is selected as the especial abode of sin; and the consolation which revealed religion offers for this sin and misery is, not that there are other worlds in the stars sinless and happy, but that on the earth an atonement and reconciliation were effected. This doctrine gives a peculiar place to the earth in theology. It is, or has been, in a peculiar manner the scene of God's agency and presence. This was the view on which I worked.' In opposition to Dean Mansel, who held that a true knowledge of God is impossible for man, Dr Whewell said: 'If we cannot know anything about God, revelation is in vain. We cannot have anything revealed to us, if we have no power of seeing what is revealed. It is of no use to take away the veil, when we are blind. If, in consequence of our defect of sight, we cannot see God at all by the sun of nature, we cannot see Him by the lightning of Sinai, nor by the fire of Mount Carmel, nor by the star in the East, nor by the rising sun of the Resurrection. If we cannot know God, to what purpose is it that the Scriptures, Old and New, constantly exhort us to know Him, and represent to us the knowledge of Him as the great purpose of man's life, and the sole ground of his eternal hopes?'

Numerous works connected with moral philosophy were from time to time published by Whewell—as *Elements of Morality*, 1845; *Lectures on Systematic Morality*, 1846; *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England*, 1852; *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*, 1859–1861, &c. Various scientific memoirs, sermons, and miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse were thrown off by the indefatigable Master of Trinity, and perhaps, as Sir John Herschel said, 'a more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was never accumulated by any man.' The death of Dr Whewell was accidental. He was thrown from his horse on the 24th of February, and died on the 6th of March 1866. An account of the writings, with selections from the correspondence of Dr Whewell, was lately published by I. Todhunter, M.A., &c.

Wonders of the Universe.

The Book of Job comes down to us freighted apparently with no small portion of the knowledge of that early age; speaking to us not merely of flocks and herds, of wine and oil, of writings and judgments; but telling us also of ores and metals drawn from the recesses of the mountains—of gems and jewels of many names and from various countries; of constellations and their risings, and seasons, and influences. And above all, it comes tinged with a deep and contemplative spirit of observation of the wonders of the animate and inanimate creation. The rain and the dew, the ice and the hoar-frost, the lightning and the tempest, are noted as containing mysteries past men's finding out. Our awe and admiration are demanded for the care that provides for the lion and the ostrich after their natures; for the spirit that informs with fire and vigour the war-horse and the eagle; for the power that guides the huge behemoth and leviathan. . . .

Not only these connections and transitions, but the copiousness with which properties, as to us it seems, merely ornamental, are diffused through the creation, may well excite our wonder. Almost all have felt, as it were, a perplexity chastened by the sense of beauty, when they have thought of the myriads of fair and gorgeous objects that exist and perish without any eye to witness their glories—the flowers that are born to blush unseen in the wilderness—the gems, so wondrously fashioned, that stud the untrodden caverns—the living things with adornments of yet richer workmanship that, solitary and unknown, glitter and die. Nor is science without food for such feelings. At every step she discloses things and laws pregnant with unobtrusive splendour. She has unravelled the web of light in which all things are involved, and has found its texture even more wonderful and exquisite than she could have thought. This she has done in our own days—and these admirable properties the sunbeams had borne about with them since light was created, contented, as it were, with their unseen glories. What, then, shall we say? These forms, these appearances of pervading beauty, though we know not their end and meaning, still touch all thoughtful minds with a sense of hidden delight, a still and grateful admiration. They come over our meditations like strains and snatches of a sweet and distant symphony—sweet indeed, but to us distant and broken, and overpowered by the din of more earthly perceptions—caught but at intervals—eluding our attempts to learn it as a whole, but ever and anon returning on our ears, and elevating our thoughts of the fabric of this world. We might, indeed, well believe that this harmony breathes not for us alone—that it has nearer listeners—more delighted auditors. But even in us it raises no unworthy thoughts—even in us it impresses a conviction, indestructible by harsher voices, that far beyond all that we can know and conceive, the universe is full of symmetry and order and beauty and life.

Final Destiny of the Universe.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid *euthanasia* shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this godly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the mighty arm of its Omnipotent Maker. It shall expire in the throes

and agonies of some sudden and fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of their chaos, shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside, that they may no longer stand between His face and the creatures whom He shall come to judge.

BABBAGE—AIRY—HIND—NICHOL.

CHARLES BABBAGE (1792-1871) is popularly celebrated for his calculating-machine. But he was author of about eighty volumes, including his valuable work on the *Economy of Manufactures and Machinery*, 1833—a volume that has been translated into most foreign languages. Mr Babbage's most original work is one entitled *A Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, a most ingenious attempt to bring mathematics into the range of sciences which afford proof of Divine design in the constitution of the world. Mr Babbage was a native of Devonshire, and after attending the grammar-school at Totnes, was entered at Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree from Peterhouse College in 1814. It is said that Mr Babbage spent some thousands in perfecting his calculating-machine. It was presented, together with drawings illustrative of its operation, to King's College, London. For eleven years (1828-39) Mr Babbage held the appointment of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

The Astronomer-royal, SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY (born at Alwicks in 1801), has done valuable service by his lectures on experimental philosophy, and his published Observations. He is author of the treatise on Gravitation in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and of various lectures and communications in scientific journals. From the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh he has received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D., and in 1871 he was nominated a Companion (civil) of the Bath.

MR JOHN RUSSELL HIND, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*, has discovered ten small planets, for which the Astronomical Society awarded him their gold medal, and a pension of £200 a year has been granted to him by royal warrant. Any new discovery or observation is chronicled by Mr Hind in the *Times* newspaper, and his brief notes are always welcome. Mr Hind is a native of Nottingham, born in 1823. He is author of various astronomical treatises and contributions to scientific journals.

JOHN PRINGLE NICHOL (1804-1859) did much to popularise astronomy by various works at once ingenious and eloquent—as *Views of the Architecture of the Heavens*, 1837; *Contemplations on the Solar System*, 1844; *Thoughts on the System of the World*, 1848; *The Planet Neptune, an Exposition and History*, 1848; *The Stellar Universe*, 1848; *The Planetary System*, 1850. Mr Nichol was a native of Brechin, Forfarshire. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, was sometime Rector of Montrose Academy, and in 1836 was appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in Glasgow. The professor's son, JOHN NICHOL, B.A. Oxon., is Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the university of Glasgow. He is author of *Hannibal*, an historical drama, 1873, and other works, evincing literary and critical talent of a superior description.

ADAMS—GRANT—PROCTOR—LOCKYER.

The discoverer of the planet Neptune, MR JOHN COUCH ADAMS (born in 1816), is an instance of persevering original genius. He was intended by his father, a farmer near Bodmin, in Cornwall, to follow the paternal occupation, but was constantly absorbed in mathematical studies. He entered St John's College, became senior wrangler in 1843, was soon after elected to a Fellowship, and became one of the mathematical tutors of his college. In 1844 he sent to the Greenwich Observatory a paper on the subject of the discovery whence he derives his chief fame. Certain irregularities in the planet Uranus being unaccounted for, Mr Adams conceived that they might be occasioned by an undiscovered planet beyond it. He made experiments for this purpose; and at the same time a French astronomer, M. Le Verrier, had arrived at the same result, assigning the place of the disturbing planet to within one degree of that given by Mr Adams. The honour was thus divided, but both were independent discoverers. In 1858 Mr Adams was appointed Lowndean Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge.

A *History of Physical Astronomy*, 1852, by ROBERT GRANT, is a work of great research and completeness, bringing the history of astronomical progress down to 1852. In conjunction with Admiral Smyth, Mr Grant has translated Arago's *Popular Astronomy*, and he was conjoined with the Rev. B. Powell in translating Arago's *Eminent Men*, 1857. Mr Grant is a native of Grantown, Inverness-shire, born in 1814. In 1859, on the death of Professor Nichol, Mr Grant was appointed to the chair of Practical Astronomy in the university of Glasgow.

Two of our younger men of science, happily engaged in popularising astronomy, are RICHARD A. PROCTOR and JOSEPH NORMAN LOCKYER. The former (late scholar of St John's College, Cambridge, and King's College, London) is author of *Saturn and its System*, 1865; *The Expanse of Heaven* (a series of essays on the wonders of the firmament), *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, *Our Place among Infinities*, 1875; *Science Byways*, 1876; and a great number of other occasional short astronomical treatises. Mr Lockyer (born at Rugby in 1836) was in 1870 appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, and the same year he was chief of the English Government Eclipse Expedition to Sicily. In the following year he was elected Rede Lecturer to the university of Cambridge. Mr Lockyer is author of *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*, and of various interesting papers in the literary journals. He is editor of *Nature*, a weekly scientific periodical.

BADEN POWELL—PRICHARD.

The REV. BADEN POWELL (1796–1860), for some time Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford, was author of a *History of Natural Philosophy*, 1842; a series of three *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation*, 1855; a work entitled *The Order of Nature*, 1859; and an essay *On the Study and Evidences of Christianity*, 1860—a

treatise which formed a part of the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*. In some of these treatises, he discusses matters on the border-land between religion and science, and his opinions on miracles excited considerable controversy.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind, by DR JAMES C. PRICHARD (1785–1848), a work in five volumes, 1836–47, and *The Natural History of Man*, one volume, 1843, open up a subject of interest and importance. Dr Prichard's investigations tend to confirm the belief that 'man is one in species, and to render it highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair and a single locality on the earth.' He conceives that the negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race—an idea that contrasts curiously with Milton's poetical conception of Adam, his 'fair, large front,' and 'eye sublime,' and 'hyacinthine locks,' and of Eve with her 'unadorned golden tresses.' Dr Prichard rests his theory on the following grounds: (1) That in inferior species of animals any variations of colour are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; (2) That we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino among negroes, but never anything like the negro among Europeans; (3) That the dark races are better fitted by their organisation for the wild or natural state of life; and (4) That the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilisation have all kindred with the negro race. Of course, this conclusion must be conjectural: there is no possibility of arriving at any certainty on the subject.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, ETC.

This eminent metaphysician sustained for some years the fame of the Scottish colleges for the study of the human mind. He was a native of Glasgow, born March 8, 1788, son of Dr William Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany. He was of an old Presbyterian stock, the Hamiltons of Preston. A certain Sir William Hamilton was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1673, and dying without issue, he was succeeded by his brother, Sir Robert Hamilton, the leader—or rather misleader—of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. This baronet, after the Revolution of 1688, refused to acknowledge King William III., as being 'an uncovenanted sovereign.' He did not assume the baronetcy, but the Scottish philosopher in 1816 established his claim to the title which the conscientious, wrong-headed baronet refused, and became the twenty-fourth representative of the old name and house. William Hamilton studied at Glasgow University, and, like his townsman, J. G. Lockhart, obtained a presentation to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Snell exhibitioner. During his academic career, he was distinguished for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and for his indefatigable application as a student of ancient and modern literature. He afterwards studied law, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1813. In 1820 he was a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, vacant by the death of Dr Brown, but was defeated by the Tory candidate, Mr John Wilson, the famous 'Christopher North.' The state of the vote was twenty-one to eleven. Hamilton next year obtained the appointment of Professor of Civil History. In

1829 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* an article on Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie*, which seems to have been the first public general exhibition of his talent as a powerful thinker, and which was hailed by the metaphysicians of the day, British and foreign—then a very limited class—as a production of extraordinary ability. He wrote other articles for the Review—papers on phrenology (to which he was strenuously opposed), on perception, on the philosophers Reid and Brown, and on logic. These essays were collected and published under the title of *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform*, 1852. In 1836 Sir William was elected to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh, after a severe contest, in which the rival candidate was Isaac Taylor, author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and other works (*ante*, p. 684). The appointment rested with the town-council, and Sir William had a majority of four—eighteen members of council voting for him, and fourteen for Mr Taylor. His lectures were well attended, and he took much interest in his class. His writings, though limited in quantity, were influential, and according to Professor Veitch, the spring-time of a new life in Scottish speculation had begun. 'A more profound analysis, a more comprehensive spirit, a learning that had surveyed the philosophical literature of Greece and Germany, and marked the relative place in the intellectual world of the sturdy growths of home thought, were the characteristics of the man who had now espoused the cause of Scottish speculative philosophy.' Sir William Hamilton died May 6, 1856, at which time he had reached the age of sixty-eight. He was regarded as the most profound philosophical scholar of his day—a man of immense erudition and attainments. His principal works were, as we have said, contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, but he also edited the works of Dr Thomas Reid, 1846, adding preface, notes, and supplementary dissertations; and at the time of his death, was engaged on the works of Professor Dugald Stewart. He contemplated a memoir of Stewart, but did not live to accomplish the task. This, however, has since been done by one of his pupils, MR JOHN VEITCH, 1858. The most celebrated of Sir William Hamilton's essays are those against phrenology, on Cousin and the philosophy of the unconditioned, on perception, and on Whately and logic. 'His philosophy,' says a Scottish metaphysician in the *North British Review*, 'is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors who, in Hamilton's younger years, were exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favourite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German Ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His

whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the *Kritik of Pure Reason*, and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to shew that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel glorified in, and was employing as the ground-principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamilton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel, that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle.' To those who delight in 'the shadowy tribes of mind,' must be left the determination of these difficulties. The general reader will find many acute and suggestive remarks in Sir William's essays on education, logic, and the influence of mathematical studies. Against the latter, as a mental exercise, he waged incessant war. He defined philosophy to be the knowledge of effects and their causes, and he limited the term philosophy to the science of the mind, refusing the claim of mathematics and the physical sciences to the title. Lord Macaulay was as little disposed as Sir William to acknowledge the claim urged for mathematics, and Sir David Brewster, too, adopted the heresy.

The following is part of Sir William Hamilton's dicta :

On Mathematics.

Some knowledge of their object-matter and method is requisite to the philosopher; but their study should be followed out temperately, and with due caution. A mathematician in contingent matter is like an owl in daylight. Here, the wren pecks at the bird of Pallas, without anxiety for beak or talon; and there, the feeblest reasoner feels no inferiority to the strongest calculator. It is true, no doubt, that a power of mathematical and a power of philosophical, of general logic, may sometimes be combined; but the individual who unites both, reasons well out of necessary matter, from a still resisting vigour of intellect, and in spite, not in consequence, of his geometric or algebraic dexterity. He is naturally strong—not a mere cipherer, a mere demonstrator; and this is the explanation why Mr De Morgan, among other mathematicians, so often argues right. Still, had Mr De Morgan been less of a mathematician, he might have been more of a philosopher; and be it remembered that mathematics and dram-drinking tell, especially in the long-run. For a season, I admit Toby Philpot may be the champion of England; and Warburton testifies, 'It is a thing notorious that the oldest mathematician in England is the worst reasoner in it.'

Notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures were taken by students and shorthand reporters, and they have been published in four volumes, 1859–1861, edited by Professors Mansel and Veitch. The latter, in 1869, published a Memoir of Sir William, undertaken at the request of the family of the

deceased philosopher. Professor Veitch, in his summary of the character and aims of the subject of his interesting memoir, says :

'To the mastery and treatment of a subject, the essential preliminary with Sir William Hamilton was reading. He must know, in the first place, what had been thought and written by others on the point which he proposed to consider. In this respect he may be taken as the extreme contrast of many men who have given their attention to speculative questions. Hobbes, Locke, Brown—to say nothing of writers nearer the present time—were content with a very limited knowledge of the conclusions of others on the subjects which they discussed. Hamilton's writings shew how little he sympathised with men of the non-reading type—how he was even blinded, to some extent, to their proper merits—as in his references to Brown and Whately. In the universality of his reading, and knowledge of philosophical opinions, he is to be ranked above all those in Britain who have given their attention to speculative questions since the time of Bacon, with the exception, perhaps, of Cudworth. Dugald Stewart was probably his superior in acquaintance with general literature, but certainly far from his equal in philosophical learning. On the continent, the name which in this respect can be placed most fittingly alongside of Hamilton during the same period, is Leibnitz.

'Between Leibnitz and Hamilton, indeed, amid essential differences in their views of what is within the compass of legitimate speculation, there are several points of resemblance. The predominating interest of each lay in the pursuit of purely intellectual ideals and wide-reaching general laws, especially in the highest departments of metaphysics. Both were distinguished by rare acuteness, logical consecution, deductive habit of mind, and love of system. They were greater thinkers than observers; more at home among abstract conceptions than concrete realities. Both had a deep interest in the important intellectual and moral questions that open on the vision of thoughtful men in the highest practical sphere of all—the border-land of metaphysics and theology; both had the truest sympathy with the moral side of speculation. In each there was a firm conviction that our thoughts and feelings about the reality and nature of Deity, his relation to the world, human personality, freedom, responsibility, man's relation to the Divine, were to be vitalised, to receive a meaning and impulse, only from reflection on the ultimate nature and reach of human thought.'

The words on Sir William Hamilton's tombstone are striking: 'His aim was, by a pure philosophy, to teach that now we see through a glass darkly, now we know in part: his hope that in the time to come, he should see face to face, and know even as also he is known.'

Sir William's favourite study of logic has been well treated in *An Introduction to Logical Science*, by the late PROFESSOR SPALDING of St Andrews, which forms an excellent text-book as to the progress of the science, 1858. Mr Spalding was also author of *Italy and the Italians*, an historical and literary summary, 1845, and *The History of English Literature*, 1853, a very careful and ably written little manual. Professor Spalding died in 1859. Another Professor of St Andrews, JAMES

FERRIER (who possessed the chair of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy), published *Institutes of Metaphysics, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, 1854. He died in 1864, aged fifty-six.

DEAN MANSEL.

A distinguished metaphysician, the REV. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, was born in 1820, son of a clergyman of the same name, rector of Cotsgrove, in Northamptonshire. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St John's College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1839. He graduated B.A. in 1843. In 1855 he was appointed Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College, Oxford; and in 1858 he delivered the Bampton Lectures, which were published with the title of *The Limits of Religious Thought*, and occasioned considerable controversy, into which the Rev. T. D. Maurice entered. In 1859 Mr Mansel was appointed Waynflete Professor of Philosophy; in 1866, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; and in 1868, Dean of St Paul's. The published works of Mr Mansel are various. In his nonage he issued a volume of poems, *The Demons of the Wind*, &c., 1838. This flight of fancy was followed by his metaphysical and philosophical treatises: *Aldrich's Logic*, with notes, 1849; *Prolegomena Logica*, 1851; *Psychology*, a lecture, 1855; *Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*, 1856; the article *Metaphysics* in eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1857; the *Bampton Lectures*, 1858; *The Philosophy of the Conditioned*; comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and on Mr J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy, 1866. Mr Mansel was associated with Professor Veitch in editing Sir William Hamilton's lectures.

JOHN STUART MILL.

This philosophical author (son of the late historian of British India, *ante*, p. 336) has professed to supersede the Baconian principle of induction, without which, according to Reid, 'experience is as blind as a mole.' In 1846, Mr Mill published *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation*, two volumes. He was author, also, of *Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy*, 1844, and *The Principles of Political Economy*, two volumes, 1848. The metaphysical opinions of Mr Mill warped his judgment as to the Baconian system, but he expounds his views with clearness and candour, and is a profound as well as independent thinker. This was still further evinced in his work *On Liberty*, 1859, in which he describes and denounces that 'strong permanent leaven of intolerance which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country,' and which, he thinks, subjects society to an intolerable tyranny.

Social Intolerance.

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to

death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then—while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

On the Laws against Intemperance.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes; for prohibition of their sale is, in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the states which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or 'Alliance,' as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution,' undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me,' he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual to be

within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these—namely, acts and habits which are not social, but individual—although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says: 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights.' 'If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language; being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except, perhaps, to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them; for the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

The Limits of Government Interference.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical

part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employés of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name.

Mr Mill held the office long possessed by his father, that of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, India House. On the dissolution of the East India Company, 1859, he retired with a liberal provision, and, we may add, with universal respect. Subsequently he published *Considerations on Representative Government*, 1861; *Utilitarianism*, 1862; *Comte and Positivism*, and *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, 1865; *England and Ireland*, 1868; *The Subjection of Women*, 1869. Mr Mill was returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for Westminster, and retained his seat for about three years, from 1865 to 1868. As a politician, he acted with the Liberal party, but made little impression on the House or the country. He was aware, he said, of the weak points in democracy as well as in Conservatism, and was in favour of a plurality of votes annexed to education, not to property. His speeches on Ireland and the Irish Land Question were published. Mr Mill died at Avignon in 1873. Shortly after his death appeared his *Autobiography*, one of the most remarkable narratives in the language. He was trained by his father with extraordinary care. He had no recollection of beginning to learn Greek, and before he was eight years old he had read in

Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plato, and had devoured such English books as the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. 'My father,' he added, 'never permitted anything which I learned to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding not only go along with every step of the teaching, but, if possible, precede it.' The father had entirely given up religious belief. Though educated in the Scotch creed of Presbyterianism, he had come to reject not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion. Hence the son received no religious instruction. 'I grew up,' he says, 'in a negative state with regard to it: I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.' The result of this system of education and unbelief was not favourable. The elder Mill thought 'human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by;' and the son fell into a state of mental depression, the habit of analysis having worn away feeling and pleasure in the ordinary objects of human desire. He never seems to have possessed the vivacity and tenderness of youth; in his autobiography he does not once mention his mother. At length he became acquainted with a married lady, a Mrs Taylor, of whom he speaks in the most extravagant terms, comparing her to Shelley 'in her general spiritual characteristics as well as in temperament and organisation; but in thought and intellect the poet, he says, 'so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child to what she ultimately became.' This lady was to Mill an object of idolatry—a being that seemed to supply the want of religion and veneration. After twenty years of Platonic affection, and the death of Mr Taylor, she became the wife of the philosopher. He adds: 'For seven years and a half that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory.'

He survived her about fifteen years.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

The writings of SIR DAVID BREWSTER present a remarkable union of the man of science with the man of letters. The experimental philosopher is seldom a master of rhetoric; but Sir David, far beyond the appointed period of threescore-and-ten, was full of fancy and imagination, and had a copious and flowing style. This eminent man was a native of Jedburgh, born in 1781. His father was rector of the grammar-school of Jedburgh. David, his second son, was educated for the Scottish Church, was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and preached occasionally. He soon, however, devoted himself to science. In his twenty-fourth year he edited Ferguson's *Lectures on Astronomy*; and five years afterwards, in 1810, he commenced the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which was continued at intervals until 1828, when it had reached eighteen volumes. In 1813 he

published a treatise on *New Philosophical Instruments*, and he afterwards commenced the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. Among his other works are—*A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope*, 1818; *Notes to Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy*, 1822; *Euler's Lectures and Life*, 1823; a *Treatise on Optics*, 1831; *Letters on Natural Magic*, 1831; *The Martyrs of Science* (lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler); *Treatise on the Microscope*; *More Worlds than One*, 1854; &c. The contributions of Sir David Brewster to scientific and literary journals would fill at least a score of volumes. A list of his scientific papers extends to 315 in number, and he contributed 74 articles to the *North British Review*. His work, *More Worlds than One*, is a reply to the treatise ascribed to Professor Whewell, on the *Plurality of Worlds*. This subject had been fancifully treated by Fontenelle, and was a favourite source of speculation during the last century, but it is one evidently destitute of scientific proof. Inductive philosophy disowned it, and it belonged only to the region of speculation. Dr Chalmers conceived that there were strong analogies in favour of such an opinion, while Dr Whewell, on the other hand, laboured to reduce such analogies to their true value. We cannot materialise them, or conceive of beings differing from our own knowledge and experience. 'Truth and falsehood, right and wrong, law and transgression, happiness and misery, reward and punishment, are the necessary elements of all that can interest us—all of that we can call *government*. To transfer these to Jupiter or to Sirius, is merely to imagine those bodies to be a sort of island of Formoso, or New Atlantis, or Utopia, or Platonic polity, or something of the kind.' Sir David Brewster took the opposite side, maintaining that even the sun may be inhabited by beings having pursuits similar to those on earth. The following is part of his argument respecting another planet:

Is the Planet Jupiter Inhabited?

In studying this subject, persons who have only a superficial knowledge of astronomy, though firmly believing in a plurality of worlds, have felt the force of certain objections, or rather difficulties, which naturally present themselves to the inquirer. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is so great, that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists on the earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and its seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes—upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe *decreases* as we rise in the atmosphere and *approach* the sun, and it *increases* as we descend into the bowels of the earth and *go further* from the sun. In the *first* of these cases, the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the earth from a great height in a balloon, or from the summit of a lofty mountain is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and

maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe. These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays. Another difficulty has presented itself, though very unnecessarily, in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of *ten* hours has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labours of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labour; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside, as many of them have done, for years in the arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unusual, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates. A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would, it is imagined, be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies on its surface. The mass of Jupiter is 1230 times greater than that of the earth, so that if both planets consisted of the same kind of matter, a man weighing 150 pounds on the surface of the earth would weigh 150×1200 , or 180,000 pounds, at a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to the earth's radius. But as Jupiter's radius is *eleven* times greater than that of the earth, the weight of bodies on his surface will be diminished in the ratio of the square of his radius—that is, in the ratio of 11×11 , or 121 to 1. Consequently, if we divide 180,000 pounds by 121, we shall have 1487 pounds as the weight of a man of 150 pounds on the surface of Jupiter—that is, less than *ten* times his weight on the earth. But the matter of Jupiter is much lighter than the matter of our earth, in the ratio of 24 to 100, the numbers which represent the densities of the two planets, so that if we diminish 1487 pounds in the ratio of 24 to 100, or divide it by 4.17, we shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter, who weighs on the earth only 150 pounds—that is, only double his weight—a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist without inconvenience upon Jupiter; and plants, and trees, and buildings, such as occur on our own earth, could grow and stand secure in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.

A more recent astronomer, MR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, differs from Sir David Brewster as to the planet Jupiter. The careful study of the planets Jupiter and Saturn has shewn him, he says, that any theory regarding them as the abode of life—that is, of any kind of life in the least resembling the forms we are familiar with—is altogether untenable. In the case of Mars and Venus, he considers the theory of life at least plausible:

'Clearest evidence shews how our earth was once a fluid haze of light, and how for countless æons afterwards her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amidst which no form of life could be

conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present. Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth.'

Jupiter he considers to be in this burning state. We see that his whole surface is enwrapped in cloud-layers of enormous depth, and undergoing changes which imply an intense activity, or in other words, an intense heat throughout his whole mass. He is as yet far from the life-bearing state of planetary existence; ages must elapse before life can be possible. Mars, on the other hand, is at a later stage of its existence, far on its way towards the same state of decrepitude as the moon.* Of course, no certainty can be attained as to the supposed plurality of worlds. We have only 'thoughts that wander through eternity.'

More popular than any of Sir David Brewster's writings was the instrument named the kaleidoscope, invented by Brewster in the year 1816. 'This beautiful little toy, with its marvellous witcheries of light and colour, spread over Europe and America with a *furor* which is now scarcely credible. Although he took out a patent, yet, as it often has happened in this country, the invention was quickly pirated.'† Sir David received the honour of knighthood in 1831. He continued his studies and experiments, with scarcely a day's interruption, until his eighty-sixth year. A few days before his death Sir James Simpson, the eminent physician, expressed a hope that he might yet rally. 'Why, Sir James, should you hope that?' he said, with much animation. 'The machine has worked for above eighty years, and it is worn out. Life has been very bright to me, and now there is the brightness beyond.' He died February 10, 1867, and was interred in the cathedral burying-ground at Melrose.

Bacon and Newton.

In the economy of her distributions, nature is seldom thus lavish of her intellectual gifts. The inspired genius which creates is rarely conferred along with the matured judgment which combines, and yet without the exertion of both, the fabric of human wisdom could never have been reared. Though a ray from heaven kindled the vestal fire, yet a humble priesthood was required to keep alive the flame.

The method of investigating truth by observation and experiment, so successfully pursued in the *Principia*, has been ascribed by some modern writers of great celebrity to Lord Bacon; and Sir Isaac Newton is represented as having owed all his discoveries to the application of the principles of that distinguished writer. One of the greatest admirers of Lord Bacon has gone so far as to characterise him as a man who has had no rival in the times which are past, and as likely to have none in those which are to come. In a eulogy so overstrained as this, we feel that the language of panegyric has passed into that of idolatry; and we are desirous of weighing the force of arguments which tend to depose Newton from

the high-priesthood of nature, and to unsettle the proud destinies of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.

That Bacon was a man of powerful genius, and endowed with varied and profound talent—the most skilful logician, the most nervous and eloquent writer of the age which he adorned—are points which have been established by universal suffrage. The study of ancient systems had early impressed him with the conviction that experiment and observation were the only sure guides in physical inquiries; and, ignorant though he was of the methods, the principles, and the details of the mathematical sciences, his ambition prompted him to aim at the construction of an artificial system by which the laws of nature might be investigated, and which might direct the inquiries of philosophers in every future age. The necessity of experimental research, and of advancing gradually from the study of facts to the determination of their cause, though the groundwork of Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only inculcated but successfully followed by preceding philosophers. In a letter from Tycho Brahe to Kepler, this industrious astronomer urges his pupil 'to lay a solid foundation for his views by actual observation, and then by ascending from these to strive to reach the causes of things;' and it was no doubt under the influence of this advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Copernicus, who preceded Bacon by more than a century, were all founded upon the most legitimate induction. Dr Gilbert had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet the most perfect specimen of physical research. Leonardo da Vinci had described in the clearest manner the proper method of philosophical investigation; and the whole scientific career of Galileo was one continued example of the most sagacious application of observation and experiment to the discovery of general laws. The names of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and Cardan have been ranged in opposition to this constellation of great names, and while it is admitted that even they had thrown off the yoke of the schools, and had succeeded in experimental research, their credulity and their pretensions have been adduced as a proof that to the 'bulk of philosophers' the method of induction was unknown. The fault of this argument consists in the conclusion being infinitely more general than the fact. The errors of these men were not founded on their ignorance, but on their presumption. They wanted the patience of philosophy and not her methods. An excess of vanity, a waywardness of fancy, and an insatiable appetite for that species of passing fame which is derived from eccentricity of opinion, moulded the reasonings and disfigured the writings of these ingenious men; and it can scarcely admit of a doubt, that had they lived in the present age, their philosophical character would have received the same impress from the peculiarity of their tempers and dispositions. This is an experiment, however, which cannot now be made; but the history of modern science supplies the defect, and the experience of every man furnishes a proof that in the present age there are many philosophers of elevated talents and inventive genius who are as impatient of experimental research as Paracelsus, as fanciful as Cardan, and as presumptuous as Van Helmont.

Having thus shewn that the distinguished philosophers who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters both of the principles and practice of inductive research, it becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the philosophers who succeeded him acknowledged any obligation to his system, or derived the slightest advantage from his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to which modern science owes its existence, we shall find its cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the richest incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose generous labours conducted them to immortality. No such testimonies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hundred years have gone by, teeming with the richest fruits of

* *Science Byways* (London, 1876), an interesting volume of essays on scientific subjects popularly treated.

† *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, 1869.

human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the alleged legislator of science. Even Newton, who was born and educated after the publication of the *Nocturn Organon*, never mentions the name of Bacon or his system, and the amiable and indefatigable Boyle treated him with the same disrespectful silence. When we are told, therefore, that Newton owed all his discoveries to the method of Bacon, nothing more can be meant than that he proceeded in that path of observation and experiment which had been so warmly recommended in the *Nocturn Organon*; but it ought to have been added, that the same method was practised by his predecessors—that Newton possessed no secret that was not used by Galileo and Copernicus—and that he would have enriched science with the same splendid discoveries if the name and the writings of Bacon had never been heard of.

Lord Macaulay's epitaph on an English Jacobite (see page 429 of this volume) was much admired by Sir David Brewster, but he was dissatisfied with the want of Christian resignation expressed in it, and he wrote the following imitation—not much inferior to Macaulay.

Epitaph on a Scotch Jacobite.

To Scotland's king I knelt in homage true,
My heart—my all I gave—my sword I drew;
For him I trod Culloden's bloody plain,
And lost the name of father 'mongst its slain.
Chased from my hearth I reached a foreign shore,
My native mountains to behold no more—
No more to listen to Tweed's silver stream—
No more among its glades to love and dream,
Save when in sleep the restless spirit roams
Where Melrose crumbles, and where Gala foams
To that bright fane where plighted vows were paid,
Or that dark aisle where all I loved was laid;
And yet methought I've heard 'neath Terni's walls
The fevered pulse of Foyers' wilder falls,
Or seen in Tiber's wave my Leader flow,
And heard the southern breeze from Eildon blow.
Childless and widowed on Albano's shore,
I roamed an exile till life's dream was o'er—
Till God, whose trials blessed my wayward lot,
Gave me the rest—the early grave—I sought:
Shewed me, o'er death's dark vale, the strifeless shore,
With wife, and child, and king, to part no more.
O patriot wanderer, mark this ivied stone,
Learn from its story what may be thine own:
Should tyrants chase thee from thy hills of blue,
And sever all the ties to nature true,
The broken heart may heal in life's last hour
When hope shall still its throbs, and faith exert her
power.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

In electricity and magnetism valuable discoveries were made by MICHAEL FARADAY (1791–1867), a native of Newington, in Surrey, the son of a poor blacksmith, who could only give his son the bare rudiments of education. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and early began to make experiments in chemistry and electricity. He had attended Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, and taken notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' Through Davy's exertions he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813. In 1824 he was admitted a member of the Royal Society. In 1831, the first series of his *Experimental Researches in Electricity* was read

before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1836, and afterwards published separately in four volumes. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, which were highly popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations. His publications on physical science are numerous. In 1833 a pension was conferred on Faraday. At first, it is said, Lord Melbourne, then premier, denounced all such scientific pensions as humbug, upon which Faraday wrote to him: 'I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your lordship so pithily applied to it.' Lord Melbourne explained, and the pension was granted. Faraday was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, of strong religious feeling* and unassuming manners. His *Life and Letters*, by Dr Bence Jones, two volumes, 1869, and *Faraday as a Discoverer*, by Mr Tyndall, are interesting works. The latter considers Faraday to have been the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen, and he describes his principal discoveries under four distinct heads or groups—magneto-electric induction, the chemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' says Tyndall, 'I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains—high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Faraday used to say that it required twenty years of work to make a man in physical science; the previous period being one of *infancy*. When lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday, as Professor Tyndall tells us, thus expressed himself with reference to the question of utility: 'Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?"' Dr Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful."

From 'Chemical History of a Candle.'

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, com-

* He was of the small sect called Sandemanians, who endeavour to keep up the simple forms and unworldliness of the primitive Christians, with certain views concerning saving faith and charity.

bines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place : we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion ; the proportions in sugar being as shewn in this table :

Carbon.....	72
Hydrogen.....	11
Oxygen.....	88
	99

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water ; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles ; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar ; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. (The Lecturer mixed the two together.) You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere ; and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid ! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration ! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration ! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid ; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go ? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I shewed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen ? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it ? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that

grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water ; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN.

This distinguished mathematician and teacher (1806-1871) was born at Madura, in Southern India, son of Colonel De Morgan of the Madras army. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied for the bar, but in 1828 was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of London. Professor De Morgan contributed largely to the *Penny Cyclopadia*, *Notes and Queries*, *Athenæum*, &c. Among his works are—*Elements of Arithmetic*, 1830 ; *Elements of Algebra*, 1835 ; *Elements of Trigonometry*, 1837 ; *Essay on Probabilities*, 1838 ; *Formal Logic*, 1847 ; &c. In 1858 Professor de Morgan contributed to *Notes and Queries* some clever and amusing strictures on Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, an extract from which we subjoin :

Dean Swift and the Mathematicians.

Swift's satire is of course directed at the mathematicians of his own day. His first attack upon them is contained in the description of the flappers, by which the absorbed philosophers were recalled to common life when it was necessary. Now there is no proof that, in Swift's time or in any time, the mathematician, however capable of withdrawing his thoughts while actually engaged in study, was apt to wander into mathematics while employed in other business. No such thing is recorded even of Newton, a man of uncommon power of concentration. The truth I believe to be, that the power of bringing the whole man to bear on one subject which is fostered by mathematical study, is a power which can be, and is, brought into action on any other subject : so that a person used to mathematical thought is deep in the concern of the moment, *totus in illo*, more than another person ; that is, less likely to wander from the matter in hand.

Swift's technical knowledge is of a poor kind. According to him, beef and mutton were served up in the shapes of equilateral triangles, rhomboids, and cycloids. This beats the waiter who could cover Vauxhall Gardens with a ham. These plane figures have no thickness : and I defy all your readers to produce a mathematician who would be content with mutton of two dimensions. As to the bread, which appeared in cones, cylinders, and parallelograms, the mathematicians would take the cones and cylinders for themselves, and leave the parallelograms for Swift.

The tailor takes Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, then measures all the dimensions of his body by rule and compass, and brings home the clothes all out of shape, by mistaking a figure in the calculation. Now, first, Swift imagines that the altitude taken by a quadrant is a length, whereas it is an angle. It is awkward satire to represent the mathematician as using the quadrant to determine an accessible distance. Next, what mathematician would use calculation when he had all his results on paper, obtained by rule and compass ? Had Swift lived in our day, he would have made the tailor measure the length of Gulliver's little finger, and then set up the whole body by calculation, just as Cuvier or Owen would set up some *therium* or *saurus* with no datum except the end of a toe.

Is not Professor de Morgan somewhat hypercritical ? When Swift used those mathematical terms, we may believe he did so in mere sportiveness, and that he did not, in the shapes of his beef

and mutton, ignorantly exclude substance. When he says there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, it seems to us that the whole fun lay in the choice of that figure. He means a pyramid, each face of which is an equilateral triangle. There is, or used to be, in the confectioners' shops a certain comfit known as a triangular puff, which the children would care little for if it had no substance! So when the satirist talks of cutting a piece of beef into a rhomboid, it is into a rhomboidal form, as we have rhomboidal crystals, rhomboidal leaves in plants, and so on: the meat is not annihilated, into whatever surface figure you cut it. The story of the tailor who took Gulliver's measure by a quadrant, refers, we believe, to a blunder made by Sir Isaac Newton's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an enormous amount.

DR ALEXANDER BAIN.

Treatises on *The Senses and the Intellect*, 1855; *The Emotions and the Will*, 1859; *Mental and Moral Science*, 1868; and *Logic, Deductive and Inductive*, have been published by DR BAIN, Professor of Logic in the university of Aberdeen. These are able works, and Professor Bain has written various text-books on astronomy, electricity, meteorology, grammar, &c. The professor is a native of Aberdeen, born in 1818; in 1845 he was appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian University, Glasgow. In the latest work of Dr Bain's we have seen, *Mind and Body: the Theories on their Relation*, 1873, he gives an account of the various theories of the soul, and the general laws of alliance of mind and body.

'The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity: they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a *double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case. We are to deal with this, as in the language of the Athanasian creed, not confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. The mind is destined to be a double study—to conjoin the mental philosopher with the physical philosopher; and the momentary glimpse of Aristotle is at last converted into a clear and steady vision.'

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

This eminent engineer, son of George Stephenson, was born at Willington, December 16, 1803. He was educated partly at the university of Edinburgh, and early displayed a decided inclination for mechanics and science. He laboured successfully to bring the railway locomotive to its present perfection. To his genius and perseverance, aided by the practical knowledge of Mr (afterwards Sir William Fairbairn), we also owe the principle of the tubular bridge, characterised as 'the greatest discovery in construction in our day.' At the Menai Strait, two spans of four hundred and sixty feet in width are spaced by these iron tubes. The high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, the viaduct (supposed to be the largest in the

world) over the Tweed valley at Berwick, and the Victoria tubular bridge over the St Lawrence, near Montreal, are among the most celebrated of Mr Stephenson's works. He was also largely engaged in foreign railways. Like his father, he declined the honour of knighthood. Mr Stephenson was author of a work *On the Locomotive Steam-engine*, and another *On the Atmospheric Railway System*. He died October 12, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is worth noting, that as Lardner predicted that no steam-vessel could cross the Atlantic, Stephenson considered that the Suez Canal was an impossibility. 'I have surveyed the line; I have travelled the whole distance on foot; and I declare there is no fall between the two seas. A canal is impossible; the thing would be only a ditch!'

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

Some valuable works on the use of iron and engineering operations have been published by SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, Bart. Among these are *Mills and Mill-work*; *Iron, its History and Manufacture*; *Application of Iron to Building Purposes*; *Iron Ship-building*; &c. Sir William was a native of Kelso, Roxburghshire, born in 1789. He was long established in Manchester, and engaged in various public works. In the construction of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, he was of great service to the engineer, Mr Robert Stephenson, and has drawn up *Useful Information for Engineers*, as to the strength of iron, iron ship-building, the collapse of tubes, &c. This eminent engineer was chiefly self-taught. He died August 18, 1874.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

In the application of electricity to the arts, CHARLES WHEATSTONE—born at Gloucester in 1802—has been highly distinguished. The idea of the electric telegraph had been propounded in the last century, but it was not practically realised until the year 1837. The three independent inventors are Mr Morse of the United States, M. Steinheil of Munich, and Mr Wheatstone. Of these, the last has shewn the greatest perseverance and skill in overcoming difficulties. To Wheatstone we also owe the invention of the stereoscope—that beautiful accompaniment to art and nature. Professor Forbes says: 'Although Mr Wheatstone's paper was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1838, and the stereoscope became at that time known to men of science, it by no means attracted for a good many years the attention which it deserves. It is only since it received a convenient alteration of form—due, I believe, to Sir David Brewster—by the substitution of lenses for mirrors, that it has become the popular instrument which we now see it, but it is not more suggestive than it always was of the wonderful adaptations of the sense of sight.' The electric telegraph, however, is the great source of Wheatstone's fame; and the late President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, on presenting him with the Society's medal in 1840, said the honour had been conferred 'for the science and ingenuity by which Professor Wheatstone had measured electrical velocity, and by which he had also turned his acquaintance with galvanism

to the most important practical purposes.' His services to science were further acknowledged by Her Majesty conferring upon him the honour of knighthood (1868), and the university of Edinburgh awarding him the honorary degree of LL.D.

DR BUCKLAND—SIR CHARLES LYELL, ETC.

Geology has had a host of discoverers and illustrators. One of the earliest of English geologists was MR WILLIAM SMITH, who published his *Tabular View of the British Strata* in 1790, and constructed a geological map of England in 1815. He had explored the whole country on foot. The first of the prize-medals of the Geological Society was awarded to that gentleman in 1831, 'in consideration,' as stated, 'of his being a great original discoverer in English geology, and especially for his having been the first in this country to discover and to teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession by means of their imbedded fossils.'*

The REV. DR BUCKLAND (1784-1856), by his *Vindiciæ Geologicae*, 1820, and *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, 1823, and by various contributions to the Geological Society, awakened public interest to the claims of this science, although he advocated the old hypothesis of the universality of the deluge, which he abandoned in his *Bridgewater Treatise* of 1836. His *Geology and Mineralogy* was reprinted in 1853, with additions by Professors Owen and Phillips, and a memoir of the author by his son, Mr Francis T. Buckland. The indomitable energy of Buckland, in pursuing his researches and collecting specimens of organic remains, is brought out fully in this memoir, with an account of his exertions to procure the endowment of a Readership in Geology at Oxford, which he accomplished in 1819. His invaluable museum he bequeathed to the university. It may be noted, also, that the glacial theory, illustrated by Agassiz and Professor James Forbes, was first promulgated by Dr Buckland, who travelled over the north of England and the wilds of Scotland for proofs of glacial action. Sir Robert Peel rewarded the labours of this ardent man of science by procuring his appointment to the deanery of Westminster. In its now revised and improved form, with additional plates of organic remains, Buckland's *Geology and Mineralogy* is the best general work on this interesting study. Previous to its first publication, Mr, afterwards SIR CHARLES LYELL, had published *Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface by a Reference to Causes now in Operation*, two volumes, 1830-32. Additions and corrections have been made from time to time, and the eighth edition of the *Principles*, entirely revised, 1850, is a very complete and in-

teresting work. But though introducing recent facts, Sir Charles still adhered to his original theory, that the forces now operating upon and beneath the earth's surface, are the same both in kind and degree with those which, at remote epochs, have worked out geological revolutions; or, in other words, that we may dispense with sudden, violent, and general catastrophes, and regard the ancient and present fluctuations of the organic and inorganic world as belonging to one continuous and uniform series of events. In 1838 Sir Charles published his *Elements of Geology*, since enlarged to two volumes. He is author also of *Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia*, two volumes, 1845; and *Second Visit to the United States of America* in 1845, two volumes, 1849. These are agreeable as well as instructive volumes, for Sir Charles was an accomplished literary artist, without betraying art in his composition. This eminent geologist was a native of the county of Forfar, born November 14, 1797, son of a Scottish landed proprietor of the same name. He was created a baronet in 1864; and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford. His great work, *The Principles of Geology*, first elevated geology to the dignity of a science, and his latest important work on the *Antiquity of Man*, 1863, has also had great influence on the thought and speculation of the present generation. Sir Charles died 22d January 1875, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Geology compared to History.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back into the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some battle has influenced the fate of millions of our contemporaries, when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the population. With this remote event, we may find inseparably connected the geographical boundaries of a great state, the language now spoken by the inhabitants, their peculiar manners, laws, and religious opinions. But far more astonishing and unexpected are the connections brought to light, when we carry back our researches into the history of nature. The form of a coast, the configuration of the interior of a country, the existence and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can often be traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed. To these remote convulsions, the present fertility of some districts, the sterile character of others, the elevation of land above the sea, the climate, and various peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the other hand, many distinguishing features of the surface may often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote era, of slow and tranquil causes—to the gradual deposition of sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the prolific increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example; we find in certain localities subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vegetable matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These seas and lakes have since been filled up; the lands whereon the forests grew have disappeared or changed their form; the rivers and currents which floated the vegetable masses can no longer be traced; and the plants belonged to species which for ages have passed away from the surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosperity and numerical strength of a nation may now be mainly dependent on the local distribution of fuel determined by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the physical sciences, as history is to the moral. A historian should, if possible, be at once profoundly acquainted with ethics,

* This, however, had been clearly indicated more than a century before by the mathematician and natural philosopher, DR ROBERT HOOKE (1635-1703). In a lecture dated 1688, and published in Hooke's posthumous works, there occurs this striking prophetic passage: 'However trivial a thing a rotten shell may appear to some, yet these monuments of nature are more certain tokens of antiquity than coins or medals, since the best of those may be counterfeited or made by art and design; . . . and though it must be granted that it is very difficult to read them—the records of nature—and to raise a chronology out of them, and to state the intervals of time wherein such or such catastrophe and mutations have happened, yet it is not impossible.—See Lyell's *Principles*, vol. i., in which the history of geological science is traced. Also Conybeare's *Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales*.

politics, jurisprudence, the military art, theology; in a word, with all branches of knowledge by which any insight into human affairs, or into the moral and intellectual nature of man, can be obtained. It would be no less desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoology, comparative anatomy, botany; in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments, the historian and geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the various monuments transmitted to them of former occurrences. They would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referrible, and they would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of any individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.

The analogy, however, of the monuments consulted in geology, and those available in history, extends no further than to one class of historical monuments—those which may be said to be *undesignedly* commemorative of former events. The canoes, for example, and stone hatchets found in our peat-bogs, afford an insight into the rude arts and manners of the earliest inhabitants of our island; the buried coin fixes the date of the reign of some Roman emperor; and the ancient encampment indicates the districts once occupied by invading armies, and the former method of constructing military defences; the Egyptian mummies throw light on the art of embalming, the rites of sepulture, or the average stature of the human race in ancient Egypt. This class of memorials yields to no other in authenticity, but it constitutes a small part only of the resources on which the historian relies, whereas in geology it forms the only kind of evidence which is at our command. For this reason we must not expect to obtain a full and connected account of any series of events beyond the reach of history. But the testimony of geological monuments, if frequently imperfect, possesses at least the advantage of being free from all suspicion of misrepresentation. We may be deceived in the inferences which we draw, in the same manner as we often mistake the nature and import of phenomena observed in the daily course of nature, but our liability to err is confined to the interpretation, and, if this be correct, our information is certain.

The Great Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755.

In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November 1755 at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard underground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as it were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which are supposed to have been electric; they are also said to have smoked; but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of

a new quay, built entirely of marble at an immense expense. A great concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subterranean hollow, which would cause a 'fault' in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet, or we may infer, as some have done, from the entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis, we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants, to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, were swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude $36^{\circ} 24' N.$, between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt.

The agitation of lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier, in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast; at Funchal, in Madeira, it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other seaports in the island. At Kinsale, in Ireland, a body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place.

It was before stated that the sea first retired at Lisbon; and this retreat of the ocean from the shore

at the commencement of an earthquake, and its subsequent return in a violent wave, is a common occurrence. In order to account for the phenomenon, Michell imagined a subsidence at the bottom of the sea from the giving way of the roof of some cavity, in consequence of a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Such condensation, he observes, might be the first effect of the introduction of a large body of water into fissures and cavities already filled with steam, before there had been sufficient time for the heat of the incandescent lava to turn so large a supply of water into steam, which, being soon accomplished, causes a greater explosion.

Geological *Notes and Sections* were published in 1830 by SIR HENRY THOMAS DE LA BECHE (1796–1855), and in 1832 a *Manual of Geology*. But his most valuable work is *How to Observe: Geology*, 1835. In 1851 Sir Henry published another work of the same kind, *The Geological Observer*. DR GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL (1788–1852), an English physician, in 1832 published *The Fossils of the South Downs*, which appeared simultaneously with the great work of Cuvier and Brongniart on the Geology of the Environs of Paris, and described also many of the organic remains of the chalk. Dr Mantell was the original demonstrator of the fresh-water origin of the mass of Wealden beds, and the discoverer of the monster reptile *Iguanodon*, and other colossal allies. This eminent palæontologist was author of two popular works—*The Medals of Creation*, and *The Wonders of Geology*. DR JOHN PYE SMITH (1774–1857), in his work *On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science*, 1839, and the distinguished American geologist, DR EDWARD HITCHCOCK, in his *Elementary Geology*, 1841, anticipated the views of Hugh Miller and others as to the interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation and deluge—the latter being local, not universal. With respect to the deluge, Dr Pye Smith forcibly remarks: ‘All land-animals having their geographical regions, to which their constitutional natures are congenial—many of them being unable to live in any other situation—we cannot represent to ourselves the idea of their being brought into one small spot from the polar regions, the torrid zone, and all the other climates of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, Australia and the thousands of islands—their preservation and provision, and the final disposal of them—without bringing up the idea of miracles more stupendous than any that are recorded in Scripture.’

The REV. DR HENRY DUNCAN (1774–1846) of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, is known as the founder of savings-banks in this country, and he was the first to discover the footprints of animals, supposed to be tortoises, on sandstone rocks in a quarry in Dumfriesshire. Dr Buckland, who followed up the search for fossil remains with so much ardour, beautifully remarks of these ‘footsteps before the flood.’ ‘The historian may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our

infant planet, have left memorials of their passage enduring and indelible.’

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON simplified and extended the science of geology, and proved one of its most indefatigable explorers. In the districts of Hereford, Radnor, and Shropshire, large masses of gray-coloured strata rise out from beneath the Old Red Sandstone; and these rocks contain fossils differing from any which were known in the upper deposits. Sir Roderick began to classify these rocks, and after four years’ labour, he assigned to them (1835) the name of the Silurian System, as occupying the ancient Roman province of Siluria. ‘Having first, in the year 1833,’ says Sir Roderick, ‘separated these deposits into four formations, and shewn that each is characterised by peculiar organic remains, I next divided them (1834–35) into a lower and upper group, both of which, I hoped, would be found applicable to wide regions of the earth. After eight years of labour in the field and the closet, the proofs of the truth of these views were more fully published in the work entitled *The Silurian System*, 1839.’ A further explanation of this system, embodying later researches, was published by the author in 1854, entitled *Siluria, the History of the Oldest Known Rocks containing Organic Remains*.

The Lower Silurian Rocks.

The geologist appeals to the book of nature, where its leaves have undergone no great alteration. He sees before him an enormous pile or series of early subaqueous sediment originally composed of mud, sand, or pebbles, the successive bottoms of a former sea, all of which have been derived from pre-existing rocks; and in these lower beds, even where they are little altered, he can detect no remains of former creatures. But lying upon them, and therefore evolved after, other strata succeed, in which some few relics of a primeval ocean are discernible, and these again are everywhere succeeded by newer deposits in which many fossils occur. In this way evidences have been fairly obtained, to shew that the sediments which underlie the strata containing the lowest fossil remains constitute, in all countries which have been examined, the natural base or bottom rocks of the deposits termed Silurian.

In France, Germany, Spain, and the Mediterranean, in Scandinavia and Russia, the same basis has been found for higher fossiliferous rocks. Many years were spent by Sir Roderick, accompanied part of the time by Professor Sedgwick, in Russia and other countries in geologic explorations; and in 1846 he published *The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains*, in which he was assisted by E. de Verneuil and Count A. von Keyserling. Sir Roderick is author of about a hundred separate memoirs, presented to scientific societies, and he had the merit of pointing out the important fact that gold must exist in Australia. This was in 1844, after inspecting some specimens of Australian rocks brought to this country by Count Stroleccki, and comparing them with those of the auriferous Ural Mountains with which he was personally well acquainted. His observations were printed the same year (1844) in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society. Two years afterwards, at a geological

meeting in Penzance, Sir Roderick urged the superabundant Cornish tin-miners to emigrate to the colony of New South Wales, and there obtain gold from the alluvial soil in the same manner as they extracted tin from the gravel of their native country. Again, in the year 1846, when some specimens of Australian gold ore were sent to him, he addressed a letter to Earl Grey, then secretary for the colonies, stating his views as to the existence of rich gold-fields in the colony.* Sir Roderick also predicted (1854) that 'the present large flow of gold into Europe from those tracts will begin to diminish within a comparatively short period'—a result of which we have as yet no indication.

The Relative Value of Gold and Silver.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver—a fear which may have seized upon the minds of some of my readers—is unwarranted by the data registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, by far the most restricted—in its native distribution—of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downwards into the bowels of the rocks, as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come; and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulty of subterranean mining. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver, procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors, will prove more than sufficient to meet the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for a geologist; and I would simply say, that Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative value of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one and the superficial distribution of the other: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver. . . The earth hath dust of gold.'

Sir Roderick Murchison was by birth a Scottish Highlander, born at Tarradale, Ross-shire—of which his father, Dr Murchison, was proprietor—in 1792. He served from 1807 to 1816 in the army, latterly as captain in the 6th Dragoons. He was knighted in 1846, and the emperor of Russia conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St Stanislaus, with other marks of distinction. He was some years Secretary to the Royal Geological Society, and twice elected president. He was also President of the Geographical Society, occupying the chair until a short time before his death. He took the liveliest interest in all geographical discoveries, and his annual addresses to the society were full of information and interesting facts. A baronetcy was conferred upon Sir Roderick in 1866. He died October 22, 1870. A copious life of Sir Roderick was published by his friend Professor Geikie, two volumes, 1875, from which we give two short extracts:

Hint to Geologists.

If it be true, as Bacon asserted, that 'writing maketh an exact man,' it is no less true that mapping makes an exact geologist. Without this kind of training, it is not

easy to grasp accurately the details of geological structure, and hence the literature of the science is sadly overloaded with papers and books which, had their authors enjoyed this preliminary discipline, would either not have been written, or would at least have been more worthy of perusal. Murchison wisely resolved not to trust merely to eye and memory, but to record what he saw as accurately as he could upon maps. And there can be no doubt that by so doing he gave his work a precision and harmony which it could never have otherwise possessed, and that, even though still falling into some errors, he was enabled to get a firmer hold of the structure of the country which he had resolved to master than he could have obtained in any other way. For, to make his maps complete, he was driven to look into all manner of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, with which, but for that necessity, he might have been little likely to make acquaintance. It often happens that in such half-hidden places—the course of a mountain torrent, the bottom of a tree-shaded ravine, the gully cut by the frosts and rains of centuries from the face of a lonely hill-side—lies the key to the geological structure of the neighbourhood. In pursuit of his quest, therefore, the geologist is driven to double back to and fro over tracts never trodden perhaps by the ordinary tourist, but is many a time amply recompensed by the unexpected insight which this circuitous journeying gives him into the less obtrusive beauties of the landscape.

Proposed Purchase of the Island of Staffa.

Among the miscellaneous correspondence which the President of the Geological Society carried on, was one regarding a proposed purchase of the island of Staffa. It was represented urgently to Murchison that as the island was likely to come into the market, no more fitting purchaser could be found than the Geological Society of London, and that in the hands of that learned body it would remain as a perpetual monument consecrated to the progress of science. It is needless to say that this project never took shape. There is little sympathy in Britain with any such fanciful notions regarding the acquirement of places of great natural interest by the State or learned societies for the good of the country, and in the cause of scientific progress. Fortunately that fairy isle is too small and too barren to warrant the cost of protecting walls and notices to trespassers, and its wonders are of too solid and enduring a nature to be liable to effacement by the ruthless curiosity of the British tourist. And so it stands amid the lone sea, open to all comers, lifting its little carpet of bright green above the waves which have tunneled its pillared cliffs, and which are ceaselessly destroying and renewing the beauty of the sculpture they have revealed.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

The REV. ADAM SEDGWICK endeavoured to substantiate a lower and still older section of rocks than the Silurian—a slaty formation, in part fossiliferous, and of enormous thickness. He applies to this the term 'Cambrian.' The system has, however, met with a dubious acceptance, Sir Roderick Murchison contending that the Cambrian rocks are not inferior in position to the lowest stratified rocks of his Silurian region of Shropshire and the adjacent parts of Montgomeryshire, but are merely extensions of the same strata. Mr Sedgwick was born at Dent, Yorkshire, about the year 1787; in 1809 he was admitted to a Fellowship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1818 was appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology. He is author of *A Synopsis of the Classification of the British Palaeozoic Rocks, &c.*, two volumes, quarto, and *A Discourse on the*

* Hargrave's *Australia and its Gold-fields*, 1855.

Studies of the University of Cambridge, 1850, which was directed against the utilitarian theory of morals, as not merely false in reasoning, but as producing a degrading effect on the temper and conduct of those who adopt it. Professor Sedgwick closed his honoured life at Cambridge in 1873.

PROFESSOR OWEN.

RICHARD OWEN, the great naturalist and anatomist, was, like his contemporary, Professor Whewell, a native of Lancaster. When a mere boy, he was put to sea as a midshipman, but his nautical career was a very brief one. In his twentieth year we find him at Edinburgh University, and in the year following he was a student at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He became a member of the College of Surgeons, but his professional prospects were so discouraging that he resolved on re-entering the navy. He was dissuaded from this step by Abernethy, the famous surgeon—rough, kind-hearted, and eccentric—and Abernethy procured for him the appointment of colleague or assistant to Mr Clift, the curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. In this capacity, he had to prepare a catalogue of the great museum of John Hunter, which had come into the possession of the College of Surgeons. 'In order,' it is said, 'to identify the specimens in the Hunterian collection, he was obliged in a large number of cases to dissect and examine fresh specimens. In this manner, volume after volume of the catalogue appeared, till at the end of thirty years the whole was printed—a work of scarcely inferior value and importance to the museum itself: this catalogue, which involved the examination of nearly four thousand specimens, was illustrated by seventy-eight plates.* This great achievement led a contemporary to say: 'Cuvier, with an instinctive prescience, asks, "Why should not natural history one day have its Newton?" and the best proof of the reasonableness of that question we hold to be the success which has attended the last researches of Cuvier's English successor, justly styled by Humboldt "le plus grand anatomiste de son siècle" (*Quarterly Review*). In 1834 Mr Owen was appointed public lecturer to the chair of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons. In 1855 he became superintendent or chief of the Natural History department of the British Museum (which includes zoology, geology, and mineralogy); and his lectures on palæontology, on physiology, on extinct animals, &c. have been as popular as they are valuable. 'From the sponge to man, he has thrown light over every subject he has touched'—and the number of subjects is almost incredible. His contributions to scientific journals, and his separate works, amount together to above three hundred! Among these we may note—*Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus*, 1832; *Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy*, five volumes, 1833–1840; *The Fossil Mammalia collected on the Voyage of the 'Beagle'*, 1840; *Odontography, or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth*, two volumes, 1840–1845; *The Extinct Gigantic Sloth*, 1842; *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate*

and Vertebrate Animals, two volumes, 1843–1846; *History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds*, 1846; *A History of British Fossil Reptiles*, five parts, 1840–1851; *On Palæontology and On the Megatherium*, 1860; *On the Gorilla*, 1865; *On the Dodo*, 1866; *Zoology, or Instructions for Collecting and Preserving Animals*, 1849; and the articles on Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology, in Brande's *Dictionary of Science*; &c. Professor Owen's researches and discoveries in comparative anatomy are believed to 'form his chief claim to the admiration and gratitude of the civilised world.' In this field, his sagacity, or rather his genius, in hypothesis and generalisation are pre-eminent, and have had no parallel since Cuvier. One instance of this, the discovery of a fragment of the femur or thigh-bone of an unknown animal from New Zealand, excited much interest. A seafaring man brought this piece of bone, as he said, from New Zealand, and offered it for sale. It was taken to Professor Owen, 'who having looked at it carefully, thought it right to investigate it more narrowly; and after much consideration, he ventured to pronounce his opinion. This opinion from almost anybody else would have been, perhaps, only laughed at; for, in the first place, he said that the bone (big enough to suggest that it belonged to an ox) had belonged to a bird; but before people had had time to recover from their surprise at this announcement, they were greeted by another assertion yet more startling—namely, that it had been a bird without wings! The incredulity and doubt with which the opinion was received was too great for a time even for the authority of Professor Owen entirely to dispel. But mark the truthfulness of a real science; contemplate the exquisite beauty and accuracy of relation in nature! By-and-by a whole skeleton was brought over to this country, when the opinion of the Professor was converted into an established fact.* A series of monographs on similar gigantic birds was published by Professor Owen, and fossils from Australia of gigantic marsupials, resembling in type those at present existing there. Besides his strictly scientific investigations, Professor Owen has assisted in public and benevolent labours—in inquiries into the health of towns, in the organisation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as well as of the Paris Exhibition, and in various other efforts for the benefit of society. Honours at home and abroad have been showered on the philosophic worker, and in his native country all classes, from the sovereign downwards, are proud of his name and fame.

We subjoin an extract from the *History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds*, 1846. When Cuvier found that the remains of the elephants which are scattered over Europe in the unstratified superficial deposits, were specifically different from the teeth and bones of the two known existing elephants, 'this fundamental fact,' says Pro-

* MacIwain's *Life of Abernethy*. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for March 1852, confirms the statement: 'We well remember seeing this fragment of the shaft of a femur when it first arrived, and hearing the opinion of the Professor (Owen) as to the bird to which it must have belonged. He took a piece of paper and drew the outline of what he conceived to be the complete bone. The fragment, from which alone he deduced his conclusions, was six inches in length, and five inches and a half in its smallest circumference; both extremities had been broken off. When a perfect bone arrived, and was laid on the paper, it fitted the outline exactly.'

* Memoir of Owen in Knight's *Cyclopædia of Biography*.

fessor Owen, 'opened up to him new views of the theory of the earth, and a rapid glance, guided by the new and pregnant idea, over other fossil bones, made him anticipate all that he afterwards proved, and determined him to consecrate to this great work the future years of his life.' This was in 1796, and fortunately Cuvier survived till 1832, and had in Owen a worthy successor.

The British Mammoth.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from submerged drift, near the coasts. In 1827, an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate: although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches; the outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling putty. A tusk, likewise much decayed, which was dredged up off Dungeness, measured eleven feet in length; and yielded some pieces of ivory fit for manufacture. Captain Byam Martin, who has recorded this and other discoveries of remains of the mammoth in the British Channel in the *Geological Transactions*, procured a section of ivory near the alveolar cavity of the Dungeness tusk, of an oval form, measuring nineteen inches in circumference. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth: Captain Martin describes its curvature as being equal to a semicircle turning outwards on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler at Canterbury, by whom it was sawn into five sections, but the interior was found to be fossilised and unfit for use; it is now in Captain Martin's possession. The tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain, are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. Mr Robert Fitch of Norwich possesses a segment of a mammoth's tusk, which was dredged up by some Yarmouth fishermen off Scarborough, and which was so slightly altered in texture, that it was sawn up into as many portions as there were men in the boat, and each claimed his share of the valuable product.

Of the tusks referable by their size to the female mammoth which have been disinterred on dry land, I may cite the following instances: A tusk in the Museum of the Geological Society, from the lacustrine pleistocene bed exposed to the action of the sea on the coast of Essex at Walton, which measures five feet and a half in length; and another from the same locality, in the possession of John Brown, Esq. of Stanway, Essex, which measures four feet in length. A tusk recently discovered near Barnstaple, on a bed of gravel, beneath a stratum of blue clay five feet deep, and one of yellow clay about six feet deep, with several feet of coarse gravel and soil above. This tusk was broken by the pickaxes of the men, but must have been about six feet in length; it had the grain and markings of ivory, but was reduced to the colour and consistency of horn, and retained a considerable degree of elasticity.

A very perfect specimen was dug up entire in 1842, twelve feet below the surface, out of the drift gravel of Cambridge; it measured five feet in length, and two feet four inches across the chord of its curve, and eleven inches in circumference at the thickest part of its base: this tusk was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons. The smallest mammoth's tusk which I have seen is in the museum of Mr Wickham Flower; it is from the drift or till at Ilford, Essex, and has belonged to a very young mammoth; its length measured along the outer curve is twelve inches and a half, and the cir-

cumference of its base four inches. It has nevertheless been evidently put to use by the young animal, the tip having been obliquely worn.

Mr Robert Bald has described a portion of a mammoth's tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmairs in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen feet and a half from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia; that described by Mr Bald was sold by the workmen who found it to an ivory-turner in Edinburgh for two pounds; it was sawn asunder to be made into chessmen. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners. A portion of this tusk is now preserved in the museum at Bridlington.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and 'are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat.' From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.

DR CARPENTER—DR ELLIOTSON.

In physiology, DR WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER has also earned distinction. His chief works are—*Principles of General and Comparative Physiology; Principles of Human Physiology; Vegetable Physiology and Botany; Zoology, and Instinct in Animals; Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science*, seven volumes; *Mechanical Philosophy; On the Microscope*; &c. These works were produced between 1839 and 1854, and most of them have gone through several editions. Mr Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*, has said that Dr Carpenter's works 'manifest some of the best qualities both of the thinker and the observer.' The father of the physiologist, DR LANT CARPENTER (1780—1840), was a well-known Unitarian minister, and writer on education and theology. DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, a London physician, in 1840 published *Human Physiology*, and afterwards attracted attention by lectures on phrenology and mesmerism. He procured the establishment of a mesmeric hospital, and set up a periodical, *The Zoist*, in support of his physiological opinions. Mr Thackeray dedicates his novel of *Pendennis* to Dr Elliotson, in acknowledgment of his medical skill, 'great goodness, and kindness,' for which the physician would take no other fee but thanks. This kind physician died in 1858, aged eighty.

HUGH MILLER.

As a popular illustrator of geology, no author approaches HUGH MILLER, the self-taught man of science and genius. He was a native of Cromarty, born October 10, 1802. He was of a race of seafaring men well to do in the world, who owned coasting-vessels, and built houses in the town of Cromarty. One of them had done a little in the

way of bucaneeing on the Spanish main. Most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, who was lost in a storm in 1807. By the aid of two maternal uncles, Hugh received the common education of a Scottish country-school, and was put apprentice, by his own desire, to a stonemason. His sensations and geological discoveries while toiling in the Cromarty quarries are beautifully told in the opening chapters of his work on the Old Red Sandstone. A life of toil, however, in such a sphere as this has its temptations, and the drinking usages of the masons were at that time carried to some excess. Hugh learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind. 'Usquebaugh,' he says, 'was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill.' Soon, however, his better genius prevailed.

The Turning-point in Hugh Miller's Life.

In laying down the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a royal 'founding pint,' and two whole glasses of the whisky came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of usquebaugh an overdose, but it was considerably too much for me; and when the party broke up, and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of a favourite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me—a small edition of the Essays of Bacon, a good deal worn at the corners by the friction of the pocket—for of Bacon I never tired. The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favourable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination. . . . I see, in looking back on this my first year of labour, a dangerous point, at which, in the attempt to escape from the sense of depression and fatigue, the craving appetite of the confirmed tippler might have been formed.

This may be considered a grand epoch in the life of Miller. He had laid the foundation of a habit of virtuous self-denial and decision of character, that was certain to bear precious fruits. Removing to Edinburgh for employment, he saw more of the habits of the working-men, and had to fight his way among rather noisy and intemperate associates. He found that mere intelligence formed no guard amongst them against intemperance or licentiousness, but it did form a not ineffectual protection against what are peculiarly the mean vices, such as theft, and the grosser and more creeping forms of untruthfulness and dishonesty. The following is another of his experiences:

Burns tells us that he 'often courted the acquaintance of the part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards*,' and that 'though disgraced by follies, nay sometimes stained with guilt, he had yet found amongst them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.' I cannot say with the poet that I ever courted the acquaintance of blackguards; but though the labouring-man may select his friends, he cannot choose his work-fellows; and so I

have not unfrequently come in contact with blackguards, and have had opportunities of pretty thoroughly knowing them. And my experience of this class has been very much the reverse of that of Burns. I have usually found their virtues of a merely theatric cast, and their vices real; much assumed generosity in some instances, but a callousness of feeling and meanness of spirit lying concealed beneath.

Most men, we believe, will agree with the comment rather than the text, high as Burns's authority is on questions of life and conduct. No man saw more clearly or judged more rightly than Burns, when his passions were not present as a disturbing element; but in this case the poet's use of the term 'blackguard,' like Dr Johnson's use of the term 'scoundrel,' was perhaps comprehensive enough to include men worthy of a better designation. His experience was then limited and confined to a few companions. Men of the stamp alluded to are often ready to part with money if it does not directly interfere with their immediate gratification, and have an impulsive generosity of sentiment. But 'noble virtues' require prudence, self-control, regard for the feelings of others, and steady intellectual culture; and these cannot long co-exist with folly and sensuality. One must overpower the other—as in the forest the oak and the brushwood rise together, and either the tree or the parasite soon asserts the superiority. Returning to the north, Hugh Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of *Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason, 1829*. The pieces occasionally rise above mediocrity, and are always informed with fine feeling; but there is much more real poetry in his prose works. He next wrote some letters on the *Herring Fishing*, descriptive of the fisher's life at sea, and they shew his happy observant faculty, and his fine English. He had been a diligent student of the best English authors, and was critically exact and nice in his choice of language. Mr Miller was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing *jamb*s or *lintels*, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast-lines of the Moray Firth.

The Antiquity of the Globe.

I found that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland as now, by a narrow neck of beach, laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years; and both sums

united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form! It is but a starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand years.

The ancient deposits of the lias, with their molusca, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, had by this time overrun the province of the muses, and a nomenclature very different from poetical diction had to be studied. Theological controversy also broke in; and as Miller was always stout on the score of polemics, and withal sufficiently pugnacious, he mingled freely in local church disputes, the forerunners of a national ecclesiastical struggle, in which he was also to take a prominent part. The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. He was elected a member of the town-council of Cromarty, and attended at least one meeting, at which, he says, the only serious piece of business was the councillors clubbing pennies apiece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. Perhaps Miller's interest in burgh politics was a little cooled at this time by a new influence that began to gain ground upon him. When working in the churchyard, chiselling his *In Memoriam*, he used to have occasional visitors, and among them several accomplished intellectual ladies, whom he also met occasionally at tea-parties, and conducted through the wild scenes and fossiliferous treasures of the romantic burn of Eathie. Meditations among the tombs led to love among the rocks, and geology itself had no discoveries or deposits hard enough to shut out the new and tender formation. Miller was overpowered, and circumstances ultimately sanctioned his union with the youngest, the fairest, and most accomplished of his lady-visitors. He next became accountant in a banking establishment in Cromarty, and in 1834 he published *Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty*—a work remarkable for the variety of its traditional lore, and the elegance of its style. Fifteen years a stone-mason, and about six years a bank-accountant, Miller's next move was into that position for which he was best adapted, and in which he spent the remainder of his life. The ecclesiastical party in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' (now the Free Church), projected a newspaper to advocate their views; all Mr Miller's feelings and predilections ran in the same direction; he had sufficiently evinced his literary talents and his zeal in the cause—especially by two able pamphlets on the subject; and accordingly, in 1840, he entered upon his duties as editor of *The Witness*, a twice-a-week paper. We well remember his farewell dinner at Cromarty—the complacent smiles of old Uncle Sandy, proud of his nephew—the lively earnestness of the minister, Mr Stewart, varied by inextinguishable peals of laughter, for which he was famous—and Hugh Miller's grave speech, brimful of geology and of choice figurative expression—and the cordial affectionate feeling with which the friends of his youth and manhood bade 'God-speed' to their townsman and historian. Life has few things better than such a meeting even to a spectator, and what must it have been to the prime actor in the little

drama? The scene was about to be shifted—new characters introduced, new machinery, new duties, and a wider theatre of action. Opinions, thoughts, and language, gathered and fashioned in obscurity, were now to be submitted to the public glare, and tested by severe standards. But early trials, discipline, and study had braced and elevated the mind—a mind naturally copious, vigorous, and buoyant; and Hugh Miller had been taught what he now set about teaching others, that 'life itself is a school, and nature always a fresh study, and that the man who keeps his eyes and his mind open, will always find fitting, though it may be hard schoolmasters, to speed him on his life-long education.' During the remaining fifteen years of his life, besides contributing largely to his paper, Mr Miller wrote his work on *The Old Red Sandstone*, 1841, part of which appeared originally in *Chambers's Journal*, and part in the *Witness*; his *First Impressions of England and its People*, 1847; *Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness*, 1850; *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, an autobiography, 1854; and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, a work completed, but not published till after his death. Two other posthumous works have since appeared—*The Cruise of the Betsey, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides*, 1858; and *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology, being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh*, with an introduction by Mrs Miller, giving a résumé of the progress of geological science within the previous two years, published in March 1859. The death of Mr Miller took place on the 24th of December 1856. He had overtaken his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself in the heart, and must instantly have expired—a sad and awful termination to a life of noble exertion and high hopes! Mr Miller's first geological work, the treatise on *The Old Red Sandstone*, is perhaps the most valuable. On that field he was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes existing only in a deposit of the highest antiquity. One of these bears now the name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. He illustrated also the less known floras of Scotland—those of the Old Red Sandstone and the Oolite, giving figured illustrations of the most peculiar. But the great distinguishing merit of Miller is his power of vivid description, which throws a sort of splendour over the fossil remains, and gives life and beauty to the geological landscape. His enthusiasm and word-painting were irresistible. He was in geology what Carlyle is in history, both possessing the power of genius to vivify the past and stir at once the heart and the imagination. In his *Footprints of the Creator*, Miller combated the development theory. In his last work, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, 1857, he goes at great length into the question of the antiquity of the globe, endeavouring to reconcile it with the Mosaic account of the creation. Astronomers do not attempt any such reconciliation, and the geologists can never attain to certainty. Miller once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six days of the Mosaic narrative were simply natural days of twenty-four

hours each, but he was compelled by further study to believe that the days of creation were not natural but prophetic days—unmeasured eras of time stretching far back into the bygone eternity. The revelation to Moses he supposes to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the prophet in language fitted to the ideas of his times. The hypothesis of the Mosaic vision is old—as old as the time of Whiston, who propounded it a century and a half since; but in Miller's hands the vision becomes a splendid piece of sacred poetry.

The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel, would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet, again, the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and beats in long lines of

foam, nearer at hand, against the low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet further fiat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the open slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas; or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special

object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos ;

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

The subject of the Noachian deluge is discussed at length, Miller holding with Stillingfleet, Poole, and modern authorities, that the deluge was partial as to the earth, but universal as to the human race. There was no novelty in this portion of his argument, and he sometimes misconstrues the opinions of those he opposes. His earnestness and fertility of illustration enchain the reader's attention, but a reperusal only the more convinces us that Mr Miller's great power lay in description—not in grappling with the difficulties of speculative philosophy. We give a few more specimens of his exquisite composition.

The Fossil Pine-tree.

But let us trace the history of a single pine-tree of the Oolite, as indicated by its petrified remains. This gnarled and twisted trunk once anchored its roots amid the crannies of a precipice of dark-gray sandstone, that rose over some nameless stream of the Oolite, in what is now the north of Scotland. The rock, which, notwithstanding its dingy colour, was a deposit of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, formed a member of the fish-beds of that system—beds that were charged then, as now, with numerous fossils, as strange and obsolete in the creation of the Oolite as in the creation which at present exists. It was a firm, indestructible stone, covered by a thin, barren soil; and the twisted rootlets of the pine, rejected and thrown backwards from its more solid planes, had to penetrate into its narrow fissures for a straitened and meagre subsistence. The tree grew but slowly: in considerably more than half a century it had attained to a diameter of little more than ten inches a foot over the soil; and its bent and twisted form gave evidence of the life of hardship to which it was exposed. It was, in truth, a picturesque rag of a tree, that for the first few feet twisted itself round like an overborne wrestler struggling to escape from under his enemy, and then struck out at an abrupt angle, and stretched itself like a bent arm over the stream. It must have resembled, on its bald eminence, that pine-tree of a later time described by Scott, that high above 'ash and oak'

Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And o'er the giddy chasm hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

The seasons passed over it: every opening spring gave its fringe of tenderer green to its spiky foliage, and every returning autumn saw it shed its cones into the stream below. Many a delicate fern sprang up and decayed around its gnarled and fantastic root, single-leaved and simple of form, like the *Scolopendria* of our caverns and rock recesses, or fretted into many a slim pinnate leaflet, like the minute maiden-hair or the graceful lady-fern. Flying reptiles have perched amid its boughs; the light-winged dragon-fly has darted on wings of gauze through the openings of its lesser twigs; the tortoise and the lizard have hibernated during the chills of winter amid the hollows of its roots; for many years it formed one of the minor features in a wild picturesque

scene, on which human eye never looked; and at length, touched by decay, its upper branches began to wither and bleach white in the winds of heaven; when shaken by a sudden hurricane that came roaring down the ravine, the mass of rock in which it had been anchored at once gave way, and, bearing fast jammed among its roots a fragment of the mass which we still find there, and from which we read a portion of its story, it was precipitated into the foaming torrent. Dancing on the eddies, or lingering amid the pools, or shooting, arrow-like, adown the rapids, it at length finds its way to the sea; and after sailing over beds of massive coral—the ponderous *Isastrea* and more delicate *Thamnastrea*—and after disturbing the *Enaliosaur* and *Belemnite* in their deep green haunts, it sinks, saturated with water, into a bed of arenaceous mud, to make its appearance, after long ages, in the world of man—a marble mummy of the old Oolite forest—and to be curiously interrogated regarding its character and history.

The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained: our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David, to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains, who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed'—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. A Scotch poet has been injudiciously named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the memory of an ingenious young man [Pollock], cut off just as he had mastered his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. He at least was guiltless of the comparison; and it would be cruel to involve him in the ridicule which it is suited to excite. Bacon is as exclusively unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Newton was a Scotchman, we have certainly no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, greatly as it has become the fashion of the age to depreciate it, and notwithstanding his fundamental error, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy, certainly, of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place. Though absent from the competition in the previous century, through the operation of causes palpable in the history of the time, we find them quite up to the mark for the age in which they appear. No English philosopher for the last hundred and fifty years produced a greater revolution in human affairs than Adam Smith; or exerted a more powerful influence on opinion than David Hume; or did more to change the face of the

mechanical world than James Watt. The *History of England* produced by a Scotchman is still emphatically the 'English History'; nor, with all its defects, is it likely to be soon superseded. Robertson, if inferior in the untaught felicities of narration to his illustrious countryman, is at least inferior to none of his English contemporaries. The prose fictions of Smollett have kept their ground quite as well as those of Fielding, and better than those of Richardson. Nor does England during the century exhibit higher manifestations of the poetic spirit than those exhibited by Thomson and by Burns. To use a homely but expressive Scotticism, Scotland seems to have lost her *bairn-time* of the giants; but in the after *bairn-time* of merely tall men, her children were quite as tall as any of their contemporaries.

The *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller* have been published by PETER BAYNE, M.A., two volumes, 1871. This is a copious—too copious—but interesting work, embracing a full account of the ecclesiastical questions in which Miller was so deeply and earnestly engaged. An excellent summary of his life and works is also given in a volume of biographies, entitled *Golden Lives*, by HENRY A. PAGE, 1874.

Popular views of physical science in almost every department will be found in the works of DR DIONYSIUS LARDNER (1793-1859). These are—*Hand-book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*, three volumes, 1851-53; *Museum of Science and Art*, twelve volumes, 1854-56; *Railway Economy*, 1850; with treatises on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Heat, &c.

MR DAVID THOMAS ANSTED (born in London in 1814), Professor of Geology at King's College, London, has written several valuable works on his favourite science. The most popular of these is his *Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical*, two volumes, 1844; *The Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Great Britain*, 1847; also several geological manuals. Few men have done more to popularise any one branch of science than Professor Ansted. In 1844 he was appointed Vice-secretary of the Geological Society; in 1868, Examiner in Physical Geography in the Department of Science and Art.

The late PROFESSOR JOHN FLEMING, Edinburgh (1785-1857), did much to advance natural science in Scotland. His principal works are—*The Philosophy of Zoology*, two volumes, 1822; *The History of British Animals*, 1828; *Molluscous Animals, including Shell-fish*, 1837; *The Temperature of the Seasons*, 1851; *On the Different Branches of Natural History* (Address at the meeting of the British Association), 1855; *The Lithology of Edinburgh*, 1858; and various papers in the scientific journals. Dr Fleming was born at Kirkroads, near Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. He entered the Scottish church, and was successively minister of Bressay in Shetland, Flisk in Fifeshire, and Clackmannan. He afterwards was Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. Another early student of geology in Scotland was MR CHARLES MACLAREN, Edinburgh (1782-1866), who published an account of the *Geology of Fife and the Lothians*, 1839. Before this, he had contributed to various scientific journals, and written a *Dissertation on the Topography of the Plain of Troy*, 1822. Mr Maclaren was the original editor of *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh newspaper, commenced in 1817, and

his editorship extended over a period of about thirty years. In 1847 he resigned the conduct of the paper to a very able political writer, MR ALEXANDER RUSSEL (1814-1876), who was author of a treatise on the Salmon, and of contributions to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*: a man of great energy, and of bright and versatile powers. In 1869, two volumes of Mr Maclaren's *Select Writings* were published by Mr Robert Cox and Professor James Nicol of Aberdeen.

CHARLES DARWIN.

This eminent naturalist, grandson of the poet (*ante*, p. 15), was born at Shrewsbury in 1809. After education at the grammar-school of his native town, and at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge, he volunteered to accompany Captain Fitzroy in H.M.S. *Beagle* as naturalist on an expedition for the survey of South America, and the circumnavigation of the globe. About five years were spent on this survey, and Mr Darwin had ample opportunities for studying nature under new and interesting aspects:

First Conception of the Theory of Natural Selection.

When (he says) I visited, during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles from South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion-hawk, in the great candlestick-like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most clearly related to each other. The archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced: the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent; and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago were descended from those of the nearest land, namely, America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and it would thus have remained for ever had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of selection. As soon as I had fully realised this idea, I saw on reading Malthus on Population, that natural selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings; for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals.

Mr Darwin returned to England in October 1836, and commenced publishing the results of his long voyage and his minute observation: *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. 'Beagle,' 1839*; *On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*, 1842; *Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands*, 1844; *Geological Observations on South America*, 1846; and *A Monograph of the Cirripedia*, published by

the Ray Society in 1851-3 (a remarkable work on zoology). Mr Darwin's next work was that which may be said to have stirred all Europe by the boldness of its speculations and theories—*On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*, 1859. His subsequent publications have been—*Fertilisation of Orchids through Insect Agency, and as to the Good of Inter-crossing*, 1862; *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, 1867; *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, 1871; *Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, 1872; *Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants*, 1874; and numerous geological and botanical papers in scientific journals. The theory of natural selection advocated by Mr Darwin is of ancient date—as old as Lucretius—and has been maintained by Lamarck and others; but Mr Darwin conceived that these previous schemes or theories afford no explanation of the mode in which the alleged progressive transmutation of organic bodies from the lowest to the highest grades has taken place. Species, he says, are not immutable. Organisms vary and multiply at a greater rate than their means of subsistence. The offspring resemble their parents in general points, but vary in particulars. Amid the struggle for existence which has been always going on among living beings, variations of bodily conformation and structure, if in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. In the struggle for life, the strongest of course prevail; the weak die; and this is the principle or hypothesis of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, which Mr Darwin illustrates by a vast store of facts, gleaned from almost innumerable sources, and brought forward with a philosophic calmness and modesty worthy of all honour and imitation. The illustrations are often interesting, but the theory wants proof; even Professor Huxley admits that it is 'not absolutely proven that a group of animals, having all the characters exhibited by species in nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural.' M. Agassiz wholly repudiates it: 'The animals known to the ancients are still in existence, exhibiting to this day the characters they exhibited of old. Until the facts of nature are shewn to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a different meaning from that now generally assigned to them, I shall therefore consider the transmutation theory as a scientific mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its methods, and mischievous in its tendency.' Professor Owen, in his *Classification of Mammalia*, is also opposed to the theory. Mr Darwin, in his *Origin of Species*, has given what we may call

A Poetical View of Natural Selection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; varia-

bility from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and, as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving—namely, the production of the higher animals—directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed laws of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Utilitarianism is not the sole motive or mover:

I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently coloured butterflies, have been rendered beautiful for beauty's sake, but this has been effected through sexual selection—that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, and not for the delight of man. So it is with the music of birds. We only infer from all this that a nearly similar taste for beautiful colours and for musical sounds runs through a large part of the animal kingdom.

This seems as fanciful and poetical as the elder Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. The theory of evolution has been carried to its farthest extreme—the descent of man. Mr Darwin conceives that our early or common progenitor was an ape—one of the *quadrumana*. 'The quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal.' Of course, a theory so revolting to the pride of human nature—so irreconcilable with the records of both revelation and geology—was sure to occasion keen controversy. One of the most learned opponents of Mr Darwin is Mr St George Mivart, who contends that man, the ape, and the half-ape cannot be arranged in a single ascending series of which man is the term and culmination. The similarity of structure in some things is no proof of common origin. Each species has been independently created. Bishop Wilberforce attacked the theory in the *Quarterly Review*, and various other answers appeared.

'The endeavour of Cuvier to construct from the study of fossil bones an anatomical and physiological history of the individual animal of which these bones are the sole remains, was quite logical; but is wholly different in principle from the fallacious attempts to make the facts of *ontogenesis*, or individual embryonic development, prove the validity of *phylogenesis*, or evolution of the line of all living forms by gradual increase and modification of structure throughout innumerable generations, in the course of millions of years, from a spontaneously produced shapeless mass of protoplasm, like the flake of the white of an egg.'

Of the mental difference between man and the lower animals—the gulf that separates them—and especially on the subject of language, some remarks by Professor Max Müller will be found in

* Mr Wharton Jones's *Lectures on Evolution*.

a subsequent page. The following extracts will give some idea of Mr Darwin's style :

Variability.

Not only the various domestic races, but the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class— for instance, mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms has primarily arisen from simple variability. To consider the subject under this point of view is enough to strike one dumb with amazement. But our amazement ought to be lessened when we reflect that beings almost infinite in number, during an almost infinite lapse of time, have often had their whole organisation rendered in some degree plastic, and that each slight modification of structure which was in any way beneficial under excessively complex conditions of life has been preserved, whilst each which was in any way injurious has been rigorously destroyed. And the long-continued accumulation of beneficial variations will infallibly have led to structures as diversified, as beautifully adapted for various purposes, and as excellently co-ordinated as we see in the animals and plants around us. Hence I have spoken of selection as the paramount power, whether applied by man to the formation of domestic breeds, or by nature to the production of species. If an architect were to rear a noble and commodious edifice, without the use of cut stone, by selecting from the fragments at the base of a precipice wedge-formed stones for his arches, elongated stones for his lintels, and flat stones for his roof, we should admire his skill, and regard him as the paramount power. Now, the fragments of stone, though indispensable to the architect, bear to the edifice built by him, the same relation which the fluctuating variations of organic beings bear to the varied and admirable structures ultimately acquired by their modified descendants.

Some authors have declared that natural selection explains nothing, unless the precise cause of each slight individual difference be made clear. If it were explained to a savage utterly ignorant of the art of building how the edifice had been raised stone upon stone, and why wedge-formed fragments were used for the arches, flat stones for the roof, &c. ; and if the use of each part and of the whole building were pointed out, it would be unreasonable if he declared that nothing had been made clear to him, because the precise cause of the shape of each fragment could not be told. But this is a nearly parallel case with the objection that selection explains nothing, because we know not the cause of each individual difference in the structure of each being.

The shape of the fragments of stone at the base of our precipice may be called accidental, but this is not strictly correct ; for the shape of each depends on a long sequence of events, all obeying natural laws ; on the nature of the rock, on the lines of deposition or cleavage, on the form of the mountain, which depends on its upheaval and subsequent denudation, and lastly on the storm or earthquake which throws down the fragments. But in regard to the use to which the fragments may be put, their shape may be strictly said to be accidental. And here we are led to face a great difficulty, in alluding to which I am aware I am travelling beyond my proper province. An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the laws imposed by Him. But can it reasonably be maintained that the Creator intentionally ordered, if we use the words in any ordinary sense, that certain fragments of rock should assume certain shapes so that the builder might erect his edifice ? If the various laws which have determined the shape of each fragment were not predetermined for the builder's sake, can it be maintained with any greater probability that He specially ordained for the sake of the breeder each of the innumerable variations in our domestic animals and

plants ; many of these variations being of no service to man, and not beneficial, far more often injurious, to the creatures themselves ? Did He ordain that the crop and tail-feathers of the pigeon should vary in order that the fancier might make his grotesque pouter and fantail breeds ? Did He cause the frame and mental qualities of the dog to vary in order that a breed might be formed of indomitable ferocity, with jaws fitted to pin down the bull for man's brutal sport ? But if we give up the principle in one case—if we do not admit that the variations of the primeval dog were intentionally guided in order that the greyhound, for instance, that perfect image of symmetry and vigour, might be formed—no shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature and the result of the same general laws, which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided. However much we may wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief, 'that variation has been led along certain beneficial lines of irrigation.' If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, then that plasticity of organisation which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as the redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand, an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free will and predestination.

Improvement in Flowers.

Buffon, on comparing the flowers, fruit, and vegetables which were then cultivated with some excellent drawings made a hundred and fifty years previously, was struck with surprise at the great improvement which had been effected ; and remarks that these ancient flowers and vegetables would now be rejected, not only by a florist, but by a village gardener. Since the time of Buffon the work of improvement has steadily and rapidly gone on. Every florist who compares our present flowers with those figured in books published not long since, is astonished at the change. A well-known amateur, in speaking of the varieties of *Pelargonium* raised by Mr Garth only twenty-two years before, remarks : 'What a rage they excited ; surely we had attained perfection, it was said, and now not one of the flowers of those days will be looked at. But none the less is the debt of gratitude which we owe to those who saw what was to be done, and did it.' Mr Paul, the well-known horticulturist, in writing of the same flower, says he remembers, when young, being delighted with the portraits in Sweet's work ; 'but what are they in point of beauty compared with the *Pelargoniums* of this day ? Here, again, nature did not advance by leaps ; the improvement was gradual, and if we had neglected those very gradual advances, we must have foregone the present grand results.' How well this practical horticulturist appreciates and illustrates the gradual and accumulative force of selection ! The dahlia has advanced in beauty in like manner ; the line of improvement being guided by fashion, and by the successive modifications which the flower slowly underwent. A steady and gradual change has been noticed in many other flowers : thus, an old florist, after describing the leading varieties of the pink which were grown in 1813, adds, 'the pinks of those days would now be scarcely grown as border-flowers.' The improvement of so many flowers, and the number of the varieties which have been raised, is all the more striking when we hear (from Prescott's *History of Mexico*) that the earliest known flower-garden in Europe, namely, at Padua, dates only from the year 1545.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

In love of science, as well as in similarity of opinions and pursuits, PROFESSOR HUXLEY resembles his friend Mr Darwin. Having studied medicine, in his twenty-first year he obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* during the surveying cruise in the South Pacific and Torres Straits. During the three years of the survey, Mr Huxley studied the numerous marine animals which were collected from time to time, and sent home notes of his observations, which were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* under the title of 'On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ.' Further contributions to the same work were published, and were so highly appreciated that in 1851 Mr Huxley was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and next year received one of the two royal medals of the Society. He had now taken his place as one of the most distinguished naturalists and comparative anatomists of the age, and in 1854 he was appointed successor to Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines. His scientific publications have earned from him fame and honours both at home and abroad. The most notable of these works are—*Observations on Glaciers*, written jointly with Mr Tyndall, 1857; *The Theory of the Vertebrate Skull*, 1858; *The Oceanic Hydrozoa*, 1858; *Man's Place in Nature*, 1863; *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, 1864; *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, 1866; *Classification of Animals*, 1869; *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, 1870; &c. The contributions of Mr Huxley to scientific journals and associations are much too numerous for us to mention here. Some of his lectures on the *Phenomena of Organic Nature*, delivered to working-men at the Museum of Practical Geology, have been published in a separate form, and widely circulated. Mr Huxley is a bold and fearless thinker and inquirer. 'Men of science,' he says, do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand, and to part with it cheerfully the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small.' The proof, however, must be irresistible, and on this point we may quote another observation made by Mr Huxley :

Caution to Philosophic Inquirers.

The growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But natural as this result may be, it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war, but who, while they yet lived, won splendid victories over ignorance.

Professor Huxley is a native of Ealing in Middlesex, born in 1825. He studied medicine in the Medical School of Charing-Cross Hospital, and in 1846 entered the medical service of the royal navy. He is now Professor of Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. He is a Vice-president of the Zoological and the Geological Societies, &c.

The Objectors to Scientific Inquiry.

There are in the world a number of extremely worthy, well-meaning persons, whose judgments and opinions are entitled to the utmost respect on account of their sincerity, who are of opinion that vital phenomena, and especially all questions relating to the origin of vital phenomena, are questions quite apart from the ordinary run of inquiry, and are, by their very nature, placed out of our reach. They say that all these phenomena originated miraculously, or in some way totally different from the ordinary course of nature, and that therefore they conceive it to be futile, not to say presumptuous, to attempt to inquire into them.

To such sincere and earnest persons I would only say, that a question of this kind is not to be shelved upon theoretic or speculative grounds. You may remember the story of the Sophist who demonstrated to Diogenes in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that he could not walk; that, in fact, all motion was an impossibility; and that Diogenes refuted him by simply getting up and walking round his tub. So, in the same way, the man of science replies to objections of this kind, by simply getting up and walking onward, and shewing what science has done and is doing—by pointing to the immense mass of facts which have been ascertained and systematised under the forms of the great doctrines of Morphology, of Development, of Distribution, and the like. He sees an enormous mass of facts and laws relating to organic beings, which stand on the same good sound foundation as every other natural law. With this mass of facts and laws before us, therefore, seeing that, as far as organic matters have hitherto been accessible and studied, they have shewn themselves capable of yielding to scientific investigation, we may accept this as a proof that order and law reign there as well as in the rest of nature. The man of science says nothing to objectors of this sort, but supposes that we can and shall walk to a knowledge of organic nature, in the same way that we have walked to a knowledge of the laws and principles of the inorganic world.

But there are objectors who say the same from ignorance and ill-will. To such I would reply that the objection comes ill from them, and that the real presumption—I may almost say, the real blasphemy—in this matter, is in the attempt to limit that inquiry into the causes of phenomena, which is the source of all human blessings, and from which has sprung all human prosperity and progress; for, after all, we can accomplish comparatively little; the limited range of our own faculties bounds us on every side—the field of our powers of observation is small enough, and he who endeavours to narrow the sphere of our inquiries is only pursuing a course that is likely to produce the greatest harm to his fellow-men. . . .

All human inquiry must stop somewhere; all our knowledge and all our investigation cannot take us beyond the limits set by the finite and restricted character of our faculties, or destroy the endless unknown, which accompanies, like its shadow, the endless procession of phenomena. So far as I can venture to offer an opinion on such a matter, the purpose of our being in existence, the highest object that human beings can set before themselves is not the pursuit of any such chimera as the annihilation of the unknown; but it is simply the

unwearied endeavour to remove its boundary a little further from our little sphere of action.

The Power of Speech.

What is it that constitutes and makes man what he is? What is it but his power of language—that language giving him the means of recording his experience—making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor—more in accordance with the established order of the universe? What is it but this power of speech, of recording experience, which enables men to be men—looking before and after, and, in some dim sense, understanding the working of this wondrous universe—and which distinguishes man from the whole of the brute world? I say that this functional difference is vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

We may supplement Mr Huxley's eloquent sentence by observations from Professor Max Müller on the same subject :

Language the Barrier between Brute and Man.

We see that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower than even animals, possess this one specific characteristic, that if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether biped or quadruped. That disposition cannot have been formed by definite nervous structures, congenitally framed, for we are told by the best agriologists that both father and mother clucked like hens. This fact, therefore, unless disproved by experiment, remains, whatever the explanation may be. . . .

Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, so far as I know, has ever controverted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature ; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts, shewing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from imitative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animal, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I shewed that roots were with men the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realised general concepts, was by means of those roots, and words derived from roots. . . .

That there is in us an animal—ay, a bestial nature—has never been denied ; to deny it would take away the very foundation of psychology and ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with animals ; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, to proceed to the general, the ideal, and the eternal. We cannot be reminded too

often that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that like ourselves, and like ourselves only, we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive after what is unselfish, good, and Godlike. The wing by which we soar above the sensuous, was called by wise men of old the *logos* ; the wing which lifts us above the sensual, was called by good men of old the *daimonion*. Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the temple of science, lest by abusing the gift of speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, through our own fault, to the dreaded level of the gorilla. . . .

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER (usually contracted to F. Max Müller) is, as his name imports, a native of Germany, born at Dessau in 1823. He studied at Leipsic, and was early distinguished for his proficiency in Sanscrit. He repaired to Berlin and to Paris for the prosecution of his philological studies, and especially to collate MSS. relative to his *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, or Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans. For the same purpose, he examined the MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and in the Indian House. His great work was published at the expense of the East India Company. He took up his residence at Oxford, where he gave lectures on comparative philology, was made a member of Christ Church and M.A. in 1851, Professor of Modern Languages, curator in the Bodleian Library, Fellow of All Souls, &c. He was made one of the eight foreign members of the Institute of France, and has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from both the universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. Few foreigners have been so honoured in England, or so familiar with its language and literature and institutions. As an oriental scholar, Professor Müller has no superior in England or in Germany. His *Rig-Veda* extends to six quarto volumes, and he has published Hand-books for the study of Sanscrit, a Sanscrit English Dictionary and Grammar, &c. His *Lectures on the Science of Language*, two volumes, are now (1876) in their eighth edition ; his *Introduction to the Science of Religion* (four lectures delivered at the Royal Institution), with *Essays on Mythology, On the Stratification of Language, On Missions* (a lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey in 1873), and *Chips from a German Workshop*, are all well known and appreciated in this country. The 'Chips' form four volumes, the latest being published in 1875 ; they range over various subjects, but are chiefly on the Professor's favourite science of language, and are written in a style clear, forcible, and often picturesque. The following is a short extract from *Lectures on the Science of Language* :

Spread of the Latin Language.

There is a peculiar charm in watching the various changes of form and meaning in words passing down from the Ganges or the Tiber into the great ocean of modern speech. In the eighth century B.C. the Latin dialect was confined to a small territory. It was but one dialect out of many that were spoken all over Italy. But it grew—it became the language of Rome and of the Romans, it absorbed all the other dialects of Italy, the Umbrian, the Oscan, the Etruscan, the Celtic, and became by conquest the language of Central Italy, of Southern and Northern Italy. From thence it spread to Gaul, to Spain, to Germany, to Dacia on the Danube. It became the language of law and government in the civilised portions of Northern Asia, and it

was carried through the heralds of Christianity to the most distant parts of the globe. It supplanted in its victorious progress the ancient vernaculars of Gaul, Spain, and Portugal, and it struck deep roots in parts of Switzerland and Walachia. When it came in contact with the more vigorous idioms of the Teutonic tribes, though it could not supplant or annihilate them, it left on their surface a thick layer of foreign words, and it thus supplied the greater portion in the dictionary of nearly all the civilised nations of the world. Words which were first used by Italian shepherds are now used by the statesmen of England, the poets of France, the philosophers of Germany; and the faint echo of their pastoral conversation may be heard in the senate of Washington, in the cathedral of Calcutta, and in the settlements of New Zealand.

I shall trace the career of a few of those early Roman words, in order to shew how words may change, and how they adapt themselves to the changing wants of each generation. I begin with the royal word *Palace*. A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But if we look at the history of the name we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the Seven Hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called Palatinus, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the 21st of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome, the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the *Collis Palatinus*, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbour and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero all private houses had to be pulled down on the *Collis Palatinus*, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe. . . .

Another modern word, the English *court*, the French *cour*, the Italian *corte*, carries us back to the same locality and to the same distant past. It was on the hill of Latium that *cohors* or *cors* was first used in the sense of a *hurdle*, an *inclosure*, a *cattle-yard*. The *cohortes* or divisions of the Roman army were called by the same name; so many soldiers constituted a pen or a court. . . .

Thus *cors*, *curtis*, from meaning a pen, a cattle-yard, became in medieval Latin *curtis*, and was used like the German *Hof* of the farms and castles built by Roman settlers in the provinces of the empire. These farms became the centres of villages and towns, and in the modern names of Vraucourt, Graincourt, Leincourt, Magnicourt, Aubignicourt, the older names of Vari curtis, Grani curtis, Leonii curtis, Manii curtis, Albini curtis, have been discovered.

Lastly, from meaning a fortified place, *curtis* rose to the dignity of a royal residence, and became synonymous with palace. The two names having started from the same place, met again at the end of their long career.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution has had a very active and checkered career. JOHN TYNDALL, a native of Ireland, was born about the year 1820, and was employed for some years on the Ordnance Survey. 'While stationed at Cork, he worked at mapping in the same room with a very able man, Mr Lawrence Ivers. Noticing the work and conduct of Tyndall, Mr Ivers asked him how he employed his leisure time. 'You have five hours a day at

your own disposal,' he said, 'and these ought to be devoted to systematic study.' Next morning Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years afterwards he never swerved from the practice.* He was next engaged in railway work, then studying abroad, first under Professor Bunsen at Marburg in Hesse Cassel, and afterwards at Berlin in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. In 1852 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1853 he was unanimously appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy. In 1856, in company with Professor Huxley, he visited Switzerland, and the result was a series of papers by the two friends on the structure and motion of glaciers. Other journeys and investigations were undertaken by Professor Tyndall, and described in his work on the *Glaciers of the Alps*, 1860. He has since published *Mountaineering*, 1861; *A Vacation Tour*, 1862; *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*, 1863; *On Radiation*, 1865; *Sound, a Course of Eight Lectures*, 1867; *Faraday as a Discoverer*, 1868; *Natural Philosophy in Easy Lessons*, 1869; *Essays on the Imagination in Science*, 1870; *Fragments of Science for Unscientific People*, 1871; *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, 1871; &c. Professor Tyndall is an enthusiastic climber and admirer of Alpine scenery, 'a remarkable example,' it has been said, 'of combined cerebral and muscular activity.' He has done much to popularise science as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, besides being distinguished for original research. Like Mr Huxley, he has stood forward as an advocate for free and unrestricted research into all the recesses of mind and matter; but has indignantly repudiated the creed of atheism which had been lightly attributed to him.

Freedom of Inquiry.

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like

* Supplement to *English Cyclopædia* (Biography).

streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

This extract is from Professor Tyndall's address delivered at Belfast in 1874. From the same address we give another passage :

Advance in Science since the Days of Bishop Butler.

Bishop Butler accepted with unwavering trust the chronology of the Old Testament, describing it as 'confirmed by the natural and civil history of the world, collected from common historians, from the state of the earth, and from the late inventions of arts and sciences.' These words mark progress; and they must seem somewhat hoary to the bishop's successors of to-day. It is hardly necessary to inform you that since his time the domain of the naturalist has been immensely extended—the whole science of geology, with its astounding revelations regarding the life of the ancient earth, having been created. The rigidity of old conceptions has been relaxed, the public mind being rendered gradually tolerant of the idea that not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand, but for æons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death. The riddle of the rocks has been read by the geologist and palæontologist, from subcambrian depths to the deposits thickening over the sea-bottoms of to-day. And upon the leaves of that stone-book are, as you know, stamped the characters, plainer and surer than those formed by the ink of history, which carry the mind back into abysses of past time, compared with which the periods which satisfied Bishop Butler cease to have a visual angle.

The lode of discovery once struck, those petrified forms in which life was at one time active increased to multitudes, and demanded classification. They were grouped in genera, species, and varieties, according to the degree of similarity subsisting between them. Thus confusion was avoided, each object being found in the pigeon-hole appropriated to it and to its fellows of similar morphological or physiological character. The general fact soon became evident that none but the simplest forms of life lie lowest down, that as we climb higher among the super-imposed strata more perfect forms appear. The change, however, from form to form was not continuous, but by steps—some small, some great. 'A section,' says Mr Huxley, 'a hundred feet thick will exhibit at different heights a dozen species of ammonite, none of which passes beyond its particular zone of limestone, or clay, into the zone below it, or into that above it.' In the presence of such facts, it was not possible to avoid the question: Have these forms, shewing, though in broken stages, and with many irregularities, this unmistakable general advance, been subjected to no continuous law of growth or variation?

HERBERT SPENCER.

Another enthusiastic votary of biology and kindred studies, and an exponent of the theory of evolution, is MR HERBERT SPENCER, a native of Derby, born in 1820. Mr Spencer began life as an engineer, then assisted some time at the periodical press, and contributed to the reviews, &c. His principal works are—*Principles of Psychology*, 1855; *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative*, 1858-63; *Principles of Biology*, 1864; *Descriptive Sociology, or Groups of Sociological Facts*, 1874; &c.

PROFESSOR GEIKIE.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, born in Edinburgh in 1835, is author of several geological works, and was associated with Sir Roderick Murchison in investigating the geological structure of the

Scottish Highlands, preparing a memoir of that district, and drawing up a new geological map of Scotland (1861). He was director of the Survey of Scotland, and when a chair of mineralogy and geology was founded in the university of Edinburgh in 1870, Mr Geikie was appointed professor. In 1872 the university of St Andrews conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The works of Dr Geikie are—*The Story of a Boulder*, 1858; *Life of Professor Edward Forbes* (conjointly with the late Dr George Wilson), 1861; *Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland*, 1863; *The Scenery of Scotland viewed in connection with its Physical Geology*, 1865; and various articles in reviews and scientific journals.

JAMES GEIKIE, a brother of the above, has written a large and valuable work, *The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man*.

PROFESSOR WHITNEY.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanscrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827. He has written various works, including *Twelve Lectures on Language and the Study of Language*, 1867. Of these lectures, the first seven have, with consent of the author and publisher, been reprinted by the Rev. Dr Morris, as a sound and scientific introduction to a more advanced course of comparative philology. Dr Morris adds an introduction with notes, tables of declension, and an index, rendering the volume very useful for students. Professor Whitney is a well-known Sanscrit scholar, but in these lectures he has chosen English as the language from which the most telling of his examples and explanations of linguistic changes are drawn.

Celtic Branch of the Indo-European Languages.

So completely were the Gaulish dialects of Northern Italy, France, and Spain wiped out by the Latin, so few traces of them are left to us, either in the later idioms of the Latin or in fragments of writings, inscriptions, and coins, that it is still a matter of doubt and question among Celtic scholars to which of the known divisions of Celtic speech, the Gaelic or the Cymric, they belonged, or whether they did not constitute a third division co-ordinate with them. Aside from the exceedingly scanty and obscure Gallic epigraphical monuments, and the few single words preserved in classic authors, the earliest records both of Irish and Welsh speech are glosses, or interlinear and marginal versions and comments written by Celtic scholars upon manuscripts which they were studying, in old times when Wales and Ireland, especially the latter, were centres of a lively literary and Christian activity. Of these glosses, the Irish are by far the most abundant, and afford a tolerably distinct idea of what the language was at about the end of the eighth century. There is also an independent literary work, a Life of St Patrick, which is supposed to belong to the beginning of the ninth century. The other principal Gaelic dialect, the Scotch Gaelic, presents us a few songs that claim to be of the sixteenth century. The Ossianic poems, which excited such attention a hundred years ago, and whose genuineness and value have been the subject of so lively discussion, are probably built upon only a narrow foundation of real Gaelic tradition.

In the Cymric division, the Welsh glosses are the oldest monuments of definite date. Though hardly, if at all, less ancient than the Irish, coming down from somewhere between the eighth and the tenth centuries, they

are very much more scanty in amount, hardly sufficient to do more than disprove the supposed antiquity of the earliest monuments of the language that possess a proper literary character. For long centuries past the Welsh bards have sung in spirit-stirring strains the glories and the woes of their race; and it is claimed that during much more than a thousand years, or ever since the sixth century, the era of Saxon invasion and conquest, some of their songs have been handed down from generation to generation, by a careful and uninterrupted tradition, and the claim is probably well founded; only, it is also pretty certain that as they have been handed down, they have been modernised in diction, so that, in their present form, they represent to us the Welsh language of a time not much preceding the date of the oldest manuscripts, or of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. The later Welsh literature, as well as the Irish, is abundant in quantity. The Cornish, also, has a tolerably copious literature of not far from the same age; its earliest monument, a Latin-Cornish vocabulary, may be as old as the twelfth century. The language of Brittany, the Armorican—which is so closely allied with the two last mentioned, that it cannot well be regarded as a remnant and representative of the Celtic dialects of Gaul, but must rather belong to colonists or fugitives from Britain—is recorded in one or two brief works going back to the fourteenth century or even farther.

DR JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER,

The distinguished Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York, in 1875 published a *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*, commencing with the Greek conquest of Persia, and the subsequent division of Alexander's empire, which resulted in the establishment of the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt. This was succeeded by the erection of the Museum as a school of knowledge at Alexandria, then the intellectual metropolis of the world. Dr Draper traces the influence of the Museum and the development of science. The philosophy was of the stoical Pantheistic type. 'Though there is a Supreme Power,' said the ethical teachers, 'there is no Supreme Being; there is an invisible principle, but not a personal God, to whom it would be not so much blasphemy as absurdity to impute the form, the sentiments, the passions of man.' The soul of man was supposed to be re-absorbed into the universal soul; and as the tired labourer looks forward to the insensibility of sleep, so the philosopher, weary of the world, anticipated the tranquillity of extinction. Dr Draper next proceeds to describe the rise of Christianity, and to give 'a history of the conflict between religion and science from that time to the present day.' But the work should more correctly be termed a history of the conflict between science and the Roman Catholic Church. The Greek Church, he says, has met the advance of knowledge with welcome; the Protestant Churches have been mostly averse to constraint, and their opposition has seldom passed beyond the exciting of theological odium. 'In speaking of Christianity,' says Dr Draper, 'reference is generally made to the Roman Church, partly because its demands are the most pretentious, and partly because it has sought to enforce those demands by the civil power.' Now to this it may be objected that the conflict of a church with science, and that church a political or state organisation, is not a battle between science and religion. The maintenance of its own power was the object of the Papacy,

and with perfect impartiality it persecuted alike its religious opponents and the scientific discoverer. It would be as reasonable to charge upon science all the absurdities of alchemy and astrology as to discredit religion with all the follies of its professed followers. In his *History*, Dr Draper gives an account of the rise of Mohammedanism and the conquests of the Arabs, who carried with them into Europe a taste for philosophy and science. In the tenth century, the Caliph Hakem II. had made Andalusia a sort of terrestrial paradise, where Christians, Mussulmans, and Jews mixed together without restraint.

Luxuries of the Spanish Caliphs.

The Spanish caliphs had surrounded themselves with all the luxuries of oriental life. They had magnificent palaces, enchanting gardens, seraglios filled with beautiful women. Europe at the present day does not offer more taste, more refinement, more elegance, than might have been seen at the epoch of which we are speaking, in the capitals of the Spanish Arabs. Their streets were lighted and solidly paved. Their houses were frescoed and carpeted; they were warmed in winter by furnaces, and cooled in summer with perfumed air brought by underground pipes from flower-beds. They had baths and libraries and dining-halls, fountains of quicksilver and water. City and country were full of conviviality, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. Instead of the drunken and gluttonous wassail orgies of their Northern neighbours, the feasts of the Saracens were marked by sobriety. Wine was prohibited. The enchanting moonlight evenings of Andalusia were spent by the Moors in sequestered fairy-like gardens, or in orange groves, listening to the romances of the storyteller, or engaged in philosophical discourse; consoling themselves for the disappointments of this life by such reflections as that, if virtue were rewarded in this world, we should be without expectations in the life to come; and reconciling themselves to their daily toil by the expectation that rest will be found after death—a rest never to be succeeded by labour.

Dr Draper is stated to have been born near Liverpool in 1811. He graduated at the university of Pennsylvania in 1836, and in 1839 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York. His *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical*, is considered one of the best of our physiological treatises. He has also written on the *Organisation of Plants*, 1844; a *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, 1864; and text-books on chemistry and natural history.

GEORGE SMITH.

MR GEORGE SMITH (1840-1876), a gentleman honourably associated with the progress of Assyrian discovery, was of humble origin. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a bank-note engraver, but his leisure hours were devoted to the study of oriental antiquities; and on the recommendation of Sir Henry Rawlinson, he was engaged in the British Museum (1857). A contemporary account says: 'Several years of arduous and successful study were fruitful of important results; but it was in 1872 that Mr Smith had the good fortune to make what in this connection may be reckoned as his culminating discovery—that, namely, of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge, the first fragment discovered containing about half the

account which was afterwards supplemented as the result of arduous and ingenious research, in the course of which Mr Smith ascertained that the deluge tablet was, in fact, the eleventh of a series of twelve giving the history of an unknown hero named Izdubar. Mr Smith left London on his last mission of discovery at the beginning of the present year (1876), but died at Aleppo on the 19th August. 'His career has been short, but no one can doubt its brilliancy; and he was endeared to the large number of friends whom his geniality attracted and attached for the singular modesty and equilibrium which characterised him even in the most trying moments of homage and ovation.' Mr Smith's chief publication is his *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, containing the description of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, the times of the patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian fables and legends of the gods, from the cuneiform inscriptions.

TRAVELLERS.

Every season adds to our library of foreign travels and adventures. Dr Edward Clarke saw and described more of the East, as Byron said, than any of his predecessors, but a numerous tribe of followers has succeeded. *Travels in the East*, by the REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, 1840, describe the traveller's route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, and give a good account of the Mohammedan religion and its rites and ceremonies. The following is a correction of a vulgar error :

Religious Status of Women in the Mohammedan System.

The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to woman in the other world has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being; and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of 'believing women,' commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says: 'In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again.' She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers: but the reason

is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as unsusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches the females are separated from the males, and concealed behind a lattice; and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia.

Six Years' Residence in Algiers, by MRS BROUGHTON, published in 1839, is an interesting domestic chronicle. The authoress was daughter to Mr Blanckley, the British consul-general at Algiers; and the work is composed of a journal kept by Mrs Blanckley, with reminiscences by her daughter, Mrs Broughton. The vivacity, minute description, and kindly feeling everywhere apparent in this book render it highly attractive.

Discoveries in the Interior of Africa, by SIR JAMES ALEXANDER, two volumes, 1838, describe a journey from Cape Town, of about four thousand miles, and occupying above a year, towards the tracts of country inhabited by the Damaras, a nation of which very little was known, and generally the country to the north of the Orange River, on the west coast. The author's personal adventures are interesting, and it appears that the aborigines are a kind and friendly tribe of people, with whom Sir James Alexander thinks that an extended intercourse may be maintained for the mutual benefit of the colonists and the natives.

A *Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor in 1838*, by CHARLES FELLOWS, is valuable from the author's discoveries in Pamphylia. Mr Fellows has also written a second work, *Ancient Lycia, an Account of Discoveries made during a Second Excursion to Asia Minor in 1840*. LIEUT. J. R. WELLSTED, author of *Travels in Arabia, the Peninsula of Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea*, 1838; and LORD LINDSAY, in his *Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land*, 1838, supply some additional details. The scene of the encampment of the Israelites, after crossing the Red Sea, is thus described by Lord Lindsay :

The Red Sea.

The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreh, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to 'his palace in the occident;' the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad, and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the Song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!'

The EARL OF CARLISLE, in 1854, published an interesting, unpretending volume, entitled *A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*. His lordship is

also author of a lecture on Pope, and of a paraphrase in verse, *The Second Vision of Daniel*, 1858.

As a guide and pleasant companion over another Eastern route, we may note the *Overland Journey to the North of India from England*, by LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY, two volumes, 1834. Lieutenant Conolly's journey was through Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan. MISS EMMA ROBERTS, in the following year, gave a lively and entertaining series of *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindustan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society*. This lady went out again to India in 1839, and was engaged to conduct a Bombay newspaper; but she died in 1840. Her *Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay* were published after her death. Another lady, MRS POSTANS, published (1839) *Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India*. The authoress resided some years in the province of Cutch, and gives a minute account of the feudal government and customs, the religious sects and superstitions of the people. The aristocratic distinctions of caste are rigidly preserved, and the chiefs are haughty, debauched, and cruel.

Sacrifice of a Hindu Widow.

From Mrs Postans's *Cutch, or Random Sketches, &c.*

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free-will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!'

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of con-

jugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras or prayers, strewing rice and coorics on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the by-standers, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which—

Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kin-kaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the deathlike silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindustan, by LIEUTENANT THOMAS BACON, two volumes, 1837, is a more lively but carelessly written work, with good sketches of scenery, buildings, pageants, &c. The HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE (1778-1859), in 1842, gave an account of the kingdom of Cabul, and its dependencies in Persia, Tatar, and India; and *A Narrative of Various Journeys in Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab*, by CHARLES MASSON, describes with considerable animation the author's residence in those countries, the native chiefs, and personal adventures with the various tribes from 1826 to 1838. MR C. R. BAYNES, a gentleman in the Madras civil service, published in 1843 *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey to India, &c.* His remarks are just and spirited, and his anecdotes and descriptions lively and entertaining.

Remark by an Arab Chief.

An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the desert, had come to behold for the first time a steam-ship. Much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every

part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, 'It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet!'

Legend of the Mosque of the Bloody Baptism at Cairo.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister. Finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. 'Call it,' he replied, 'the Mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan!' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

SIR JOHN BOWRING published an entertaining and instructive account of *The Kingdom and People of Siam*, two volumes, 1857.

State and Ceremonial of the Siamese.

April 16, 1855.—How can I describe the barbaric grandeur, the parade, the show, the glitter, the real magnificence, the profuse decorations of to-day's royal audience! We went, as usual, in the state barges; mine had scarlet and gold curtains, the others had none. Parkes sent them back, and they all returned with the needful appendages; he understands the art of managing Orientals marvellously well. When we landed,

chairs were brought, and multitudes of guards escorted us. From the moment we entered the precincts of the palace, an unbroken line of soldiery, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon—many singularly grotesque and rude—spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle-axes, bows, quivers, in every form, and uniforms of every colour and shape, fantastical, farcical, fierce, and amusing; the rudest forms of ancient warfare, mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars—ancient European court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction. I was carried in a gaudy gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella over me, borne by eight bearers, with a crowd of attendants. My suite followed me in less decorated seats; but crowds of men, women, and children pressed around us, who were beaten away with canes by the police. We passed through rows of caparisoned ponies and elephants mounted for war. The ruder troops of the wilder countries were broken by small bodies of soldiers dressed in European style, who 'presented arms,' and had fifes and drums; but much of the music was of tom-toms and Siamese instruments. We were all conducted to a building to await the royal summons, where coffee and cigars were brought in, and gold and silver vessels, containing pure water, covered the table, at the head of which I was placed. The spittoon at my feet was of silver, inlaid with gold, and about fourteen inches in diameter. Soon a messenger came, and we proceeded on foot to the hall of reception. Soft and exceedingly pleasing music welcomed our arrival, and it thundered forth a loud peal as we approached the grand hall of audience. On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime-minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The king came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the king's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the king, his throne, being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again.

China has received a flood of new illustration, and the intercourse which has recently been opened up with that immense and mysterious empire will still further augment the amount of our knowledge. MR JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, late chief superintendent in China, has published two interesting works: *Sketches of China, partly during an Inland Journey of Four Months between Peking, Nankin, and Canton*; and *The Chinese, a General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants*. The latter work was published in 1836, but has since been enlarged, and the history of British intercourse brought down to the events which produced the dissolution of 1857. Mr Davis resided twenty years at Canton, is perfect in the peculiar language of China, and has certainly seen more of its inhabitants than any other English author. *The Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China*, in 1831, 1832, and 1833, by MR GUTZLAFF, a German, is also a valuable work. The contraband trade in opium formed a memorable era in the history of Chinese commerce. It

was carried on to a great extent with the Hong merchants; but in 1834, after the monopoly of the East India Company had been abolished, our government appointed Lord Napier to proceed to Canton as special superintendent, to adjust all disputed questions among the merchants, and to form regulations with the provincial authorities. The Chinese, always jealous of foreigners, and looking upon mercantile employments as degrading, insulted our superintendent; hostilities took place, and trade was suspended. Lord Napier took his departure amidst circumstances of insult and confusion, and died on the 11th of October 1834. The functions of superintendent devolved on Mr Davis. 'The Chinese, emboldened by the pacific temperament of our government, proceeded at length to the utmost extent; and not satisfied with imprisoning and threatening the lives of the whole foreign community, laid also violent hands on the British representative himself, claiming, as the purchase of his freedom, the delivery of the whole of the opium then in the Chinese waters—property to the amount of upwards of two millions sterling. After a close imprisonment of two months' duration, during which period our countrymen were deprived of many of the necessities of life, and exposed repeatedly, as in a pillory, to the gaze and abuse of the mob, no resource was left but to yield to the bold demands of the Chinese, relying with confidence on their nation for support and redress: nor did they rely in vain; for immediately the accounts of the aggression reached London, preparations commenced for the Chinese expedition.* After two years of irregular warfare, a treaty of peace and friendship between the two empires was signed on board Her Majesty's ship *Cornwallis* on the 29th of August 1842. This expedition gave rise to various publications. LORD JOCELYN wrote a lively and interesting narrative, entitled *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition*; and COMMANDER J. ELLIOT BINGHAM, R.N., a *Narrative of the Expedition to China. Two Years in China*, by D. MACPHERSON, M.D., relates the events of the campaign from its formation in April 1840 to the treaty of peace in 1842. *Doings in China*, by LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MURRAY, illustrates the social habits of the Chinese. *The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nankin*, by a Field Officer, consists of extracts from letters written to the author's private friends. *The Closing Events of the Campaign in China*, by CAPTAIN G. G. LOCH, R.N., is one of the best books which the expedition called forth.

Chinese Ladies' Feet.

From Commander Bingham's *Narrative*.

During our stay we made constant trips to the surrounding islands, in one of which—at Tea Island—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes, for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pied mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent

to shew us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl, of about sixteen, was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper, but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies, for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton comradore was shewn a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was: 'He-yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to shew that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals* . Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tatar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tatar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves: 'For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor or one of the six boards shall direct.' If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Mantchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore, to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities; and his Celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace at the approaching presentation!' How far

* Macpherson's *Two Years in China*.

this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil; but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child, about five years old, was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said, 'He-yaw, he-yaw !'

MR ROBERT FORTUNE, a botanist, was nearly nine years resident in China, employed on three separate missions by the Horticultural Society of London to collect specimens. In 1847 he published *Three Years' Wanderings in China*; in 1851, his *Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China*; and in 1857, *A Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea*. These works of Mr Fortune are extremely valuable as affording information relative to the social habits of the Chinese, as well as the natural products of the country. A French missionary, M. HUC, has also added fresh details in his work, *L'Empire Chinois*, 1854, of which an English version has had great success in this country. In describing his personal adventures, the French ecclesiastic is supposed to have indulged in the proverbial license of travellers; but his account of Chinese customs is said to be exact.

Chinese Thieves.—From Fortune's 'Residence among the Chinese.'

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong, one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. 'I fear,' said he, opening my door, 'the thieves have been inside the boat, and have taken away some of your property.' 'Impossible,' said I; 'they cannot have been here.' 'But look,' he replied; 'a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out.' Turning to the place indicated by my servant, I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and I then knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well—the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghai dollars, my accounts, and other papers—all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed. But there was no time to lose;

and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water—the depth when we went to bed—I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manilla cheroots which the thieves had dropped apparently in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. The night was pitch dark, everything was perfectly still, and, with the exception of the few stragglers already mentioned, the whole town seemed sunk in deep sleep. We were therefore perfectly helpless, and could do nothing further. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat. Dripping with wet, I lay down on my couch without any inclination to sleep. It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been robbed or not; but all this fine reasoning would not do.

What the Chinese think of the Europeans.

From Huc's *L'Empire Chinois*.

The Europeans who go to China are disposed to think the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire odd and ridiculous; the Chinese who visit Canton and Macao return the compliment. They exhaust their caustic and mocking vein upon the appearance of the Western devils, express unutterable astonishment at the sight of their scanty garments, their close-fitting pantaloons, their prodigious round hats in the shape of a chimney, their shirt-collars, which appear devised to saw the ears, and which so gracefully surround their grotesque faces with the long nose and blue eyes, without beard or moustache, but which display in compensation on each jaw a handful of red and frizzled hair. They are puzzled, above all, by the shape of the dress-coat. They endeavour, without success, to account for that strange habiliment, which they call a half-garment, because it is impossible to make it meet on the chest, and because the tails which hang down behind are entirely wanting in front. They admire the exquisite and refined taste of wearing at the back large buttons like coins without having anything to button to them. How much more beautiful do they think themselves, with their oblique, narrow black eyes, high cheek-bones, nose the shape of a chestnut, and shaven head adorned with a magnificent tail which reaches to the heels! Add to this graceful and elegant type a conical hat covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, black satin boots with white soles of an enormous thickness, and it is beyond dispute that a European can never rival a Chinese. But it is chiefly in their habits of life that they assume to be so much our superiors. When they see Europeans spending several hours in gymnastic promenades, they ask if it is not a more civilised mode of passing leisure time to sit quietly drinking tea and smoking a pipe, or else to go at once to bed. The notion of spending the larger portion of the night at balls and parties has never occurred to them. All the Chinese, even among the upper ranks, begin to sleep in time to be able to rise

with the sun. At the hours in which there is the greatest stir and tumult in the principal cities of Europe, those of China enjoy the most profound repose. Every one has gone home to his family, all the shops are shut, the boatmen, the mountebanks, the public readers have finished their labours, and there are no signs of activity except among the theatres for the working-classes, who have no leisure but at night to enjoy the sight of a play.

The hostilities—1857-58—ending in a treaty with China, have led to various publications respecting the Celestial Empire, the most copious and generally interesting being *China*, or the *Times*' special correspondence from China, by MR GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE (1814-1865), author of a *Life of Bolingbroke*, *The State of Parties*, &c. We give a few extracts from Mr Cooke's lively and graphic narrative :

The Chinese Language.

In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of your head; where the place of honour is on your left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar, and we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people.

The Execution-ground of Canton.

Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop, fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a road in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery; there are two wooden crosses formed of unbarked wood, standing in an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small inclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Aeldama, the field of blood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating scepticism. It was within this yard that that monster Yeh has within two years destroyed the lives of seventy thousand fellow-beings! These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and by Yeh's order her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh; this was how he treated his prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what part of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman, none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while they confess

that, after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the blow. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop! No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous manslayers are educated to their work. Until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber, they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

The Horrors of the Canton Prisons.

A Chinese jail is a group of small yards inclosed by no general outer wall, except in one instance. Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed, that when the prisoners are let out into the yard, the jailers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie.

We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight, the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The jailers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first refuses, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the jailers, than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly muttered groans. So soon as the double-doors could be opened, several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive. The mandarin jailer, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies, by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne out, one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last. They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins as the jailers lugged them not too tenderly along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape.

Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely, that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was 'hunger,' or that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there is a well in the yard, and their fellow-prisoners had supplied them; but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out, for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year, fifteen men have died in that cell. Some of those who were standing by me asked: 'How will you ever be able to tell this to the English people?' I believe that no description could lead the imagination to a full conception of what we saw in that Canton prison. I have not attempted to do more than dot a faint outline of the truth; and when I have read what I have written, I feel how feeble and forceless is the image upon paper when compared with the scene upon my memory.

This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the six thousand prisoners we saw whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats and a night in the guard-house at last forced the discovery from the mandarin, or jail-inspector, in our custody. It is called the Koon Khan, is in the eastern part of the city, and is distinguishable from the others only that it is surrounded by a high brick-wall. Nearly the whole of our second day was passed in this place. It has only one yard, and in this the prisoners are not allowed to come. There is a joss-house at one end of the court; for, of course, the Chinese mix up their religion with their tyranny. The finest sentiments, such as 'The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow!' 'Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them!' 'May we share in the mercy of the emperor!' are carved in faded golden characters over every den of every prison. Opening from this yard are four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief jailer of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a jailer at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed, they always reiterated their first story. 'The other jailers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh.' Many of the prisoners had been inmates of the place for many years, and it appeared quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans—two Frenchmen and four Englishmen—had found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners examined separately deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice, which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Peking—the jailer held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison, and they were strangled. The result of the investigation was, that the jailers were roughly handled by the British soldiers in sight of the

prisoners, and the lieutenant-governor taken into custody to give an account of his conduct.

Russia has been visited by various Englishmen. Amongst the books thus produced, is *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe*, 1838, by the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY (1778-1854), whose rank and political character were the means of introducing him to many circles closed to other tourists. He was the admirer and champion of the Emperor Nicholas, and Miss Martineau has said that one who knew the marquis well, remarked on finishing his book of travel, that 'his heaven was paved with malachite.' The marquis was also author of *A Steam Voyage to Constantinople by the Rhine and the Danube in 1840-41, and to Portugal and Spain in 1839*, two volumes, 1842. MR JOHN BARROW is the author, besides works on Ireland and on Iceland, of *Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, &c.*, 1834. He is invariably found to be a cheerful and intelligent companion, without attempting to be very profound or elaborate on any subject.* *Domestic Scenes in Russia*, by the REV. MR VENABLES, 1839, is an unpretending but highly interesting view of the interior life of the country. Mr Venables was married to a Russian lady, and he went to pass a winter with her relations, when he had an opportunity of seeing the daily life and social habits of the people. We give a few descriptive sentences.

Russian Peasants' Houses.

These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built, for the most part, of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peech* [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors, is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his peech; and when he enters his house in the winter pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

Employments of the People.

The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account; and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not; and as every kind of agricultural and outdoor employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment

* This author is a son of Sir John Barrow (1764-1848), the distinguished traveller, and assistant secretary of the Admiralty for upwards of forty years. Besides his *Travels in China* (*ante*, p. 407), Sir John wrote a *Voyage to Cochinchina*, to which is annexed an account of the Booshuana nation; also, *Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, and various nautical memoirs.

of a manufactory, as a means of employing his peasants and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn—a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by ROBERT BREMNER, two volumes, 1839, is a narrative of a short visit to Russia during the autumn of 1836. The same author published *Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden*, two volumes, 1840. Before parting from Russia, it may be observed that no English book upon that country exceeds in interest *A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a Series of Letters*, 1841, being more particularly an account of the Esthonians, whose simple character and habits afford a charming picture. This delightful book was understood to be from the pen of a lady, Miss Rigby, afterwards Lady Eastlake, author of *Livonian Tales*, 1846.

Of Norway and Sweden we have accounts by MR SAMUEL LAING, of Papdale, Orkney, a younger brother of the author of the *History of Scotland* during the seventeenth century. This gentleman did not begin to publish till a mature period of life, his first work being a *Residence in Norway in 1834-36*, and the second, a *Tour in Sweden in 1838*, both of which abound in valuable statistical facts and well-digested information. Mr Laing resided for two years in different parts of Norway, and concluded that the Norwegians were the happiest people in Europe. Their landed property is so extensively diffused in small estates, that out of a population of a million there are about 41,656 proprietors. There is no law of primogeniture, yet the estates are not subdivided into minute possessions, but average from forty to sixty acres of arable land, with adjoining natural wood and pasturage.

Agricultural Peasantry of Norway.

The Bonder, or agricultural peasantry (says Mr Laing), each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen as far as corn can grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt

them from work, but large enough to afford them and their household abundance, and even superfluity of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, iron-work, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except window-glass, cast-iron ware, and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. There is not probably in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as these Norwegian yeomanry. A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or, if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. . . . Here they are the highest men in the nation. The settlers in the newer states of America, and in our colonies, possess properties of probably about the same extent; but they have roads to make, lands to clear, houses to build, and the work that has been doing here for a thousand years to do, before they can be in the same condition. These Norwegian proprietors are in a happier condition than those in the older states of America, because they are not so much influenced by the spirit of gain. They farm their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-getting spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comforts of excellent houses, as good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture, bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals, and drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good horses, and a houseful of people who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servants is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house.

The neighbouring country of Sweden appears to be in a much worse condition, and the people are described as highly immoral and depraved. By the returns from 1830 to 1834, one person in every forty-nine of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every hundred and seventy-six of the rural population, had been punished each year for criminal offences. The state of female morals, particularly in the capital of Stockholm, is worse than in any other European state. Yet in Sweden education is widely diffused, and literature is not neglected. The nobility are described by Mr Laing as sunk in debt and poverty; yet the people are vain of idle distinctions, and the order of burgher nobility is as numerous as in some of the German states.

Society of Sweden.

Every man (he says) belongs to a privileged or licensed class or corporation, of which every member is by law entitled to be secured and protected within his own locality from such competition or interference of others in the same calling as would injure his means of living. It is, consequently, not as with us, upon his industry, ability, character, and moral worth that the employment and daily bread of the tradesman, and the social influence and consideration of the individual, in every rank, even the highest, almost entirely depends; it is here, in the middle and lower classes, upon corporate rights and privileges, or upon license obtained from government; and in the higher, upon birth and court or government favour. Public estimation, gained by character and conduct in the several relations of life, is not a necessary element in the social condition even

of the working tradesman. Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life those influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger; and the placing a man's livelihood, prosperity, and social consideration in his station upon other grounds than on his own industry and moral worth, is a demoralising evil in the very structure of Swedish society.'

Mr Laing has since published *Notes of a Traveller in Europe*, 1854; *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848-49*; and *Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies in 1851*.

Travels in Circassia and Krim Tartary, by MR SPENCER, author of a work on *Germany and the Germans*, two volumes, 1837, was hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as affording information respecting a brave mountainous tribe who long warred with Russia to preserve their national independence. They appear to be a simple people, with feudal laws and customs, never intermarrying with any race except their own. Further information was afforded of the habits of the Circassians by the *Journal of a Residence in Circassia* during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, by MR J. S. BELL. This gentleman resided in Circassia in the character of agent or envoy from England, which, however, was partly assumed. He acted also as physician, and seems generally to have been received with kindness and confidence. The population, according to Mr Bell, is divided into fraternities, like the tithings or hundreds in England during the time of the Saxons. Criminal offences are punished by fines levied on the fraternity, that for homicide being two hundred oxen. The guerrilla warfare which the Circassians carried on against Russia, marked their indomitable spirit and love of country, but it, of course, retarded their civilisation.

A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, by JOSEPH BULLAR, M.D., and JOHN BULLAR of Lincoln's Inn, two volumes, 1841, furnish some light agreeable notices of the islands of the Azores, under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about 800 miles. This archipelago contains about 250,000 inhabitants. St Michael's is the largest town, and there is a considerable trade in oranges betwixt it and England. About 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons. These particulars will serve to introduce a passage respecting

The Cultivation of the Orange, and Gathering the Fruit.

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange-gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully a highly prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an

abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers, and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or 'pip' of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . .

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St Michael's; and as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St Michael's to shield them from the winds; high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens; none of the windfalls or 'ground fruit,' as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange-cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick whenever they flagged or idled. . . .

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, sitting with the chest between his legs, placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second, and a third, and a fourth as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with the willow-band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass which stood ready for lading.

Two chests were slung across his back by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight; both were well secured by straps under his belly; the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaiao,' trudged off to the town.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep; they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses—

Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.

In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys, four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial—and the fall of a tree perhaps not unamusing—down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time—the boys, however, that picked them are marked exceptions. The young children of Villafranca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

Travels in New Zealand, by EARNEST DIEFFENBACH, M.D., late naturalist to the New Zealand Company, 1843, is a valuable history of an interesting country, destined apparently to transmit the English language, arts, and civilisation. Mr Dieffenbach gives a minute account of the language of New Zealand, of which he compiled a grammar and dictionary. He conceives the native population of New Zealand to be fit to receive the benefits of civilisation, and to amalgamate with the British colonists.

MR ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Travels in Australia and New Zealand*, 1873, supply recent and minute information. The vast improvements of late years—the formation of railroads and general progress in New Zealand—have been extraordinary. Of the squatters and free settlers, Mr Trollope says:

The first night we stayed at a squatter's house, and I soon learned that the battle between the squatter and the free-selector, of which I had heard so much in the Australian colonies, was being waged with the same interecine fury in New Zealand. Indeed the New Zealand bitterness almost exceeded that of New South Wales—though I did not hear the complaint, so common in New South Wales, that the free-selectors were all cattle-stealers. The complaint made here was that the government, in dealing with the land, had continually favoured the free-selector at the expense of the squatter—who having been the pioneer in taking up the land, deserved all good things from the country of his adoption. The squatter's claim is in the main correct. He has deserved good things, and has generally got them. In all these colonies—in New Zealand as well as New South Wales and Victoria—the squatter is the aristocrat of the country. In wealth, position, and general influ-

ence he stands first. There are no doubt points as to which the squatters have been unjustly used—matters as to which the legislature have endeavoured to clip their wings at the expense of real justice. But they have been too strong for the legislature, have driven coaches and horses through colonial acts of parliament, have answered injustice by illegal proceeding, and have as a rule held their own and perhaps something more. I soon found that in this respect the condition of New Zealand was very similar to that of the Australian colonies. The gentleman who accompanied us was the government land-commissioner of the province, and, as regarded private life, was hand and glove with our host; but the difference of their position gave me an opportunity of hearing the land question discussed as it regarded that province. I perceived that the New Zealand squatter regarded himself as a thrice-shorn lamb, but was looked upon by anti-squatters as a very wolf.

Of the Maoris he takes a less romantic or sympathetic view than some writers:

They are certainly more highly gifted than other savage nations I have seen. They are as superior in intelligence and courage to the Australian aboriginal as they are in outward appearance. They are more pliable and nearer akin in their manners to civilised mankind than are the American Indians. They are more manly, more courteous, and also more sagacious than the African negro. One can understand the hope and the ambition of the first great old missionaries who had dealings with them. But contact with Europeans does not improve them. At the touch of the higher race they are poisoned and melt away. There is scope for poetry in their past history. There is room for philanthropy as to their present condition. But in regard to their future—there is hardly a place for hope.

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country, by MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA, an English lady, is full of sketches of domestic life, related with spirit and acuteness. In no other work are we presented with such agreeable glimpses of Mexican life and manners. *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Letters on South America*, by J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON, are the works of two brothers who resided twenty-five years in South America.

The *Narrative of the Voyages of H.M.S. 'Adventure' and 'Beagle'*, 1839, by CAPTAINS KING and FITZROY, and C. DARWIN, Esq., naturalist of the *Beagle*, detail the various incidents which occurred during their examination of the southern shores of South America, and during the *Beagle's* circumnavigation of the globe. The account of the Patagonians in this work, and that of the natives of Tierra del Fuego, are both novel and interesting, while the details supplied by Mr Darwin possess a permanent value (*ante*, p. 762).

Notes on the United States during a Phrenological Visit in 1839-40, have been published by MR GEORGE COMBE, in three volumes. Though attaching what is apt to appear an undue importance to his views of phrenology, Mr Combe was a sensible traveller. He paid particular attention to schools and all benevolent institutions, which he has described with care and minuteness. Among the matter-of-fact details and sober disquisitions in this work, we meet with the following romantic story. The author had visited the lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, where he learned this realisation of Cymon and Iphigenia—finer even than the version of Dryden!

An American Cymon and Iphigenia.

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hands shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive, by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, is a vast collection of facts and details, few of them novel or striking, but apparently written with truth and candour. The work fatigues from the multiplicity of its small statements, and the want of general views or animated description. In 1842 the author published two additional volumes, describing his tour in the slave-states. These are more interesting, because the ground is less hackneyed, and Mr Buckingham felt strongly, as a benevolent and humane man, on the subject of slavery. Mr Buckingham was an extensive traveller and writer. He published narratives of journeys in Palestine, Assyria, Media, and Persia, and of various continental tours. He tried a number of literary schemes, establishing the *Oriental Herald* and *Athenæum* weekly journal, and was a successful lecturer. He had published two volumes of an autobiography, when he died somewhat suddenly in 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Among other works on America we may mention the *Western World*, by ALEXANDER MACKAY, three volumes, 1849, a very complete and able book up to the date of its publication; *Things as They are in America*, by DR WILLIAM CHAMBERS; and *Life and Liberty in America*, by DR CHARLES MACKAY. 'A visit to America,' as Dr Chambers has said, 'is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable

youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievements of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings—all have their due effect on the imagination.' The facilities afforded by steam-boat communication also render a visit to America a matter of easy and pleasant accomplishment, and the United States are every season traversed by hosts of British tourists—men of science, art, and literature, and pleasure-seekers, while the international commerce and trading is proportionally extended.

Two remarkable works on Spain have been published by MR GEORGE BORROW, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The first of these, in two volumes, 1841, is entitled *Zincali, or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*. Mr Borrow calculates that there are about forty thousand gypsies in Spain, of which about one-third are to be found in Andalusia. The caste, he says, has diminished of late years. The author's adventures with this singular people are curiously compounded of the ludicrous and romantic, and are related in the most vivid and dramatic manner. Mr Borrow's second work is named *The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula*, 1844. There are many things in the book which, as the author acknowledges, have little connection with religion or religious enterprise. It is indeed a series of personal adventures, varied and interesting, with sketches of character and romantic incidents drawn with more power and vivacity than is possessed by most novelists.

Impressions of the City of Madrid.

From Borrow's *Bible in Spain*.

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by-the-by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and perruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to

say, 'The land is our own whenever we choose to take it'; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia; shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremeniens, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And, lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? Who rides a nobler horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his czar sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire.

Mr Borrow has since published *Lavengro*—the *Scholar*, the *Gipsy*, the *Priest*, 1851; *Romany Rye*, a sequel to *Lavengro*; and *Wild Wales, its People, Language and Scenery*, 1870. These works are inferior in interest to his former publications, but are still remarkable books. Mr Borrow is a native of Norfolk, born at East Dereham in 1803.

RICHARD FORD.

One of the most vivid pictures of a great country and people ever drawn, is presented in the *Hand-book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home*, by RICHARD FORD (1796-1858). The first edition of this work appeared in 1845, in two volumes. In 1846 the author selected portions of it to form,

with additions and corrections, a work suited to the library, and bearing the title of *Gatherings from Spain*. A new edition, partly rewritten, was issued in 1855, as one of the series of *Murray's Hand-books*. This interesting and valuable work has elicited praise from all travellers in Spain and all literary critics, as the best book that has ever appeared for illustration of the national character and manners of the Spaniards, as well as for its descriptions of the scenery, and topography of the country. Mr Ford was the eldest son of Sir Richard Ford, at one time M.P. for East Grinstead, and chief police magistrate of London. He studied for the bar, but never practised, devoting himself to art and literature, and residing for many years in Spain. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*.

Spain and Spaniards.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and mortals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heaven; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once independent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbour is a second nature to the Spaniard; no spick and span constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists. The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to 'the Spains' and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little-united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty, and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyrenean revolutions.

Two general observations may be premised: *First*, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds

of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed, under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly, A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and in his *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one: taken by himself, he is true and valiant: the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honour, is proverbial; to him as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juntados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehaviour in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better then how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatience of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.

The Spanish Muleteers.

The muleteer of Spain is justly renowned: his generic term is *arriero*, a gee-upper, for his *arre arre* is pure Arabic, as indeed are almost all the terms connected with his craft, as the *Moriscoes* were long the great carriers of Spain. To travel with the muleteer, when the party is small or a person alone, is both cheap and safe; indeed many of the most picturesque portions of Spain, Ronda and Granda for instance, can scarcely be reached except by walking or riding. These men, who are constantly on the road, and going backwards and forwards, are the best persons to consult for details; their animals are generally to be hired, but a muleteer's steed is not pleasant to ride, since their beasts always travel in single files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper (to give notice of their march), which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, which, according to the pious origin of all bells, were meant to scare away the Evil One. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility, and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. These 'sumpter' mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. The head-gear is composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying, *muger de mucha campanilla*, a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal, or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs by his side, and often also a guitar; these emblems of life and death paint the unchanged, reckless condition of Iberia, where extremes have ever met, where a man still goes out of the world, like a swan, with a song. Thus accoutred, as Byron says, with

all that gave
Promise of pleasure, or a grave,

the approach of the caravan is announced from afar by his cracked or guttural voice: 'How carols now the

lusty muleteer!' For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, the tune of which is little in harmony with the import of the words or his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shewn in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. . . .

The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest; his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. It must be admitted that these cavalcades of mules are truly national and picturesque; mingled with mounted horsemen, the zigzag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as in England the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown meadow.

A. H. LAYARD.

Few modern books of travels or narratives of discovery have excited greater interest in this country than the two volumes published in 1848, *Nineveh and its Remains*, by AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. Mr Layard (born in Paris in 1817) had travelled extensively in the East, and was devoted to the study of Eastern antiquities and manners. The vast mounds near Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, were traditionally known as the site of the ancient Nineveh; the French consul at Mosul, M. Botta, had made interesting discoveries at Khorsabad; and, stimulated by his example, Mr Layard entered on a course of excavations at the same spot. The generosity of Sir Stratford Canning—now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—supplied funds for the expedition. In October 1845, Mr Layard reached Mosul, and commenced operations at Nimroud, about eighteen miles lower down the Tigris. He descended the river on a raft.

Appearance of Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier, built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once

safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to insure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad.

The 'cuneiform character' referred to is the arrow-headed alphabet, or signs and characters, found on bricks, on cylinders, on the remains of ancient buildings, and on the smooth surfaces of rocks, from the Euphrates to the eastern boundary of Persia. Professor Grotfend deciphered certain names in these inscriptions, and his discovery has been followed up by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr Hincks, and others, with distinguished success. Mr Layard commenced his operations at Nimroud on a vast mound, 1800 feet long, 900 broad, and 60 or 70 feet high. On digging down into the rubbish, chambers of white marble were brought to light; then sculptures with cuneiform inscriptions, winged lions with human heads, sphinxes, bass-reliefs representing hunting-pieces and battle-scenes, with illustrations of domestic life. One discovery caused great consternation among the labourers.

Discovery of a Colossal Sculpture.

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me, they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features shewed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and,

unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together: 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the by-standers concurred.

The semi-barbarism of the people caused frequent difficulties; but the traveller's tact, liberality, and courage overcame them all. In about twelve months, eight chambers were opened. Additional funds for prosecuting researches were obtained through the trustees of the British Museum, and ultimately twenty-eight halls and galleries were laid open, and the most valuable of the exhumed treasures transmitted to the British Museum. Mr Layard afterwards commenced excavations at Kouyunjik, on the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul, and was there equally successful. In 1849, he undertook a second expedition, funds having been supplied (though with a niggardly hand) by the trustees of the Museum and the government. On this occasion, Mr Layard extended his researches to Babylon and the confines of Persia, but the most valuable results were obtained in the field of his former labours, at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. The sculptures were of all kinds, one of the most remarkable being a figure of Dagon—a four-winged male divinity. There were representations of almost every mode of life—banquets, processions, sieges, forts, captives in fetters, criminals undergoing punishment, &c. The Assyrians appear to have been familiar with the most cruel barbarities—flaying alive, impaling, and torturing their prisoners. In the mechanical arts they were inferior to the Egyptians, and in moving those gigantic sculptures they had no motive-power but physical force—the captives, malefactors, and slaves being employed. The well-known emblems of Egyptian art appear on those Assyrian marbles, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson considers this as disproving their early date. They are all, he concludes, within the date 1000 B.C., illustrating the periods of Shalmaneser and Sennacherib; and Mr Layard

is also of opinion that the Assyrian palaces he explored were built by Sennacherib, who came to the throne at the end of the seventh century before Christ. The mounds at Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorasan would seem to be all parts of one vast city or capital—the Nineveh of Jonah, which was a three days' journey, and contained one hundred thousand children, or a population of half a million. The measurement of the space within the ruins gives an area almost identical with that assigned by the prophet.

The account of this second expedition was published by Mr Layard in 1853, under the title of *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon*. He afterwards entered into public life, was a short time in 1852 Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and member of parliament for Aylesbury; he visited the Crimea during the war with Russia, and on his return was one of the most urgent in demanding inquiry into the management of the army. In December 1860 he was returned one of the members for Southwark, and from 1861 to 1866 was Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was Chief Commissioner of Works from December 1868 to November 1869, when he retired from parliament on being appointed the British envoy at Madrid.

City of Baghdad or Bagdat.

We are now amid the date-groves. If it be autumn, clusters of golden fruit hang beneath the fan-like leaves; if spring, the odour of orange blossoms fills the air. The cooing of the doves that flutter among the branches begets a pleasing melancholy, and a feeling of listlessness and repose. The raft creeps round a projecting bank, and two gilded domes and four stately minarets, all glittering in the rays of an Eastern sun, rise suddenly high above the dense bed of palms. They are of the mosque of Kaithaman, which covers the tombs of two of the Imams or holy saints of the Sheeah sect. The low banks swarm with Arabs—men, women, and naked children. Mud hovels screened by yellow mats, and groaning water-wheels worked by the patient ox, are seen beneath the palms. The Tigris becomes wider and wider, and the stream is almost motionless. Circular boats of reeds, coated with bitumen, skim over the water. Horsemen and riders on white asses hurry along the river-side. Turks in flowing robes and broad turbans; Persians in high black caps and close-fitting tunics; the Bokhara pilgrim in his white head-dress and way-worn garments; the Bedouin chief in his tasselled keffih and striped aba; Baghdad ladies with their scarlet and white draperies, fretted with threads of gold, and their black horse-hair veils concealing even their wanton eyes; Persian women wrapped in their sightless garments; and Arab girls in their simple blue shirts, are all mingled together in one motley crowd. A busy stream of travellers flows without ceasing from the gates of the western suburb of Baghdad to the sacred precincts of Kaithaman.

An account of the *Highlands of Ethiopia*, by MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, H.E.I.C. Engineers, three volumes, 1844, also abounds with novel and interesting information. The author was employed to conduct a mission which the British government sent to Sahela Scasse, the king of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankober, was supposed to be about four hundred miles inland from the port of Tajura, on the African coast. The king consented to form a commercial treaty, and Major Harris conceived that a profit-

able intercourse might be maintained by Great Britain with this productive part of the world.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE—MR J. F. CAMPBELL.

In 1869 was published *Greater Britain, a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries* during 1866 and 1867. 'The development of the England of Elizabeth is to be found, not in the Britain of Victoria, but in half the habitable globe. If two small islands are by courtesy called "Great," America, Australia, India, must form a "Greater Britain."' After this prefatory explanation of his quaint title, the author arranges his travelling experiences into four parts—America, Polynesia, Australia, and India. The sketches are lively and spirited, and the work was well received by the public. The sixth edition (1872) is now before us.

Influence of the English Race.

The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread. In America, the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they run into an English mould: Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain in her age will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own—that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain.

Brigham Young.

We posted off to a merchant to whom we had letters, that we might inquire when his spiritual chief and military ruler would be home again from his 'trip north.' The answer was, 'To-morrow.'

After watching the last gleams fade from the snow-fields upon the Wasatch, we parted for the night, as I had to sleep in a private house, the hotel being filled even to the balcony. As I entered the drawing-room of my entertainer, I heard the voice of a lady reading, and caught enough of what she said to be aware that it was a defence of polygamy. She ceased when she saw the stranger; but I found that it was my host's first wife reading Belinda Pratt's book to her daughters—girls just blooming into womanhood.

After an agreeable chat with the ladies, doubly pleasant as it followed upon a long absence from civilization, I went to my room, which I afterwards found to be that of the eldest son, a youth of sixteen years. In one corner stood two Ballard rifles, and two revolvers and a military uniform hung from pegs upon the wall. When I lay down with my hands underneath the pillow—an attitude instinctively adopted to escape the sand-flies, I touched something cold. I felt it—a full-sized Colt, and capped. Such was my first introduction to Utah Mormonism.

On the morrow, we had the first and most formal of our four interviews with the Mormon president, the conversation lasting three hours, and all the leading men of the church being present. When we rose to leave, Brigham said: 'Come to see me here again: Brother Stenhouse will show you everything;' and then blessed us in these words, 'Peace be with you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Elder Stenhouse followed us out of the presence, and somewhat anxiously put the odd question: 'Well, is he

a white man?' 'White' is used in Utah as a general term of praise; a white man is a man—to use our corresponding idiom—not so black as he is painted. A 'white country' is a country with grass and trees; just as a white man means a man who is morally not a Ute, so a white country is a land in which others than Utes can dwell.

We made some complimentary answer to Stenhouse's question; but it was impossible not to feel that the real point was, is Brigham sincere?

Brigham's deeds have been those of a sincere man. His bitterest opponents cannot dispute the fact that in 1844, when Nauvoo was about to be deserted, owing to the attacks of a ruffianly mob, Brigham rushed to the front, and took the chief command. To be a Mormon leader then was to be a leader of an outcast people, with a price set on his head, in a Missourian county in which almost every man who was not a Mormon was by profession an assassin. In the sense, too, of believing that he is what he professes to be, Brigham is undoubtedly sincere. In the wider sense of being that which he professes to be, he comes off as well, if only we will read his words in the way he speaks them. He tells us that he is a prophet—God's representative on earth; but when I asked him whether he was of a wholly different spiritual rank to that held by other devout men, he said: 'By no means. I am a prophet—one of many. All good men are prophets; but God has blessed me with peculiar favour in revealing His will oftener and more clearly through me than through other men.'

Those who would understand Brigham's revelations must read Bentham. The leading Mormons are utilitarian deists. 'God's will be done,' they like other deists say, is to be our rule: and God's will they find in written revelation and in utility. God has given men, by the actual hand of angels, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Covenants, the revelations upon Plural Marriage. When these are exhausted, man, seeking for God's will, has to turn to the principle of utility: that which is for the happiness of mankind—that is, of the church—is God's will and must be done. While utility is their only index to God's pleasure, they admit that the church must be ruled—that opinions may differ as to what is the good of the church, and therefore the will of God. They meet, then, annually, in an assembly of the people, and electing church-officers by popular will and acclamation, they see God's finger in the ballot-box. They say, like the Jews in the election of their judges, that the choice of the people is the choice of God. This is what men like John Taylor or David Wells appear to feel; the ignorant are permitted to look upon Brigham as something more than man, and though Brigham himself does nothing to confirm this view, the leaders foster the delusion. When I asked Stenhouse, 'Has Brigham's re-election as prophet ever been opposed?' he answered sharply, 'I should like to see the man who'd do it.'

Brigham's personal position is a strange one: he calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself, but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you find that for prophet you should read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the church and the people—that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the tabernacle, he steps to the front and says: 'God has spoken; He has said unto his prophet: "Get thee up, Brigham, and build Me a city in the fertile valley to the South, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton plants, and give raiment as well as food to my saints on earth." Brethren willing to

aid God's work should come to me before the bishops' meeting.' As the prophet takes his seat again, and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs round the bowery, and teams and barrows are freely promised.

Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city may prove a failure, but this is not concealed: the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. 'After all,' Brigham said to me the day before I left, 'the highest inspiration is good sense—the knowing what to do and how to do it.'

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, author of *Greater Britain*, is son of a baronet of the same name who was one of the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and for his services in that capacity was rewarded with a baronetcy in 1862. The second baronet was born in 1843, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1866. In November 1867 he was elected to represent Chelsea in the House of Commons. Sir Charles has succeeded his father and grandfather as proprietor of the *Athenæum* literary journal.

Another extensive traveller, MR J. F. CAMPBELL, has published two volumes of extracts from journals sent home, geological and other notes written while travelling westwards round the world in 1875. His work is entitled *My Circular Notes*. The 'Notes' are lively and graphic, especially as regards Japan and the Japanese, of which the accounts are highly favourable.

'Japan is fairly started with growing railroads and telegraphs, an ordnance survey, and an observatory; steam-boats, a newspaper, and a national debt. A most ingenious set of mortals are planted in one of the best commercial situations in the whole world, watched by all the great powers. They make one of the most interesting of political studies, and are the queerest mixture of tragedy and comedy that a spectator can look at from outside.'

Mr Campbell is a Celtic scholar, and has published four volumes of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation*, 1862. The work is a rich repertory of Celtic folk-lore and traditional literature, poetical and prosaic.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

Two interesting volumes on Arabia were published in 1865, by WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE, son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and born in Westminster in 1826. An officer in the Indian army, Mr Palgrave travelled for nearly ten years (1853–1863) in Arabia and other parts of the Turkish empire. He has also officiated as consul at Trebizond. His published travels are entitled *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, 1862–63. At the time of undertaking this journey, Mr Palgrave was in connection with the Order of the Jesuits, and the necessary funds were furnished by the liberality of the Emperor of the French (Napoleon III.). The narrative gives the most minute account we have of the Arab race—of their condition, intellectual and political, social and religious.

The Arab Character.

Some authors, travelled or otherwise, have represented the Arabs of the interior as a race absolutely incapable of any real attainment or progress in practical and

material science, and have supposed that branch of knowledge to be the exclusive portion of Japhet, while Shem and his descendants, amongst whom the Arabs hold a distinguished place, are to be allowed neither part nor lot in this matter. My own experience, if indeed it may bear the name of experience, would lead me to a very different conclusion; and I am rather inclined to regard the Arabs, taken in themselves and individually, as endowed with a remarkable aptitude for those very pursuits, and hardly less adapted to the railroad, to the steam-ship, or any other nineteenth century invention or natural research than the natives of Sheffield or Birmingham themselves. But lack of communication with other countries, and especially with those which were in former times, and yet are, the fountain-heads of that special activity; and, in addition, the Mahometan drug which paralyses whatever it does not kill outright, have kept them back in the intellectual race, to be outrun by others more favoured by circumstance, though not perhaps by nature. When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then, and then only, can we seriously expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilisation from which Mahomet and his book have, more than any other individual cause, long held him back.

The Simoon.

It was about noon, and such a noon as a summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Salem, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and bowed down, and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salem, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, 'Try to reach that; if we can get there, we are saved.' He added, 'Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;' and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

We looked anxiously towards the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side; while, at the same time, a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all we could do, to turn round and round, and bend their knees preparing to lie down. The Simoon was fairly upon us.

Of course, we had followed our Arab's example by muffling our faces; and now, with blows and kicks, we forced the staggering animals onwards to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time; and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast was coming around, we were already prostrate one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand awaiting the passing of the gale.

On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wadi Sirham. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling, without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas,

murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Salem hastened to reassure her by calling out 'Friends,' and without more words, threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the Simoon had gone by. We got up half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warning, to step out and look at the camels: they were still lying flat as if they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the Simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Expeditions to the arctic regions were continued after the fruitless voyage of Sir John Ross, 1829-33. The interval of 160 miles between Point Barrow, and the farthest point to which Captain Franklin penetrated, was, in 1837, surveyed by MR THOMAS SIMPSON and the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter had, with great generosity, lent their valuable assistance to complete the geography of that region, and Mr Simpson was enthusiastically devoted to the same object. In the summer of 1837, he, with his senior officer, Mr Dease, started from the Great Slave Lake, following the steps of Franklin as far as the point called Franklin's Farthest, whence they traced the remainder of the coast to the westward to Point Barrow, by which they completed our knowledge of this coast the whole way west of the Coppermine River, as far as Behring's Straits. Wintering at the north-east angle of the Great Bear Lake, the party descended the Coppermine River, and followed the coast eastwards as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by Back in 1834. The expedition comprised 'the navigation of a tempestuous ocean beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land-journeys and the perils of the climate.' In 1839 the Geographical Society of London rewarded Mr Simpson with a medal, for 'advancing almost to completion the solution of the great problem of the configuration of the northern shore of the North American continent.' While returning to Europe in June 1840, Mr Simpson died, it is supposed, by his own hand in a paroxysm of insanity, after shooting two of the four men who accompanied him from the Red River colony. Mr Simpson was a native of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, and at the time of his melancholy death was only in his thirty-second year. His *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years 1836-39*, was published in 1843.

In 1845 the Admiralty commissioned two ships, the *Ercbus* and *Terror*, to prosecute the problem of the North-west Passage. Captain Sir John Franklin had returned from Tasmania, and the expedition was placed under charge of that experienced and skilful commander, Captain Crozier being the second in command. The expedition

was seen for the last time by a whaler, July 26, 1845, making for Lancaster Sound. At the close of 1847 the Admiralty despatched vessels with supplies; two were sent in 1848 on Franklin's route, and Sir John Richardson was despatched through Rupert's Land to the coast of the Arctic Sea. These were the beginnings of a series of searching expeditions persevered in year after year, until tidings were obtained. Of these we have interesting accounts in the *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847*, by JOHN RAE, 1850; *Journal of a Voyage in 1850-51, performed by the 'Lady Franklin' and 'Sophia' under command of Mr W. Penny*, by P. C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., two volumes, 1852; *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic-searching Expeditions of 1850-1-2*, by JAMES MANGLES, R.N., 1852; *Second Voyage of the 'Prince Albert' in Search of Sir John Franklin*, by W. KENNEDY, 1853; *The Last of the Arctic Voyages, being a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. 'Assistance,' under the command of SIR EDWARD BELCHER, C.B., in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1852-3-4*, two volumes, 1855; *The Discovery of the North-west Passage, by H.M.S. 'Investigator,' CAPTAIN R. M'CLURE, 1850-54*, published in 1856. The last of these voyages was the most important. Captain M'Clure was knighted, and parliament voted him a sum of £5000, with an equal sum to his officers and crew. The gallantry and ability displayed by the officers of the various expeditions, and the additions made by them to the geography of the Polar Seas, render these voyages and land-journeys a source of national honour, though of deep and almost painful interest. The abundance of animal life in the polar regions is remarkable. Reindeer, hares, musk oxen, with salmon and other fish, were found, and furnished provisions to the exploring ice-parties. In 1854 Dr Rae learned from a party of Esquimaux that in the spring of 1850 about forty white men were seen on the shore of King William's Land. They appeared thin, and intimidated by signs that their ships had been lost in the ice, and that they were travelling to where they hoped to find deer to shoot. They were dragging a boat and sledges. The Esquimaux further stated that later the same season, before the ice broke up, the bodies of thirty white men were discovered on the continent a day's journey to the west of the Great Fish River, and five more bodies on an adjacent island. In 1857, Lady Franklin organised another searching expedition, and Captain M'Clintock, with a crew of twenty-four men, sailed in the *Fox* yacht. They spent the winter of 1857-58 in the ice, drifting about twelve hundred miles. In the spring they resumed operations, and in August reached Brentford Bay, near which the ship was laid up for winter-quarters. In the spring of 1859, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson undertook sledge expeditions, embracing a complete survey of the coasts. At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Land, Lieutenant Hobson found under a cairn a record, dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, stating that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned on the 22d of April 1848, in the ice, and that the survivors, in all one hundred and five, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the

11th of June 1847. The unfortunate party had expected to be able to penetrate on foot southwards to some of the most northerly settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. Traces of their progress were further found—a large boat fitted on a sledge, with quantities of clothing, cocoa, tea, tobacco, and fuel, with two guns and plenty of ammunition. Five watches, some plate, knives, a few religious books, and other relics were discovered; but no journals or pocket-books. The gallant band, enfeebled by three years' residence in arctic latitudes, disappointment, and suffering, had no doubt succumbed to the cold and fatigue, sinking down by the way, as the Esquimaux had reported to Dr Rae, and finding graves amidst the eternal frost and snow. The graves of three of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are thus noticed in *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal*, by LIEUTENANT S. OSBORN :

Graves of the English Seamen in the Polar Regions.

The graves, like all that Englishmen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmates; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and footboard to each of the graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggerel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows :

'Sacred to the Memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died April 3, 1846, aged 32 years. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—*Josh.* xxiv. 15.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life, January 1, 1846, on board of H.M.S. *Terror*, aged 20 years.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died January 4, 1846, aged 25 years. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways."—*Haggai* i. 7.'

I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the *Erebus* the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.

Some interesting and affecting details of these arctic explorations are given in the *Life of Sir John Richardson*, by the REV. J. M'ILRAITH, 1868. Sir John was an intrepid explorer of the arctic regions, and largely contributed to the knowledge of the physical geography, flora, and fauna of British North America. This excellent man was a native of Dumfries, born in 1787, died in 1865.

We shall now advert to African discovery and adventure, and to the question of the source of the Nile, which, even from time immemorial, has been a subject of mysterious interest and speculation.

CAPTAIN BURTON.

One of the most fearless and successful of modern explorers is RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, born at Tuam in Galway, Ireland, in 1820. Entering the East India Company's service, Lieutenant Burton served some years in Sindh under Sir Charles Napier, and published an account of *Sindh and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus*, 1851. The same year he produced a volume entitled *Goa and the Blue Mountains, or Six Months of Sick-leave*; and the next year, *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*. His remarkable talent for acquiring languages, and particularly his knowledge of Arabic, suggested a journey in the East through regions unexplored or but partially known. Under the auspices of the English Geographical Society he proceeded to Arabia, adopting the habits of an Afghan pilgrim. He penetrated to the two holy cities, accomplishing a safe return to Cairo, and the result was a most valuable and interesting book of travels, entitled a *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, three volumes, 1855-57. The next expedition of the traveller was into the country of the Somaulis in Eastern Africa. He was accompanied by three brother-officers—Lieutenants Stroyan, Speke, and Hern. The first of these was killed, and Burton himself was much wounded, but he succeeded in reaching Harar, and he published an account of the journey under the title of *First Footsteps in East Africa, or an Exploration of Harar*, 1856. At the end of the year, Burton and Speke set out to the country of the Upper Nile, to verify the existence of an inland sea announced by the Arabs and missionaries. They started from the Zanzibar coast in 1857, and the result was the discovery of the vast lake of Tanganyika in lat. 5° S., long. 36° E., and a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the lake, and ten thousand feet high, considered by Speke to be the true Mountains of the Moon. Captain Burton published an account of this expedition, entitled *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*, two volumes, 1860. His health having been impaired by his African travels, Captain Burton embarked for the United States, which he traversed, and published an account of the Mormons. In 1861 he was appointed consul for Fernando Po, and from thence he made exploring expeditions described in his works *Abeokuta and the Cameroons Mountains*, two volumes, 1863; *A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey*, two volumes, 1864; *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*, 1865. He was next appointed consul in Brazil, where he resided above three years, and wrote *Explorations of the Highlands of Brazil*, two volumes, 1869; and *Letters from the Battle-fields of Paraguay*, 1870. A later work of the traveller's is a description of *Zanzibar, City, Island, and Coast*, 1872. In 1875, Captain Burton published *Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland*, in which we have not only the author's personal adventures, but a narrative of the discovery, the history, and characteristics of the island.

CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE was a native of Devonshire, born at Orleigh Court, near Bideford, in 1827. He obtained a commission in the Bengal

Native Infantry, and served in the war of the Punjaub. In 1854 he commenced his explorations in Eastern Africa, and in 1856, as already related, he joined Captain Burton in his expedition to ascertain the position of the great lakes of the interior, and their relation to the Nile basin. In February 1858, Lake Tanganyika was discovered, and in July of the same year, Speke traversed the route running north from Kazeh, and in August discovered the south end of the Victoria Nyanza lake, which he considered to be the source of the Nile. In his opinion he differed from Burton and other travellers, and in order to establish more firmly his theory on the subject he undertook another expedition in 1860, accompanied by a brother officer, Captain Grant. The result he published in a large volume, a *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, 1863. Captain Speke was engaged to address the British Association at Bath on the 16th of September 1864, but was unfortunately killed on the day preceding by the accidental discharge of his gun. The death of the brave traveller under circumstances so distressing may be said to have saddened all England. Subsequent explorations in Africa have proved the accuracy of Speke's account of the Victoria Nyanza.

First View of the Nile.

Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterna and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good. . . .

I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain gardens. Nargo, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain squash and dried fish with pombé.* He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would

* A fermented liquor made from grains, roots, or fruits.

assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wanguana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.

Etiquette at the Court of Uganda.

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in open ranks, who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of them had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper-rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side, and on the other was a band of Wachwézi, or lady-sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and shew off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yes, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion, but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the

noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle.

The Source of the Nile—A Summary.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, or *top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great Nile* stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangülé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamúézi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys: and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the 'Salt Lake,' which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt, if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in three degrees south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be.

JAMES AUGUSTUS GRANT, associated with Captain Speke in African travel and discovery, is a native of Nairn, of which town his father was minister. He was born in 1827, and in his eighteenth year entered the Indian army; served under Lord Gough; and did duty with the 78th Highlanders, under General Havelock, at the

relief of Lucknow in 1857. On this occasion he was wounded in the right hand. From April 1860 till June 1863 he was engaged in the African expedition. In the preface to his work, *A Walk Across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal*, 1864, Captain Grant says:

'My acquaintance with Captain Speke commenced as far back as 1847, when he was serving in India with his regiment. We were both Indian officers, of the same age, and equally fond of field-sports, and our friendship continued unbroken. After his return from discovering the Victoria Nyanza, he was, as is well known, commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute his discovery, and to ascertain, if possible, the truth of his conjecture—that the Nile had its source in that gigantic lake, the Nyanza. I volunteered to accompany him; my offer was at once accepted; and it is now a melancholy satisfaction to think that not a shade of jealousy or distrust, or even ill-temper, ever came between us during our wanderings and intercourse.'

Captain, now Colonel Grant, was made a C.B. in 1866; and in 1868, when the Abyssinian expedition was organised, he was appointed head of the Intelligence Department, and for his services in Abyssinia was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Star of India. His volume of travels is a pleasing and interesting narrative. Its title is thus explained: 'Last season Sir Roderick Murchison did me the honour to introduce me to Her Majesty's First Minister, Viscount Palmerston, and on that occasion his Lordship good-humouredly remarked, 'You have had a long walk, Captain Grant!' The saying was one well fitted to be remembered and to be told again; and my friendly publishers and others recommended that it should form the leading title of my book.' We subjoin one extract:

*Life in Unyanyembe.**

This province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is as green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist; for, if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in

* The following notice of African localities (from an article in the *Times*) will assist the reader: 'The Island of Zanzibar is cut by the sixth parallel of south latitude, and from Bagamoyo, on the mainland, starts a well-known caravan route, which leads in the first place to Unyanyembe, a central trading station and settlement of the Arab ivory and slave merchants, lying in five degrees south latitude, and three hundred and sixty miles west of Bagamoyo in a direct line. The next and farthest depot of the Arab merchants is Ujiji, one hundred and eighty miles due west of Unyanyembe, on the shores of the great lake of Tanganyika. When the native tribes and their petty sultans are not at war between themselves or with the Arabs, the road to Ujiji from Unyanyembe is pretty straight and safe for a well-organised caravan. The district between Tanganyika and the coast is well travelled by caravans; the tribute system with the different tribes is almost as organised as a customs tariff, and the drunken village chiefs and sultans, who depend upon traders for all their finery, are quite wise enough to know that if they rob and murder one caravan, another is not likely to come their way. Neither do the Arabs dare to kidnap along the route. Their slave-hunting grounds are in the distant interior, and it is quite an error to suppose that the country is desolated and uninhabited for several hundred miles from the coast inwards. A great part of the way from Bagamoyo to Ujiji, it is populous and prosperous, the natives are well armed with flint guns as far and farther than Unyanyembe, and it is to the interest of both the tribes and the traders to keep the peace.'

the fields, with hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wicks. As the previous year's corn had been consumed, the poorer classes gathered the heads of a wild grass (*Dactyloctenium Aegyptium*), and prepared it for stirabout by sun-drying, beating on the rocks, and rubbing it into flour on their flagstones. They also fed upon mushrooms, growing amongst the rank 'dub' grass, after drying, roasting, and peeling them. They were five inches in diameter, and sienna-coloured. Another variety was white, and half the size. All the cattle and goats in the country seemed to have found their way into the folds of the Arabs, and had been captured in a war still going on between them and the native population. The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants might be met with along the valley of the Wallah River. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across, and striated or lined at one end. Our men had a superstition that the person who found an armadillo alive would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one at three degrees north latitude. About the cultivations near the village no singing-birds are ever heard, but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice fields the favourite of the Cape farmers, the locust-bird, black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white about the neck, were seen in twos and threes. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation.

It is not a country for ivory, the natives seldom, if ever, bringing any for sale. Grain was so scarce that slaves could be purchased for two fathoms of calico. One day a naked native passed us in charge of three Seedees (negros) armed with spears. They had found him stealing, and offered him for sale. No one would purchase him, and he was taken to the sultan, who would, as Moosah said, either spear him, keep him as a slave, or allow him to be sold. Slaves from the northern kingdom of Uganda, &c., were considered the most valuable. They were held to be more trustworthy than men from the coast, made excellent servants, and were famous at killing or capturing wild animals. The most esteemed women were of the Wahumah tribe from Karage; they resembled the Abyssinians.

Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall which inclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'fondee' or chief manager, and other head servants within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both, and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he had never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'bookeen,' or

Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirts! After a midday sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day.

The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game-fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing, and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper or 'fondee,' who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horns and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the fondee made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and he produced some ripe plantain, and shewed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

In 1854 and 1855 appeared *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon*, and *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*. These works evinced a love of travel and adventure, an intelligence and power of description, that marked the writer as one eminently fitted for the exploration of Eastern countries. Their author was an English engineer, SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, born at Thorngrove in Worcestershire, in 1821. About the year 1847 he had gone to Ceylon, and was popularly known as the elephant hunter. His residence was fitted up with great taste and neatness, as both Mr Baker and his wife had a fine taste for art. Mrs Baker died, but in 1860 he married again, the lady being a young Hungarian, Florence von Saas, who shared in her husband's love of wild nature, and who accompanied him on a journey of exploration to the Upper Nile. In 1861 they sailed up the Nile from Cairo. They reached Khartoum in June 1862, compared the Blue Nile with the White Nile at or near the point of junction, and proceeded up the latter to Gondokoro. Baker had a good escort—ninety persons, twenty-nine camels and asses, and three boats. Gondokoro is a mission station and place of trade, and can be reached from Cairo in a sailing-boat, with a north wind, in about three months. At Gondokoro, Baker met Captains Speke and Grant, who had just arrived from their expedition to the south, and he led the way-worn travellers to his *diabcah*, or Nile pleasure-boat, where they found the comforts of civilised life, so long denied them. These southern explorers told Baker of their discovery of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and of another great lake which the natives had described to them, but which they had been unable to visit. Baker at once undertook to trace this unknown water, which he conceived must have an important posi-

tion in the basin of the Nile. He set off on the journey, and arrived in the Latooka country, 110 miles east of Gondokoro, in March 1863. After innumerable difficulties and hardships, the traveller and his heroic wife succeeded, in March 1864, in obtaining from the top of a range of lofty cliffs a view of the mysterious lake.

First Sight of the Albert Nyanza.

The glory of our prize suddenly burst upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! . . . I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake 'the Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. . . .

The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff, one thousand five hundred feet above the level, had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters—thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth.

This result of nearly five years passed in Africa might well form a subject of triumph to Baker. 'Bruce,' he said, 'won the source of the Blue Nile, Speke and Grant won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert Nyanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.' For the discovery, and for his relief of Speke and Grant, the Royal Geographical Society awarded the gold medal, and Her Majesty conferred upon Baker the honour of knighthood. In 1866 he published, in two volumes, his interesting narrative, *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile*; and in 1867, *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*.

A greater expedition was afterwards organised under the auspices of the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, who furnished a force of one thousand soldiers. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker left Cairo in December 1869, having besides the troops, Nile boats, stores, instruments, and other appliances either for war or peace. The grand object of the expedition was to suppress, if possible, the slave-trade, and promote commerce and agriculture. On the 8th of January 1870 Sir Samuel was again at Khartoum, and had succeeded in partially suppressing the slave-trade of the White Nile. The expedition, however, did not realise the expectations so sanguinely entertained at its commencement.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE—HENRY M. STANLEY.

Since the period of Mungo Park's travels and melancholy fate, no explorer of Africa has excited so strong a personal interest as DAVID LIVINGSTONE, a Scottish missionary, whose *Researches in South Africa* were published in 1857. Mr Livingstone had then returned to England, where his arrival was celebrated as a national event, after completing a series of expeditions, commenced sixteen years before, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, and spreading religious knowledge and commerce. The narrative describes long and perilous journeys in a country, the greater part of which had never before been visited by a European, and contains a great amount of information respecting the natives, the geography, botany, and natural products of Africa. In the belief that Christianity can only be effectually extended by being united to commerce, Dr Livingstone endeavoured to point out and develop the capabilities of the new region for mercantile intercourse. The missionary, he argues, should be a trader—a fact known to the Jesuits in Africa, and also to the Dutch clergy, but neglected by our Protestant missionary societies. 'By the introduction of the raw material of our manufactures, African and English interests will be more

closely linked than heretofore; both countries will be eventually benefited, and the cause of freedom throughout the world will be promoted.' To these patriotic and national advantages indicated by Dr Livingstone, his work possesses the interest springing from a personal narrative of difficulties overcome and dangers encountered, pictures of new and strange modes of life, with descriptions of natural objects and magnificent scenery. The volume fills 687 pages, and is illustrated with maps by Arrowsmith, and a number of lithographs. The style is simple and clear. Dr Livingstone was admirably fitted for his mission. He was early inured to hardship. He was born of poor but honest and pious parents at Blantyre in 1817. At ten years of age he was sent into the factory to work as a 'piecer,' and from his wages he put himself to college, and studied medicine. His ambition was to become a missionary to China, but the opium war was unfavourable, and he proceeded, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, to Africa. The most remote station from the Cape then occupied by our missionaries was Kuruman or Latakoo. Thither our author repaired, and excluding himself for six months from all European society, he gained a knowledge of the language of the Bechuana, their habits, laws, &c., which proved of incalculable advantage to him. The Bechuana people were ruled over by a chief named Sechele, who was converted to Christianity. The people are social and kindly, and Dr Livingstone and his wife set about instructing them, using only mild persuasion. Their teaching did good in preventing wars and calling the better feelings into play, but polygamy was firmly established amongst them: they considered it highly cruel to turn off their wives. They excused themselves by thinking they were an inferior race. In a strain of natural pathos they used to say, 'God made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except the assegai (with which they kill game), and cattle, and rain-making, and he did not give us hearts like yours.' The rain-making is a sort of charm—an incantation by which the rain-doctors, in seasons of drought, imagine they can produce moisture. The station ultimately chosen by Dr Livingstone as the centre of operations was about three hundred miles north of Kuruman. In one of his expeditions he was accompanied by two English travellers, Major Vardon and Mr Oswell;* and the party discovered the great lake Ngami, about seventy miles in circumference, till then unknown except to the natives. About one hundred and thirty miles north-east from this point the travellers came upon the river Zambesi, a noble stream in the centre of the continent. In June 1852, he commenced another expedition, the greatest he had yet attempted, which lasted four years. In six months he reached the capital of the Makololo territory, Linyanti, which is twelve hundred miles above the latitude of Cape Town. The people

* Another English traveller, MR ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING (1820-1866) penetrated into this region, following a wild sporting career, and published *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*, two volumes, 1850.

were desirous of obtaining a direct trade with the sea-coast, and with an escort of twenty-seven men he set out to discover the route thither. The traveller's outfit was small enough :

An African Explorer's Outfit.

We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that, but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town; a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impediments' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'knickknacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

They ascended the rivers Chobe and Leeambye, and stopped at the town of Shesheke, where Dr Livingstone preached to audiences of five and six hundred. After reaching a point eight hundred miles north of Linyanti, he turned to the west, and finally reached Loanda, on the shores of the Atlantic. The incidents of this long journey are, of course, varied. The fertility of the country—the Barotze district, and the valley of the Quango, with grass reaching two feet above the traveller's head, the forests, &c., are described at length. There appeared to be no want of food, although the amount of cultivated land is 'as nothing with what might be brought under the plough.' In this central region the people are not all quite black, some inclining to bronze—the dialects spoken glide into one another. Dr Livingstone confirms the statements by Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming with respect to the vast amount of game and the exciting hunting scenes in that African territory. The following is a wholesale mode of destroying game practised by the Bechuanas :

Hunting on a Great Scale.

Very great numbers of the large game—buffaloes, zebras, graffes, tssésbes, kamas or hartebeests, kokongs, or gnus, pallas, rhinoceroses, &c.—congregated at some fountains near Kolobeng, and the trap called *hopo* was constructed in the lands adjacent for their destruction. The *hopo* consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid across the margins of the pit,

and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape after they are in. The trees form an overlapping border, and render escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long and about as much apart at their extremities, a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to inclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the *hopo*, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and on the animals rush to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight: others of the poor creatures, borne down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.

Dr Livingstone left Loanda on 20th September 1854, and returned to Linyanti, which was reached in the autumn of 1855. Excited by the account of what wonders they had seen, as told by the men who accompanied Dr Livingstone to the shores of the Atlantic, the Makololo people flocked to his standard in great numbers when he announced an expedition to the east coast of Africa. With a party of one hundred and fourteen picked men of the tribe, he started for the Portuguese colony of Killimane, on the east coast, in November 1855. The chief supplied oxen, and there was always abundance of game. He found that British manufactures penetrate into all regions.

English Manufactures in the Interior of South Africa.

When crossing at the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo, one of my men picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture, and we were informed that this was the spot where the Mambari cross in coming to Masiko. Their visits explain why Sekelenke kept his tusks so carefully. These Mambari are very enterprising merchants; when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa: these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mambari, they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. 'How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?' Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks. An attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, 'Truly, ye are gods!'

After a journey of six months the party reached Killimane, where Dr Livingstone remained till July, and then sailed for England. One of the Makololo people would not leave him; 'Let me die at your feet,' he said; but the various objects on board the ship, and the excitement of the voyage, proved too much for the reason of the poor savage; he leaped overboard, and was drowned. The great object of Dr Livingstone was to turn the interior of this fertile country and the river Zambesi, which he discovered, into a scene

of British commerce. The Portuguese are near the main entrance to the new central region, but they evince a liberal and enlightened spirit, and are likely to invite mercantile enterprise up the Zambesi, by offering facilities to those who may push commerce into the regions lying far beyond their territory. The 'white men' are welcomed by the natives, who are anxious to engage in commerce. Their country is well adapted for cotton, and there are hundreds of miles of fertile land unoccupied. The region near the coast is unhealthy, and the first object must be to secure means of ready transit to the high lands in the borders of the central basin, which are comparatively healthy. The river Zambesi has not been surveyed, but during four or five months there is abundance of water for a large vessel. There are three hundred miles of navigable river, then a rapid intervenes, after which there is another reach of three hundred miles.

A second expedition was fitted out, and early in 1858 Dr Livingstone, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and a party of scientific friends, set out on his important mission. In May they had reached the mouth of the Zambesi; in the January following they explored the river and valley of the Shiré, where a white man had never before been seen, and they proceeded up the Shiré about two hundred miles, till stopped by the Murchison Falls. The valley of the Shiré they found fertile and cultivated. In September 1860 the great Lake Nyassa was discovered. This he reached by an overland march of twenty days from the Shiré. He subsequently revisited it, and judged the lake to be about two hundred miles long and fifty broad. The country was studded with villages, and formed the centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. The natives of the Shiré and Nyassa valleys possess excellent iron, and are manufacturers as well as agriculturists. In February 1864 Livingstone left Africa for England, and he recorded his explorations in a *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa*.

In 1866 a third expedition was undertaken. In March of that year Livingstone left Zanzibar, and struck up the country towards Lake Nyassa. There he remained during the autumn. In March 1867 a painful rumour reached England that Livingstone had been assassinated. The story was disbelieved by Sir Roderick Murchison and others, and it turned out, as conjectured by Sir Roderick, to be an invention of some Johanna men, who had deserted when near Lake Nyassa, and brought back with them to the coast the fictitious story of the assassination. After many hardships and dangers, the intrepid traveller reached Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in March 1869, and having written from thence to England, a small expedition was fitted out under the command of an old friend of Livingstone's, Mr E. D. Young, which sailed from Plymouth in June, and in September reached Lake Nyassa. There the falsehood of the report of the traveller's death was clearly ascertained, and Mr Young and his companions returned home. It appears that in June 1869 Livingstone had quitted Ujiji, in company with some Arab traders, to explore the far Manyema country on the west side of Tanganyika. 'It was in this journey,' says a summary in the *Times*, 'that he (Living-

stone) reached his farthest point north, and traced the watershed as far as the unknown lake. He was obliged to halt at last because his men refused to go any further, and in bitter disappointment he turned his back upon the great problem he was on the eve of solving, and set out upon the long and weary return journey of between four and five hundred miles to Ujiji, thence intending to make another start with new men and fresh supplies. "I thought," wrote Livingstone to the editor of the *New York Herald*, "that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones." This was in October 1870. The poor traveller was more dead than alive, and had to brook the bitter disappointment of finding the goods and men of Dr Kirk's 1869 expedition, to which he was trusting implicitly, gone to the four winds. In the first place, this expedition had been delayed months and months by the cholera, which had killed many of its men, and when finally such of the goods as had not been plundered arrived at Ujiji, they were sold off and the proceeds dissipated by "the drunken half-caste Moslem tailor" to whom they had been intrusted. The traveller had nothing left but "a few barter cloths and beads," beggary was staring him in the face, when, three weeks after his arrival at Ujiji, the *New York Herald* expedition appeared on the scene, and all was well.

MR HENRY M. STANLEY, the young and gallant correspondent of the *New York Herald* had been commissioned by the proprietor of that journal, Mr Bennet, to go and find Livingstone, offering *carte blanche* in the way of expenses. With dauntless courage and dexterous management he fought his way to Ujiji, and thus describes the meeting :

*The Meeting with Livingstone at Ujiji.**

Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matete brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotions. I notice the graceful palms, neat plots, green with vegetable plants, and small villages surrounded with frail fences of the matete cane.

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake (Tanganyika) in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms—only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. . . .

'Unfurl the flags and load your guns!' 'Ay wallah, ay wallah bana!' respond the men eagerly. 'One,

* U is a prefix to denote the country: thus Ujiji signifies the country of Jiji.

two, three—fire!’ A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. ‘Now, Kirangozi (guide), hold the white man’s flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you must keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man’s house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!’

Before we had gone a hundred yards, our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani (one of the porters or carriers), whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbour of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of ‘Bindera, Kisungu!’—a white man’s flag, ‘Bindera Merikani!’—the American flag.

Then we were surrounded by them: by Wajiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamaneyema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of ‘Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo bana! Yambo bana!’ To all and each of my men the welcome was given. We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, ‘Good morning, sir!’ Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, ‘Who the mischief are you?’ ‘I am Susi, the servant of Dr Livingstone,’ said he, smiling, and shewing a gleaming row of teeth. ‘What! Is Dr Livingstone here?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘In this village?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Are you sure?’ ‘Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.’ ‘Good morning, sir,’ said another voice. ‘Hallo,’ said I, ‘is this another one?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Well, what is your name?’ ‘My name is Chumah, sir.’ ‘And is the doctor well?’ ‘Not very well, sir.’ ‘Where has he been so long?’ ‘In Manyuema.’ ‘Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ and off he darted like a madman. . . .

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi’s absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen: and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor’s house, and the doctor had come out from his verandah to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim (the interpreter) said to me: ‘I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.’ And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: ‘Dr Livingstone, I presume?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: ‘I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.’ He answered: ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’ I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of ‘Yambos’ I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe (or hut). He points to the verandah, or rather mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested—namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the doctor will not yield—I must take it.

We are seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west; the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Mr Stanley left Ujiji in March 1871, and next year Livingstone, with an expedition numbering about eighty souls, with stores sufficient to last him three years, left Unyanyembe for Lunda in a south-south-westerly direction, this new expedition being the ‘fountains of Herodotus.’ He marched through a beautiful country, abounding with game along the eastern borders of the lake Tanganyika. He was in weak health. When the Bangweolo Lake was approached, the character of the country changed, and Livingstone descended into a chaos of swamps intersected by innumerable streams. The party were rarely upon dry land, and Livingstone was afflicted with chronic dysentery. On the 21st of April 1873, he writes in his Journal: ‘Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.’ These were the last words written by the indefatigable traveller; he died on the 1st of May. He was found dead by his negro attendants, having died kneeling by his bed apparently in prayer. Some five years earlier he had written in his journal: ‘This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary (his wife) lies on Sheepanga brae.’

Livingstone, however, was not destined to lie

in the forest. His body was rudely embalmed by his faithful followers, and carried by them hundreds of miles to Zanzibar, whence it was conveyed to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey, 18th April 1874. His *Last Journals*, including his wanderings and discoveries in Eastern Africa, from 1865 to within a few days of his death, were published in 1875, edited by the Rev. Horace Waller. 'Livingstone,' as Sir Samuel Baker has said, 'gave the first grand impulse to African exploration; it was he who first directed public attention to the miseries and horrors of the East African slave-trade, which he has persistently exposed throughout his life. Had he lived for another ten years, he would have witnessed some fruits as the result of his example.'

Mr Henry M. Stanley is again in Africa on another exploring expedition, the cost of which is to be defrayed partly by his American friend and patron, Mr Bennet of the *New York Herald*, and partly by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* London journal.

LIEUTENANT (NOW COMMANDER) CAMERON, R.N.

The gallant Livingstone has found a worthy English successor in African exploration in LIEUTENANT VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, whose labours possess great value alike in the interests of science and of civilisation. His work, *Across Africa*, is announced for publication, but will not be ready until after this volume has gone to press. Mr Cameron traversed on foot about three thousand miles, exposed for the greater part of the time to all the vicissitudes of climate, wandering through forests, marshes, and jungles, fording broad rivers, and coasting round large lakes, but his courage seems never to have given way. To determine the latitude and longitude of certain positions, he took as many as a hundred and forty lunar observations at a single spot, and his registered observations altogether number no less than five thousand. He has added immensely to our knowledge of the geography of Africa; he has ascertained the political condition of the interior of the country; he has discovered the leading trade routes; and he has unfortunately furnished fresh proof of the horrors of the slave-trade, which flourishes beyond the reach of European authority. About six degrees south of the equator lie two points which form a basis for exploration—namely, Zanzibar Island on the east coast, and the mouth of the Congo River on the west coast. In this latitude the continent is about eighteen hundred miles wide. Towards the east coast there is a great lake system, which lies chiefly between three degrees north and ten degrees south of the equator, and forms the watershed of Africa, from which rivers flow north to the Mediterranean, east to the Indian Ocean, and west to the Atlantic. Of this system three lakes are now well known by name. Two, the Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, are cut through by the equatorial line; and some two hundred miles to the north-west is the head of Lake Tanganyika, a sheet of water three hundred miles in length, and only twenty in mean breadth. To the west of Lake Tanganyika there is another system of smaller lakes and rivers, called the Lualaba. The

first question to be solved was whether Tanganyika and the Lualaba had any connection with the Nyanza and the Nile; and next, if they had not, whether they were feeders of the Congo. Lieutenant Cameron has determined that these southern lakes and rivers have no connection with the Nile basin. They lie at a considerably lower level, and therefore to reach the Nile they would require to flow up-hill. The traveller coasted Lake Tanganyika, and found ninety-six rivers falling into it, besides torrents and springs, and only one sluggish river, the Lakuga, flowing out. The balance is maintained by evaporation.

The original intention of Lieutenant Cameron was to follow the river-system to the sea, so as to prove the identity of the Lualaba and Congo. This design was frustrated by the hostility of a chief, but there is little or no doubt of the identity of the rivers. According to the report of the natives, the Lualaba falls into a great lake, from which in all probability the Congo emerges. Forced to quit this track, Cameron took a more southerly course. He experienced the hospitality of Kasenga, the great potentate of that part of Africa; and he struggled towards the west coast through a country of extraordinary fertility and mineral wealth, and possessing a remarkable system of internal water communication. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, and other valuable products, of which the traveller brought home specimens. The town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba, situated half-way between the east and west coasts, is an important mart where the trade routes unite. There Cameron met Arabs from the east, and traders from the west, and the lake which he was not permitted to reach, is visited, he was told, by merchants in large boats, who wear trousers and hats! Lieutenant Cameron's journey has thus revealed a splendid country with which commercial relations may be readily formed, and it is admitted that the operations of commerce afford the only hope of putting an end to the brutalities of the slave-trade. At present, villages are systematically attacked and plundered, and the men who escape are themselves driven by necessity to prey upon their neighbours. The traveller's indignation was specially aroused by the conduct of one Portuguese trader, who led off a string of fifty or sixty women, representing all that remained of five hundred people who had fled to the jungle on the sacking of their village. These poor women were tied together by thick knotted ropes, and were unmercifully beaten if they shewed any symptoms of fatigue. Such exposures of the detestable traffic will surely lead to active measures for its suppression. A Geographical Conference has recently (September 1876) been held at Brussels under the auspices of King Leopold, for the purpose of considering the best means of developing Africa and suppressing slavery. It was attended by some of the most eminent travellers, geographers, and philanthropists of the age, and a subscription was commenced for constructing roads and stations from the coast opposite Zanzibar to the west coast at the mouth of the Congo. The accomplishment of such an enterprise would indeed be one of the crowning glories of the nineteenth century.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

SINCE much of the earlier portion of this work was sent to press, reprints and illustrations of many of the old poets and dramatists have appeared, and valuable contributions have been made to our biographical literature. A few may be here noticed, as far as our space will permit. Some slips of the pen (not of the press) also require to be corrected.

VOL. I.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOWN (p. 7).—The Early English Text Society has published (1875) *The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceildoun*, edited, with introduction and notes, by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. To assist in fixing the age of the Border prophet (commonly called 'Thomas the Rhymer'), we have two documents. He was a contemporary of one who was himself at least old enough to witness a deed in 1189, and in 1294 *Thomas de Erceildoun, filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Erceildoun*, conveyed by charter, to the Trinity House of Soltra, all the lands which he held by inheritance in the village of Erceildoun. The *prima facie* purport of this charter of 1294 is, as Dr Murray says, 'that Thomas is already dead and his son in possession of the paternal property, which he in his turn gives away.' Nothing new has been discovered respecting the authorship of *Sir Tristrem*. Of the *Romance and Prophecies*, Dr Murray publishes the text of five existing manuscripts, the earliest of which appears to be of date 1430-1440. The poem, in its present form, bears evidence of being later than 1401, the date of the invasion of Scotland by Henry IV., or at least 1388, the date of the battle of Otterbourne, the last of the historical events 'hid under obscure words' in the prophecies ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer. The poem represents Thomas as lying on a morning in May under a tree on Huntly banks, while all the *shawes* about him rung with the songs of the merle, the jay, the mavis, and woodwale (woodlark). A lady gay—a fairy queen—came riding over the lea, and by her magic power transported him to her own country, where he dwelt for three years and more. He asked of her to shew him some *ferly* (wonder), and she related the series of prophecies, long regarded with awe, which foretold the wars between England and Scotland till the death of Robert III. (1406). Thomas was at length restored to 'middle earth':

She blew her horn on her palfrey,
And left Thomas at Eldon tree;
Till Helmesdale she took the way;
Thus departed that lady and he!

Dr Murray's editorial labours give the reader a great amount of curious and valuable information, historical and philological.

CHAUCER (p. 21).—The dates of events in Chaucer's life included in Mr Furnivall's *Trial-Forewords*, first appeared in the *Athenæum*. In our first volume, the

name of Mr Furnivall was inadvertently curtailed of its fair proportions, being misspelt 'Furnival.'

BARCLAY (p. 31).—The late Mr T. H. Jamieson of the Advocates' Library, published in 1874 what may be called a superb edition of Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, including *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, and an account of the life and writings of Barclay, drawn up from materials in the British Museum and elsewhere. A copy of the will of Barclay is also given, extracted from the registry of the Court of Probate. It is dated July 25, 1551, and was proved on the 10th of June 1552. Mr Jamieson seems to establish the fact, that the old poet was born 'beyond the cold river of Tweed,' as one of his contemporaries expresses it, about the year 1476, but in what town or county is unknown. He crossed the Border very early in life, studied, there is reason to believe, at Cambridge University, travelled abroad, and afterwards entered the Church. His first preferment was a chaplainship in St Mary Ottery, Devonshire (the birthplace, it will be recollected, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge); and from 1490 to 1511, he was warden of the college. He was some time a monk in Ely, and after the dissolution of the monasteries he obtained in 1546 two livings—the vicarages of Much-Badew in Essex, and Wokey in Somersetshire—and in 1552 (a few weeks before his death) the rectory of All Hallows, London. He died at Croydon, with which he seems to have been early connected:

While I in youth in Croidon towne did dwell.

His *Ship of Fools* was printed by Pynson in 1509. The *Eclogues*, five in number, were the first attempts of the kind in English. The first three are paraphrases or adaptations from Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II., who died in 1464), and the fourth and fifth are imitations of Jo Baptist Mantuan. Barclay's rural pictures are of the style of Crabbe. The following description of a village Sunday we give in the original orthography:

What man is faultlesse: remember the village,
Howe men vplondish on holy dayes rage.
Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,
In sweate and labour haing most chiefe comfort:
On the holy day as soon as morne is past,
When all men resteth while all the day doth last,
They drinke, they banquet, they reuell, and they iest,
They leape, they daunce, despising ease and rest.
If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,
Anone to the elme or oke they be gone.
There vse they to daunce, to gambolde, and to rage—
Such is the custome and vse of the village.
When the ground resteth from rake, plough, and wheles,
Then moste they it trouble with burthen of their heles.

Many of the popular proverbs and expressions still in use amongst us, were common in the reign of Henry VIII. Mr Jamieson cites the following from Barclay:

Better is a frende in courte than a peny in purse.
Whan the stede is stolyn to shynt the stable dore.
It goeth through as water through a syue (sieve).

And he that alway thretenyth for to fyght
Of at the profe is skantly worth a hen,
For greatest crakers ar not ay boldest men.

I fynde four thynges whiche by no meanes can
Be kept close, in secrete, or longe in preuete; :
The firste is the counsell of a wytes man ;
The seconde is a cyte whiche byldyd is a hye
Upon a montayne; the thyrde we often see—
That to hyde his dedes a louer hath no skylly ;
The fourth is strawe or fethers on a wyndy hyll.

A crowe to pull.

For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe.

Better haue one birde sure within thy wall,
Or fast in a cage, than twenty score without.

Pryde sholde haue a fall.

For wyse men sayth. . . .
One myshap fortuneth neuer alone.

They robbe Saint Peter therwith to clothe Saint Powle.

For children brent still after drede the fire.

The Complaynt of Scotland (p. 72).—A new edition of this rare work has been published by the Early English Text Society, edited from the originals, with introduction and glossary by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. The full title of the work is, *The Complaynt of Scotlande, with an Exortatione to the Thre Estaits to be Vigilant in the Deffens of their Public Veil* (Weal), A.D. 1549. The object of the unknown author was to rouse the nation in support of the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, and the French interest, in opposition to the English faction in Scotland originated by Henry VIII., and continued by the Protector Somerset and the Protestant Reformers. There is no contemporary notice of the *Complaynt* or its author. The language of the work is what Dr Murray calls the Middle Scotch of the sixteenth century—the same as the works of Bellenden, Gawain Douglas, and Lyndsay, but with a larger infusion of French words. The author himself says he used 'domestic Scottish language most intelligible for the vulgar people.' Dr Murray concludes that the only things certain as to the author are, that he was a thorough partisan of the French side—that he was a churchman attached to the Roman Catholic faith—and that he was a native of the Southern, not improbably of the Border counties. On the subject of the Scottish language we quote a brief summary by the learned editor :

'The language of Lowland Scotland was originally identical with that of England north of the Humber. The political and purely artificial division which was afterwards made between the two countries, unsanctioned by any facts of language or race, had no existence while the territory from the Humber to the Forth constituted the North Anglian kingdom or earldom of Northumbria. The centre of this state, and probably of the earliest Angle settlement, was at Bamborough, a few miles from the Tweed mouth, round which the common language was spoken north of the Tweed and Cheviots as well as south. This unity of language continued down to the Scottish War of Independence at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and even after that war had made a complete severance between the two countries, down to the second half of the fifteenth century. In England, previous to this period, three great English dialects, the Northern, Midland, and Southern, had stood on an equal footing as literary languages, none of which could claim pre-eminence over the others as English *par excellence*. But after the Wars of the Roses, the invention of printing, and more compact welding of England into a national unity, the Midland dialect—the tongue of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, of the court and culture of the country—assumed a commanding position as the language of books, and the Northern and Southern English sank in consequence into the position of local *patois*, heard at the fireside, the plough, the loom, but no longer used as the vehicles of general literature. But while this was

the fate of the Northern dialect in the English portion of its domain, on Scottish ground it was destined to prolong its literary career for two centuries more, and indeed to receive an independent culture almost justifying us in regarding it, from the literary side, as a distinct language.'

LODGE (p. 102).—The *Fig for Momus* is misprinted *Comus*.

SHAKSPEARE (p. 145).—Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, author of an excellent *Life of Shakspeare*, 1848, founded chiefly on papers in the Council Chamber of Stratford-on-Avon, and on the results of searches in the Record Offices of London and other depositaries, commenced in 1874 *Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare*. He confines himself to facts connected with the personal and literary history of the poet, and does not enter on questions of style, or metre, or æsthetic criticism. These *Illustrations*, of which only one part is yet published, promise to be valuable. We learn from them that when Shakspeare came to London some few years before the notice of him by Greene in 1592, there were at the time of his arrival only two theatres in the metropolis, both of them on the north of the Thames, in the parish of Shoreditch. James Burbage, by trade a joiner, but afterwards a leading member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players, in 1576 obtained from one Giles Allen a lease of houses and land on which he built his theatre. It was the earliest fabric of the kind ever built in this country and emphatically designated 'The Theatre.' It was practically in the fields. The other theatre (which was in the same locality) was named 'The Curtain.' Mr Halliwell-Phillipps adds: 'The earliest authentic notice of Shakspeare as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company which has hitherto been published, is that which occurs in the list of the actors who performed in the comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* in 1598; but that he was a leading member of that company four years previously, and acted in two plays before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, appears from the following interesting memorandum which I had the pleasure of discovering in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber: "To William Kempe, William Shakspeare, and Richarde Burbage, seruautes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv. to Marcij, 1594, for twoe severall comedies or entlerudes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz., upon St Stephens daye, and Innocentes daye xiiij li. vj s. viij d., and by waye of her Majesties rewarde, vj li. xiiij s. iiij d., in all xx li." This evidence is decisive, and its great importance in several of the discussions respecting Shakspeare's early literary and theatrical career will hereafter be seen.'

When Shakspeare acted before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, the court was at Greenwich. The poet was then in his thirtieth year, and had published his *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*.

The *Illustrations* contain a petition from the Burbage family to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, from which we learn some particulars concerning Shakspeare and the theatres of his day :

'The father of us, Cutbert and Richard Burbage, was the first builder of playhouses, and was himself in his younger yeeres a player. The Theater [in Shoreditch] hee built with many hundred poundes taken up at interest. The players that lived in those first times had onely the profitts arising from the dores, but now the players receive all the commings in at the dores to themselves, and halfe the galleries from the houskeepers [owners or lessees?]. Hee built his house upon leasd ground, by which means the landlord and hee had a great suite in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sonnes; wee then bethought us of altering from thence, and at like expence built the Globe, with more summes of money taken up

at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres; and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Philips, and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House; but making the leases for twenty-one yeeres hath been the destruction of ourselves and others, for they dyeing at the expiration of three or four yeeres of their lease, the subsequent yeeres became dissolved to strangers as by marrying with their widowes and the like by their children.

'Thus, Right Honorable, as concerning the Globe, where wee ourselves are but lessees. Now for the Blackfriars, that is our inheritance; our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble; which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In proesse of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, which were Underwood, Field, Ostler, and were taken to strengthen the king's service; and the more to strengthen the service, the boyes dayly wearing out, it was considered that house would be fit for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c.'

The Globe Theatre, in Southwark, was erected in 1599 (not in 1594 or 1595, as all the biographers, from Malone to Dyce, have stated), the timber and other materials of the Shoreditch Theatre being used in its construction. It was burned down in 1613. Shakspeare was one of the partners in the 'profits of the house'—meaning, probably, the profits of the establishment after all expenses were paid, and he would also have his emoluments as actor and author. With respect to the Blackfriars Theatre, the reference in the above petition to the *king's* service, shews that the Burbages became lessees after the accession of James in 1603. Shakspeare was 'placed' there, along with others, by the Burbages, but whether as actor only, or as sharer in the profits, as before, is not stated. His dramas were most likely the chief source of his income as of his fame.

Another of Mr Halliwell-Phillipps's discoveries is the existence of a third John Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon, contemporaries. Besides the poet's father, the alderman, there was a John Shakspeare, a shoemaker, well known to the biographers. But there was also an agriculturist of the name, who in 1570 was in the occupation of a small farm of fourteen acres, situated in the parish of Hampton Lucy, near Stratford. His farm was called Ingon or Ingon Meadow. This John Shakspeare, the farmer, has always been considered to be the poet's father, but it appears from the Hampton Lucy register that the tenant of Ingon Meadow was buried in September 1589, whereas the alderman, the poet's father, survived till 1601.

Chronology of Shakspeare's Plays (p. 145).—Metrical tests have lately been applied to the text of Shakspeare, with a view to ascertain the probable dates of the plays. In the transactions of the 'New Shakspeare Society' we find observations on this subject from Mr Spedding, Mr Fleay, Mr Furnivall, and others. It is also taken up by Mr Ward in his able *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, two volumes, 1875. Mr Ward thus notices what are called 'stopped lines' and 'feminine endings of lines':

'A stopped line is one in which the sentence or clause of the sentence concludes with the line; but it is not always possible to determine what is to be regarded as the clause of a sentence; whether, for example, *and* is to be regarded (in strict syntax of course it is not) as beginning a new clause. The 'stopping' of the sense is, in short, often of more importance than the stopping of the sentence, with which it by no means always coincides.

'The number of feminine endings of lines, or of lines ending with a redundant syllable: the application of this test cannot be regarded as establishing more than general conclusions. While it is certain that Shakspeare

employed the feminine endings sparingly in many of his plays which on other grounds may be regarded as early, it is certain that in those plays which on other grounds may be regarded as belonging to a late period of his dramatic productivity, he employed these endings largely.'

Mr Ward then takes up the question as to the authorship of *Henry VIII.*, the style of which in many parts resembles that of Fletcher, as had been pointed out thirty years ago to Mr Spedding by Mr Alfred Tennyson. The resemblance consists chiefly in the abundance of feminine endings, and in certain characteristic *tricks* of Fletcher's style, which are of frequent occurrence in *Henry VIII.* This theory, if correct, would assign to Fletcher some of the finest passages in the play—as Wolsey's affecting soliloquy and Cranmer's prophecy. Mr Ward regards these tests as only extreme developments of tendencies which indisputably became stronger in Shakspeare's versification with the progress of time, and as *Henry VIII.* was one of the latest, if not the very latest of Shakspeare's dramatic works, they would in that play reach their highest point.

Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old English Plays* was originally published in 1744; a second edition, corrected, and possessing explanatory notes by ISAAC REED, was issued in 1780. In 1814 MR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE edited a continuation of Dodsley, or at least a collection of old plays, in six volumes. A third edition of Dodsley, with additional notes and corrections by Reed, by OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST and JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, appeared in 1826. And a fourth edition, enlarged from twelve to fifteen volumes, has been published (1876) by WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT. Besides this vastly improved edition of Dodsley, Mr Hazlitt has edited the works of Gascoigne, Carew, Browne, Suckling, Lovelace, Herrick, &c. He has also given the public new editions of Brande's *Popular Antiquities* and Warton's *History of Poetry*. Mr Hazlitt is a grandson of the critic and essayist (*ante*, p. 375); he was born in 1834, and called to the bar in 1861.

Mr John Payne Collier, referred to above, was early in the field as an editor of Elizabethan poets and dramatists. He was born in London in 1789. In 1820 he published *The Poetical Decameron*, and in 1831, his *History of Dramatic Poetry*—both works of merit which gratified the lovers of our old literature, and tended considerably to increase the number of such students.

Another meritorious labourer in the same field, is the REV. ALEXANDER GROSART of St George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. Mr Grosart has edited the poems of Giles Fletcher, Crashaw, Lord Brooke, Southwell, Vaughan, Marvell, &c.; and is now engaged on the works in verse and prose of Spenser and Daniel. He has also edited editions of the Scottish poets Michael Bruce, Ferguson, and Alexander Wilson, and the prose works of Wordsworth; the latter in three volumes, undertaken 'by request and appointment of the family.'

SELDEN (p. 327).—The birthplace of the learned John Selden was Salvington, near West Tarring in Sussex.

SWIFT (p. 486).—'His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire. . . . Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland.' Swift in his autobiography says *four*, but the exact number seems to have been five. The eldest, Godwin, was the uncle to whom the dean owed his education. The autobiography has a remarkable passage concerning the infancy of Swift: 'When he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter

was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.' With the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Macaulay, we have no other instance of such infantile precocity. It appears from Forster's *Life of Swift* that the dean had first written 'two years,' then altered it to 'almost three,' and finally struck out 'almost.' Hawkesworth altered the word to 'five,' and was copied by Scott. P. 486.—The statement that Sir William Temple left Stella a sum of £1000 is incorrect. In Temple's will the legacy is thus given: 'I leave a lease of some lands I have in Monistown, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, to Esther Johnson, servant to my sister Giffard' (Lady Giffard). Mr Forster has shewn that the account which Swift has given in his autobiography of his college career is too unfavourable. The dean says he was 'stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*.' Mr Forster obtained part of a college roll indicating Swift's place at the quarterly examination in Eastern term 1685, and of the twenty-one names therein enumerated none of them stand really higher in the examination than that of Jonathan Swift. He was careless in attending the college chapel; in the classes he was 'ill in philosophy, good in Greek and Latin, and negligent in theology.' Mr Forster says: 'The *specialis gratiâ* took its origin from the necessity of providing, that what was substantially merited should not be refused because of a failure in some requirement of the statutes; upon that abuses crept in; but enough has been said to shew that Swift's case could not have been one of those in which it was used to give semblance of worth to the unworthy.'

MASON (p. 685).—It should have been mentioned that the last four lines of the *Epitaph on Mrs Mason in the Cathedral of Bristol* were written by GRAY. They are immeasurably superior to all the others, and, indeed, are among the finest of the kind in the language:

Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die—
'Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

VOL. II.

SHELLEY (p. 130).—Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, 'committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30).' In justice to the poet, we copy a statement on this distressing subject from Mr C. Kegan Paul's *Life of*

Godwin, 1876: 'Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed, or did not contribute, to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bedside of her dying father.'

The *Life of Godwin*, referred to above, is a work of great interest and importance. Godwin never willingly destroyed a written line, and his biographer found a vast quantity of letters and manuscripts, some of which had never been opened from the time they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand many years before his death in 1836. All were handed over to Mr Kegan Paul by Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's son, and the correspondence includes letters from Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Mackintosh, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs Inchbald, and others, besides the letters which passed between Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft during their brief married life. Perhaps nothing in literary history or biography was ever so painful, and in some aspects revolting, as this Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley story.

MRS INCHBALD (p. 255).—Of this remarkable woman many particulars are related in the *Life of Godwin*, by Mr C. Kegan Paul. Mrs Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of her: 'Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love, and desirous to marry, she continued single, because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife. Her life was thus spent in an interchange of hardship and amusement, privation and luxury. Her character partook of the same contrast: fond of pleasure, she was prudent in her conduct; penurious in her personal expenditure, she was generous to others. Vain of her beauty, we are told that the gown she wore was not worth a shilling, it was so coarse and shabby. Very susceptible to the softer feelings, she could yet guard herself against passion; and though she might have been called a flirt, her character was unimpeached. I have heard that a rival beauty of her day pettishly complained that when Mrs Inchbald came into a room, and sat in a chair in the middle of it, as was her wont, every man gathered round it, and it was vain for any other woman to attempt to gain attention. Godwin could not fail to admire her; she became and continued to be a favourite. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful to him. He used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him.'

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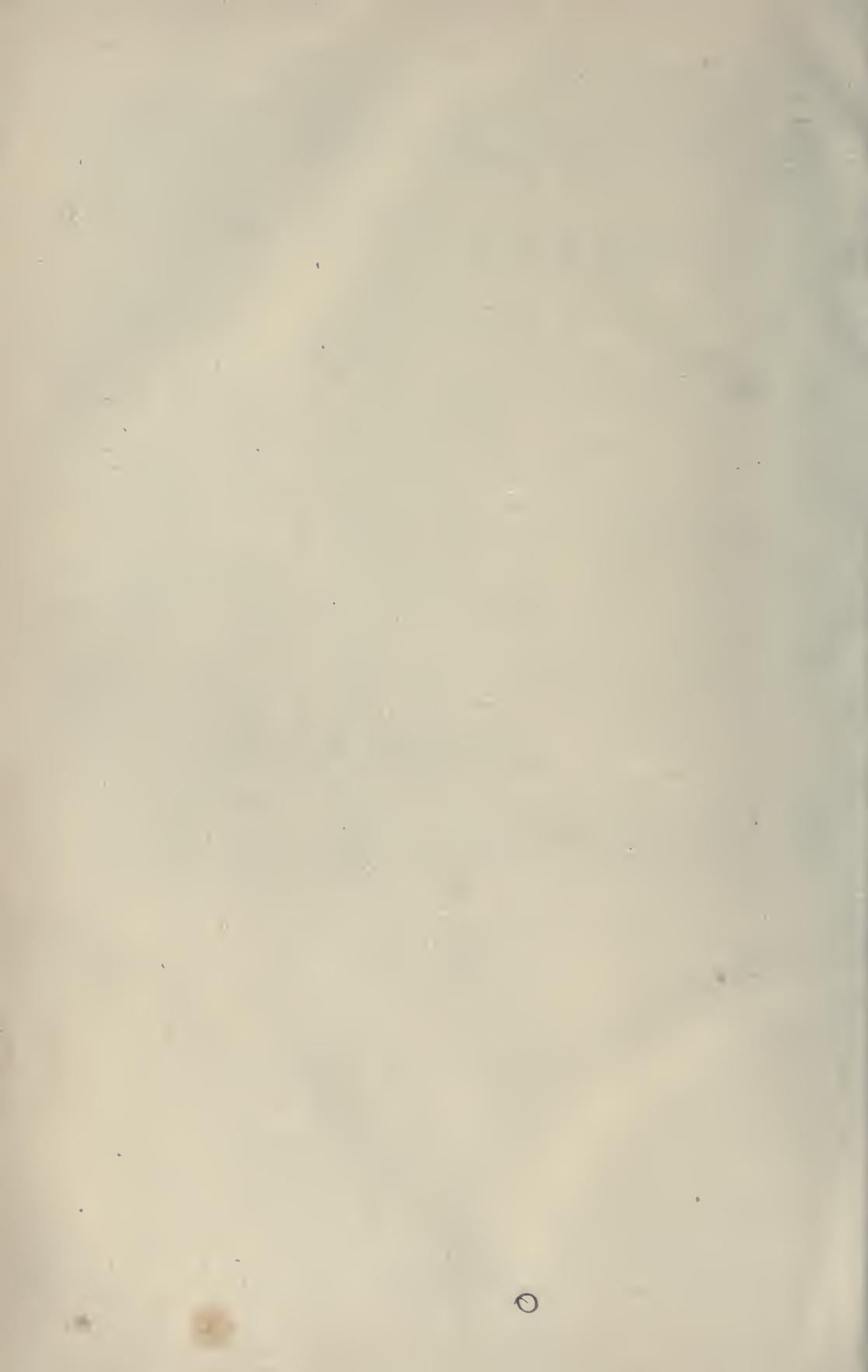
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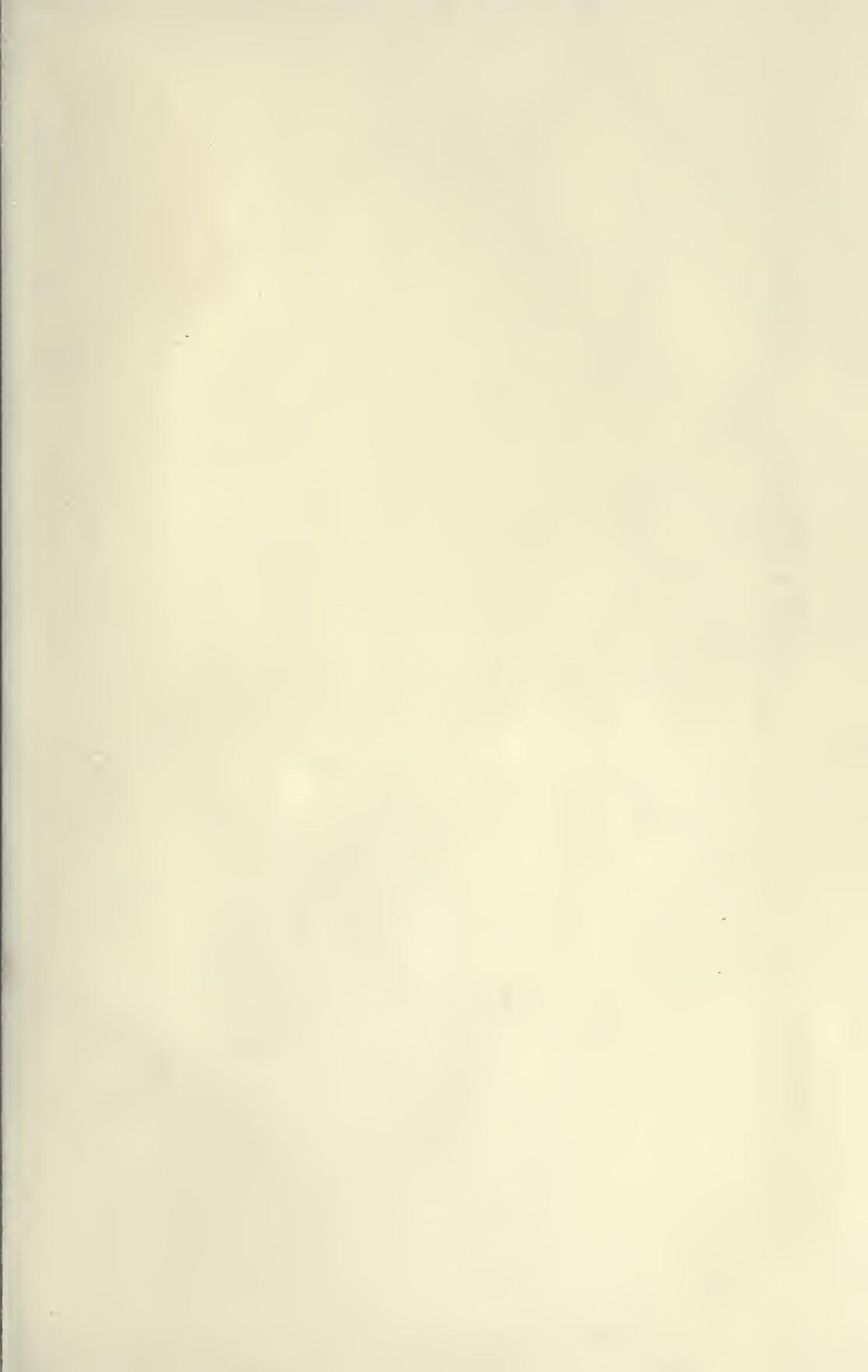
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